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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

A Journal of Life containing crisp comment and general news

9—NO. 436

119779

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 5, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of the Central Gaslight Company, a Corporation. } No. 74517 Dept. No. 4

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Monday, the 14th day of January, A. D., 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, and the courtroom of Department 4 of the said court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for the hearing and determination of the application for dissolution of THE CENTRAL GASLIGHT COMPANY, a corporation.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

Dated this 3d day of December, A. D., 1900.
Rodgers, Paterson & Slack,
Attorneys for Petitioners.
16 Nevada Block,
San Francisco, Cal.,

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DIVIDEND NOTICES

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY 526 California Street. For the half year ending with December 31, 1900 a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent, on term deposits and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post street, for the half year ending December 31st, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2d, 1901.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛ %) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1900, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1901.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.
San Francisco, December 28, 1900.

Security Savings Bank, 232 Montgomery street, Mills Building—For the half year ending December 31, 1900, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be paid on and after January 2, 1901. S. L. ABBOT, JR., Sec'y.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1900, at the rate of three and one quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after January 2, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1901.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, No. 222 Sansome street, has for the year ending December 31st, 1900, declared a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent on term deposits.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

Legal Notices

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL THOMPSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator, of the Estate of Daniel Thompson deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Thompson Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 5th, 1901.
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, January 5, 1901

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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OUR OPINION

Our Grand Juries

The grand jury as it is drawn in San Francisco has long since become a roaring farce. There was a time when a grand juror was looked upon as an important functionary, whose duty it was to probe into transactions, public and private, that seemed to involve an element of corruption, and to expose crime. That was before Chris Buckley began using the grand jury as a weapon with which to coerce timid officials into doing his bidding. And the grand jury has degenerated since Buckley's day, for it can no longer frighten public officials. Indeed many of the men that compose grand juries of the present day get their names into the box with the assistance of public officials who are desirous of being protected. Complaisant judges are to be found who are ever ready to respond to a political pull, and as a consequence grand juries are organized that are subservient to boss influence. The judges of the Superior Court are responsible for the degeneracy of the grand juries. They put names into the jury box that should never be deposited in that receptacle, and there have been instances in late years when the box has been manipulated under the eyes of a Superior judge by a crooked deputy county clerk intent upon having a worthless jury impaneled. These are startling facts that may appear almost incredible, but they have been the subject of common gossip at the City Hall for years, and though the daily newspapers have been cognizant of them they have not been able to secure evidence to warrant them in openly charging corruption. The trouble is that the newspapers are too diffident in cases where the courts are concerned. Last week a grand jury was impaneled by Judge Bahrs, and the best man he could find in the bunch for foreman was Mr. Chris Dunker. The following day the *Examiner* alluded to Mr. Dunker as a gentleman who had served the city as a supervisor and who was always in the majority. Surely, that is not all the *Examiner* remembers about Mr. Dunker. When he was a supervisor the *Examiner* had a great deal to say about the majority which he helped constitute.

Instruction Abroad

It is an unfortunate popular delusion in this country that a European training in the fine arts is essential to the aspiring genius. The delusion even covers the sciences. There are many people who object to being treated by a physician who has no foreign parchment to exhibit to his patients. Budding vocalists think that they have to go to Europe to breathe the atmosphere before they are qualified to begin an operatic career, and artists are convinced that unless they have spent some time in the squalid Latin Quarter of Paris their paintings never can have any merit. The facts are that a man can acquire as good a knowledge of medicine in this country as he can in Europe, and that you can find fake diplomas in Germany as cheap as those that are issued in any of the states of the Union. The art schools of Paris are organized to catch the flow of American dollars, and voice culture may be developed in the schools of this country to as high a degree as in those of Europe. The products of foreign schools are patronized in the professions in this country with the same indiscrimination with which we pay high prices for Californian claret bottled in Paris. The first organized effort to discourage Euromania has been made by the Art Fellowship of the American Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, which is receiving the hearty support of the Drexel Institute and the School of Design of that city. The movement is yet in its infancy, and is so far confined to exponents of the fine arts. The plan is, to have all the larger art schools of the country join in a letter to the press, pointing out the disadvantages and dangers to the young student, of a course in Paris, and calling attention to the facilities afforded by the native schools. It is contended by those familiar with the subject that more evil than good results from a training in the art schools of Paris. The average student takes with him a passion for art and little more. He suffers privation and hardship, living in foul rooms on badly cooked food, and is subjected to the temptations which life in the Latin Quarter thrusts in his way. The schools offer nothing that cannot be obtained in America. They are controlled by money-makers who employ artists of reputation to impart instruction. The student labors along without guidance or advice, receiving a monthly, casual visit from a great artist who gives his work a passing glance. The student that becomes an artist under these circumstances, does so despite the disadvantages and because he is a genius. It would be absurd to deny that foreign travel does not improve the mind. The physician may acquire beneficial experiences in

the hospitals of Europe; an architect may broaden his mental grasp contemplating the stately structures of the older cities, and it is not maintained that the art student cannot perfect himself scrutinizing the works of the old masters; but study abroad should not be pursued until he has mastered the rudiments of his art at home. Many of those that are of the annual exodus to Paris, learn after months of labor that they have not been wise in the choice of a career. If they are poor they fall by the wayside or swell the ranks of the Bohemian horde of the Latin Quarter, which, at close quarters, is not as attractive as Murger pictured it. If we are ever to have an American art it must be reared in the schools of America by students who have not lost their individuality in the atmosphere of a foreign academy.

About Hazing

Our military school at West Point, of which we are justly proud, has received a severe drubbing of late at the hands of indignant editors. A young cadet, possessed of a weak constitution, had it tested beyond its capacity, and as a consequence the authorities at the military academy have been denounced for tolerating the barbarous and cruel practice of hazing. Of course hazing, from the standpoint of the hazee, is decidedly cruel, but it has not swelled the death rate to the extent that football has. There have been comparatively few deaths from hazing in American colleges, and the practice has been religiously pursued from time immemorial, throughout the length and breadth of the land and wherever the exponents of higher education have had a seat of learning. Indeed, even in colleges controlled by Christian churches, where the refining influence of religion is nursed, the youthful seekers after truth subject the more recent arrivals to the test by which the qualities of manhood and fellowship are determined. Hazing, like all things, when carried to excess, is vicious, but in moderation it is usually beneficial. Many distinguished professional men of today can testify that the poison in their system was extracted in a hazing bout at college. Contact with hazers has improved the character of many a youth. Hazing often crowds much worldly experience into a few moments. And hazing will continue despite the criticism of indignant editors, while human nature remains as it is. In some institutions it is more severe than in others and it is quite natural that in a military academy it should not approach effeminacy in its gentleness. But its severity is usually graduated according to the personal delinquencies of the subject. Tough cases require drastic measures. The good fellow commands leniency. We must confess, however, that it is unfortunate that the novice instead of the veteran is hazed at West Point. This is an institution in which the rule should be reversed, for, unless our judgment is seriously off, the corrective influence of hazing wears away at the military academy. The West Pointer seems to imbibe erroneous ideas as to the inferiority of the civilian. The youngster, just entering the academy with a full appreciation of the benefits about to be conferred by a generous nation, could enter with enthusiasm upon the task of restoring the proud and haughty upper-class cadet to that sense of gratitude of which he is often lacking.

Diplomatic Service Stupidity

Shortly after the allied armies entered Pekin, and Minister Conger began to talk, we called attention to the fact that he was not the right man in the job. Though we were not personally acquainted with the Minister to China we were convinced by the character of his utterances that he would shine to greater advantage at a church social than in the diplomatic service. And the circumstances leading to that conviction occasioned no surprise, for nobody should expect to find a diplomatist in the diplomatic service of this country. We have no training school in which men are educated for that service. Moreover our Ministers and Consuls are not selected on account of their special fitness. They are usually unfit for anything else and they get into the diplomatic service in the hope of not having much to do. They get along all right when there are no international complications, but when any arise in any part of the world we almost invariably have to blush for our foreign representative. Conger is a fair sample of the kind of men that represent us abroad. As soon as Pekin was relieved he sent a sensational story to the State Department about a secret combination between Russia and England to divide China, and he has been making rash statements ever since. The other day it was reported in the press despatches from Washington that the Administration fervently hoped that Conger would resign before making any more blunders. Why wait for his resignation? It appears to be the policy of President McKinley to freeze out his incompetent subordinates by a slow process, rather than to dismiss them, and thereby acknowledge that he exercised poor judgment in making his appointments. But even the President of the United States is not endowed with unerring judgment. He can accomplish more good by acknowledging his mistakes than by allowing his incompetent appointees to blunder on until they are overwhelmed by their own stupidity.

An Edict Against Toys

Now that the holiday season has ended, some busy statistician comes forward with the announcement that the children of America receive annually forty-five million dollars' worth of toys. It is in order for utilitarians and pious folk to declare against this enormous "waste" and to point out the many avenues by which the money spent for mere amusement could be permanently and profitably invested. How many missionaries, for example, might be supported, how

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many heathen reclaimed; how many charitable institutions endowed, to which the unemployed toymakers might seek assistance. Churches could be built and a dozen other projects might be enumerated, all of supreme worthiness in the estimation of their projectors. Since the Mothers' Meetings and Child Study clubs have discovered the immorality of toys and the total depravity of Mother Goose and fairy tales it would not be surprising if these same busy-do-nothing associations were to pass resolutions to abolish toys of all kinds and descriptions. Luckily these ardent reformers confine their activity to talks and discussions, and the world wags on in the old way, in spite of them. It is only a few years ago that there was a wholesale denunciation from the pulpit, of the immorality of permitting the perpetuation of the Santa Claus myth, and yet the good old Saint is as active and lively as ever. The Christmas tree still bears its wonderful fruit and the stockings bulge with the gifts which come down the chimney. About one-third of the amount expended for toys goes for imported articles, the other two-thirds going to support domestic manufactures. A large proportion of what are classified as "toys" are in reality articles of practical use. The girls who owns a sewing machine or a practicable cooking stove, and the boy who is the fortunate possessor of a carpenter's chest, will learn from their play the lessons which are now foisted upon the public school curriculum. Turning lathes, scroll saws, cameras, desks, bookcases, and many other articles that were never dreamed of by an older generation are now manufactured for the use of children, and included under the general term "toys." These are among the most expensive commodities, as they are as perfectly fashioned and finished as the full-sized furniture, and with reasonable care will last a lifetime. They add largely to the sum annually spent for the pleasure of children but could hardly come under the ban of the most rigid censor of morals and condemner of "frivolous toys."

The Saunterer

A Bohemian Club Leak

The directors of the Bohemian club are wondering whether a Bureau of Publicity and Promotion has been organized in connection with the club. Almost everything that happens at the club these days gets into the newspapers, and yet there is no more sacred obligation on a member than that of keeping secret club affairs. Although it was originally a newspaper man's club it has always been an unwritten law of the institution that happenings within its walls should be kept secret. Of late, however, there has been a most alarming leak. Club incidents have been discussed, not only by the press, but also in saloons, and the directors have been most diligently investigating to find the leak. It is a sad state of affairs. Ashton Stevens was recently summoned before the directors to explain why a certain story had appeared in the *News Letter*. He declared that he was not responsible for what appeared in the columns of that paper.

Bill English Grilled

At the risk of offending the directors of the club I am going to allude to an incident of the annual dinner last Saturday night. It has been the subject of more discussion than anything that has happened at the club for a long time. I refer to Ned Hamilton's monologue on the subject of Bill English. It took everybody by surprise, and started speculation as to whether Mr. Hamilton was in earnest. The singular feature of it all was that "Ole Bill" called upon Hamilton for the speech. He had been called upon himself and pleaded that he was not good at post-prandial oratory.

"But," he said, "I know that my dear old friend, Ned Hamilton, will kindly take my place on this occasion."

And Hamilton responded, but in a manner that startled Mr. English. Of course he spoke in jest, and no doubt assumed that on such an occasion his remarks would not be taken seriously. He said that he was glad of the opportunity to expose that old false-alarm, that political outcast, Bill English, who had been hovering between the Iroquois club and a McKinley council. And he said many other things that might have been applied to Bill English in the heat of a political discussion, but of course Mr. Hamilton had no intention of violating the proprieties in his club. It is customary for men to jocularly jolt one another on such occasions, and I cannot understand why so much fuss should have been made over that speech. I cannot imagine Mr. English taking his friend's remarks seriously, for to do so would be to acknowledge that the fit of the cap prompted him to wear it.

Bohemian Christmas Dinner

If the Bohemian club's Christmas jinks were a frost, this Christmas dinner, by the way, made up for it. The dinner was one of the most enjoyable the club has ever given. But a very small proportion of the membership sat down to the feast, which was presided over by President Vanderlynn Stow, but the repast was a delightful one from oysters to cafe noir. The menu was about the same as at former Christmas dinners, with the conventional swan, boar's head, baron of beef and plum pudding all ablaze, but

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the musical accompaniment was of the best ever recorded in the club's annals. The robed censers and choristers attended the President and High Priest to the tables, singing meanwhile the carol "Good Christian Men Rejoice." The old ballad "God Rest You, Merry Gentleman," was sung with the entrance of the swan, and "Caput apri defero, Redens laudes Domino" with the boar's head. As the final wassail, the carol, "Here we come a-wassailing" was sung. Wallace E. Sabin had charge of the music. The menu cards were not so elaborate as those of last year, but were fully as artistic. They were designed by Charlie Dickman, and showed an owl with a cupid serving him from a platter containing a fat fowl. On the reverse side of the card Sir Walter Scott's verses from "Kenilworth" appeared:

"Of all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best.
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his jest;
Then, though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

"The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps on his nest till morn;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this catch though you swagger and screech
And drink till you wink, my merry men each:
For though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl."

A Presidio Story

I do not know whether he is stationed at the Presidio now, but everybody will recognize the subject of this story. A certain officer always insisted upon answering every ring at his cottage door. Whether he was suspicious of his servants or his family, no one knows. Call it his eccentricity. His wife tried in vain to cure him by telling him only the bourgeoisie or the lower classes answered the door-bell. However, his little son effected a cure by a different course of reasoning. One day there was a ring at the door and the officer, as usual, flew to open it. He was met by a bad egg, that, directed at his face, did not miss its mark. The officer caught a glimpse of his son dying away in the distance. He had the boy sent to the guardhouse for discipline, but he answered no more door-bells in person.

A Reminiscence

They were talking about Colonel Young's sojourn at the Presidio, and some one brought up a recollection of his daughter Lillian's love-making. It appears that Lillian had a fancy for climbing trees and when the young actor Charles Charters was coaching her in the dramatic art he used to climb the trees, also, to impart his instructions. There, high above the madding crowd, they talked drama and presumably love. And below them, though they were oblivious of the fact, always stood a gaping, smiling group of Presidio children.

"And Lillian and her Charles are living in two rooms in New York now," ended the reminiscence.

To Cut, or not to Cut

The story goes that the day after the decision in the notorious Von Schroeder libel suit, the plaintiff met Miss Lillie O'Connor in the street. Miss O'Connor was at a loss what to do, and for a moment her composure forsook her. But the baron blithely raised his hat, and held out his hand. Then Miss O'Connor put her hand in his and smiled sweetly. And Society had its cue. The baron was immediately re-established in reputation. And yet the Pacific-Union club accepted his resignation.

The Moral Wave in Dawson

The wave of virtue that has been rolling over the country during the year past has finally struck the Yukon. Dawson city has it hard, and the first move of the authorities—a correspondent writes me under date of November twenty-fifth—was the mandate, "Fourth avenue has got to move." Commissioner Ogilvie was interviewed on the subject, and he said that they had not just decided where Fourth avenue was to go—but it must go somewhere. Fourth avenue, be it known, has been the fashionable quarter for the upper ten of Dawson's demimonde, since the city's existence began. That part of the avenue called "the row" is the smart locality for the "sirens of the midnight hour." The women were sent a notice by the Commissioner that there was plenty of room for them in town, but that Fourth avenue, being near the new public school building, could no longer be monopolized by them.

The *Klondike Nugget* has started a society column similar to those our dailies have established. Mrs. Belle Dormer edits the column, and she has all the phrases of swelldom at her pen's point. Dawson has a very distinct smart set, and there are other social cliques that merit the space the *Nugget* has decided to devote to their interests and doings.

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When Grant was Snubbed

Apropos of Mrs. McMullin's return to society and her erstwhile prominence as a hostess of fashion, is recalled the story of an occasion upon which she figured as a guest and created a sensation. It was at the reception given by Senator Sharon to General Grant. The prospect of attending that reception sent San Francisco's smart set of ye olden day wild with anxious anticipation. When it was learned that Mrs. McMullin had accepted an invitation, everybody was surprised, for she, be it known, was a Morgan of Kentucky, a relative of the famous Morgan, the raider. Her sympathies were so intensely pro-Southern that it was considered surprising that she should be willing to attend an affair in honor of a distinguished Union soldier. However, to the function she went in all the pride and panoply of a society matron. After a long line of guests had been presented to General Grant, Mrs. McMullin's turn came. As if by common consent the throng fell back to witness the meeting of the guest of honor and the aristocratic lady. Senator Sharon made the presentation, and it proved a most dramatic climax. General Grant stepped forward with extended hand, whereupon the high-toned Southern lady bent down, seized her skirts, and drawing them about her as if to preserve them as well as herself from contamination, turned her back on the great military leader, and with majestic mien stalked away. That was how General Grant was snubbed by Mrs. McMullin. The incident was more than a nine-days subject of discussion in society. Senator Sharon was furious and the members of the Southern set warmly disapproved of Mrs. McMullin's conduct.

Foote and the Garcon

Colonel Truman was not the only man that Colonel Billy Foote had trouble with in Paris while representing California at the Exposition. Justice Garoutte of the Supreme Court relates that Colonel Billy had a very warm argument with a waiter in one of the fashionable rotisseries of the French capital. The Paris commissioner and the jurist were dining together on that occasion. The service was unsatisfactory to the former and he severely reprimanded the garcon in Alameda French. The garcon proved to be a very haughty chap. He probably thought that his guests were ordinary Americans who were purse-proud and didn't know what good service was. At any rate he resented the rebuke and there was trouble. When it was over the waiter was landed in jail, and next day Colonel Foote appeared in court as the prosecuting witness. After testifying that the waiter had assaulted him he stated that he was an American commissioner. The judge refused to hear any more testimony. It sufficed that an American commissioner had been assaulted. The waiter was sentenced to jail for six months. Justice Garoutte, who witnessed the whole affair, suggested to Colonel Foote that he should seek to have the sentence revoked, but he refused to do so.

The Wedding Invitations Engraved by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, can always be relied upon as being correct form in every detail, and of the highest standard.

Educational Freaks

At the recent convention of teachers, Mr. Fisher of Oakland made a hit when he declared that our common schools are suffering from the pressure of the universities and that our courses of studies are designed as feeders to those institutions rather than to fit children for daily life. Just at present Professor Cubberly of Stanford is the educational fetish of the San Francisco Board of Education. He was paid four hundred dollars to compile a course of study that is so overloaded with suggestions, so weighted down with books to be purchased and read by teachers, that it might be aptly termed a collection of shadows. As for Thwing, the imported speaker of the convention, it was the consensus of opinion that we have better speakers at home. He gave the impression of a cross between a peripatetic revivalist and an auctioneer. At times he would beat his breast and shout, "You must touch the child—touch him soul to soul with the mighty power of love." And then he would rhapsodize, "I don't care if my boy does not know grammar, but I want him to know character." Now, isn't that after the style of the hyperbole of the pulpit?

"My wife rolls my cigarettes for me," said Young Bludde, "she is an expert at it."

"Oh, I always thought it was a candy factory you took her from," said Old Cynic.

And the club men are no longer on speaking terms.

Cook and Foster

A newspaper sketch of the career of the late notorious Ned Foster, which appeared in one of the dailies the other day, contained references to his business relations with Judge Carroll Cook. They were in the tamale business together at the Midwinter Fair, and Cook attended to all Foster's legal business, civil and criminal. I believe it was through the tamale business that Cook became indebted to a brewery on a promissory note upon which judgment was rendered against him several months ago. He pleaded that he "steered" business to the brewery and that the money for which the note was executed was his commission. But why go into ancient history? Carroll Cook is now a judge of high degree and he would probably like to forget all about his business associates of years agone. Besides it would not be well to judge all lawyers by the clients that support them.

Liane de Pougy

Bernhardt's beauty doctor, according to one of the Sups last Sunday considers Liane de Pougy a splendid type of the French beauty. Bernhardt's beauty doctor should consult an oculist. His eye for feminine pulchritude is not normal. Liane de Pougy is not a beauty. But she is fascinating. She is a tall, painfully slender woman, with large, empty blue eyes, a mouth well shaped that gives her a foolish expression. The ensemble gives you the impression of a scared doe which hasn't got sense enough to take to the woods after scenting trouble. Such is Liane de Pougy. But she has charms that soothe the Frenchman's breast, and play havoc with the Frenchman's purse. She has wrought more human wreck than any other woman in Paris to-day. Her most notable victim was the Marquis de MacMahon, a nephew of the old Duc de MacMahon, the ideal French soldier. The Marquis was a curled darling of fashion and fortune. He had a large income, a beautiful wife and the highest social position. He fell in love with Liane de Pougy. His was not the love of a roue—a brutal, sensual passion—but one of those romantic, idealizing passions which are not often aroused by women of the De Pougy class. He spent half a million dollars on her, wrecked his fortune, broke his wife's heart, and went down to dishonor in an early grave. Such is one of the many stories bound up in the life of the woman who has been the central figure of much of the tragedy of modern Paris. But she is no beauty. She is simply an ordinary looking music hall performer and she would attract very little attention in this country if she had none of the romance of a Parisian career behind her.

They are Going to Boom Us

The other day a private car rolled into the Oakland mole, with a select coterie of clever Eastern advertising solicitors. They came to the coast in style with servants and accessories that imparted to them an air of newspaer proprietors on a pleasure jaunt rather than of solicitors out for the long green. Coming to this side of the bay they secured apartments at an expensive hotel, and it was soon reported that they were representatives of several big, influential Eastern dailies, and that they came all the way to California to write up our industries, and acquaint the East with the commercial advantages of San Francisco. They began operations by unfolding their plans to the Chamber of Commerce. They secured the endorsement of that body, and I believe they were guaranteed a certain amount of money. Now I believe the facts are that these gentlemen have rented pages in Eastern papers for the purpose of filling them with advertisements at a handsome profit for themselves. The scheme is all right from an advertising standpoint, but I cannot but marvel at the generosity of our Chamber of Commerce, which has never been quick to encourage the local papers. The scheme is one that is usually worked in jay towns. Boards of Trade in the interior are frequently called upon by advertising solicitors from the city who are intent upon writing up the resources of the counties, but this is the first time that San Francisco has been called upon by the shrewd solicitor from the East.

May Hoffman's Exit

That Miss Mary Hoffman and the Rev. James Le Baron Johnson, the husband of a New York society woman, have disappeared together is now pretty well conceded by the Eastern press. It has been indubitably shown that Johnson sailed Europeward from a Canadian port accompanied by a tall, striking, brown-haired woman. He represented her as his wife and she sailed on the steamer as such. The Eastern papers also have been able to glean a little more from that last letter that Miss Hoffman sent to the Bellevue Hospital matron at ten o'clock on the night she dropped out of sight. A significant statement therein was, in effect, that she had "gone to the man she loved and that she had yielded to a force stronger than her own in so doing." The members of the Hoffman family residing here know positively nothing regarding the whereabouts of Miss Hoffman, although the most strenuous efforts are being made to locate her. They are watching the European port toward which the Canadian steamer is sailing and their agents will get at the identity of Johnson's companion at all hazards and settle the question definitely whether or no she is May Hoffman. As I said before the Eastern press thinks there is no doubt of it, but the family here still entertain hope that it may be a mistake.

The Rev. Johnson is now catalogued by Eastern society experts as always having been "a little queer." They claim that his influence over any woman who strikes his fancy is almost hypnotic. The stories of his career in society East and West seem to bear out this assertion. When he was visiting San Francisco no one had any reason to suspect that the understanding between him and Miss Hoffman was anything stronger than ordinary friendship. Later, however, she went East to become a nurse against the very strongest protests of her family.

W. D. Fennimore of the California Optical company has gone East to study the methods of opticians. While in New York he will take an advanced course with one of the leading oculists of the country. Mrs.

THE CHALLENGE SALE

Everybody should take advantage of the great challenge sale of the PATTOSIEN CO.

Real Solid Oak Bed-Room Suits - Fine Polished, are selling at		$15 00
Elegant Parlor Suits - - - -		17.00
Heavy Moquette Carpets	per yd.	95c.
Good Brussels Carpets	" "	45c.
Fine Velvet Carpets	" "	90c.

The entire Stock at same low Rates.
Car fare paid to and from the store to all buyers.

Cor. 16th & Mission Sts.

Fennimore, who accompanies her husband, is an active member of the California club, the Doctors' Daughters and several other societies, and will be much missed this season.

A Genuine "Madame Butterfly"

Yorick of the *Post* declares that the play "Madame Butterfly" is an impossible love story because Japanese "wives" of American or English sailors do not kill themselves for the reason set forth in the drama. Yorick is wrong, as I shall prove to him by relating a true story. A friend of mine, living across the bay, found one day at his door a letter which he supposed belonged to him. On opening it he found several yards of Japanese paper covered with Oriental characters. He concluded that it was intended for his Japanese servant, but when he handed it to the boy the latter appeared mystified. He explained that the letter consisted of English words expressed in Japanese characters and when he read it he found that it was from a Madame Butterfly who had been deserted by an army captain whose surname was almost identical with that of my friend. The engagement of the captain to a San Jose belle had been announced some months before and the news had reached his Oriental charmer, whose letter contained threats of self-destruction. I afterwards heard that the woman did commit suicide, and about the same time the captain's engagement was broken off. The officer is now at a northern post.

The Distinguished Gunst

"Mo" Gunst "has came" once more after another health trip to Europe, and he is just in time to fill in a vacancy on the Police commission; but he is not likely to get the job. He says he doesn't want it, but I have heard it said that he would be willing to spend as high as fifty thousand dollars for it. And Mr. Gunst, by the way, could afford a luxury at that price without raising a mortgage or suffering any temporary inconvenience. Within the last decade he has become a very rich man. It is estimated that he is worth over half a million dollars. It was not so many years ago that he had nothing but a cigar store in Kearny street and a poker room upstairs, but he is now a prosperous merchant with money to burn. But he is not making bonfires for a pastime. The Police commissionership brought great luck to Mose Gunst—almost as much as a certain brand of cigars which he judiciously advertised into popularity despite its lack of merit.

When he was Elevated

When Governor Markham appointed Mose Gunst a Police commissioner to succeed Dan Burns, who had resigned to create a vacancy for his friend, everybody marveled at the courage of the Chief Executive In those days Gunst was better known as a sporting man than as a merchant, and he was not regarded as a leading cit in certain newspaper offices where the character of his relations with Captain Wittman were pretty well understood. So badly was Gunst roasted that he went off and added a codicil to his will setting aside five thousand dollars for the defense of the first man that killed a newspaper man in San Francisco. But in the course of time Commissioner Gunst made a record for himself introducing helmets and white gloves into a jay department and elevating Wittman to a captaincy. Meanwhile he grew rich selling cigars and today he is a distinguished citizen who had the honor of being a delegate to the National convention, where he personally assured Ted Roosevelt that he was all right and couldn't lose. And yet he stands as much chance of becoming a cabinet officer as he does of getting back his old job. Strange world, isn't it?

Some of It Was Cash

Ferris Hartman had a peculiar experience the other night but he does not tell it in the blithe, cheerful way of the friend of Tom Fitch, who met the silver-tongue orator just after he had suffered a similar experience. This friend was on his way to business one cold, raw Washington morning when he bumped into Fitch looking forlorn and unhappy.

"Ah, Fitch," he exclaimed, "what's the matter? Been making a night of it?"

"Yep," grunted Fitch, "and it was disastrous: lost two thousand and sixty dollars at poker."

"Whew!" whistled the other, "two thousand and sixty dollars! You don't say?"

"Yes," sighed Fitch, "and that isn't the worst of it, either. Twelve dollars of it was cash."

His Cairo Home

Jere Lynch of Dawson has doffed his Arctic furs, donned his baggy breeches and slipped away to distant Cairo, not in Illinois, but in Egypt. During all the years of financial convulsions Jere has managed to maintain a country place he purchased in Cairo a decade ago when a country place more or less wasn't a drag on his exchequer. A returned globe trotter recently told me that the Cairo residence of Pasha Lynch of California is a beautiful place. Labor there is worth only a few cents a day and Jere had no trouble in keeping three or four servants about the place while he wooed another competency out of Fortune amid the Klondike snows. Lynch will have some splendid company while bobbing about the Nile in his dahabeah. W. S. Gilbert and Lady Blanch Morris are already there. William Waldorf Astor is on the way, and altogether the Cairo season promises to be gay enough and warm enough to tickle the temperament of any frost-bitten bohemian out of Alaskan cold storage for an annual lark.

DR. CHARCOT'S

French Nerve Treatment

Invigorates the whole system, giving new life and vigor to both old and young

Send for Circular

THE GRANT DRUG CO.

38 and 40 Third Street

A Local Bard

The poetry of Louis A. Robertson was exploited in the *Bulletin* last Sunday. I am glad that one of the dailies has deemed Mr. Robertson of sufficient importance in the world of literature to devote nearly a page to his work. For nearly two years I have enjoyed a monopoly of the output of the Robertson muse, and I have always considered it strange that, although his verse has attracted much attention in the East and in Canada, where it has been copied extensively from the columns of *Town Talk*, the cultured gentlemen of the local dailies seemed to be unaware of his presence among them. Mr. Robertson has written sonnets of the loftiest character, charming in their imagery, of dulcet diction, and of exquisite rhetorical finish. But he is not up to date. He has neglected to draw his inspiration from a picture gallery, or to attune his muse to the hoarse croakings of the socialist council. Now that the *Bulletin* has devoted space to him, however, I hope to see his volume of verse in the market before long.

"Was your New Year's eve party a success?"

"Yes, not a guest that did not get merry."

"Champagne?"

"Oh, no, we made the punch of that new patent medicine that advertises so extensively and is claimed to put life into the most sluggish system."

Converts to Theosophy

According to the despatches from Washington Mrs. Hearst, it is believed, has experienced a change of religious belief, and is much impressed with the beauties of Theosophy. I have heard that Mrs. Hotaling, widow of the late A. P. Hotaling who left an estate of untold value, has become a most enthusiastic Theosophist. The report is current that a certain priest of that cult has found much favor in her eyes, and that there is a possibility of her spending much money in the spread of the new light.

A Matchmaking Mamma

Sacramento gossips are wondering whether the plans of a match-making mamma are destined to "gang aglee." Their whisperings deal with the affairs of a young woman who enjoys the distinction of having been educated in Paris. In Sacramento that is a rare distinction, and therefore the young woman cuts a figure in society. But her mother has great expectations concerning her daughter's future, and is particularly anxious to arrange a brilliant match for her. Only a short time ago she intervened in the nick of time to break off an undesirable connection with the son of a well-to-do merchant, and now she is endeavoring to cement a union with one of the judiciary. The prospective fiance is willing but he has not succeeded in winning the favor of the young woman though he is a most ardent suitor for her heart. Nevertheless mamma has about arranged for the bestowal of her daughter's hand, and that is all she cares about, for in her opinion sentiment is all bosh. Wealth and social position constitute the paramount issue according to her notions, but I believe that in this instance she has inflated ideas as to the size of her prospective son-in-law's bank account.

A Characteristic Proposition

Eastern publishing houses are noted for their sandbagging proclivities as well as for the boldness of the propositions by which they seek to make advantageous bargains. The publishers of *Collier's Weekly* are not more modest than their contemporaries. I have received a letter from them informing me that I may have the privilege of exchanging with them by publishing an advertisement of their paper, six inches in length of double column width, and by agreeing to review their publications. That is a sample of the bold assurance of a New York publishing house. I have never expressed a desire to exchange with *Collier's Weekly* and don't want to exchange with it, and wouldn't advertise it for a cent less than the regular advertising rates.

Overheard on a Union street car going toward the Presidio:

First Soldier: Pretty tough the way that red-headed sergeant used you yesterday. I hope he's not going to Manila with our company.

Second Soldier: The —— —— — —, I hope he is.

First Soldier: Why?

Second Soldier: If he shows up anywhere near the front he'll never get through the first battle.

He Offered to Split the Fee

For ways that are small and tricks that are queer the police court shyster is peculiar. Ex-District Attorney Billy Barnes relates that while in the neighborhood of the police courts the other day he was approached by a blear-eyed individual who asked him if he was a lawyer. He confessed the mild impeachment whereupon the stranger made a proposition.

"I was arrested for drunk last night," he said, "and I put up five dollars bail. If you can draw it down I'll give you half."

Barnes begged to be excused, and pointed out Martin Quinlan, a veteran practitioner in the police courts, saying that he would take the case. And he did. Later on Quinlan met Barnes, thanked him for having sent him a client, and offered him a dollar out of his two-fifty fee.

Mr. George E. Morse, of this city, after spending two weeks at Washington as the guest of President and Mrs. McKinley, is now being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley in New York. He will return about January fifteenth.

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1899, 109,003 cases, being 72,495 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O.R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York

Sole Agents in the United States and Canada

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

A Dangerous Prescription

I wonder if the daily press or the readers realize the great danger to which invalids are subjected by the c reless and indiscriminate publication of prescriptions for the sick. Some papers handle them as though they were cooking recipes. Nothing has happened of late to so well illustrate this point as the recent publication of the prescription which Dr. Hoff of Vienna is at present administering to consumptive Hamman. Consumptives are notoriously a class of invalids who clutch at straws; they will risk everything to test a new and promising cure. Dr. Hoff claims great curative powers for his prescription and the Hamman case has been widely and industriously advertised. So when the daily press published the much discussed Hoff formula for the cure of consumption great numbers of lung-affected invalids promptly scizzored it out of the papers and hurried to the nearest drug stores to have it filled. Here is what a prominent Philadelphia physician has to say about their folly:

"The prescription published in the daily papers would speedily poison any one who might be led to try it. It calls for one-tenth grain of arsenic to three and one-half grains of the mixture, which is one and one-half grains of arsenic to less than one teaspoonful. This is thirty times as much arsenic as would be safe to give in one dose, and no once could take the amount with impunity. *A few doses would certainly produce death.*"

As far as the matter has been investigated the responsibility for this vital error rests with the press. Dr. Hoff wrote his original prescription all right, but whoever copied and put it into form for the press omitted a cipher in the metric system and thereby increased the amount of the ingredients—a deadly error in the case of the arsenic. A maximum dose of arsenic in ordinary cases is about one-sixteenth of a grain. In the prescription as published the patient is soon gulping one-fourth of a grain: enough to lay out a good many consumptives. That the daily newspapers neglected to have competent physicians verify the prescription, as I said before, only serves to show how careless they are in such particulars.

Pharmaceutical Frauds

This matter has brought to light a gruesome detail relating to the careless handling of prescriptions; but in this case it deals with the class of unconscionable druggists. There are dealers in drugs in this city who ought to be in San Quentin on account of the indifferent way they traffic and juggle with human life for a few paltry dollars. If they do not have in stock the particular drug called for by the prescription they either leave it out wholly or dash in a cheap something they think will have a satisfactory effect. It is all a question of profit with them. Their main object is to put up the prescription as cheaply as they can and charge the customer all he will stand, wholly careless of the effect the illy-filled prescription will have on the patient. It so happened that the Hoff prescription contained cinnamylic acid, something rarely called for in the local drug business. In fact, it is so rarely called for that one of the biggest of the reputable drug firms here recently had only one ounce of it in stock. That ounce was purchased several months ago by a country practitioner. When the publication of the Hoff prescription started the rush of consumptives to the drug stores, that drug firm scoured the town over trying to borrow or buy cynnamylic acid to fill its rush orders. The firm could not discover a bit anywhere around the bay, yet all the while the "sandbag druggists" were apparently busy filling their Hoff prescriptions with it, and any rate they were charging top-notch prices for them "because the cinnamylic acid was so hard to procure." The presumption is they were using the essence of cinnamon, something entirely different.

Of course all the competent druggists recognized at a glance that the press had made a gross error in the amount of arsenic to be used in the Hoff prescription. The reputable firms flatly refused to fill it, but the "sandbaggers" cheerfully accepted all the orders and either cut down the amount of arsenic prescribed or didn't put in any at all; just as it suited their fancies. All of which goes to show that between the quacks and the "sandbag" druggists the invalid has a hard time to save either his life or his purse.

The error in the publication of the Hoff prescription by the daily press has brought to light other recent mistakes of a similar kind. Dr. W. L. Pyle mentions among other absurdities of "newspaper medicine" a special article entitled "Sleep Cure for Nervous Diseases." This cure, according to the newspapers, constists of the "administration of eight grains of bromin every two hours, in a glass half full of water," and this important discovery is attributed to a Dr. Macleod of China. Does the writer really mean bromin? Presumably some form of bromid medication is meant, but never once in the article is this indicated, and the word bromin is repeated over a dozen times. This noxious drug is thus enthusiastically recommended in pure ignorance of its poisonous and caustic properties.

The Bunkers' Return

The William Mitchell Bunkers have returned after an absence of twenty-two months in foreign lands. During his trip around the world Mr. Bunker devoted close attention to the subject of foreign commerce, and the feasibility of establishing trade relations with Oriental ports which have hitherto been overloked. He gathered a vast amount of valuable information which he will give to the Chamber of Commerce. He is much enthused over the prospects for the future of this city. Everywhere he heard San Francisco referred to as "That's the city that is coming to the front." Even in Siberia he heard San Francisco spoken of as the city with the brilliant future.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

The Engagements of the Week

It was at a function given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin —"the fairy godmother," as the buds call her—that the engagement was announced of Miss Margaret Cole and Lieutenant Martin Crimmins of New York. The Cole sisters,, Margaret and Bessie, have always been favories at the Presidio hops, and it was scarcely a surprise when Margaret pledged her faith to one of the "Service." Margaret Cole is a blonde like her elder sister, but is not so Dresden in pattern as Bessie is. Her face is full of expression. After the death of their father, E. P. Cole, the girls were not seen much in public for a long time. They were just about to make their debut when he died. Their mother's ill health was another drawback to their appearance in the gay whirl. Their father had given them everything heart could wish during his lifetime; after his death they found themselves in barely comfortable circumstances. But with or without a dot, Margaret Cole is a bride any man would be glad to win. Congratulations to Lieutenant Crimmins are sincere.

Sherwood-Dimond

When the news was spread abroad that Will Sherwood had at last been caught in Cupid's net, society was surprised. If there had ever been a bachelor considered impervious to the blind god's arrows, that one was Will Sherwood. He had occasionally been an usher at a wedding, and that kept him en rapport with marriage, considered in the abstract. This week his engagement was formally made known. Miss Ethel Dimond, his fiancee, has beauty, wealth and social position. She is the daughter of Mr. Henry P. Dimond, the lawyer.

A Goop Affair

The Little Red House at the corner of Larkin and Union streets was the scene of much festivity last Sunday night. It was the first meeting of the Goop club. The Goop club, be it known, was founded by the host to perpetuate the offspring of his brain. The Goops and Goopesses numbered some twelve members and were selected by the Head Goop with a careful regard to their capabilities for "knocking" each other; for there are jealousies even in literary circles. The Chief Goop is a gentleman of noble proportions, terrific in visage and with a forearm which would do honor to a tiger of the Bengal variety. He is a poet and has written freak verses which he freakishly illustrates. He received the other Goops and Goopesses in a kimona and regaled his guests on cheese which, under the fair manipulation of a Goopess, became a Welsh rarebit. Until the rarebit with beer went round, the atmosphere was somewhat congealed, for the Chief Goop had calculated well. His guests cordially hated one another. He was therefore much pleased with himself. But the Assistant Chief Goop enjoyed himself, for he had worshiping at his shrine three Goopesses. It was only by a strict impartiality that the "At Home" was not made a strong edition of a Wagner "Tristan and Isolde." Indeed, so strong was the feeling at this At Home that a young lady who wants to be a good all-round Bohemian declared that it reminded her of a powerful Wagner opera, made up of themes noted for their individuality. There is no telling what might have happened if Porter Garnett had not been there to soothe the company.

☞ Try Kelly's Corn Cure, 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street

Some Beautiful Verses

The Goops and Goopesses regaled themselves with recitations as well as Welsh rarebit, and there was such a lavish display of good things that everybody was reminded of the generous hospitality of the ancient Burgesses of London. Those who were not Goops declared they would rather be the Arnolds of revolutionary fame than not be a Goop. The Chief Goop then lowered the lights—there were only four tallow candles—and by the flame of a dying fire recited some of his verses to the drumming on the window pane by the fingers of a rosy and stern young lady. This was one of the verses:

There was a young lady from Twickenham
With tight shoes so she couldn't walk quick in 'em.
She came home from a walk
With a face white as chalk
Took off her shoes and got sick in 'em.

This was not the close of the entertainment. The mental pyrotechnics were followed by a strong attraction in the way of Japanese explosives, which were ignited upon a fender mat.

The Goopesses stood in a row
And when he recited said, "Oh!"
He's the lion, the bear
And the fox in his lair
And the monkey—and all of the show!"

But the "Gelly"-fish said with a whoop
As he bent himself into a loop,
"It is easy to see
Why you all worship me—
For I'm goopesque and goopy and goop!"

There was a young fellow named Goop
Who ought to be kept in a coop
His form wasn't tall,
His instincts were small,
And his intellect suffered with croup.

This Goop gave a gay little bat
With pimolas and cake and all that
And the bad little dear
Had some real lager beer
And then fireworks to burn on the mat.

Los Angeles Gossip

My Los Angeles corespondent writes me that Mr. C. Wilson Porter, of suspender-button fame, is in town again going through the same startling routine of a year ago. One night recently he thrust his feet through a cab-window and got into a row with the driver. He is going the pace that young McKeown went and it is the opinion of many that his bank account is getting slender.

Mrs. Randolph Miner's "bal poudre" was a joyful shock. A well known Los Angeles citizen developed a jag and made himself somewhat of a nuisance. During the night he stumbled upon a couple who were enjoying a tete-a-tete where the lights were low, and he began moralizing in a way that attracted the

attention of other guests. Presently he discovered that the lady of whose conduct he playfully disapproved was his own wife.

News has come to Mrs. John Bradbury's friends from Mexico, where that harum-scarum young matron is cutting a wide swath, to the effect that her latest fad is to don vari-colored wigs. She has startled the natives by the frequency with which she changes the color of her hair. Her caprices are still beyond the control of complaisant Colonel John.

Tesla the Faker

Nikola Tesla is reported in the press despatches to have had communication with the inhabitants of Mars. Mr. Tesla missed his vocation. He should be the editor of a yellow journal. He is the most successful faker of the day. For several years he has proved an inexhaustible source of wild and wooly yarns for the Sunday Sups, and there are gudgeons that take him seriously. He is a bright, young electrician who dreams for advertising purposes. He has invented some interesting electrical toys, and he has been prolific of promises of great achievements, but his accomplishments in the world of science have been few and far between. Of course Mr. Tesla has had no communication with Mars or any other planet. From his own statements there does not appear the slightest foundation for such a belief, though he is evidently anxious that people should credit him with having made a great discovery.

The Charlie Wheelers are to have a Fake Christmas tree party at their home tonight. The guests are to bring presents to one another. Presents costing over twenty-five cents are strictly barred.

Reviving an Old Custom

I should not be surprised if the tentative experiments of some of our society dames to resurrect the old fashion of New Year calling would result in a revival of the gracious custom. New Year callings and receptions were killed by ostentation and extravagance. From the simple, kindly welcome and the offer of light refreshment, there was gradually evolved a formal "function" of elaborate evening toilet, decollete gowns and trains, darkened rooms, illuminated by gas-light, an elaborate menu from a fashionable caterer, and a string band of one or more professional musicians. The men went to extremes to keep up their end, and vied with each other in the smartness of their turnouts and the number of calls they succeeded in making. The newspapers printed columns of the names and addresses of those who intended to "keep open house," and every one went every where. The South Side frequently took advantage of the opportunity to see Nob Hill at home, and there were many other performances not down on the program. The natural result came to pass for the strain soon reached the breaking point. Women both old and young found the strain of the preparation, and the continuous performance, day and evening, too much for their nerves, even when the expense was not a consideration; and the ribbon decorated basket adorning the door knob soon became a familiar sight to the intending caller. At about the same time men began to entrust their cards to the mail carriers instead of making personal visits. The bicycle fever became epidemic, and instead of the barouche and elaborate toilet, the enthusiasts came awheel in knickers, if they came at all and from that the end was swift and sudden.

Loot Sales at a Consul's Office

Though the American soldier is said to have refrained from engaging in the loot in China, his relatives in this country continue to receive cheap furs, cheap, silks, flashy embroideries and gilded jewelry as mementoes of the wholesale stealing that was done by the Christian armies of civilization. The fact is that though the American soldier was commanded to keep his hands off his reach was as long as that of his Russian or French ally, and the American officer was no less obedient to orders from Washington than the private. At this late day, I am informed, souvenirs of the Pekin campaign may be purchased at the office of Mr. Ragsdale, the American consul at Tientsin. Of course he is merely accommodating the Chinese who have the goods to sell and the Americans who are looking for good bargains. But what has President McKinley to say about an American Consul who permits stolen goods to be sold at his office?

The Boys from Yale

It is the custom at the Yale college dances for the brothers, cousins and friends of the girls invited to fill in the cards of their feminine guests beforehand. In that way the sisters, cousins and sweethearts are privileged to attend the hops with light hearts, knowing there is no fear of their becoming wallflowers. The ball at the Palace given on Thursday night in honor of the Yale students who constitute the glee club occurred too late in the week for me to give particulars. The affair was a complete success. The Southern, railroad and distinctly smart sets commingled in the best of patronesses, but the affair was highly select in its invitation list. The students were lionized to a degree that must have been nauseating to the more modest among them.

For many hours belle and bud danced—
Yet lived to tell the tale;
In Maple hall they valsed and pranced
Nor did their vigor fail;
But more than once their hearts were lanced
By a look from the boys of Yale.

The Pacific Mutual
Life Insurance Co.
Of California

PRESENTS to the Public
TODAY the Best Life Insurance Policy Issued ....

KILGARIF & BEAVER
GENERAL AGENTS
Pacific Mutual Building

AT THE COSMOS.

Written for, and recited at the banquet preceding the ceremonies that took place under the Cosmos Club's Christmas tree.

From a racy, old story of sinning, or burning,
Just whispered to me by a gentleman, drunk,
'Tis no wonder my head should be twisting and turning
With thoughts that might scandalize even a monk;
But I'll hold these in check for a subject that mellows
The heart of the hearer. I'd have you avow
If at any prime feast of the past, my dear fellows,
You ever had greater contentment than now.

You have all been the guests at the bounteous tables
Of those who have nothing but worldly estate;
Where the wine was so ancient, be-dad! e'en the labels,
Like you at the finish, had lost name and date;
But you knew that, in line with the plate and the splendor,
You were present for naught but to add to the grace,
To show off, like the platters, the old money lender,
To flatter his wife in spite of her face.

How oft at such meal some rich widow beside you,
Long robbed of her beauty by Nature's decree,
Would artfully try, as she bored and she eyed you,
To get some advice without payment of fee.
E'en the pleasure of dining with one at the Poodle
Is clouded at times by the thought: "She may skip
After all this champagne, leaving me like a noodle
Afloat in the soup; for there's many a slip."

Most family reunions are icy receptions;
For uncle's a bear, and the cousin's a cub.
To escape all of these and their petty deceptions,
We dine, as tonight, at a gentleman's club.
Ah! here there's no slip for the guests of the dinner;
And a sigh or a cloud is as much out of place
As a halo encircling the head of a sinner,
Or a bacchanal banquet preceded by grace.

The friend at your elbow, be he youthful or hoary,
A doctor, attorney, accountant or wright,
Has laughed as you laughed, and will envy no glory,
Except that of him who is gloriously tight.
You may smile, for the sky, like our jokes, is transparent;
But not so the welcome we speak as we dine.
Of the feast you are heirs, and you are all heirs-apparent
Of the sleep that will come in the wake of the wine.

—Wilbur G. Zeigler.

HER FAULT, OR HIS?

"Go," she said, and he, unseeing man, departed at her bidding.

She was a great, grand woman; he, an ordinary man. She loved him; but when he asked for her heart, she—like most women—temporized. She was startled at his words, and bade him "Go."

He as most ordinary men would do, went his way. And, meeting another woman, his heart was caught in the rebound. She was a weak, frivolous woman, but he married her.

And the other woman lived on. In time she went away, to a strange land, and there she met a great, grand man. He was no longer young but he was rich, and he loved her. So she married him.

But her heart was still sad, and her husband thinking she was homesick, bade her return unto her own country and visit awhile, among her friends.

There, in her own city, she saw the man and the weak, frivolous thing he had married. He was quite happy. And he gazed upon the other woman without recognition. She had passed from his memory as from his heart.

And she returned to her husband. But she cared no longer to live. With everything that wealth could bring, and a loving heart could lavish upon her, she pined away. And she died—

Of a broken heart.

—The Seer.

DISENCHANTMENT

I watched her little slippered feet—
As, in and out
And round about
And up and down, they tinkled.
I heard those tiny bell-soled shoes
Their music blended with my muse,
As up and down they tinkled.

My patent leathers beat the time
As there and here
Now far, now near,
And round and round she twinkled.
Then lazily my glass I raised
I never was so much amazed—
Alas, her face was wrinkled.

—Richard Cary.

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Elsie Peterson, Plaintiff, vs. Benjamin Peterson, Defendant. — Action Brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to

BENJAMIN PETERSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion, willful neglect, cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

An Englishwoman's Love Letters

London, Dec. 15, 1900.

Editor Town Talk:

Even the most blase book-lovers in this city where novelties in literature make no impression have had their curiosity sharpened and their interest aroused by a little volume which made its appearance a few weeks ago, entitled "An English Woman's Love Letters." It is the sensation of the hour in literary circles and has provoked much discussion in the clubs. Everybody is wondering whether it is fact or fiction, and all are captivated by its refreshing sweetness and simplicity. We have become so accustomed to the discussion of sex-problems in immoral dramas and racy stories, that this series of love-letters telling the pathetic tale of their author, is exhilarating to our jaded senses. It is the thrilling tale of an ideal and tragic love told in burning words of passion, and the air of mystery surrounding its publication has put the curiosity of the critics on edge. All that they can learn is that not long ago, a gentleman brought Mr. John Murray, the well known publisher, a bundle of manuscript. He was told a little about the origin of it, and was pledged not to reveal anything. He read it and was at once struck by its great interest, and he decided to publish it, being assured that though it was fact, not fiction, there was no person living who could be affected by the story. It is the story of a woman, who at the age of twenty-one falls in love with a man six months her junior. They are both of good family. They become engaged and for several months the woman experiences love in its most passionate form and enjoys delirious happiness. Then the mother of the man interferes, there is a separation, and though the woman is constant in the outpourings of affection to the very end, the man refuses to see her even when she is dying. The story itself is not of absorbing interest, for it is not new, but it is the eloquence and naturalness of the letters that appeal to the reader. Though extracts from the book can give but a faint idea of the picture as a whole, I herewith present a few. This is the opening letter:

* * * To be in love with you long before you were in love with me—nothing can be more serious than that. You deny that I was, yet I know when you first real- loved me —all at once. One day something about me came upon you as a surprise, and how, except on the road to love, can there be surprise? And in the surprise came love. You did not *know* me before. * * * Now I have confessed! I thought to discover myself all blushes, but my face is cool, you have kissed all my blushes away. Can I ever be ashamed in your eyes now, or grow rosy because of anything *you* think or *I* think? Well, it is good for you to know I have waited and wished long before the thing came true. But to see you waiting and wishing when the thing *was* true all the time! Oh! that was the trial! How not suddenly to throw my arms round you and cry: "Look, see! Oh, blind mouth, why are you so famished?" You and peace hold me so much a prisoner, have so caught me from my own way of living that I seem to hear a pin drop twenty years ahead of me; it seems an event! Dearest, a thousand times, I would not have it be otherwise; I am only too willing to drop out of existence altogether, and find myself in your arms instead. Giving you my love, I can so easily give you my life. Ah, my dear, I am yours so utterly, so gladly. Will you ever find it out, you, who took so long to discover anything?

Here is another specimen:

* * * If I hold my breath for a moment wickedly (for I can't do it breathing), and try to look at the world with you out of it, I seem to have fallen over a precipice—or, rather, the solid earth has slipped from under my feet, and I am off into vacuum. Then as I take my breath again for fear, my star swims up and clasps me, and shows me your face. O happy star, this that I was born under, that moved with me and winked quiet prophecies at me all through my childhood, I not knowing what it meant—the dear radiant thing naming to me my lover.

Here is one of her beautiful thoughts charmingly expressed: "I am wondering whether this evening we shall see you walking quietly in, and making everything into perfection that has been trembling just on the verge of it all day long." And this is her warm good-night: "Dearest, be happy when you get this; and when you can, come and give my happiness its rest. Till then it is a watchman on the look-out." And such sentiments expressed in poetic simplicity are found on every page. Here is some more of it:

Every joy that belongs to the body casts shadows somewhere. I wonder if there can enter into us a joy that has no shadow anywhere? The joy of having you has behind it the shadow of parting. Is there any way of loving that would make parting no sorrow at all? To me, now, the idea seems treason! I cling to my sorrow that you are not here. I send up my cloud, as it were, to catch the sun's brightness; it is a kite that I pull with my heart-strings.

Gradually the reader is led up to the interference of the mother, but her efforts to crush her son's fiancee makes no change in the latter's tenderness. She tells him that her heart goes out to him like a tree in the wind and that her thoughts are loose leaves that fly after him while she remains behind. Presently she is pleading with him to return to her, in wild, heartrending strains. "Nobody ever loved as I love since the world began," she exclaimed. And continuing: "You said you had always found me 'the dearest and most true-hearted woman a man could pray to meet.' Beloved, if in your heart I am still that, separation does not matter. I can wait, I can wait." Her last words were: "Most dear, most beloved, you were to me and are. Now I can no longer hold together; but it is my body, not my love that has failed."

And now perhaps you can imagine how far afield British sentiment has roved, when a book of this character can attract such widespread attention, simply because it is a return to early ideals. Pure love such as was felt in the days of their grandmothers has not cut much figure in society of late. And now people are asking what could have been the reason which compelled a man, presumably honorable, to jilt and treat her so cold-bloodedly. The preface of the book states that "to the memory of neither of them does any blame belong." It is further explained that they were "the victims of circumstances which came wholly out of the hands of fate." One theory is that there was lunacy in the girl's family, and another and more startling is that the young man discovered an insurmountable barrier between them. The authors of this theory contend that the father of the girl was also the father of her lover. They point to the fact, in support of the theory, that though they had spent all their lives within six miles of each other, a powerful agency kept them apart, until by accident they met. The supposition is that this agency was the girl's mother, who knew the truth, and who at the last possible moment revealed it to her son. This is a theory which has given spice to the book and increased the demand for it.

Dora Strong.

The Automobile

A meeting of all those interested in automobiles was held on Thursday at the office of A. E. Brooke Ridley in the Parrott building for the purpose of discussing the recent action of the Park commissioners in placing such arbitrary restrictions upon motor vehicles. There was not as large an attendance as was desired and the only result attained was but an informal discussion as to what should be done. It was the unanimous opinion that the Automobile club should take immediate steps to make a legal test of the matter, securing the best legal talent obtainable and fighting it out to a finish in the courts. The meeting at which the commissioners adopted the objectionable regulations was a closed one and not a representative of the automobile interests was given even a hearing until after it was all over. Considering the freedom which automobilists enjoy in the Park systems of other cities, the local operators believe they have a good chance to win in a legal battle.

W. L. Rockett has just returned from a two thousand mile trip in a locomobile covering almost every known road and thoroughfare in the northern part of the state. In places he encountered mud in which the wheels of his vehicle sank almost to the hubs; in other places deep, bottomless sand; but at no point in the long journey did his speedy steam machine falter an instant. All kinds of water was used and notwithstanding that he was traveling through a country that is heavily stocked with minerals of all kinds, his boiler was in just as good condition upon his return as when the trip was started.

A meeting of the officers and directors of the Electric Cab company of San Francisco was held on Monday, at which some very encouraging reports were submitted. The entire amount of stock has finally been subscribed and everything is now in readiness to go ahead with the project as originally outlined. The Riker factory is working night and day to complete the order which the company sent east sometime ago, and although the vehicles have not been completed as soon as was expected, the company is confident that the much talked of service will be inaugurated in the very near future.

In all probability Fred Ward & Son will add gasoline rigs to the steam and electric vehicles they are now carrying. Meyers will probably construct the machines, as he has just turned out a gasoline surrey which Mr. Ward claims is the finest gasoline rig in America. The first concern that turns its attention to the country trade will find an almost inexhaustible field awaiting it.

W. L. Elliott, the veteran gasoline motor builder of this city, has received, to date, orders to build fourteen stages and freight wagons for firms in the interior of the state. Elliott is looking for some men of means to back him in the enterprise, intending to form a company and go into the business in the proper manner. He should have little difficulty in this, as there is not a better constructor of this class of vehicles in the country than Elliott. He is practically the only man in America that has successfully solved the jump spark problem which is all the go in France.

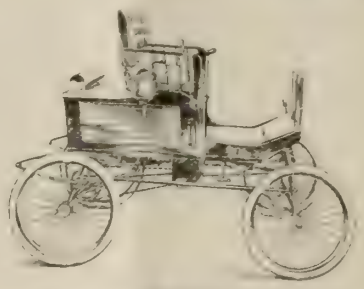
Jos Saxton has given up his original idea of a gasoline truck and is now devoting his money and energies towards building a truck with steam as the motive power. His factory is now located at 526 Bryant street.

Mr. Henshaw, of Henshaw, Bulkeley & Co., has recently purchased a Milwaukee steam rig. His partner, Mr. Bulkeley, is having a fine gasoline runabout built for him, which he expects to be as fine a vehicle as has yet been turned out.

—*The Automobiler.*

"Locomobile"
STEAM MOTOR VEHICLES
SAFEST
FASTEST
MOST RELIABLE

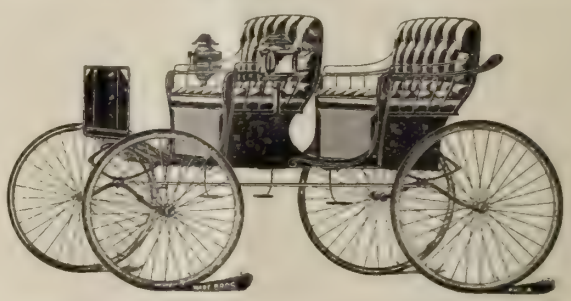
No Noise
No Odor
No Smoke
No Jar



STYLE 2

Unexcelled for Hill Climbing
New Stock Just Received
(SEND FOR CATALOGUE)

THE "Locomobile" COMPANY
OF THE PACIFIC
1255 MARKET STREET
San Francisco, Cal.



THOUSANDS OF PNEUMATIC TIRE VEHICLES are in use in the East, both city and country.

The Pneumatic Run About or Surrey is a Yankee invention. The best of them are covered by patents and a good Bike Wagon must come from a Bike Man who understands his business. We are Sole Agents for Studebaker Pneumatic Vehicles, Genuine Bailey Whalebone Wagons, Moyer Syracuse Pneumatic Wagons, Premier Ball-Bearing Wagons. We have had thirty years' experience selling good vehicles in California. New things in Robes, Whips, Blankets and Harness.

Studebaker Bros. M'f'g. Co.
Market and Tenth Streets.
L. F. WEAVER, Manager.

STATEMENT

OF THE

CONDITION AND VALUE

OF THE

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

OF

THE HIBERNIA

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

A CORPORATION,

And where said Assets are situated, dated December 31, 1900

ASSETS

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	$22,304,263 12
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated at the Corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said Office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.	
2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	3 000 00
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds," "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Gold Bonds," the market value of all said Bonds being $52,612 50. Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said Office, and said Notes and Bonds are there situated.	
3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is.....	21,173,597 83
The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated.	
They are "Registered 4 per cent of 1907 ($18,000,000 00) and 4 per cent of 1925 ($1,000,000 00) and 3 per cent of 1908 ($500,000 00) United States Bonds" and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.	
4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	3,791,514 58
The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults, and are there situated. They are "Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds (979,000 00)," "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds ($287,000 00)," "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($150,000 00)," "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds ($50,000 00)," "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds $82,000 00)," "Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds ($25,000 00)," "Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds ($467,000 00)," "San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds ($327,000 00)," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds ($68,000 00)," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($462,000 00), "Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds ($533,000 00)," and "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds ($24,750 33)."	
5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to January 1, 1901.....	76,366 56
6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($633,845 09), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($261,917 47), Alameda ($149,597 45) and San Mateo (29,010 16), in said State, the actual value of which is.....	1,074 370 17
(b) The land and building in which said Corporation keeps its said Office, the actual value of which is.....	569,008 09
The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation and part of it is productive.	
7—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year 1900-1901 chargeable to next half year.....	34.501 55
8—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said Office, Actual Value	1,607,735 02
Total Assets.....	$50,666,356 92

LIABILITIES.

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	$47,576,198 16
.. The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.	
2—Reserve fund, Actual Value.....	3,090,158 76
Total Liabilities.....	$50,666,356 92

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society,
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California, } ss
City and County of San Francisco. }

JAMES R. KELLY and ROBERT J. TOBIN, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1901.

GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public.

In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

STEAM
ELECTRIC
GASOLINE
AUTOMOBILES

The FOSTER Wagon, or "YELLOW KID," has 36-inch wheels and 7 H. P. Engine, is

STYLISH
SPEEDY
STRONG

RIKER ELECTRICS Are the Prize Winners of America; having attained a speed of 45 miles per hour and run 100 miles on one Charge of Battery.

FRED WARD & SON.

SOLE AGENTS PACIFIC COAST

46 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"The Belle of New York"—breezy.
CALIFORNIA—Strauss' orchestra—melodic.
ALCAZAR—"Nell Gwynne"—pretty.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Nell Gwyn"—picturesque.
TIVOLI—"Cinderella"—lively.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—fine.

Jouis James and Kathryn Kidder in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"are a speedy Columbiafuture. Then we may look for the Bernhardt-Coquelin engagement in "L'Aiglon" and other plays.

Joe's in Town

Joseph R. Grismer is paying his first visit in some years to his old home. He is out here to assist by his personal supervision the production of "Way Down East" that will be the Columbia's attraction next week. I think Joe was last here with "The New South." I do not think he plays anything in "Way Down East." It was sufficient to have been the inventor of that wonderful snowstorm that is said to inspire the audiences to don mufflers and overshoes, it is so realistic. Grismer received a very warm welcome from his fellow Bohemian club members upon his arrival here. He is on of the "oldtime" Bohemians now, and reminiscences are always in order when he is among the company gathered about the red room fire. Grismer has become rich since those early days, and in making his fortune he has been very materially aided by his clever wife, Phoebe Davies.

La Belle Bettina

The baldheads are a-stir, and have been buying up all the front seats at the Orpheum for next week's performances. Et pourquoi? Why, Betty Ordway of course—Bettina Girard, rather. The comic opera prima donna is said to have changed immensely since the day, not so many years ago, when she was the toast of clubdom. But I hear that her beauty is still paramount, her fascination still supreme. She has sobered up, that is all, and instead of champagne now whets her thirst with ginger ale.

Attractions Next Week

The Charlotte Thompson version of "Nell Gywnne" that Florence Roberts presented at the Alcazar on Wednesday night is cleverly put together, and the stage pictures are admirably arranged. It will go all next week, and "Sweet Lavender" will follow. This engagement of Florence Roberts came in the nature of a delightful surprise, and it was one of those pleasures the Alcazar management so frequently provides its patrons. During Miss Roberts' season the Sunday matinees have been discontinued.

There will be a complete change of program at the Orpheum next week and eight new turns will make up th
The Olracs, five in number, have been brought from London for this engagement. They are burlesque acrobats and said to be very clever. Bettina Girard is the famous comic opera star, of matrimonial and other notoriety, now one of vaudeville's biggest hits. J. F. Crosby and Inez Macauley

The store a little out of the way but it pays the people just now to go to the Pattosien Co. for their furniture and carpets during their great challenge sale prices are very low in the entire house.

THE FRANCIS-VALENTINE CO. PRINTERS.
Theatrical Managers!
Best Work
Best Prices
Best Time
103-109 Union Square Ave. San Francisco
Telephone Main 382
SHOW WORK A SPECIALTY

The Whole Story in one letter about
Pain-Killer
(PERRY DAVIS')
From Capt. F. Loye, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—"We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for *pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps*, and all afflictions which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER *is the best remedy* to have near at hand."
Used Internally and Externally.
Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

will present a sketch written for them by Joseph B. Cassell, the well-known local newspaper man. The Willy Colinis are eccentric dancers and Joe Santley is the famous boy soprano. The Hawthorne Sisters remain another week and Shean and Warren, who were here a short time ago, return for one week. The biograph pictures will be new.

The Oliver-Leslie company nightly crowd Morosco's with their excellent version of "Nell Gwyn." Anne Sutherland and Joseph Kilgour, who appear, respectively, as Nell Gwyn and Charles the II, have made brilliant successes, and the remainder of the cast is admirable. There will be matinees of "Nell Gwyn" tomorrow and Sunday at which a good reserved seat in the orchestra can be procured for twenty-five cents. Monday evening for the first time in San Francisco at popular prices will be presented Eugene W. Presby's delightful play, "A Virginia Courtship," which on the occasion of its former production at the Baldwin by William Crane crowded the theatre at every performance and scored one of the most remarkable hits of the decade. Great preparations are being made to stage it accurately and elaborately. Beautiful scenery and costumes have been prepared and the following perfect cast speaks for itself: Major Richard Fairfax, Joseph Kilgour; Capt. Tom Fairfax, Frederick Hartley; Betty Fairfax, Ida Banning; Amos Kendall Fred Esmelton; Jack Neville, T. J. McCrane; Madame Constance Roberts, Anne Sutherland; Prudence Roberts, Beatdice Ingram; Marie, Nina Morris; Grace, Harriet Barton; Neale, Wm. Brewer; Squire Fenwick, John Steppling; Berkeley, Harry G. Keenan; Laura Fenwick, Margaret Smith; Sam, Edwin Dudley; Juniper, Elmer Booth.

Human Hearts," Hal Reid's idyl of the Arkansaw hills, will begin one week's run at the California tomorrow afternoon. Like "Shore Acres," of which it was the successor of the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York, for a year's run, it appeals to all classes and pleases every spectator. It teaches a wholesome lesson, too, and is enlivened with genuine natural comedy. It is said to be a play that once seen so impresses one as to never be forgoten. "Human Hearts" is presented by a company of eighteen people and uses only the scenery painted for each of the four acts. Regular prices, ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, will prevail. "A Breezy Time" follows and then comes Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Becky Sharpe."

The much heralded "Way Down East" will be given at the Columbia on Monday night. This is the pastoral play that has won hearts and dollars all along the line. The play was written by Lottie Blair Parker, but Joseph R. Grismer practically made it what it is. There is a snow storm effect in the third act which is said to be one of the most thrilling things ever attempted on the stage.

"Cinderella" at the Tivoli is on for an extended run, judging by its continued success. The big second edition begins with the fourth week on Monday, for which a number of new features have been prepared, the very best of the original numbers being retained. Hartman has a new set of jokes and topics, and a new comic ditty. Maud Williams sings the latest Eastern hit, "The One I Love," with male chorus, and Annie Myers has a semi-topical song, "Doing His Dooty-ooty." After "Cinderella," "The Fencing Master" will receive its initial production at the Tivoli.

—*The Playgoer.*

On January ninth, Miss Eliza D. Keith will address the Forum club, her subject being Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel." Miss Keith's expositions of various writers and their works last season were very popular, and this season promises to be equally as successful.

THE RACES.

This bright, cold weather is just the proper thing for racing, so bracing and inspiring. Crowds go over every day to the California Jockey club's Oakland track. Today there will be a smart assemblage in attendance and a splendid card has been arranged.

Teddy Roosevelt remarked that he never would have pulled through if he hadn't kept a bottle of Chapin & Gor-'s Old Reserve Whiskey to pull at.

AMUSEMENTS

Alcazar * *

FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager

'Phone Main 254

Week of January 7th
Continued Brilliant Success of the
Florence Roberts'
Season in a Special Engagement of The Sensation of Two Continents
"NELL GWYNNE"
Matinee During This Engagement Saturday Only
In Preparation a Beautiful Presentation of 'Sweet Lavender"
Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35.50c

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Telephone Main 532.
WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
Crowded all the time
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
The Greatest Success of the City—OLIVER-LESLIE COMPANY
Last Two Nights of 'Nell Gwyn"
Week Commencing Monday Evening Wm. Crane's Great Success
"A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP"
By Eugene Presprey
First Time at Popular Prices
Evening Prices 10c. 15c. 25c. and 50c.
A few front Rows in Orchestra 75c.
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IN HER HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

The Prima Donna appeared before an audience in her Home City for the first time after many years of absence. She had studied abroad, and sung before the Crowned Heads of Europe beside many Lesser Notabilities of American cities.

She had received honeyed words from the Critics of the World, who extolled her Beauty and her Voice. But in her Heart she was not satisfied. She knew that her Triumph was but a Partial one, for in all her experience she had never yet touched the Gallery. The applause she had received had never been the Enthusiastic Outpouring of the People.

The secret of this Worm in the Heart of her Fruit she confided to no one. But to herself she said:

"When I sing before my own People, I shall know if I am really a Great Singer or only a Clever Automaton."

Upon her Entrance, in the first act of the opera, she was overwhelmed with Applause. In the rush of her Feeling, at this Welcome Home, she could analyze nothing. Later on, when the third act had ended, she sat in her Dressing-Room. About her were Bouquets galore, Masses of Flowers, huge Floral Pieces and a veritable Shower of Congratulatory Telegrams and Notes.

But the Prima Donna wept in the Midst of them all. Her heart was Pierced by a Secret Sorrow. She had failed to Touch the Gallery. All the Applause had come from the lower house, the boxes, orchestra and dress-circle stalls, where her Friends sat. But a weak Bluff at Hand-clapping had been heard from the tiers above the dress-circle.

"I am only an Automaton," she said to herself, "and all my Study has been in Vain. I have not the Divine, Magnetic Spark that is given to Great Singers."

And when into her dressing-room came a Man who had loved her for years, but whom she had repeatedly Refused because of her Career, she fell weeping into his arms.

"Take me away," she said, "from it all. I am going to give up my Career—for You!"

And, the next day, when the Papers were full of Laudatory Notices of the Prima Donna's home coming and Magnificent Success, it was also announced that she was to Leave the Stage Forever and retire into Domestic Life.

And only the Singer herself knew why she had made her Decision. —*The First Violin.*

THE FALL.

The Young Man started out in Life with a great Ambition. Nothing was too Wonderful for him to Accomplish by the Power of his Brain.

An Angel and a Devil accompanied the youth in his Journey up the Hill of Life.

"Leave us," said the Angel, "there is no room on the Path for You. The young man has only Good and Great thoughts in his Soul. Your presence is out of place here."

"Ha, Ha!" laughed the Devil, "just wait and see. An Angel's company is very pleasant for a Few Steps—but later on will come my turn."

But the youth steadfastly went on his way up the Hill, cheered by the Angel's counsel, and upheld by his Ambition.

One day the Angel was compelled to be absent for a few hours, and then the Devil took the other's place.

"Come, let us have a Good Time," he said to the youth, "what's the good of Working all these good hours away? After all, there's but one life to live; let us take it at an easy and merry gait."

"But my Ambition?" demurred the youth.

"Oh, that can wait," answered the Devil, "while one is young one should live; when old age comes one can work."

So the youth gave himself up to this specious reasoning. The Devil showed him all the delights of the World and the Flesh, and in the few hours of the Angel's absence the youth completely forgot all those Great and Good Ideas with which he had started up the Hill.

He gaily rolled backwards, with the Devil as company, until he lay at the foot of the Hill. Then the Devil left him.

To him, in his Low Estate, came the Angel.

"Come," said the Angel, "it is not too late. Start up the Hill again. I shall never leave you."

"I will," said the youth.

But when he tried to rise he found he Could Not. His Limbs failed him. He had the Desire, but the Will was no longer Paramount. His Ambition was but a Phantom that died away as he tried to Touch it.

"Come," cried the Angel.

"I cannot," groaned the youth.

And the Devil laughed.

—*The Fabler.*

Pretty Palmist, reading Mr. Misanthrope Millions' lines: You have an intensely jealous disposition. If your wife even looked at another man, you would kill her.

Mr. M. M.: I don't consider any woman worth killing.

Pretty Palmist: Ah, but the woman you would make your wife, Mr. Millions, *would* be worth it.

And ten minutes later he proposed and was accepted.

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Music World

The Henschels are Coming

Nobody has forgotten the charming recitals of the Henschels given here three years ago. Local vocal teachers and pupils attended the concerts with almost religious fervor, and well were they rewarded. To hear Mrs. Henschel's interpretations of modern and ancient French, German and English songs was a liberal education. Who could forget her graceful manner—her perfect diction? And as for Mr. Georg Henschel, we talk still of his big voice, his dramatic interpretation, his wonderful accompaniments. I predict a very prosperous season for the Henschels. On Monday morning the sale of season tickets for their recitals will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The recitals will be given in February, opening on the fifth and ending with the fourteenth.

The advance sale of seats for the Mademoiselle Dolores (Antoinette Trebelli) concerts will begin next Thursday morning at the box office of the Columbia theatre. Trebelli is unusually popular here and will bring out a fashionable audience to her concerts. Robert Clarance Newell of Oakland will be Trebelli's accompanist. Tickets for the concerts are set at one dollar and one-fifty each.

Eduard Strauss & Co.

There were nine numbers on the program of Wednesday night's Strauss concert—the first I attended—and every one was encored to the echo. Mr. Strauss most obligingly responded to encores, either repeating in part the number just performed or delighting his listener with some of the famous Strauss waltzes. It is certainly a wonderfully well-trained orchestra and under absolute control of its leader's baton, which is often as not his violin bow. The daintiest bits are equally well rendered with heavier selections from operas. "Sleep Well, Sweet Boy" (Schubert), for violins and harp, was a dream of the most fairylike delicacy. It is wonderful how such a large body of instruments playing together can be so subdued. Paderewski's "Menuet" and "Hypnotic Slumber" (Strauss) came under this class, while "Walther's Prize Song" (Die Meistersinger) and a potpourri from "Pagliacci" were of the heavier order and splendidly done. The last number on the program, "March Characteristique," by Eduard Strauss, is the gem of that composer's works, so far as I know them. It is a wonderfully stirring composition and portrays the character of its title "Les Saracens" wonderfully. After the seventh number Mr. Strauss brought down the house by responding to a prolonged encore with the dear old familiar "Beautiful Blue Danube," which made his father famous as Waltz King. Eduard Strauss is the youngest of three sons of the famous waltz composer, all of whom have in turn followed the father's footsteps, and when one considers that Eduard has been conducting since 1863 it becomes a matter of wonderment how he holds his years and elasticity of temperament. He seems strung on wires and every nerve responds to the inspiring rhythm of the waltz, even his feet keeping time to the witching measure that seems to flow like liquid melody in the Strauss blood. This is the third time Eduard Strauss has been professionally in America, where the name of Strauss is as familiar as in his own native Vienna.

An Incident of the Concert

Apropos of Wednesday night's concert, a well-dressed and refined appearing man in a front orchestra seat attracted no little amount of attention, not alone from the boxes and chairs near him, but from the orchestra itself. He had probably dined well and was at all events exceedingly happy. Being familiar with nearly all the Strauss music he lent the aid of his own peculiar accomplishments to the orchestra in rendering them. Often he would whistle quite audibly an obligato part, again he would roar out the melody in a huge basso, at the encore shouting "Bravo! bravo!" and signifying to the dignified leader of the famous orchestra his desire by way of response to the applause. But the climax was reached when just before the delicate strains

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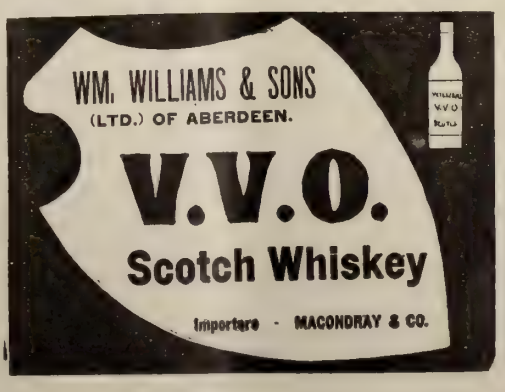

of "Hypnotic Slumber" were heard, and Mr. Strauss lifted his bow as a signal to begin, the unknown startled the natives by suddenly roaring out with the fall of the baton the single word "Boom!" Of all present Mr. Strauss alone preserved his dignity. Audience and orchestra alike were nearly consumed with silent laughter, and as the crowd surged up the aisles the last heard of the irrepressible was a low basso murmur of a Strauss waltz accompanied by a loud stamping of his feet as he kept time to the measure.

Mlle. Dolores (Antoinette Trebelli)

A Christmas Concert

From the Paso Robles *Record* of date December twenty-ninth, I cull the following notice of a very interesting concert given at Masonic hall in Paso Robles on Christmas: "The appearance of the distinguished violinist, Mr. John Marquardt attracted music lovers in such numbers that chairs were at a premium and the doors of the banquet hall were thrown open to give more standing room. The program presented was not of a character to display Mr. Marquardt's highest attainments as a musician, since he is at his best in some of the heavier of the standard concertos, the Bach Chaconne, the Kreutzer Sonata, etc., but the numbers rendered afforded sufficient scope for the exhibition of an unexpected versatility of style and a masterful command of his instrument. The Gipsy Dances of Nachez, the Beethoven Romance in F and the Wieniawski Legend might be mentioned as the most effective numbers, and it is certain that they were pleasing, for the violinist was obliged to respond to a double encore each time. The pianist, Miss Brandt, was well received and her perfomance revealed both artistic conception and technical ability that, with further study, promise development that will yield this young musician an enviable standing in her profession. Mrs. Ladd scored a flattering success with Adams' 'Island of Dream,' and Mrs. Geo. Cliff's excellent soprano was also heard to advantage, the audience testifying its enjoyment of her number by an enthusiastic encore. It is to be regretted that the gifted young pianist, Haidee Seideman, could not have been heard in solo work. Her accompaniment to Mrs. Ladd's song was a finished bit of execution—accurate and sympathetic, and distinguished for its perfect support to the voice."

As soon as President McKinley learned that General Chaffee reached Pekin he despatched a case of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve to the front.

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A Prodigy

Paris has a musical prodigy which goes a little beyond anything we have yet produced. He is a child of Spanish parentage, Pepito Rodriguez, three years and a half old, who has been exhibiting his talent at the piano more or less publicly for over a year. The child is said to be very small, his little hand being capable of stretching but five notes. In view of this acknowledgement, there appears to be a lot of nonsense in the claim set forth that he plays correctly, much less interprets the music he is said to perform. It is hard to believe that the assertions made from time to time concerning these wonder-children can be meant to be taken seriously.

The Greven Choral Society is very busily preparing for its next entertainment, which will be given on Thursday evening, February fourteenth. "The Chimes of Normandy" will be sung, with Miss Ina Allen in the role of Serpolette. Miss Kitty McShane will be Germaine; Mr. Edward Burrows, Gaspard; Mr. Folkes, the Marquis of Corneville; Mr. Frank W. Healy, Grenicheux. Messrs. Walsh, Wilson, Sass and Feld will have the other roles. Beside the opera, a miscellaneous program of solos by other members of the society will be rendered.

Memory Songs

A local publishing house has brought out for Senora Congdon Shutze what is characterized by reviewers as "An Amusing Geography," because it includes "Memory Songs," in which a fund of facts is set to popular airs, the idea being that the children will unconsciously absorb in this way much that they would otherwise be obliged to learn by application to hard study. I have not seen this latest educational plaything, but there is nothing new in this particular feature of it. The grandfathers of the present generation of school children were familiar with this method of sugar-coated memorizing—the only sweetened pill in their educational career. Most of them learned their multiplication table by hearing it sung aloud by the school until they had picked up enough to join in and swell the sound. A correspondent writes me, anent this subject: "My own earliest school days were passed in a small interior town, at a private institution, which was in many respects a survival. The old lady who undertook our education prided herself on the fact that she followed in every possible particular the methods by which she had herself been taught, and therefore no fault could justly be found with her. I remember how we used to sing, or rather shout, the capitals of every state and territory in the Union (and out, for it was during the Civil War time), and their location. "Bounding" was an essential part of geographical knowledge in those days also. There was no attempt at rhyming or versification, but some child with unlimited confidence and good lungs would start out much as in old-fashioned congregations the hymn was 'lined out' and others would join in gradually as soon as they could catch the drift of what was going on. The exercises always began with Maine, and followed the old classification of the states —first, the six New England, then the four middle, ten southern and eleven western, with California and Oregon bringing up at the end. After these, followed the territories, beginning with Dakota. It took some management, clipping syllables in one case, stretching them in another, and omitting one or more in a third to make the "sense fit the sound," and when difficulties presented themselves the leader was left to battle alone. As each line was sung twice the effect was much that of a solo and chorus, and though I can not recommend the exercise from a musical point of view, I know it had its educational value, for the 'seminary,' as it was called, was an ungraded school, and the very youngest infants made haste to absorb enough geographical knowledge to join in the pastime of 'singing geography.' There was also a rhymed version of the circles and parallels of latitude which was sung to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Some years ago Superintendent Ellis of Visalia resurrected from a scrap book of his boyhood days a number of "metrical versions," which added interest to the Tulare Teachers' Institute. If I remember rightly he said they were taught by a man who was desirous of obtaining additional tuition and made an arrangement with the teacher, by which he exchanged lessons in "singing geography" for instruction in other branches.

Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto of Holy Cross church, has accepted the position of contralto soloist at St. Dominic's, beginning on January first.

—*The Music Critic.*

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A Book of Travels

Those who have read Jerome Hart's letters of travel in the San Francisco *Argonaut* will be glad to renew acquaintance with them in book form. As the author acknowledges in his preface these letters are personal impressions of travel, making no pretension to profundity or to literary display. The banalities of guide-book lore so common in most works of travel are conspicuously absent, but in their stead are the vivid impressions of a traveler who has the courage to use his own eyes and to record his independent opinions. The colloquial tone of the letters adds to their vivacity and dash. Nor is there lacking a certain spice of irreverence peculiarly American; yet so frank and honest that it must be forgiven even by those who do not share Mr. Hart's point of view. A particularly interesting portion of the book is that entitled "A Glimpse of Egypt. The following extract may enable us to see ourselves as others see us.

"But there is one place in Cairo which the average tourist does not visit. It is the famous university in the Mosque of El-Azhar. Most tourists know nothing of it; those who hear of it are told that they will not be welcome there. Furthermore, they are warned against loud talk, noisy laughter, attempting to use cameras, or even staring intently at the students, who, oddly enough, do not seem to like it. They are very queer—these Mohammedans—are they not? If a troupe of Cook's tourists from Cairo, personally conducted by Dragoman Said Mohammed, should visit Palo Alto, go into the class-rooms, peer over the students' shoulders at their note-books, examine them with lorgnettes, chatter loudly in Arabic, laugh noisily and incessantly, and take kodak snapshots of them, it would doubtless be considered not at all rude, and the Stanford students would not resent it. But the Mohammedan students are very queer, and they do."

In Italy, which has been done to death by the tourist, Mr. Hart contrives to see and to describe many things which have never found their way into print before. A few titles must suffice for a hint. "A Roman Garden Party," "A Roman Race-Course," "New Things in Old Rome," "Making Saints at St. Peter's," "The Wheels of the Vatican," "S. P. Q. R.," "Florentine Diletantes," "The Garden of Lombardy." The contents of these chapters will be found as unconventional as their titles. That on "The Arms and the Man" is devoted to matters military. I quote the following: "Why is Italy so poor? * * * The answer is simple. It is because of the brilliant uniforms which give color to the streets; of the vast number of soldiers who live upon the tax-payers. For every idle officer loafing at a cafe, three or four men are working hard to earn his living and their own. The unfortunate country is ground down with taxation. There is nothing that is

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untaxed. Even the food you eat pays a double tax once to the state and again to the city. The very sunlight is taxed, for there is a heavy tax on windows. California and Italy are about the same size. Roughly speaking California contains about one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, Italy about one hundred and twenty thousand square miles. They are not dissimilar in physical characteristics. They extend over a long distance from north to south, and each has an extensive coast line. Each is destitute of coal mines. Each produces large quantities of wheat. Each produces citrus and other fruits, olives, wine and raisins. They are in about the same zone. Rome lies in about the same latitude as San Francisco. Our state is one of the richest and most fertile of all the United States. Yet, suppose that California were as populous as Italy. Suppose it had a population of millions. Could California, even with its vast resources, support an army of a quarter of a million men as Italy does? She could do it only as Italy does, by grinding the people into dust with oppressive taxation. It is a fact that Italy has over two hundred thousand men under arms with a reserve of two million more. She has also a large and costly navy."

The chapter on "French Savoy" relates the adventures of the author's party while in quest of that "gaze de Chambery," which clothed Bret Harte's "Lily of Poverty Flat." They succeeded in finding not only the "gaze," but a charming and unfrequented corner of Old France. In "Paris and Chicago" the Paris Exposition is described by the unique mode of not attempting to describe it, yet the writer contrives to give by a few touches a lively impression of the great fair. The book has clear print and wide margins and is embellished with at least sixty fine illustrations. The cover design represents the Argo of Jason on her quest. (Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.)

Eben Holden

Though Irving Bacheller has chosen to call his book "Eben Holden," the story, told in the first person, is really that of Willie Brower. Eben is a quaint character—a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity. He is only "the hired man," but when an accident wipes out the family of his employer, leaving only a child of six and a farm mortgaged to its full value, he does not hesitate to assume the care of the child, and even to "kidnap" him rather than submit to have the little fellow "go on the township." He makes the journey from Vermont into the St. Lawrence valley on foot. "A small boy in a big basket on the back of a jolly old man, who carried a cane in one hand, a rifle in the other; a black dog serving as scout, skirmisher and rearguard—that was the size of it." The stories with which "Uncle Eb" regales his small companion on their long journey would reconcile any little chap to the necessary hardships and one cannot help feeling glad that where the travelers find shelter there is a little girl to share and appreciate them. There are some excellent descriptions of farm life in the middle of the century, quaint bits of backwoods' wisdom, folk lore and tradition. "Uncle Eb" is one of those cheerful characters who never grow too old to enjoy a wholesome joke and the big fish story and the horse trade are as good as anything in that line ever told. The descriptions of

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the district fair and the harvest dance are vivid and realistic. The characters are all excellently drawn: David Brower, the prosperous farmer, who gives home and shelter to the wanderers; Elizabeth, his wife, the cheerful, busy housekeeper who mothers the little waif as she does her own brood; Jed Feary, the poet, whose love of nature and "shiftless" ways were a sore trial to his bustling neighbors; Nick Goodall, the half-imbecile, with his one great talent for music, and "the nightman," whose connection with Eben and the Browers it would be unfair to readers to disclose. In the latter half of the book the scene of the story shifts to New York, and we are given some glimpses of fashionable life. Horace Greeley as he lived and worked, also appears, and McClingan, the Scotch newspaper man, and Riggs, the blind lantern-seller, are so lifelike, quaint and original that we scarcely need Mr. Bacheller's assurance that "the characters were mostly men and women I have known and who left me with a love of my kind that even a wide experience with knavery and misfortune has never dissipated." Dr. Bigsby should live in literature side by side with Barrie's Dr. McLure. The book abounds in homely humor, and many of Eben Holden's quaint epigrams will find a permanent place in the language. "How quick ye can plow a tenacre lot with a pen." "There's lots of things ye can't learn by ciphering." There is hardly a page which will not furnish some sentence worth quoting. It is not difficult to see wherein lies the reason for the popularity of books like this, and which, unfortunately, are all too rare. There is no problem—no attempt to exploit science, religion, or political dogma; no vulgarity nor suggestiveness, but a bright, clean, cheerful story told in homely, familiar language, and with no straining after effect, in either incident or phraseology. It describes a phase of life which has almost disappeared with the spread of railroads, telegraph and other modern conveniences, and yet is not so far in the past, but that it can be remembered by people of middle age. (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

Though the December number of the Chicago *400* is specifically named "The Hot Springs number," it might also be claimed as the California number. The frontispiece is a full-page engraving of the celebrated big tree of the Mariposa grove, which spans the roadway, and there are a number of other typical California sights and scenes all reproduced in the excellent style which has made the *400* famous. It is a temptation to quote some of the good things said about our state, but one cannot reproduce whole large quarto columns.

The winter number of the *Book Lover* comes out in a stunning cover of very dark green and crimson, a unique and original as well as beautiful combination. The table of contents contains fifty separate titles, among them being articles from the pens of Edmund Gosse, George Morley, Clinton Scollard, Bret Harte, Henry Pene Du Bois, Hezekiah Butterworth and others as well known. "Book-Fires of the Restoration" by J. Anson Farrar continues the series of articles on the subject of books condemned to destruction, and Daniel M. Treadwell tells more on the subject of "Privately Illustrated Books" a most fascinating subject. The frontispiece of this number is unique. No book lover can afford to be without the *Book-Lover*, and no better token of appreciation could reach the publisher than the fact that though the magazine is only entering upon its second year, it has been out of print three times, in spite of the fact that the size of each edition has been increased to reach the probable demand.

R. H. Russell of New York has issued a souvenir of Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon." It is one of the handsomest souvenirs issued by this publisher, and in the matter of elegance and finish leaves nothing to be desired. It is about twelve by nine inches in size, and besides the portrait of Miss Adams which faces the title page, it contains eight full-page ones, all on smooth, heavy paper. The photographic reproductions of scenes are clear and spirited and give an excellent idea of the staging of Monsieur Rostand's play. The cover design is by Ernest Haskell.

—*The Bookworm.*

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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

9—NO. 437 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 12, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Elsie Peterson, Plaintiff
vs.
Benjamin Peterson, Defendant
} Action Brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to

BENJAMIN PETERSON, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion, willful neglect, cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of the Central Gaslight Company, a Corporation.
} No. 74517 Dept. No. 4

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Monday, the 14th day of January, A. D., 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, and the courtroom of Department 4 of the said court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for the hearing and determination of the application for dissolution of THE CENTRAL GASLIGHT COMPANY, a corporation.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

Dated this 3d day of December, A. D., 1900.
Rodgers, Paterson & Slack,
Attorneys for Petitioners.
16 Nevada Block,
San Francisco, Cal.,

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL THOMPSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator, of the Estate of Daniel Thompson deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Thompson Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 5th, 1901.
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS MEETING

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Pacific States Type Foundry for the election of directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Corporation at No. 508 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal., on Tuesday the 29th day of January 1901 at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

By order of the president.
W. F. SHATTUCK, Secretary.
San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 2, 1901.

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, January 12, 1901

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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Pay no money to persons representing themselves to be connected with TOWN TALK unless a written authority to receipt for the same is shown and accept no receipt unless it be on our printed blanks.

OUR OPINION

Mr. Hays' Intention

One of the first questions asked Mr. Hays, the new President of the Southern Pacific company, when he reached this State, was whether he intended to conduct the corporation as a railroad or a political machine. His reply was that he intends to conduct it as a business proposition, and that while he would endeavor at all times to subserve the best interests of the people he would never forget that his first duty was to the stockholders. This statement appears to justify the conclusion that there is to be a complete change of policy, and that hereafter the officers of the Southern Pacific company will not take the slightest interest in politics. Mr. Hays is a railroad man and as such he has taken no interest in politics except when occasion demanded. It is part of the business of a railroad president, however, to see that his company gets all that it is entitled to and that it is not unjustly oppressed. If the company is doing business in a State in which the politicians are notoriously corrupt, the president will find it difficult to confine his energies to transportation affairs. Corrupt politicians beget crooked officials, and dishonesty in public office does not tend to keep railroad presidents out of politics. Some of our railroad presidents have taken too active an interest in politics, and have assisted in promoting corruption. Indeed, they have given such impetus to corruption that it is no longer easy for the Southern Pacific company to withdraw entirely from the political field. Railroad officials cannot sit idly by while sorehead politicians and demagogues seek nominations in the hope of getting a job which will enable them to wreak revenge on the corporation. President Hays has no doubt sincerely resolved to keep the company out of politics, but neither the people nor the politicians will permit him to do so. And by the way the people appear to be not less anxious than the politicians to cinch corporations. Just before the last campaign a judge rendered a manifestly unfair decision against the company. The supposition was that he did so by way of demagogic appeal to the people. He was subsequently denied renomination, and no doubt it was Southern Pacific influence that defeated him in the convention. Under similar circumstances any individual would have acted as the company did. The judge sought re-election as an independent candidate and was almost successful. He received a large vote simply because he had tried to cinch the railroad. When people are of that temperament, how is it possible for Mr. Hays to keep out of politics and do justice to the stockholders?

An Anti-Kissing Movement

Some time ago a learned scientist discovered that kissing was dangerous, owing to the facilities which it offers to disease germs to migrate from one person to another. For sanitary reasons he argued that osculation should be discouraged. He was interested solely in the welfare of the body, and though nobody disputed the accuracy of his deductions from scientific researches, reckless people continued to kiss one another with absolute disregard of the serious consequences. But it now appears that there are other than sanitary reasons why kissing should be discountenanced. The practice of mingling the lips is a menace to the soul as well as to the body. So say the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Association of New York. This great organization has turned its attention from the army canteen to the subject of kissing and has started an anti-kissing movement on the ground that it is a vicious habit, and that it promotes immorality. The members of the association believe that if vice crusaders wish to purify society they should begin by teaching their children from earliest infancy that kissing is an evil. Of course the women of the temperance organization speak from experience. Kissing has, perhaps, led some of them to the brink of temptation, and they feel that it is responsible for much of the immorality of the world. But they have made no discovery. Some of the earliest poets of the world have sung of the insidious influence of kissing when practiced as a fine art by the designing lover. They have devoted whole volumes to the subtle influence of the kiss, its sensations and its effects. They have discussed it in its infinite variety, but it remained for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York to undertake the task of rendering it unpopular. What remarkable women they are! After awhile they will probably conclude that the best way to purify society is to declare that all forms of vice are vicious; that immorality is immoral and that we should make it easy to be good by eschewing everything that has an element of badness.

Miles' Bad Example

General Miles threatens to answer General Alger, and it is reported that if he does he will be roughly handled by a military court. If General Miles could

appreciate the golden quality of silence there would be less objection to his occupying the position of ranking officer of the army of the United States. General Miles has one serious fault. He talks too much Somebody suggested a few years ago that he would make a good candidate for President, and he has been talking for publication ever since. It ruins some men to invest them with an ambition. It would be highly undignified for General Miles to answer the discredited cabinet officer, and it should require no hint from headquarters to deter him from reviving the controversy over the beef scandal. General Alger's attack was undoubtedly made for the purpose of drawing him out and embarrassing the Administration Though General Miles' charges against the War department were not proved to the satisfaction of the court the testimony clearly showed that the army was supplied with inferior meat. The verdict was in favor of the department but the testimony was sufficient to show that there was something rotten in the department, and subsequently Alger was forced to retire. Since the recent attack of Alger on Miles, the latter has been quoted as saying that "the case was tried in the high court of public opinion and the press and its verdict was given two years ago." That is a remarkable statement for the ranking officer of the army to make. He knows that the trial was by a military court appointed and convened in strict accordance with military law, and that the verdict was against the truth of his accusations. No matter what his opinion may be as to the verdict he should not be permitted to cast a slur on the court. In doing so he expresses a contempt for the whole military system of which he is the nominal head.

All About a Jockey

Mr. Tod Sloan, a Liliputian, bred in a stable, who knows how to ride horses and win races, is cutting as much figure in the affairs of the day as any of the most distinguished diplomatists or military captains. He has been elevated to the dignity of an international problem, and merely because the English Jockey club, an ornate body composed of insufferable cads, has decided that he is not a fit and proper person to ride horses on the British turf. The merits of the question involved are of little importance to those who are not interested in the sport of kings. Mr. Tod Sloan no doubt violated the rules of the English Jockey club by accepting presents, and the Englishmen have a right to bar him from their tracks, but it is unfortunate if the little fellow is to be denied the right to make a living in this country because he displeased the followers of the turf in England. It is also unfortunate if, by reason of the complications arising out of his dismissal in England, a social war shall ensue in this country. But such appears to be the prospective result. It is contended by some that the Englishmen are not entirely responsible for his dismissal. James B. Keene is said to be at the bottom of the trouble and Mr. Keane is one of the financial magnates of New York. Mr. Keane and Mr. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, are not friendly, and some time ago, Sloan won two big stakes for Mr. Whitney that cost Mr. Keane, who had bet on his own horses, about one-hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Mr. Keane and Lord Durham are supposed to be very friendly, and when the former succeeded in having Sloan ruled off the English turf, many people thought they saw the Keane Italian hand in the background. So altogether it is a pretty mess in which this little ex-stable-boy figures so prominently. The action of the English Jockey club has given rise to almost as much ill-feeling in this country as would be engendered by the rejection of the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Lord Durham's conduct is considered by many as contemptible as that of Lord Dunraven after the latter failed to lift the cup, and is believed to have been prompted by the same mean, unsportsman spirit. That he was not influenced by a desire to purify the turf is evident from the fact that though he objects to Sloan, against whom there is no evidence of crookedness, he stands sponsor for one "Danny" Maher, who was twice suspended in New York for suspicious conduct, and who was advised to go to England for, if he were caught "napping" again, he would be ruled off for life.

Preserve the Missions

A recent magazine article contained an eloquent plea for the preservation of the old Mission San Antonio de Padua. Why confine the work to San Antonio? It is a pity that any of the buildings should have been allowed to fall into decay, and it should be a matter of state pride to see that they are preserved, and as far as possible, restored. The Missions, the first Custom House, Sutter's Fort and other old landmarks loom as large in Pacific coast history as do Fanueil hall, the Old South church and other famous structures in the east. Some time last year it was proposed to restore the old Camino Real, as a coaching road, and it was hoped that some definite action would be taken. The Camino Real was the path followed by the missionary fathers in their work of converting and civilizing the Indians, and its course includes all the old missions. This subject is one which should appeal to all Californians without regard to creed or class. Though the missions may not compare with European cathedrals in point of either architecture or elegance, nevertheless they were wonderful works, for not only had the fathers to act as their own engineers, architects and builders, but their only assistants were uncivilized Indians, whose whole idea of shelter was the lee side of a bush and who had but the most elementary knowledge of any subject. It may not be out of place to remark that the secularization of the missions which eventually caused their decay was the result of the same policy now urged by our political-religionists or religious politicians with regard to church property in the Philippine Islands. Such churches as were within easy reach of a white congregation were maintained as parish churches, but the outlying stations, depending upon their crops and herds for maintenance and with only the Indians for attendants, were perforce abandoned when their property was confiscated and their congregations scattered. The land is no better cultivated now than it was a century ago, and the fate of the buildings and the Indians is an object lesson to would-be reformers. The legislatures of California have made many appropriations for less worthy objects than the preservation of the Missions. The proposition is one which should engage the attention of people who are interested in the preservation of places of historical interest.

The Saunterer

The Judge from California

An ex justice of our Supreme court met a friend in the street the other day and stopped long enough to ask this question:

"Do you think Justice McKenna will write the opinion of the Court in the Porto Rican cases?"

He did not wait for a reply, but with a faint smile on his face moved briskly along. Of course it was nothing but sarcasm that prompted the question. Out here, where we know Justice McKenna so well, the idea of his writing an opinion for the highest tribunal in the land strikes one as positively preposterous, and at the same time the idea of a man being on the Supreme bench of the United States who is generally believed to be incapable of discussing intelligently the important constitutional questions that come before the Court is decidedly unpleasant, for it is apt to shake one's confidence in the grand and glorious institutions of his country. President McKinley appointed McKenna a justice of the Supreme court for no other reason than that they were friends in Congress. The question of ability cut no figure in the matter of his selection. Could anything more plainly demonstrate McKinley's unfitness for the high office which he occupies than his selection of a man for a seat on the Supreme bench of the United States, simply because that man was his friend?

His Rise

The entire bar of this state was on a broad grin when McKinley made McKenna Attorney-General of the United States. The lawyers of California knew McKenna for he had served for a short time as a judge of the Circuit court in this city. He had been a very lucky man. He came from the cow-paths of Suisun where he was only a second-rate lawyer. His first political job was that of assemblyman. It was then he laid the foundation of a strong friendship which afterwards enabled him to get into Congress, where he met McKinley. While in Washington he made some social connections which proved valuable in later years. Mrs. Stanford and Mrs. Hearst became friendly with the McKenna family and were always ready to back McKenna with their influence. But that he was very "close" to McKinley was made evident at the time that he aspired to a job in the cabinet. There was considerable opposition to him on the score of religion. He is a Catholic, and as he was after the Secretaryship of the Interior, an office that has dealings with the Indian schools, strong Protestant influence was brought to bear to defeat him.

Bishop Newman's Opposition

In this connection I am reminded of a story which has never been published. A certain prominent Californian who was after the Secretaryship of the Interior at the same time that McKenna was striving for the same job, invoked the influence of Bishop Newman of the Methodist church. President McKinley being a Methodist and a friend of the Bishop, it was naturally supposed that the latter's influence would have great weight. The Bishop readily consented to get into the fight, and he sat down and wrote the President a letter. It was somewhat of a scorcher. The clergyman declared that Archbishop Ireland was behind McKenna, and that it would be an outrage for a President who was a Methodist born and bred to listen to the voice of Rome in a matter involving so much of importance to the Christian church. The letter contained much more of the same character of twaddle and was altogether decidedly bitter in tone. The gentleman who went on to Washingto to see the President in the interest of Bishop Newman's candidate was permitted to read the letter before it was sealed, and when he presented it he anxiously noted the effect.

A Chat with the President

Not a muscle in the President's face betrayed his feelings when he read the letter, but calmly putting it down he turned to his visitor and asked:

"How is the Bishop?"

When told that he was in good health, he said he was glad to hear it and added that he was a fine man, but later on he took occasion to deny that he had been importuned in behalf of McKenna by Archbishop Ireland. He went on to say that he knew of no reason why a Catholic should not be appointed Secretary of the Interior, and he asked his visitor if he didn't think that in view of the fact that he and McKenna had been very friendly in Congress and he was familiar with the latter's character, that he was justified in appointing him.

"I don't think you are if he tried to prevent you from becoming President," was the reply, "and I know that he withheld his support on the ground that he might displease his friend Tom Reed."

Though McKenna failed to become Secretary of the Interior he entered the cabinet as Attorney General, and later on, when it was proposed to build a chapel for Catholics at West Point, he relieved his friend, the President, from embarrassment by handing down an opinion to the effect that it would be a gross violation of the constitution to build such a chapel. And the absurdity of that opinion was pointed out by Frederick R. Coudert of New York, who opened the contest in the Supreme court against the colonial theory in relation to our island possessions.

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He Congratulated God

From the position of Attorney-General of the United States, the ex-Suisun lawyer was elevated to the Supreme bench and he has not been heard of much since except in a social way. Though he will not write the opinion of the Court it is pretty safe to predict that his vote will not be against the Administration. He will probably be best remembered in after years as the man that sent a despatch to Mark Hanna when that great boodler was elected to the Senate, congratulating him and incidentally God on the wisdom of the Ohio legislature.

The Changes of Fortune

The vicissitudes of fortune, or perhaps his own wish, have transformed Edwin Hoff from a comic opera tenor into the leader of a quartet in a "by Gosh" drama. With Jessie Bartlett Davis in vaudeville, Eugene Cowles playing second fiddle to a star, and Edwin Hoff leading a male quartet in "Way Down East" (on the road), what may we next expect? Barnabee, Macdonald and Frothingham should soon startle us with something new. Mr. Hoff, whose voice is lending melody to the piece now on at the Columbia, was once the idol of tenor-worshiping matinee girls. His fine figure, handsome face and charming voice fitted finely into the part of Robin Hood and of kindred comic opera heroes. But Hoff's voice, like those of the majority of tenors, lost in strength and in time others took his place with the Bostonians. He had succeeded Tom Karl; in his turn he was followed by an English tenor. And now Hoff is doing what Richard Jose used to do, between minstrel seasons; he is leading a quartet in a road drama of the rural order. 'Tis an easy life, and no doubt there is good money in it, if less fame than fell to the tenor when he was with the Bostonians.

He Surprised the Club Women

Some of the cultured and intellectual ladies of the city listened to a remarkable address the other day by Mr. W. C. Morrow, the writer. It was remarkable only because it was so different from what the ladies had expected, but Mr. Morrow is not a stereotyped man. The unexpected is the charm of his stories. But still, as the guest of the ladies, he might be accused of an abuse of hospitality to surprise them as he did. The lecture was under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary, which is chiefly composed of the swell women of the First Unitarian church, and they had invited their cultured sisters of the Century club to partake of the feast of reason. The burden of Mr. Morrow's lecture was that the advanced woman of the period had nothing to be proud of. She was not in his opinion an ideal woman. She was addicted to gossip and other disagreeable things that prompt men to seek refuge from her in their clubs.

He argued that maternity should be the goal of womanhood, and he lauded the Jewish women of old who comported themselves upon the theory that as some one of them was destined to become the mother of the Messiah they all should perfect themselves with a view of being worthy of the distinguished honor. Now, as the women of the Unitarian church have ideas regarding the Messiah quite different from those which influenced the Jewish women of old, the remarks of Mr. Morrow fell upon unappreciative ears. As the ladies were leaving the hall one of the very oldest of old maids was heard to remark:

"I'm sure he couldn't have meant me."

He Believes in Hot Air

Mr. George H. Foulkes, principal of the Lincoln evening school, received a gift the other day, but I do not think he broke a rule of the Board of Education by accepting it. This is how it came about. The night-schools have been like refrigerators in temperature this winter, owing to the economical rule of the department against stoves and fires except in the day-schools. And the substitution of electric lights for gas naturally aided the atmosphere to congeal. The other night Mr. James Denman, of the Public School commission, paid a visit to the Lincoln. While waiting for Mr. Foulkes, he sat in the Principal's room. Doors were flying open, draughts were everywhere, and Mr. Denman was chilled to the marrow by the time Mr. Foulkes was ready to receive him. And the next day the evening-school principal was agreeably surprised by the gift of a coal oil heater, with Mr. Denman's compliments.

They Were Once "Talented Amateurs"

I have often asserted that the vaudeville show will never die so long as it can be recruited from the ranks of the "talented amateurs." It is among the society amateurs, particularly, that this talent is found at its top notch. However, very few society amateurs —more's the pity!—ever nourish the ambition to exploit their talents upon the professional stage. Occasionally one comes along who is willing to try her luck in a regular dramatic company, but the publicity of a vaudeville circuit engagement deters many from embracing a career for which they are eminently fitted. Nevertheless, there are some ex-society amateurs in vaudeville today. And among them is the handsome woman who is at present doing a sketch at the Orpheum, under the stage name of Inez Forman. In private life Miss Forman is Mrs. Grieg and her husband is general manager of the El Paso and Northeastern railway. Mrs. Grieg was a star in the swim of a Southern city before she decided to enter upon a vaudeville career. And J. F. Crosby Jr. who is her partner in the venture, is also a real swell in his own

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section of the United States. His father is president of a railway and a big mining man. The Corallitos mines of Mexico, which number the famous Candelaria in their one million acres of territory, are controlled by a company of which Crosby, Sr., is the president.

Mrs. Taylor's Fad

It is hard to keep track of the fads of society women, who one day play golf in short skirts and the next hobble about in high heels, and dragging heavy trained gowns. Just before Christmas pedestrianism was the fashionable fancy, walking in short skirts out to the Cliff, or along the boulevard from Ingleside, or to Fort Point from the Presidio. And now the fad is to collect. You must collect something, if it be only mutilated coin. Mrs. Augustus Taylor, who is now recognized as Mrs. Joe Tobin's rival in the matter of dress, has, I hear, adopted as her fad the accumulation of silken petticoats. She has the largest and finest collection of these of any woman of her set, and her petticoats are said to be dreams of silken splendor.

"You say that Miss Van Millions is gossiped about on acount of her eccentricity. What would you call it if she didn't have a cent?"

"Downright depravity, I suppose."

Stafford vs. Robertson

Not until the other day did I learn that I caused a great deal of hilarity at the Bohemian club by reporting that Mr. William Stafford had made the hit of a recent jinks, when all the honors belonged to Mr. Peter Robertson, the dramatic critic, whose witticisms were far more enjoyable than those of the cultured coal merchant.

"It was a ridiculous blunder," said my informant. "It made the paper absurd and caused it to be laughed at up at the club."

Of course I was very much shocked to learn that the paper was laughed at up at the Bohemian club, where they take life and themselves so seriously, and at the same time I was grieved to think that I had given to Mr. Stafford the credit that was due to Mr. Robertson. Newspaper men get so little credit for what they do that I am always anxious to give them all that they are entitled to. But the Bohemians are not unanimous in their views upon the merits of papers read at their jinks. Every club has its little mutual-admiration cliques, and the Bohemian is no exception. The fact is and it was generally conceded, that Bill Stafford's paper, though brief, was much more epigrammatic than that of Mr. Robertson. It had none of the literary flourish of the trained writer but it was bright and full of good things. Mr. Robertson has read some brilliant papers at the Bohemian club but he does not always carry off the honors.

By the way, the annual election of the Bohemian club is approaching again. The nominating committee was selected this week. J. R. Howell is spoken of as the probable choice of the club for president. The very successful administration of President Vanderlynn Stow prompts many of the members to favor the selection of another active young business man, and Colonel Howell is believed to be the right man for the place.

Rankin Making Money

James Love, the theatrical manager who went to Australia about a year ago with McKee Rankin and Nance O'Neil, has returned to town. He reports that Nance O'Neil has made a great hit in the Antipodes and that McKee Rankin has a big bank account.

"Rankin tried to lose me down there after he began making money," said Love, "but I had a contract for a year and I brought suit and recovered."

He states that the season has been so successful that they have not yet played in more than three cities.

Women and Street Cars

I have received the following communication:

Editor Town Talk:

I wish you would say something about the manner in which women crowd upon the back platforms of the street cars, to the detriment of the comfort of passengers desiring to enter or leave the car. The custom of thus impeding passage seems to have come in with the advent of the short skirt and boys' overcoat fad which is still popular with the women. The other evening I saw two ladies who desired to enter a car repulsed by the feminine crowd on the back platform; and this sort of thing occurs every day. In the meantime the cars are practically empty, and the straps for standing passengers are unused.

Why should men be reproached for their lack of gallantry, in retaining their seats, so long as women prefer to stand on the platform?

Respectfully yours, *A Business Man.*

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Yale Ball Gossip

The contretemps caused by the failure to secure an orchestra for the Yale ball has not been the only subject of gossip in connection with that affair. The lack of arrangements caused much amusement, but there was more than mismanagement to provoke gossip, and I have been taken to task for complimenting the patronesses on the harmony that prevailed among them. I am told that there was a good deal of petty spite exhibited by the prime mover in the affair, and in this connection I have been reminded of the organization of a fashionable club about two years ago. The charter list was extremely exclusive and the name of a certain prominent woman was omitted, whether accidentally or not, nobody appeared to know. At any rate the omission caused much bitter feeling, and there has never been any evidence of its having subsided.

Jealous Women

Over the tea-cups the matter has been discussed, and there has been much gossip anent the jealousy existing between the wives of two Yale men who are no longer in partnership. Each lady was striving for supremacy and each spent much time throwing a search-light on the character of the other, hoping to find some little weakness. Since the dissolution of partnership the relations have been much strained, and now the tabbies are saying that the main purpose of the Yale ball was to create an opportunity for slighting a woman through her husband. The fact that the latter was entirely ignored provoked no end of comment, but he is now smiling over the stories that he hears about women who were invited to be patronesses, whose male relatives had never been connected with Yale, about the failure to tune the piano, the lack of musicians and the postponement of the supper until the wee sma' hours.

"Copper King" Hull

George W. Hull, the man who has been dubbed a "copper king" by the local papers and who is at present having such a lively experience in and out of the courts with his wife, is not in the class with Clarke and the late Marcus Daly by any means. Yet, like them the story of his start reads like a page in the Arabian Nights and "copper did it." Hull was one of the luckless wights caught in an Arizona riffle while the tide of fortune was sweeping some of his fellows high above the million dollar mark. For fifteen years he knocked about the territory adjacent to Phoenix trying his best to keep his head above the waters. He traded most of the time, and for awhile it looked as if he would never see anything but Indians the rest of his life. He was within sight of the reservation, did his own cooking, dressed rougher than a cowboy and led about as tough an existence as any man without prospects on the frontier. He had a partner in Phoenix and one day the partner got tired of the whole dreary outlook and wrote that they'd better settle up and quit the business. So Hull rode into Phoenix, and the books and stock were gone over. Now comes the luck, or what you will, that fell to Hull. When the meagre balance was divided there remained about $600 in acknowledged "bad bills," and "a prospect hole" somewhere out in the hills. "It's hard to decide which is the worse of the two," said the partner. "Let's flip a coin for choice." They flipped the coin and the partner, who wanted to get out of Arizona, took the bad bills and sold them next day for $10 cash.. Hull was left with the hole in the ground.

That was some twelve years ago and Hull lived on hard times and cactus till one day he caught the gossip that a fellow named Clarke was making a pile in copper down Verde way. Hull pricked up his ears. Verde was where his prospect hole was located. He rode that way and found that his hole in the ground was next door to the famous Clarke mine, and his fortune was made. Three years ago copper begun its boom, the Verde mines were running full blast and Hull saw his chance to unload at a fancy figure. He went east, succeeded in getting a Boston syndicate to buy his prospect for twenty-five thousand dollars. Then he blossomed out as a capitalist, speculated a bit, took a flyer at matrimony and struck the lead in domestic troubles to which the papers have been devoting columns during the past week. As a capitalist he is sleeping at the Palace hotel now, but I wonder if his head rests any easier than it did when he was a roustabout trader and his saddle-bags were plenty good enough for his weary head down among the Arizona cacti.

Mrs. and Mrs. William M. Bunker were the guests of Professor and Mrs. Edward Booth of Oakland for two weeks after their return from abroad, but are now at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Billy Emerson's Plight

Billy Emerson, San Francisco's old-time pride in the minstrel line, has just gone to pieces mentally and financially. Several weeks ago he managed to reach Cincinnati and the protection of Andy Gilligan and several other staunch friends of better days. His dancing days are said to be over on account of his crippled legs; his singing and impersonations have dwindled to ghastly imitations of the clever turns with which he used to delight the happy patrons of the old Standard theatre in Bush street. His is said to be the old, old story of the successful, happy-go-lucky actor, the pace and—whisky. A month ago he was to have appeared at a benefit performance in Chicago, but when the call came he was not in condition to go on. Then followed a nervous collapse; but more of the old stuff as a bracer and a few dollars enabled him to reach his Cincinnati friends and shelter. He seems to have been working up to this end for some time past. About a year ago he was given a great

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chance at one of the Chicago theatres, but the night before the opening he started on a wild spree and Manager Russell canceled the engagement. His last big appearance was in Cincinnati four years ago with Weber & Fields. He was getting three hundred dollars a week then, but it was nothing for Billy to run up to five hundred dollars. Since that engagement he has been slipping, pathetically slipping, notwithstanding the helping hands of friends, till now it seems as if he had lost his grip upon himself.

Reminiscence

What a glorious success Billy Emerson was in the heyday of his reputation, twenty years ago. What old-time theatre-goer will ever forget the great minstrel shows at the little old Standard theatre? Minstrelsy was in its greatest boom then, and had its greatest exponents and San Francisco was the home of the two greatest stars in their lines—Billy Emerson and Charlie Reed. Emerson's "Are You There, Moriarity?" "I'm as Happy as the Big Sunflower," and "Just Watch My Easy Steps" were classics in their way and no rag-time ditty of late days has eclipsed them in popularity. If ever success hurt a man it hurt Billy Emerson. He was so successful and commanded such a handsome salary whenever he chose to appear that he seemed to think he had a call on the nation l treasury. At any rate he spent his earnings as if he had. No man was better qualified than he for his particular line of work. He was a natural-born singer, a perfect dancer, a capital imitator of the dandified colored man, witty and graceful. Engagements were always at his command. He toured this country and made three trips to Australia. At one time he had over one hundred thousand dollars on deposit in banks here. But come easy, go easy. Billy thought himself able to cope with any game and he bucked them all; stocks, cards, races and the rest of 'em. His fate was the same as that of bigger and brainier men.

An Anecdote

Here is an anecdote about Emerson which at once illustrates his powers to entertain and his open-handed generosity. One evening several years ago Emerson, Elile Allen and John L. Sullivan met in a St. Paul hotel.

"Billy," said John, "if you'll come up to my room and sing some of your old-time songs as you used to sing 'em I'll foot the bill."

"And I'll pay for the supper afterwards," put in Allen.

"And I," concluded Billy, "will turn over to the first fellow in hard luck I meet whatever is chipped into my hat. So let's start the entertainment."

The three proceeded to the hotel parlors and presently Billy was in the midst of "Juanita," "Ben Bolt," "Bide a Wee," "Annie Laurie," and the rest of the old-time favorites. The singer had hardly begun before passing guests began to drop into the parlors to listen to the sweet singing and presently the rooms were full. Then Emerson swung round on the piano stool and said:

"This entertainment is for the benefit of the first hard-up man I meet on the street; so everybody chip in."

Sullivan was in a generous mood and dropped a one hundred dollar bill into the hat. The collection netted a trifle over three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Thank you all," said Emerson, "and now we'll see who gets it."

And with Sullivan and Allen, he started for the street door. They were lighting their cigars when along paddled a cab driver through the pelting rain. Emerson called to him:

"Hi, Joe, how's luck?"

Joe came up shaking the rain from his great coat.

"Tough, Mr. Emerson," he said, "blamed tough. I ketched it under the jaw this morning. The old bay mare I used to drive slipped coming down the hill in the rain this morning and my old woman—well, she had a baby at noon; so you can guess how things are."

"You take the gross receipts, Joe," said Emerson, "that's for the baby and a new mare with our compliments," and he handed the astonished man the three hundred and fifty dollars.

'Twas a Love Match

The marriage of Miss Harriet Hyde and William H. Irwin, that occurred last week, was the sequel to an attachment formed when "Hallie" Hyde and Will Irwin were students at Stanford, a few years ago. The young couple both have bohemian tastes, are clever and cultured, and the match is thoroughly satisfactory to their friends. Friends are always so hard to please in such matters. Charlie Field, who was Irwin's collabrator in the "Stanford Stories" that made such a stir in literary circles last year, stood up with his friend and Miss Luce of San Diego attended the bride. The Hyde sisters are nieces of Mrs. David Bixler, and might have shone in the inner circle of society had they not elected to be members of Bohemia instead. Miss Helen Hyde is at present in Japan, getting up studies in chrysanthemum people, to match her charming Chinese sketches that have won her such wide reputation. Harriet is also an artist. The Irwins will live in one of the Pasmore flats in Washington street. These flats are literally the abode of art and music, for in one lives Mr. H. B. Pasmore and his family, all of whom are musically gifted, especially his three daughters, Mary, Susan and Dorothy. Henry Holmes, erstwhile director of the symphony orchestra, and his wife occupy one of the flats.

A TELEGRAPHIC ORDER

The big Furniture House of the Pattosien Co. received orders from Mr. Pattosien who is now in New York City, to sell out all Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains in a rush to make room for

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Being shipped. The order also states to cut stock still more, which has been done. Buyers should not delay fitting out homes.

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The Mayor's Banquet

Invitations were issued early in the week for the Mayor's annual banquet, at which "covers are laid," as they say in the dailies, for all the officials of the city government. Last year's banquet was a love feast, at which all the Mayor's commissioners congratulated one another and talked over the glorious prospects of the municipal government under the new charter. It was at that banquet that Mayor Phelan delivered his memorable speech in which he taunted the press for its lack of influence. What a remarkable transformation scene has been enacted in the short space of a year! Park Commissioner Zeile and Police Commissioner McNutt exhibited their broad expanse of shirt bosom at the banquet, and there was not a discordant note in all the merry jangle of the feast. To-night some new faces will appear at the banquet board, and the spirit of bonhomie will not be so pronounced as it was a year ago. Imagine Charles Wesley Reed and Sammy Braunhart sitting down together and clinking glasses! Picture the Park commissioners applauding the Mayor, or Supervisor McCarthy toasting the Board of Public Works! But then it is to be hoped that the banquet will not end in a row. Such gentlemen as George Newhall, Walter Martin, Jack Casserly and Joe Tobin should be able to impart to the feast the refined aspect of a hunt breakfast at Blingum.

Whatever the press may think, the Mayor is well satisfied with the work of the Administration, for it has at least been free from the scandals which abounded in the days of crooked Supervisors and corrupt School Directors. Moreover, notwithstanding reports in circulation, the Mayor denies that he has had any trouble with the commissioners. At the League of Municipalities last month he said: "I desire to say for myself that the commissioners, thirty-three in number, have all acted in harmony with the Mayor. There has been little friction considering that a radical departure has been made and a new scheme of government inaugurated."

Our New Commissioners

Mayor Phelan's latest appointments would give much greater saisfaction if there were more of them. He has suffered too many incompetents to hold their jobs. The appointment of Colonel J. R. Howell is one of the best that has been made under the charter. Colonel Howell enjoys the confidence of the business community. He has taken a prominent part in affairs affecting the welfare of the city, and has proved himself to be a man of sound judgment and sterling integrity. There is not a job-chaser among the Mayor's latest appointees. The appointment of Colonel Walter Martin to the Park commission was somewhat of a surprise, for he has been looked upon as a society butterfly who would scorn to put himself in the role of a public servant. Though he is a member of the Governor's staff, that is an ornamental job, the duties of which are purely social and spectacular, and strictly in consonance with young Martin's tastes. But I have been assured that the colonel is made of sterner stuff than the average society beau, and that the knack of capering nimbly in milady's drawing-room is the least of his accomplishments. He is, among other things, a fearless equestrian, and as such is eligible to a seat in the Park commission. When he gets out on his polo pony he can make Park Officer Thompson in his ten thousand dollar saddle look like thirty cents. Golf links should soon be a feature of the park's attractions.

Another "Shake-up"

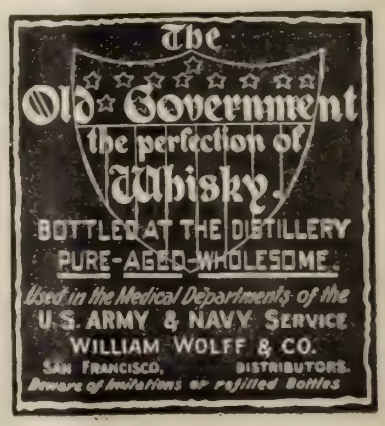
One of those periodical "shake-ups" peculiar to newspaper offices occurred in the *Examiner* art-room the other day, and six of the illustrators were dropped from Mr. Hearst's pay-roll. Mr. Gordon Ross was one of them, but he was not long out of a job. He is now a member of the *Chronicle* staff.

The news has come from the East that Mr. Sam Chamberlain, who recently severed his connection with the Philadelphia *North American*, is once more manager-in-chief of the New York *Journal*. The *North American* made rapid strides under Chamberlain's management, and is now one of the most influential and successful papers in the country. Tom Garrett, who was recently restored to Mr. Hearst's good graces, is now Mr. Chamberlain's assistant, and is joyful over the discomfiture of his enemies. That Mr. Hearst's motto is still that the best talent should be hired at any price is evident from the news that comes from the East that he has captured another of Pulitzer's stars. Mr. Foster Coates was, until recently, managing editor of the evening *World* at nine thousand dollars a year. He is now managing editor of the evening *Journal* at fifteen thousand a year, and he signed a contract for three years, receiving a bonus of eighteen thousand dollars.

On a Lothario's Trail

The inclination of some people to pry into other people's secrets is in the nature of a passion that cannot be overcome. The other day two women of that class were in a fashionable furniture store, and they saw a well-known Oakland capitalist who owns valuable property on Broadway, purchasing furniture. A clerk informed them that the gentleman was Mr. B., mentioning a fictitious name, and stated that he was furnishing up a flat in the city for himself and wife. As

As soon as President McKinley learned that General Chaffee reached Pekin he despatched a case of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve to the front.



they knew him to be a resident of Oakland, and that the clerk had not stated his real name, their curiosity was aroused, and they were soon on his trail like a brace of hawkshaws. It was not long before they had located the flat and learned that the woman in the case was the wife of a banker in either Napa or Santa Rosa and that she makes periodical journeys to this city, her pretext for leaving home being that she wishes to visit her relatives in Oakland. Now, of course, the gossips are talking, and are affecting great indignation over the deception that is being practiced. No doubt they will not feel good until there has been an explosion.

The Name Fad

If American parents can do nothing else for their children they can at least give them fancy names wherewith to make a respectable start in life. I have before me the program of a juvenile entertainment upon which the following names appear: Amy, Reyna, two Veras, Aloise, Lelia, Veva, Edna, Ruth, Gladys, Estella and Ethel. But two boys appear, named respectively Robbie and Ed. When good old Dr. Woodbridge was pastor of a church in the Mission he nearly collapsed one day on being asked to baptize an infant Mabel Gipsy Magnolia. I overheard a group of girls recounting, with more or less pride, the names of their brothers and sisters — Helen, Lurline, Alma, Chester, Clarence, and so on. One witty little miss capped the climax by exclaiming with an air of mock despair, "Well, our baby's name is just plain Timothy."

A Stanford Professor

Professor William Henry Hudson of Stanford has just published a book of poems. The Professor is well known in this city as a lecturer. He is a dapper little Englishman with a delightfully crisp insular accent and a fund of thought and information perfectly marvelous. One of his lectures gives an impression of knowledge compressed and compacted. There is not an unnecessary word; neither is there a watering of ideas to make them go as far as possible. On the contrary, his listeners feel that he could say ten times as much if he wanted to. Professor Hudson was for many years the private secretary of Herbert Spencer.

He is Not a Freak

The *Examiner* Sunday Sup. devotes a full front page, colors and all, to Professor Edward Howard Griggs, late of Stanford. The article gently insinuates that the Professor is raking in shekels on the strength of indorsement he received at a certain Woman's Congress some years ago when the Rev. Anna Shaw dubbed him her ideal man. This was probably the worst setback the poor man ever received, for it made him the victim of much unpleasant notoriety, subjecting him to severe criticism from some quarters and to foolish idolatry from others. Professor Griggs is no freak, but a modest man and a hard student. Since leaving California he has published a philosophical treatise.

The variety of fine note-papers which is carried in stock by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, embraces not only all the newest fads in stationary—but all the staple bonds and fine linens. No other house on the Pacific Coast carries so much of the better grades of paper.

French Hospital Scandal

Another one of those nurse scandals has bobbed up at the French hospital. Since the training school for female nurses became a feature of hospital life, scandals have not been rare, but they are not always given publicity. It would be strange if there was not an occasional affair such as the one which threatens to result in the dragging of the management of the French hospital into the courts. When pretty nurses are brought into contact with young doctors and students under circumstances which promote familiiarity and freedom of action, it would be remarkable if a rigid adherence to the proprieties were always maintained. From the stories that have emanated from the French hospital it appears that there are some exceedingly captivating nurses at that institution, and that even the resident physician and superintendent were charmed by the pretty women. It is not a grievous sin to kiss a pretty woman, but it is important that hospital discipline should be maintained, for if Cupid were to be given full swing the patients would very likely suffer from neglect.

"Who are those fellows who are so solicitous about the bridegroom's welfare?"

"Do you mean those men who are filling him with champagne?"

"Yes."

"Those are the fellows the bride threw down during her three seasons in society. That is their revenge."

Her Mother's Daughter

The granddaughter of Mrs. E. B. Crocker is, according to latest advices from the East, exhibiting all those traits of character for which her mother gained a certain distinction years ago, when she was a dashing and capricious belle in Sacramento. Her mother is Mrs. Harry Gillig, who was recently divorced from her second husband in New York. The girl, who is only seventeen years of age, is the daughter of her mother's first husband, but is known as Miss Gladys Crocker. She is a dawn-of-the-century girl, blase of manner, self-confident and with bohemian proclivities. Though still in her teens she has cultivated a taste for the fizz and the fowl, and when dining a deux with the chap of her choice her pleasure is unconfined for she is never encumbered with the companionship of a chaperon. Her constant companion is Powers Gouraud, a young Britisher, who affects the air of the bored man of the world. They are an interesting pair.

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Some Light Please

Now that the complexion of the Board of Education is settled, the teachers of San Francisco hope that the Board will have the time, inclination and moral courage to take up its course of study and revise it to some good effect. The course of study as it stands is perfect—theoretically—for all teachers. For some it is a practical success; with others a dire failure. It is a mistake to imagine that the course may be followed literally. As far as can be learned, that was not the intention of its compilers. It is meant to broaden the mind, not to stuff it full of facts like a desk full of pigeon-holes, each crammed to the uttermost. It is of infinitely more consequence to train children to think than to make human phonographs of them. There are teachers—and they have been good teachers in their day—who are living in abject terror of the final examinations in June, who say that it is an utter impossibility to bring their class up to the line in all their studies because of their multiplicity of detail and vagueness of direction. These teachers are bemoaning their hard fate that they must bring the children to the close of the school year, and are already casting about for an opportunity to shift the blame of incomplete work upon their predecessors in the half-year just closed.

Many of the teachers realized from the start that in some of the grades the work was impossible. Others with more zeal than sense, more self-conceit than foresight, attempted to cover the ground by staying until four o'clock every night, "keeping in" children, and working extra time to do what they were supposed to do within reasonable hours and without overtaxing the pupils. Will the Board of Education arise and tell the teachers what is meant? Are they to cover *all* the course, or only as much as the children can acquire day by day? Will there be written examinations from the Board on these vague and expansive subjects? Are teachers expected to remain till 4 p. m. to teach? Is a teacher to be judged by the number of pupils she promotes?

"Something Doing"

From the *Call* of Thursday last I learn that the message of Governor Gage is the finest document of the kind that has emanated from the executive office since the days of Governor Irwin. That is high praise, coming as it does from one of the Republican dailies that has steadily lambasted Governor Gage with great severity since the beginning of his term. And it has occasioned much speculation in political circles as to whether Mr. John D. Spreckels has patched up a truce with His Excellency, the friend and champion of Colonel Dan Burns. That there was "something doing" was the concensus of opinion among those who try to keep en rapport with sub rosa current events. I have no doubt that the Governor would like to have the *entente cordiale* restored, for he will undoubtedly be a candidate for re-election, and though he affects a contempt for newspaper influence he would feel much easier if he had the friendship of at least one of the morning dailies. The present indications are that Adolph Spreckels will be the Republican candidate for Mayor this year, and if so there should be harmony between the State and city organizations. Perhaps the combinations have been already made.

I cannot endorse the *Call's* estimate of Governor Gage's message. I distinctly recall a message of Governor Budd which presented a much more thorough exposition of the affairs of our State institutions, and the recommendations of which were of a much superior character. The Gage message reeks of bubonic plague. The less said on that subject the better. It is inopportune to revive the controversy.

Home Bound

The J. Athearn Folgers are on their way home, and are expected to arrive in town next week. They have had a long wedding tour, and will likely be glad to settle down into domesticity. Mrs. Folger, who was Mrs. Clara Luning Cunningham, is fond of home life. She lived a very uneventful existence after her first husband's death, until her widowhood was terminated by her second marriage. As for Athearn Folger, he used to be a gay clubman and a society favorite, but I hear he has become quite a staid paterfamilias. The children of Mrs. Folger by her former husband accompanied the happy pair on their wedding trip abroad.

They Will Live in Town

A wail of disappointment arose throughout the swim of Oroville when it was learned that Frank Griffin and his bride were not to make their home in that city. Mr. Griffin's business interests require his presence in Oroville, and his mother lives there for a part of the year. Therefore it was thought that Mr. Griffin would bring his charming bride, Lillian Follis, to reside in the north, and visions of a series of receptions and parties in the young wife's honor rose in the mind's of Oroville's smart set. But the Griffins are to make their home in San Francisco.

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American Politics in Honolulu

American politicians in Honolulu were not slow in initiating the natives into the mysteries of American politics. A gentleman who was in Honolulu during the late campaign has brought back to this city some interesting stories of the methods pursued by the wise men of the Republican party. He says that corruption was rampant. The Republicans raised a campaign sack of one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars, and the money was spent in the purchase of votes and in other corrupt ways. The district boss system was organized before the conventions were held and delegates were handled like sheep. The natives were indeed given a beautiful object lesson in American politics and they are already wondering what is meant by the purity of the ballot.

McEwen Thirsting for Blood

Arthur McEwen is on the war-path in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and he is just as ferocious as he was in the old days on the Comstock and later on in this city. He went to Harrisburg to report the proceedings of the legislature for the Philadelphia *North American* and incidentally to denounce everybody in the combination for the re-election of Mat Quay to the United States Senate. Early in the session a Universalist minister named Washburn, who was elected on an anti-Quay platform, was seduced by Colonel Mazuma—the same colonel that does business at Sacramento. McEwen immediately advocated hanging. He charged Washburn with having accepted a bribe of ten thousand dollars, and he argued that, though the law prohibited lynching, if he were suspended from a lamp-post the law would not be so grievously outraged as it was when he sold his vote to the Quay forces.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler's Secret

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler confided to some friends in New York city that he received news of the death of Aguinaldo about six weeks ago, "from secret and trustworthy sources" which he cannot divulge. He explained that the news was kept secret for the purpose of prolonging the insurrection in the Philippines, because it was believed by Aguinaldo's followers that their chief's death would cause such discouragement and alarm that capitulation would result. It was real mean of Ben Wheeler to keep the secret so long. He owed it to his country to relieve the Administration of anxiety and save the expense of chasing a dead man.

An Engagement of the Week

The friends of the Condit-Smith sisters in this city are much interested in the announcement of Miss Mary Condit Smith's engagement, just wired from New York. The prospective bridegroom is Senator Stewart's grandson, Richard Stewart Hooker, whose romantic adventures during his short span of life have given much food for the gossips. His fiancee was at one time quite prominent in local society, and lately her name came into newspaper prominence as one of the captives during the siege of Pekin. Miss Condit-Smith's mother was one of the Swearingen sisters, belles in California's pioneer days. She is a niece of Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Whitney of Oakland and Mrs. Andrew McCreery.

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A New and Brilliant Repertoire Robert Clarance Newell, Accompanist

Reserved Seats, $1.50, $1.00 and 50 cents. Now Ready

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OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30 and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

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"TOWN TALK"

Moise's

ARTISTIC RAISED LETTER

SIGNS

[illegible] FROM THE SHADES

Am I awake, or am I dreaming? Charles, my dear old Charles, did you say when on the road to your death:

"Who will care for poor Nelly now?"

You need not have been so solicitous of poor Nelly's welfare. Posterity has taken care of the humble [illegible].

Who would have fancied such fame was to have been mine, when you wooed me in the green-room of Old Drury? Who would have imagined, seeing me crying my oranges for sale, that in the year 1901 my name would be the most talked-of in two continents?

Beginning in London, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," on my own camping ground as it were—but was I ever such a dignified Nell as Ada Rehan makes me? I always thought I lacked me overmuch of dignity. Did I not, dear Charles?

In New York I found myself, in the Hazelton version of my life-history, really myself as I fancy I must have been in those old days in Drury Lane. Henrietta Crosman, they call this interpreter of me. I love you, Henrietta Crosman, for making me so arch, so sweet, so charming that all who see you will love her whom you impersonate.

Tripping across the continent, I found in San Francisco a new Nell Gwyn, the play written by one Marie Doran. But, Charles, I do not think your poor Nellie was ever like the picture of her drawn by Anne Sutherland. Handsome, yes, and stately—but where was the winning way you always said was mine?

Shake hands, Charlotte Thompson! Across the bridge that spans the Styx I reach my hand to clasp yours. So clever, oh, so clever, so scintillating with wit and rapid repartee—was I ever half so sparkling as the Nell you created? Was I ever one quarter so beautiful, so fascinating as Florence Roberts?

In Pittsburg, I found myself again, strictly true as to history, but—Charles, did I ever talk at such length? Were my periods so beautifully rounded as those prepared for my lips by Mr. Charles Ulrich, the San Francisco newspaper man? Oh, my King, I could never have given myself to you with such celerity had you bored me in such long, stilted sentences.

After all, my King, I reached the conclusion that 'tis better to have sinned and lost, than never to have loved a King. Figure it out for yourself, my royal love.

Poor Nelly was not such a bad girl after all. After seeing the plays called after me, I wonder why I am banished to these gloomy regions instead of flying about in Paradise.

—*Nell Gwynne.*

ELOISE.

Miss Eloise an actress is,
At least "behind the foots" she poses.
The men send flowers and sometimes "Fizz."
Miss Eloise an actress is.
As she flits by you hear—gee wizz—
The women all turn up their noses.
Miss Eloise an actress is,
At least, "behind the foots" she poses.

—*Richard Cary.*

HOW IT IS DONE

First read your "Hazel Kirke" well. Take the best
And mix with "The Old Homestead." These digest,
With "Tess" and "Little Em'ly" to add zest.

Now take a farm, in early fall or summer;
A virtuous farmer as your king-pin mummer,
Flanked by a villain, town bred and a hummer.

And then the son of toil, born to the tillage;
The constable and doctor of the village;
An old maid, sour, with gossip as her pillage;

A sad-eyed heroine, rejoicing in a past;
A gay flirt, caught in Cupid's net at last;
A wise professor, in a strange mold cast

Like "Private Secretary," long and lank and lean;
A chore boy, "Chimmie Fadden" like, but green;
The village choir, oft heard but rarely seen.

A heavy snow fall, like a feathery flock;
A kitchen and a tall grandfather's clock;
A cheery fire, the elements to mock.

Insert a dialect, then your ingredients test—
A local dog for "trying on" is best.
Now call it "Way Down"—south or north or west.

—*The Plasterer.*

"Why is it that no one [illegible] your piano?" asked the lady in the lower, of the lady in the upper flat.

"Oh, that was the condition upon which my husband insisted."

"What?"

"When he bought me the piano, I promised not to play on it."

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

"Farewell," he said, "I'll come no more
To see you, since you 'hate a bore!'"
"You err," she said, "I can't endure
[illegible]—I said 'hoor!'"

—*The Purist.*

Mrs. Spendthrift: [illegible] like an antique.

Mr. Spendthrift: But you bought it just before Christmas.

Mrs. Spendthrift: Yes, I know, but it's a last century hat.

A WORD FROM BELOW STAIRS.

She says 'tis wrong to kiss your beau good-bye—
Anna Hatfield, of W. C. T. U.
But I cannot see why 'tis not my right
Just as I please to do!

Doubtless Miss Hatfield and "Demorest" do not know
Just what they talk about.
If any of them ever had a beau
To kiss them, I've a doubt!

—*The Chamberwood.*

RECEIVED A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Mr. Pattosien gave all of his clerks a per cent on their sales for the entire month of December some made more than their salary which is much higher than the general run of stores pay. Mr. Pattosien's Motto is to treat his help just as good as the Public. This is worthy of all merchants and factory's to copy, then there would be more contentment among the people and Markham's great poem, "The Man with the Hoe" would never have been written.

Chained, and Disillusioned

The bridegroom brushed some flakes of white from his coat, and the bride shook a few bits of snowy confetti from the silk ruffle of her petticoat.

"I am glad rice is no longer the fashion," she said.

"The whole thing is beastly," he answered.

Then they both looked out of the cab windows, to see if they recognized any faces among the passers by.

There was none of that impatient fervor in his attitude that should bespeak the ardent bridegroom. He might as well have sat on the box-seat with the driver. At least, so thought the bride.

Molly had been hurried into this marriage. Her sister had persuaded her that the feeling she had for Dick was the real divine spark, and Molly—lacking heartfelt experiences of her own—took her sister's assertion for gospel.

Dick was rather rushed into the affair himself. You see, Molly was always there. Molly's sister married Dick's chum, and after they went into a home of their own, as a natural consequence Dick was there, too, for much of the time. And Molly came on from New York to live with her sister.

Dick, seeing Molly so frequently, began to think she was a mighty nice girl. He had been fond of her sister once, but that was before she married Dick's chum. He did not pursue his fancy after marriage.

"You ought to get married, Dick, and have a home of your own."

So said Molly's sister. And that injected the notion into Dick's mind that perhaps it might be well for him to have a home with a nice little wife in it, like Molly—or her sister.

Like a good many marriages, this one came about in that commonplace way. Molly expected something, she could not explain what. Dick didn't care much, either way. He thought it might be well to get the wedding tour over, so that they could settle down.

* * * * * * * *

It was about three days after their marriage. They were at Del Monte; Molly's sister having insisted on the regulation itinerary for the tour.

"Deuced bore, isn't it?" said Dick, yawning at the sky and trees from his point of vantage, a window in their room.

"I would like it," said Molly, timidly, "if only you were pleased."

"What do you say to going home?" asked Dick.

"But we were to stay away a fortnight."

Molly shrank from the idea of telling her sister they had shortened their tour.

"Oh, I know," aswered Dick, "but how the devil can I kill time down here?"

So they went home.

Dick remembered, as the train bore them townwards, that he had married because he thought he should like to settle down. But would settling down be all like this first few days?

Then he fell a-thinking what the future was to be with Molly as company for a lifetime. Now that he thought it over, he had never known she would be such a limited companion. He had always talked to Molly's sister, you see. Molly had been there, and had smiled at him when he made a bright remark. But it was Molly's sister who, after all, had kept up the conversations.

He felt a sort of grudge against Dick's wife for hypnotizing him into the belief that marriage was a necessity of a well-regulated life. The grudge grew until it covered the pretty little bride who was unconsciously reading a magazine at his side.

Molly did not think at all, except that honeymoons weren't half what they were cracked up to be.

"Perhaps I'm too exacting," she said to herself.

There's nothing under the sun that doesn't become a chestnut," soliloquized Dick.

And then he wondered whether polygamy were not conducive to that domestic feeling, after all.

—*The Cynic.*

"I'm afraid I'll have to resign my job," said the funny man of the Sunday Sup.

"Me, too," said the cartoonist.

"Why, what's *your* grievance?"

"Oh, I swore off on caricatures of Mark Hanna, and my chief subject's gone. And yours?"

"Oh, my chief made me swear off on weather prophecy, golf, mince pie and mother-in-law jokes."

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(MEMBER PARIS GRAND OPERA)

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"Way Down East"—the sort of drama that the public likes.

CALIFORNIA—"Human Hearts"—a heart-to-heart talk in dramatic form.

ALCAZAR.—"Nell Gwynne"—showing the King's favorite in her most virtuous light.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"A Virginia Courtship"—the Crane play well given, at popular prices.

TIVOLI—"Cinderella"—its solid run is not a fairy tale.

ORPHEUM—Inez Forman is the star this week.

Franklyn Fyles is another critic who does not applaud Bernhardt's Hamlet, which he regards as a caricature. He admits good points in the impersonation, but finds it difficult to forgive Mme. Bernhardt for having undertaken the play, and sums up by saying: "Esteemed at its best, however, this Hamlet was a travesty of the character that Shakespeare has written."

Of especial interest to lovers of Shakespeare is Jacob I. Riis' article in the January *Century*, "Hamlet's Castle." Mr. Riis has a faculty for making any subject interesting, and of adding interest to the most interesting. He makes out a good case against the theory that Shakespeare never was beyond the borders of England, for there is good presumptive evidence that he had been at least as far as Denmark.

Why Not More Dickens?

The success of "The Only Way," adapted from Dickens' "The Tale of Two Cities," and the continued popularity of Nance O'Neil's version of "Oliver Twist," leads me to ask: Why not have a Dickens revival on the stage? Years ago "Little Em'ly," an adaptation of "David Copperfield," was a favorite drama. "Nicholas Nickleby" has also been given on the stage. I can fancy the present generation extracting great pleasure from stage pictures containing Fanny Squeers and her father, Smike, the Micawbers, Peggotty and Barkis, Emily and Steerforth, Uriah Heep and Agnes, Little Nell and her grandfather, Boffin and the doll dressmaker, Pickwick and his friends. And a revival of "Bleak House" should be well received, with its charming character of Poor Jo, and the role of his stately mother, Lady Deadlock, the latter a fine opportunity for a clever emotional actress.

Way Down East

Two girls sat behind me at the Columbia on Tuesday night and they cried softly through the third act, that great act of "Way Down East" where Anna Moore's past is laid bare to the eye of Squire Bartlett and his wife, by the village gossip. As the curtain fell upon Anna, sobbing her heart out on the bannister-rail, after David's declaration of love, the girls behind me also wept aloud. And there were subdued sniffs and snuffles, and surreptitious dabs of handkerchiefs to wet eyes, all about me. With such tributes to the power of their play to reach an audience it is no wonder that Lottie Blair Parker and Joseph R. Grismer snap

AMUSEMENTS

★TIVOLI★ Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp.

Fifth and Last Week Monday Evening January 14th
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FLORENCE ROBERTS IN
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When will Commence the Popular Sunday Matinee
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Week Commencing Monday Evening Next
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A Good Reserved Seat in Orchestra at all Matinees 25c
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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Tonight, Sunday Night and all Next Week
The most talked of play of the season
Mr. Wm. A. Brady's complete production of the pastoral idyl
"WAY DOWN EAST"
By Lottie Blair Parker. Elaborated by Jos. R. Grismer
Next Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons Mlle. Dolores (Trebelli) Concerts

California THE POPULAR HOUSE
Reservations by 'Phone, Main 1713
Commencing Sunday Afternoon January 13th
Commencing This Sunday Afternoon Fitz & Webster Present
Their Hilariously Funny Concoction of Mirth and Merriment
"A BREEZY TIME"
...Popular Prices...
Commencing Monday Night, Jan. 21st. Special Engagement of
Mrs. Fiske -IN- "Becky Sharp"
Prices:—$2 00, $1.50, $1.00 and 50c.

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Jan. 13th.
Sam Lockhart's Baby Elephants First Appearance in California
Eugene O'Rourke and Co., Billy Link The Olracs
J. F. Crosby Jr. Inez Forman and Co.
The Willy Colinis Master Joe Santley The Great American Biograph
Reserved Seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

their fingers at the newspaper critics. Brady is said to have made a fortune out of "Way Down East," and I do not doubt it. There is nothing new in the play, not a dash of originality in the plot, or anything striking about the dialogue. The only thing of novelty in it is the snowstorm, which is all that its press agent claimed for it. The wind really blows; the snow really falls, and rushes in swift gusts about the window and door in that great third act. But "Way Down East" is the kind of play that people like, who rarely go to the theatre. Paterfamilias, mother and the children will all go to see it.

I do not agree with those who think the company not good enough for the play. A drama like "Way Down East" needs no wonderful players to interpret its characters; average actors do well enough. "The Old Homestead" is worth seeing, even without the original Josh. Why, the second time that rural drama came this way, half the audiences did not know that Archie Boyd had been substituted for Denman Thompson. Boyd was a fac simile of Thompson, in voice, make-up and action.

A Word to Brady

However, though I will grant the fact that this road company playing "Way Down East" is fully adapted to the drama's needs, I must say I think it was unfair of Mr. Brady not to give us Phoebe Davies in the role of Anna. New York might have been given Beryl Hope. We, her fellow-citizens, should have had Phoebe Davies. We love her. We have watched her advance from her first dramatic steps, and we surely might have been permitted to see her in the part out of which she evolved such a long bank account. The press agent has been letting me know about that bank account for many months, as the carrier on this mail route will testify, and Phoebe Davies was said to have made her money chiefly out of "Way Down East." Therefore, I feel aggrieved that she would not grant her old friends in San Francisco the privilege of seeing her as Anna. I have nothing against Beryl Hope. She was probably chosen because of her resemblance to Phoebe Davies. But Mr. Brady no longer possesses my confidence.

On the Vaudeville Stage

Bettina Girard is not for vaudeville. She is no longer for comic opera. She will have to do as others who have lost their voices have done—and become a plain actress. She will be a delightful soubrette, for she is as beautiful as ever, and her figure is perfect. But she can sing no more, and that is why she has failed to score a success at the Orpheum. In vaudeville the female baritone, the screech-owl soprano, have the best chance, with but few exceptions. The Orpheum's bill this week is one of the best that has been seen here in years. The Willy Collinis are very amusing dancers and present their turn with many novel features. Joe Santley, the boy soprano, has a sweet voice and his selections are well chosen. The "Quo Vadis" burlesque by Al Shean and Charles L. Warren is side-splitting. But "A Duplicate Husband," the sketch presented by Inez Forman, J. F. Crosby Jr., Ellis Robbins and the Baby, is the star attraction. The sketch, which is one in which a twin passes himself off for his brother, might easily degenerate into the risque but is saved from that by the refinement of the actors.

—The Playgoer.

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Attractions Next Week

The California will have a lively farce for next week's bill, "A Breezy Time." Then will come the great attraction of the year in theatricals, Minnie Maddern Fiske. Mrs. Fiske will open in "Becky Sharp," in which she scored a success in New York and all over "the provinces." She will probably be heard in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" also, during her engagement at the California. Prices are to be raised during the Fiske season, to the New York scale, but the attraction is the best that has visited us since the grand opera season.

Sam Lockhart's baby elephants will be the kingpin traction on the Orpheum's bill next week. The elephants are paying their first visit to the coast. Eugene O'Rourke, comedian, and Rose Braham will present "Parlor A," Edmund Daly's clever sketch. Billy Link, seceder from minstrelsy, the five Olracs, acrobatic comedians, and the best of this week's people in new turns will complete the program.

MRS. FISKE
Who comes to the California, Monday, January 21st

There are to be Sunday night performances of "Way Down East" to satisfy the demand. The play goes all next week. Louis James and Kathryn Kidder in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be the next Columbia attraction. Bernhardt and Coquelin, Olga Nethersole and Mrs. Leslie Carter are all Columbia futures.

There will be one more week of Florence Roberts in "Nell Gwynne" at the Alcazar, and then "Sweet Lavender" will be put on.

"Cinderella" is such a hit at the Tivoli that it seems impossible to take it from the boards; therefore the management will keep it on for another week. Then will come "The Fencing Master," by Smith and DeKoven. This opera, it will be remembered, was given at the Baldwin some years ago with Dorothy Morton as the prima donna.

The public should be very grateful to our local stock companies which give us all the Eastern stage successes, at popular prices. Thus "The Virginia Courtship," one of Crane's big hits, has been delighting the Grand's patrons all this week. It will be withdrawn after tomorrow night and on Monday will be given "The Rogue's Comedy," the drama by Henry Arthur Jones, in which E. S. Willard starred in the East and in London. The play has a strong plot and all the characters are clearly drawn. The Grand has in preparation "Jack Royal of the Ninety-Second," an original, military, American drama.

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THE HALL OF JUSTICE

The millennium being somewhat remote, the completion of public buildings within a reasonable time is not to be expected. There are always numerous hitches and delays in connection with the construction of a public building, and the new Hall of Justice in Kearny street was no exception, but notwithstanding the dilatory tactics of the builders, Bateman Brothers, it was finished in much shorter time than people who are familiar with the history of that venerable pile , the City Hall, expected. As compared to the City Hall, the Hall of Justice was a rush job, and the result is much more satisfactory for the Kearny street structure is one of the finest buildings in the country and reflects great credit on the architects, Shea & Shea. It was perfectly planned and is splendidly appointed. Eastern representatives of police departments in some of the large cities of the country have pronounced it the most elegant and serviceable building dedicated for police business in America. Not only is it splendidly adapted for the purposes for which it was constructed, but it is an ornament to the city. Its well proportioned frontage is emphasized by its central lofty tower, designed in Italian Renaissance which is thoroughly characteristic of the purpose for which it serves. The material of the exterior is lasting and the combination of color is pleasing. The accommodations afforded the Police department on the ground floor and on the main or first floor are all that can be desired. Extensive assembly rooms, drill rooms, officers' quarters and a splendid shooting range are features of the ground floor. The offices of the executive officers occupy the whole of the main floor, and the second and third floors are devoted to the courts which are well proportioned and well lighted and ventilated. The novel feature of the building is the prison, which is on the top floor, with accommodations for three hundred prisoners. By reason of its location perfect light and thorough ventilation are afforded. The odors peculiar to a prison, instead of permeating the building as they do when the prisoners are housed in the basement or on the first floor, find their vent through the roof.

The furnishings and interior decorations of the several offices and departments are superior to those of any public building in this city. The mill work, which is exceptionally fine, was done by James Young of Beale and Mission streets, and the terra cotta work was done by the well known firm of Gadding, Mc & Co.

The Hall of Justice is heated by low pressure steam, the boilers being of local manufacture, viz., the "Monarch" low pressure steam heaters, and were installed by the George H. Tay Company. They are of the water tube type—the safest for public buildings where a large number of people are in daily attendance. The steam plant itself is modern in every respect and capable of thoroughly heating the building, in which respect it is unlike any of the other plants installed in the city, most of which have proven absolute failures.

The roof of the Hall of Justice building was covered by the Paraffine Paint Co., No. 116 Battery street, this city, the material laid being what is known as P. & B. Felt and Gravel Roofing. This is the same character of work as has been done by the same firm on such buildings as the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s building on Second and Mission streets, the new Sloane building on Post street and the Miller, Schloss & Scott building on Fremont and Mission streets. This

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grade of roofing is used all over the East on the best class of construction and has been found the very best that can be laid. The standing of the firm doing the work insures that only the best materials was used and the most skilled labor employed. The jail floor was also water proofed by this same firm, so as to insure unstained ceilings below.

DESKS AND OFFICE FURNITURE.

The elegant desks and office furniture with which the Hall of Justice is so bountifully supplied, were furnished by George H. Fuller, the veteran furniture man of 640 Mission street. It is safe to assert that fully nine-tenths of the office furniture used by San Francisco business and professional men came from this establishment.

PAINTS AND GLASS.

The entire amount of paint and glass used in the Hall of Justice came from the extensive establishment of W. P. Fuller and Company, the oldest and largest firm handling this class of merchandise west of Chicago, as well as one of the most prosperous business concerns in the city. For years and years the name of W. P. Fuller and Company has stood for all that is best in the line of paints, oils, varnishes and glass, and when the contract was allotted for supplying these articles for the new Hall of Justice it was but the natural course of events that the firm of W. P. Fuller and Company was selected.

With splendid stores and warehouses in this city, a mammoth manufacturing plant at Baden and branches in Portland, Seattle, Sacramento, Los Angeles and San Diego, this firm practically controls the entire western field. The Fuller works at Baden are the most complete in the United States and a credit to the growing industries of this State.

The Automobile

John Brisbane Walker, of the "Mobile" company, made a flying visit to San Francisco during the past week. He remained but a few days and then returned to New York. Considerable speculation has been aroused as to the object of this sudden visit, the general impression being that the Mobile people are planning to invade this territory to compete with the Locomobile people. Walker stated that he was out here upon pleasure bent entirely but incidentally remarked that he was combining a little business on the trip as well. I have received reliable information that Walker will take immediate steps towards closing down any factory or machine shop that attempts to turn out a steam vehicle using the up and down draught. He claims that the Locomobile and the Mobile companies paid jointly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the right of this patent and that all other makes using it are infringements. The Milwaukee Steam Vehicle company, and Libby's local concern the Sunset Automobile company, are the first that John Brisbane has on his black list.

Thomas H. B. Varney, the well-known bicycle dealer, is very sanguine over the future of automobiles. He has just returned from an extended trip among the Eastern factories, making the trip especially with the view of ascertaining the exact situation of the motor vehicle business.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES FINNERTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Fallon, room 24, seventh floor, Mills Building, north east corner Bush and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

THOMAS E. HEALY,
Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, January 4 1901.

"The automobile interest is much farther along in the east than it is here," said Mr. Varney to a *Town Talk* representative, "but from present indications it is only a question of a few months when we will be just as far advanced. At present steam vehicles seem to have the best of the situation in the East although gasoline and electric vehicles are becoming more popular all the time. With a further improvement in the storage battery, the electric rig is bound to become a first choice but with the batteries now in use its scope is too greatly handicapped to render it a generally desirable vehicle for all around purposes. The Rambler people are building a gasoline rig in which I have great hopes. In fact I have already ordered a shipment which should arrive here within a few weeks now. It is built upon the French style of vehicle, with all of the works in the front, encased, where the dashboard usually is located. This distributes the weight very evenly and it is claimed by the designers to greatly accelerate the speed." Mr. Varney intends carrying a stock of steam, electric and gasoline vehicles so as to be in a position to suit a customer with any style of rig desired.

Messrs. H. B. Taylor and Henry Foote, both of Oakland, drove their locomobile from Oakland to Gilroy and return in one day. They made the first seventy-five miles in four hours and twenty-five minutes actual running time. The last eighteen miles of the journey was made in forty-eight minutes flat. Mr. Taylor is getting to be more and more of a locomobile enthusiast, and takes great pleasure in driving his machine. He says that he is only sorry that he never had a locomobile long before he did. He, with many other owners of locomobiles, are talking of taking a trip to the Yosemite valley this coming spring or summer.

Petaluma has offered the California Automobile company seven acres of land and a three story building as a subsidy to locate its factory at that place. Oakland, San Rafael and Stockton have also made offers but the Petaluma one is the best thus far and in all likelihood will be accepted. The first machine to be turned out by the new company will be a handsome gasoline delivery wagon, which is being built for Pattosien, the well-known furniture man.

—*The Automobiler.*

BITS OF ANECDOTE.

It is related of Mendelssohn at a public dinner, at which ladies were present, and where he was surrounded by a chorus of aggressive women clamoring for his autograph, that he allowed himself to be victimized with good nature until finally a fleshy matron of mature years handed him her card. Whether with malice prepense or not, it is not stated, but the composer wrote upon the card the music and words from Haydn's "Creation," "And God created great whales." Mendelssohn was allowed to go on with his dinner.

Catalini, like most prima donnas, had a great weakness for showing off her jewelry:

"You see dis brooch?" she would say; "de Emperor of Austria gave me dis. You see dese ear-rings? De Emperor of Russia gave me dese. You see dis ring? De Emperor Napoleon gave me dis," and so on.

Braham, the tenor, in imitation of this, would say, pointing to his umbrella:

"You see dis? De Emperor of China gave me dis."

Then, pointing to his teeth:

"De Emperor of Tuscany gave me dese."

Brahms dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predelection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast.

"This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!"

The guest sipped of it, saying:

"Excellent, wonderful! Now bring on your Beethoven!"

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THE GIRL OF 1901

She may,
Perhaps, golf
Play.
Perhaps, when thirsty,
She will quaff,
The cherry gay.
Perhaps she'll not
Quite throw aside
The short skirt.
She'll ride,
When fancy moves, in
Automobile.
And I'm quite sure
She'll flirt
'Tween every meal.
But the manny
Fad
Seems to have had
Its uncanny
Day.
The maid of '01
Will thoroughly shun
1900's way.
Everything that makes
Her less
Charming, less
Sweet,
Everything that takes
An ounce of fascination
From her head or
Her feet;
Will be banished.
By June the mannish girl
Will have vanished.
'01's girl will be
Nothing if not
Feminine.
She will always
Call for drinks with
A lemon in.
Her gowns will be.
En traine;
She'll be thoughtless, silly,
Vain.
Her shoes will have
High heels—
Imagination reels
When one thinks that
She will have to
Dance and walk
In
Them.
Her waist will be so
Small,
Could be clasped by jeweled
Garter;
One wonders how at all
There is room for
Heart or
Liver. No more
The pompadour—
'Twill no longer be
The fashion.
Curly bangs will be
A passion
With the
Maiden of '01,
Whether in or out
The ton.
Lovely, girlish and
Refined,
He would be a churlish
Hind
Who'd be so cruel,
Unkind
As not to
Love
Her.
There's one thing she'll
Not forget—
Though morally he's much
Above
Her—
She'll retain her old
Brevet;
She'll be still the old
Magnet;
And will make a
Poor,
Blind,
Stupid fool
Of the cleverest
Man that ever was
"To let."

—THE PROPHET.

TO A RESTAURANT QUAIL, ON TRUST.

(With apologies to Keat's Nightingale)

Ah, wast thou ever a wild mountain quail,
A light-winged dryad piping a roundelay!
Certain some doubts my spirit might assail
Did not the dining carte distinctly say,
"Mountain quail, etc., twenty-five cents."
Art thou or art thou not that altitudinous elf,
Or art thou the mysterious e-t-c.,
A herald of the bird of high ascents?
Come, coy, reluctant being, show thyself;
Speak, darkling of the wild wood, speak to me.

Thou need'st not fear me, my pretty birdlet,
Ah, no, there lives no man upon this sphere
Could look upon that chastened breast and unstirred, let
Wild appetite hold sway; so sweet one, have no fear:
Safe, safe thou might'st have caroled forth for aye
Thy unpremeditated strain had not the flow
Brought down the concave sky in one fell wreck
And hit thee on thy joyous eye
The providential blow that laid thee low:
Yea, there I see the dent upon thy neck.

Thou wast not born for thyme, immortal bird,
No hungry generations tear thy bones;
There midst the e-t-c. thou smilest, undeterred
By all their maledictions, tears and groans:
Behind that smile thou readest man a lecture
That makes me never doubt we are eternal.
But why is it this yearning never melts
Into relief—thou are indeed food for conjecture:
Dost only come to raise these qualms infernal
Or else—aye, bring me something else.

{ Waiter, briskly, Ceratinly, sir, Rosbeefboilbeeferhamerlamersheepenmuttencofftea ermilkwinerbeer!
Rhymster, dejectedly, "Pork."
Song of waiter in distance, "One bird that never nests again on boiled potatoes." }

—*The Parodist.*

Music World

The Yale College

In spite of the drizzling rain and general discomfort of the weather the Yale concerts were fairly well attended at both the evening and matinee performances. On the first occasion society women appeared decollete and the street in front of Metropolitan hall took on quite the aspect of a grand opera affair. At the matinee people came in cabs but were gowned more in accordance with the weather. Many U. C. and Stanford men were present and the enthusiasm and applause were spontaneous and exhilarating, every number receiving a recall which in each case was good-naturedly responded to. They looked such a lot of boys, those Yale men, and were all so thorough-going and unaffected; when both glee and banjo clubs appeared together it was a sight good to look upon. And their voices, too, are unmistakably boyish, and fresh and hearty as their personality would seem to promise. They are well trained and gave their numbers with a rhythmic swing and perfect unison that does the organization much credit. The banjo club could scarcely be improved and the work possesses a finish and ease of execution that show splendid training. There are some good soloists among them, notable among whom is Mr. Tyler, whose voice is melodious and rich of quality and possesses a sympathy that won him the audience on his first. solo. Mr. Sheldon developed a decided novelty in the way of a sort of trill that is not a trill properly but more of a melodious purr which made the number exceedingly funny and brought down the house. Mr. Spaulding has a well trained voice of light quality and gave a role acceptably, to a piano accompaniment well done by one of the club men. Other solos in the chorus numbers were taken by Mr. Schnuloet and Mr. Welch. Negro melodies were most enjoyably given by a quartet composed of Messrs. Carlisle, Reynolds, Mitchell and Tyler.

The Stewart Pupil Recitals

Standing room was at a premium on Tuesday night on the occasion of the concert given by the pupils of Dr. H. J. Stewart. It was a large audience and an enthusiastic one, nearly every number receiving an encore followed by the most delicate floral offerings. The piano numbers were performed by Misses Jessie R. Carr, Edith B. Mills, Frances M. Stewart, Winifred Jackson Leary and Jessie B. Lyon. All acquitted themselves with credit to themselves and their teacher, and showed a self-possession and absence of stage fright that was quite refreshing. The numbers given by Miss Carr and Miss Stewart were selections from Mozart-Grieg for two pianos, Dr. Stewart taking the second piano in both instances. Miss Stewart is quite young and her technique gives decided promise of a brilliant future. She inherits talent from both father and mother, the latter having been one of the most brilliant and accomplished musicians in San Francisco. Special mention is in order for the brilliant performance of the Rachmaninoff Prelude in C sharp minor and "Polichinelle" by the same composer, by Miss Jessie B. Lyon who has the making in her of a splendid pianiste. The vocal numbers were given by so many voices of equal merit that specializing becomes a difficulty. Miss Mae Rose, Miss Florence Smith and Miss Juliet Greninger, for the younger students, were all well received. Miss Grace Davis was magnificent in "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster." It is marvelous how that slight, delicate frame can envelop a vocal organ of such power and compass. Miss Davis surely has a future that is hers for the taking. She has worked to attain the height she has reached and richly deserves all that she has won. Miss Xena Roberts was ill and her place was delightfully filled by Miss Ella McCloskey, whose sympathetic contralto received a warm recall. She responded with a most pathetic Scotch ballad which she gave with a tenderness and pathos that caused the tears to spring unwittingly to one's eyes. Miss Alma Berglund was finished and artistic in her number, the recitative and aria from Carmen, "Qui dei Contrabandiere." For encore, she sang delightfully "The Old Plaid Shawl." Miss Millie Flynn was in splendid voice but one always has the feeling that she is capable of so much more. She has hardly tried her wings as yet, but with such a voice she should soar far away and beyond most of her contemporaries. Mrs. Tenney was charming in the "Chanson Provencale" and Mrs. Alice Ziska Jennings sang finely the "Selva opaca" from Guillaume Tell and Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs gave the valse aria, "Non deslarmi" (Gounod) from Romeo and Juliet, in a rich deep contralto, and responded

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to the insistent demand for an encore. It was almost a surfeit of sweets, so many good things on one program.

The Trebelli Concerts

Mademoiselle Antonia Dolores does not fall so trippingly from the tongue as does Antoinette Trebelli. I wonder whether we shall ever become accustomed to Trebelli's new name! This great prima donna soprano is to give two concerts at the Columbia next week, and the preliminary sale gives promise of two crowded houses. On Tuesday afternoon the program will be: Romance, Comme la naissante aurore (Reine de Saba) Gounod; Midi au village, and Ma voisine, Goring-Thomas; Chauson, Commet dissient ils, Liszt; scena from Tschaikowsky's opera Jeanne d'Arc, Adieu Forets; Mermaid's Son, Haydn; I've Been Roaming, Horn; Tarentella, Bizet; romanze, Pena d'Amore, and La Tua Stella, Mascagni; Through Sunny Spain, Mattei. On Thursday afternoon Trebelli will sing: Air, Myrto, Delibes; Stances du Berger, Gounod; recitative and aria Let me wander not unseen, Handel; serenade, Dormi pure, Scuderi; Page's song, Volta la terra (Ballo in Maschera), Verdi; Pensee d'autonne, Massenet; Thy voice is as the rolling air, Blumenthal, Oh, to remember, Kjerulf, Spring, Grieg; melodie, L'Ete, Chaminade. Robert Clarance Newell will accompany, and will also render piano solos. Reserved seats for the concert are one dollar and a half, one dollar, and fifty cents.

Au Revoir Eduard

Eduard Strauss has left us, and our memories of him as a composer and orchestral leader will soon obscure our less pleasing recollections of him as a freak. For Eduard Strauss is more freakish than the most pronounced and acknowledged genius would dare to be. Shall we ever forget his manner of leading—the tapping of his boot to the waltz-time, that wonderful waving violin bow? Last Saturday afternoon's audience fairly went wild over Strauss and his orchestra, and he replied to encore after encore. When the program was finished still the matinee audience would not go, and "The Beautiful Blue Danube" was given to satisfy their enthusiasm.

The Strauss waltzes, particularly later compositions, have become familiar to local ears chiefly through the medium of the Louvre and Zinkand. The orchestras of these places, with their musically cultured leaders, have familiarized the general public with the higher class of music which was once known but to the elect. On the same programs, at these cafes, are found classical selections, the best quality of dance music, and the coon song. In time all of these become "popular." What the public becomes acquainted with, by constant hearing, it enjoys and takes to its heart.

HOW'S THIS!

We [illegible] Hall's Catarrh Cure [illegible]

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We [illegible] F. J. Cheney [illegible]

[illegible]

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The Henschel Recitals

The advance sale of tickets for the Henschel recitals, which are to be given in February at Metropolitan hall has already gone far ahead of expectation. The popularity of the Henschels is too well known for comment and the fact that they are to make their farewell appearances in San Francisco seems to have made their admirers more eager than ever to hear again these artistic exponents of song. The sale of tickets will only remain open until January sixteenth at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

He Sings of Erin

"The Ancient Melodies of Ireland" is the attractive subject on which Rev. Thmomas P. McLoughlin will lecture in Metropolitan hall next Wednesday evening. The lecturer is a Catholic clergyman of New York who comes to San Francisco with a reputation as an orator and a musician. He has made a special study of national melodies and ballads and he sings the songs of almost every land. His lecture on Irish melody has attracted widespread attention, for very little is popularly known of genuine Irish music. Centuries before the ancestors of the modern Anglo-Saxon emerged from the forests of the north, the bardic order flourished in Ireland and bardic schools, corresponding to our modern musical conservatories, were established, and so high was the standard that no one was admitted into the fraternity who had not composed music. Those schools developed musical genius in Ireland at an early age and some of the sweetest and most famous airs to which Thomas Moore set his melodies can be traced to the first centuries of the Christian era. Rev. Father McLoughlin has mastered Irish music and his lecture will be historical and critical. To illustrate his subject he will sing some of the old and most famous melodies. The lecture will be under the auspices of the League of the Cross.

A Graceful Remembrance

Mrs. J. A. Whiteside, the popular secretary of the Music Teachers' Association of California, was presented with a complimentary letter and gold medal at the regular meeting of the members on January eighth. The golden lyre, surrounded by laurel and stars, is suitably inscribed. Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel (president), on behalf of the society, made the presentation, in a few well chosen words.

Los Angeles has a child prodigy in Miss Gertrude Cohen, aged thirteen, who gave a piano recital in that city some weeks ago. She is called "a pocket edition of Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler" by one Los Angeles critic. Gertrude is a cousin of Alma Stencel, the talented pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt. Alma is now in Vienna, by the way, pursuing her studies.

Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto, and Mr. Herbert Williams, tenor, of this city have been engaged to sing at Seattle, Wash., on January sixteenth, for the Philharmonic Society's concert.

James Wheaton Leonard, the baritone, has returned from Boston. He will sing "Jerusalem" tomorrow at the first day of the Theosophical jubilee.

—*The Music Critic.*

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World of Letters

Culture Satirized

In "Folly Corner" Mrs. Dudeney gives some hard hits at "culture" as it affects rural and provincial folk, in these days when every one must have a smattering of everything. The scene of the story is laid in England, among people long established in comfortable competence, and the chronicle of their sayings and doings and their point of view is none the less amusing because of the strictures of English critics upon the popularity of "The Gentleman from Indiana," which they set down as "provincial." Mrs. Turle and her daughter have come to call upon a relative newly arrived from London, where she had been supporting herself by helping in a boarding-house.

"'So you had a career, dear?' 'Yes, Art? So many girls go in for that. Nancy attended the Liddlehorn school for a time. But I don't think the influence is good for a young woman. I must say that drawing from a model is not *my* idea of delicacy."

"'Never from the nude, mamma.'

"'Oh! never from the nude, of course. Unless it was a foot. I think you drew from a foot once, Nancy, love?'

"'Oh, yes, mamma; but the model only came once. She hadn't understood that she must take off her stockings.'"

Literature is the next subject under discussion:

"'A great many girls go in for that now. We had an author at Mere Cottage. He put a Latin text over his door. * * *'

"'And was it literature, dear? We are quite literary down here. What is the name of that person at the new house on the Liddlehorn road, Nancy? She keeps a poultry farm and takes in type writing.'

"'Yes, Mrs. Samuels. And there is a Mrs. Clutton at the Battery. Her husband is a journalist—so she says. Nancy has a great taste for literature. I think that if there had been any question of her going out in the world she would have chosen literature.'

"'Oh, I can never think of a subject,' Nancy said pathetically, 'if only I could think of a subject and get somebody else to begin!'

"'We like to keep abreast of the times,' goes on Mrs. Turle. 'Nancy goes in for serious subjects. She is half-way through Ruskin's—'

"'Huxley's, mamma.'

"'There is very little difference, dear. But I confine myself to current fiction. I am just reading Kingsley's "Westward Ho."'

"'Would you like to join our Shakespeare class? It is quite proper, you know,' inquires Nancy, and a little later mamma remarks:

"'Pamela must join the Shakespeare class. Mrs. McAlpine, my dear, who started it, is extremely clever—she reads German novels in the original. And she is very particular—they only read the *nice* parts of the plays. I inquired into that when Nancy joined. For although one admires and loves dear Shakespeare, I must say one is never sure of him.'"

The members of this Shakespeare class were provided in advance with neatly written slips containing a list of pasages to be slurred. Nancy and her cousin Isabel, who go "in for the serious subjects" have an amusing and original way of getting through a book:

"One reads a bit, puts in a marker; the other takes up the book, reads on from the marker, and then puts it where she leaves off."

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—*The Bookworm.*

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[SEE PAGE 20]

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Estate of DANIEL THOMPSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator, of the Estate of Daniel Thompson deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of
Daniel Thompson Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 5th, 1901.

M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS MEETING

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Pacific States Type Foundry for the election of directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Corporation at No. 508 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal., on Tuesday the 29th day of January 1901 at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

By order of the president.
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Elsie Peterson, Plaintiff. vs Benjamin Peterson, Defendant. } Action Brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to:

BENJAMIN PETERSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion, willful neglect, cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

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OUR OPINION

To Elevate the Bar

Assemblyman James purposes to elevate the bar of the State by a bill which increases the course of study to be pursued before a person is eligible to admission. He appears to be laboring under the delusion that the bar is in need of a higher standard of culture. The fact is that the most dangerous crooks in the profession are smart and well educated lawyers. The profession is disgraced by the learned practitioners, not by the shysters. Forged wills and bogus children are not foisted upon the courts by men of little learning. Fictitious widows do not seek legal advice from the Police court practitioner. Her case is accepted on a contingent fee by leading members of the bar, who are quite ready to affect a most remarkable brand of credulity, thereby giving to their client's case the benefit of their endorsement. Assemblyman James cannot elevate the bar by the method proposed. If he could devise some scheme by which a higher respect for the ethics of the profession would be insured his object would be attained. The ethics of the profession are all right, and so are the laws of the State which fix the responsibilities and duties of officers of the court, but the learned lawyer has no difficulty in dodging the ethics or evading the law. There is a looseness of morals in the legal profession which cannot be cured until the lawyers themselves decide upon the work of elevation. The reputable members of the bar could accomplish much in the way of purification if they should so elect, for it is in their power to discourage many of the sharp and unwholesome practices which have been tolerated so long that they have begun to be regarded as legitimate. They should organize a Bar Association which would not be dominated by the fossils of the profession with a past, but rather by young men who have no glass houses to protect and who appreciate the solemnity of the oath which they took when they were admitted to practice. There is greater necessity and more reason for a public-spirited Bar Association than for a Merchants' Association. Lawyers are quasi-public servants, for they are officers of the court and it is their duty to see that the laws governing their profession are strictly enforced. If we had a Bar Association that commanded the respect of the community, no boss would dare nominate unfit men for the judiciary, and the bribing of juries would be a less frequent practice.

A National Naval Reserve

The bill for the organization of a Naval Reserve which was formulated by Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Crowninshield and Captain Evans, should meet with the approval of Congress. Now that there is a strong popular sentiment in favor of a powerful navy, it is important that an auxiliary force of trained men and officers be organized. When an emergency arises such as the one which aroused the nation when the *Maine* was sunk, there is no time to train men for the navy. The right kind of material should always be available, so that there would be no delay in enlisting men for our war vessels. The proposed bill contemplates a reserve force similar to the one which exists under the British laws. It provides for a reserve of citizens who are or have been engaged in a seafaring life and of others who may be fitted for the service. All ex-officers and discharged men of the navy and of the auxiliary navy during the Spanish war are to have precedence for appointment as officers and petty officers in the reserve, subject to examination. The strength of the reserve is to be not more than twenty thousand and of that number not more than six hundred shall be officers. In the matter of the appointment of officers the bill provides that officers of the navy who resign after successfully passing through the Naval Academy, yacht owners who navigate their own vessels, and masters of ocean-going steamers of over three thousand tons displacement, may, upon application, and in the discretion of the Navy department and after examination, be commissioned as lieutenants in the naval reserve. All others first qualifying as officers in the reserve shall be commissioned as ensigns. The bill also permits masters of vessels belonging to the reserve, one-third of whose crews are made up of naval reserve men, to fly a special flag. All officers and men are to serve at least thirty days in a year on a naval vessel, the service not to be less than six days at a time.

What Hanna Thinks

It is not always impossible to agree with Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna. Occasionally he thinks in the interest of the people and when he does his thoughts are worthy of serious consideration, for he is a man of brains. When he thinks that American ships should be subsidized in the interest of American commerce he is thinking for himself and his business associates who are anxious to handle government funds, and his

arguments are likely to delude. But when the question of the advisibility of extending the President's term to six years and limiting his service to one term is the subject of his thoughts, he may take an unselfish view of the matter. He has just succeeded in electing Mr. McKinley to a second term, and he probably has no hope of bossing another President, so he does not hesitate to express the opinion that national campaigns should occur only once in six years and that no President should be permitted to serve a second term. We quite agree with Mr. Hanna. Elections are of too frequent occurrence. The national campaign is almost a continuous performance. As soon as one is over the politicians begin making combinations for the next, and the business of the country is conducted with a view to the interests of some faction or clique. And it is important that a man should be eligible to but one term. The patronage which a President controls is so great that it enables him to force his party to renominate him. While there is a possibility of a second or a third term, the influence which a President controls is too great, and moreover being eligible to a re-election he is tempted to appoint men for what political service they can render him rather than by reason of their ability. We are glad to know that Mr. Hanna is for the six-year and one term proposition. Government at Washington is generally in consonance with Mr. Hanna's views.

A Pasteurized Razorium

It was but a few centuries ago that the tonsorial and medical professions were hand in glove as it were. The barber's chairs and the surgeon's operating table were in the same shop. Surgery and barbery were branches of the same profession. But the tendency toward specialization of talents was responsible for their drifting apart, and since the barber began to confine his operations to the head and face, his profession has made but little progress from a scientific standpoint while that of the surgeon has steadily advanced until there is no longer the semblance of relationship between the two. But the science of barbery is destined to make rapid strides in the twentieth century. It is no longer to suffer from arrested development. The barber is to become a man of parts. He has been a mere loquacious automaton long enough. In some States of the Union a man must pass an examination before a State Board of Examiners, before he is permitted to wield the implements of the tonsorial art, and the fact is receiving recognition that there is great room for improvement in the sanitary features of the barber's shop. In the city of Baltimore the science of barbery has already given evidence of advancement. A Razorium was recently opened there which has been termed a Pasteurized Temple of Barbery. It contains sixteen "aseptic" chairs, which are perforated, and the parts which come into contact with the hands are made of glass. Complete security from contagious diseases is guaranteed by an elaborate code for a sterilized shave. Razors are strapped and sterilized before using. Cups, shaving brushes, hairbrushes and combs are sterilized before using. The barber washes his hands in an antiseptic fluid and wipes them on a sterilized towel. He even applies the powder with the end of a sterilized towel which is not to be redipped in the powder after being once used. These are rules which shall in the course of time be adopted in every first-class tonsorial establishment, and when they are, the barbers will find that their patronage has been increased, for then men will have less reason for shaving themselves. In the Baltimore temple are many conveniences and elegancies such as the chiropodist's and manicurist's departments, glass cabinets for shaving mugs, oval mirrors suspended over each chair, which the artist pulls down to afford you "a complete back view." Let us hope that some enterprising barber will soon establish a Pasteurized Razorium in San Francisco.

Public Ownership

At a recent committee meeting of the Board of Supervisors, engineer Schussler of the Spring Valley Water Company occasioned some surprise by stating that the corporation was anxious to sell its plant to the city, and urging that arbitration commissioners be appointed to fix the value of the property. Mr. Schussler no doubt voiced the sentiments of the company. He has doubtless had so much experience of a disagreeable character with city officials, that he probably thinks that the time has arrived for him to retire from active business pursuits, and enjoy the spectacle of a herd of politicians engaged in managing public utilities. The experience he has had with hungry blackmailers and record-seeking reformers has probably occasioned him to believe that it is as discouraging to deal with the one as with the other. But we are inclined to think that Mr. Schussler will go on improving the plant of the Spring Valley Water Company for many years, and that as the people of the city become more enlightened on the subject of public ownership there will be less enthusiasm over the proposition for the municipality to engage in speculative ventures or commercial industries. Some years ago when theoretical statesmen began to advocate public ownership all over this country they aroused great enthusiasm. But since then many practical tests have been made and now conservative men look with undisguised dread upon the paternal tendency of municipalities. It is true that municipalities have operated water works with more or less success, but that is about the only business in connection with which public ownership has not been a failure. But in those instances in which cities have managed water works, there were no such engineering problems to overcome as the ones that have been and are being solved by the Spring Valley Water Com-

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pany. The Spring Valley system is an intricate one and requires the closest attention and the exercise of the highest engineering skill. It is not simply the distribution of a natural product conducted from its source over a level stretch of territory. It involves the maintenance of a chain of artificial lakes, of pumping works, of mammoth dams and submarine mains. It requires anticipation of the growing demand incident to the increase of population and it involves a thousand and one things that nobody should care to leave to the management of inexperienced politicians working upon the plan of American politics which is based upon the familiar saying, "To the victors belong the spoils." The risks a municipality incurs when it adopts municipal ownership was shown by the experience of Austin, Texas. That city invested about one million dollars in a dam and six hundred thousand more for water works and an electric plant. After the plant had been in operation a while, the water supply became inadequate and all the lights were shut off in residences. The city was left in darkness for weeks, and presently the sluice gates gave way and the city soon found that the venture was a failure. Other cities have had experience similar to that of Austin. It is now becoming well known that municipal ownership is purely and simply a move to secure votes, and that it can never be a success until the system of political rewards is entirely divorced from city government. We hope that the Spring Valley Water Company will never succeed in selling its plant to the city, unless some scheme could be devised by which that corporation would thereafter operate the works for a reasonable compensation. If the company is denied a reasonable return on its capital invested it will no doubt be eager to sell. The councilmen of an interior county reduced water rates to such a low figure some years ago that the directors of the company made a proposition to sell. It was accepted, and now the taxpayers are sorry that the company was frozen out. Perhaps if our reform supervisors go too far they may succeed in accomplishing some such deal.

The Saunterer

The Subject of Our Autobiography

Of the four who have contributed to *Town Talk's* series of autobiographies of well-known Americans, none is better known than this week's subject, Rev. William Rader. The poet, the author, the dramatist, are known personally to but a few of those who may enjoy their writings; but the clerygyman, who is also a lecturer, comes directly into the knowledge of the public. And Dr. Rader is probably one of the most popular clergymen who have ever occupied local pulpits. All sects listen to his teachings, and especially strong magnets are his Sunday-night lectures. Having traveled widely in the United States, and lately in Europe, Dr. Rader has many interesting subjects to talk about, which he expounds in very charming English and a most entertaining way. He is wide-awake and up to date, and keeps abreast of all the questions of the hour. The magnetism of his personality is intensified by the sincerity of his utterance. There are two things that particularly impress one about the pastor of the Third Congregational church—his geniality and his wonderful energy. Dr. Rader seems to have taken his motto from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"; he is always up and doing.

An Engagement and a Death

The announcement of Richard Stewart Hooker's engagement to Miss Mary Condit Smith followed rather quickly after the sad death of the young man's father, which occurred at St. Mary's hospital less than three months ago. The Hooker-Smith wedding is to be one of the big events in New York society next month, and only a few months ago Richard Hooker, Sr., might have gone to a pauper's grave were it not for the generosity of a friend. Almost every day something is occurring in the world of fashion to give us pause while we wonder whether sentiment is rapidly fading from the human heart. A few years ago Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish shocked society by giving a ball at her cross-roads home at Newport on the night that the body of her nephew, Hamilton Fish, was exhumed from his grave at a cross-roads in Cuba, near where he fell in the battle of San Juan Hill. We read of William C. Whitney giving a ball just a year after his wife's death, and of a prominent society woman refusing to wear mourning after the death of her grandmother because it is no longer fashionable to show respect for the dead by conventional custom.

His Pyrotechnic Career

The fate of Richard C. Hooker was a sad one, for he had early in life given promise of a brilliant career, and though he was a talented man and rose to prominence, he enjoyed comparatively brief prosperity. His too convivial tastes led to his downfall, and his was the old story of the good-fellow surrounded by friends in the heydey of his career, deserted and shunned when his money is gone. Dick Hooker, handsome and jovial, a dare-devil sort of fellow, was educated at Annapolis where he was a class-mate and companion of "Fighting Bob" Evans. He was a young officer in the navy with splendid prospects when he met Bessie Stewart, daughter of Senator Stewart of Nevada. She became his wife and then he resigned from the navy to become a stockbroker in

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this city. Forty thousand dollars were paid for his seat in the Stock Exchange, and he was soon one of the most popular and daring brokers in the market. His home was one of the most hospitable residences in the city and it was the scene of some brilliant entertainments. His gait was too fast, however, and he soon fell with a crash. His business went to pieces, and his wife obtained a divorce, leaving him to go from bad to worse.

His End

After years of reckless living, Dick Hooker began to pull himself together, and about the time of Dewey's victory he applied for reinstatement in the navy, and was successful. He was placed in charge of the collier *Brutus*, which was sent to the Philippines, and his old-time friends thought that he was once more steady on his feet. But his reformation was only temporary. He returned to the flowing bowl, and was discharged and sent home. Arriving in this city he plunged into the slums and was soon a complete physical wreck. One night James V. Coleman heard that Dick Hooker was dying in a tenderloin saloon. He sent a carriage for him and ordered him conveyed to St. Mary's hospital, where, a few days later, he passed away. Scarcely anybody was aware of the fact that it was Jim Coleman that saved him from a pauper's grave, and that he was the only person that accompanied the body to Cypress Lawn cemetery, where it was given decent burial.

When Teachers Grow Suspicious

An explosion is imminent in the Teachers' Mutual Aid Society. Trouble of a serious character has been brewing in that organization for some weeks, and there have been portentous rumblings which have put the members on the qui vive for sensational disclosures. The teachers of the Mutual Aid Society have been getting along harmoniously for many years. The directors enjoyed the implicit confidence of the members, and nothing occurred to create distrust in the mind of anybody until a short time ago, when reports of certain queer transactions precipitated an inquiry. Since then strenuous efforts have been made to prevent an investigation, and lawyers have been called in to bluff the inquisitive ones into submission by threats of suits for damages for defamation of character. But the ladies have not been scared, and at the next meeting of the society, which is to take place on the last Friday of this month, they will insist upon having such facts presented as they may deem essential to a thorough understanding of the situation.

Information Withheld

The Teachers' Mutual Aid Society was organized about thirty years ago. Its by-laws provide for the payment of sick benefits to the extent of ten dollars a week, but not to exceed a total of three hundred dollars to one person, and also, for the payment of seventy-five dollars for funeral expenses. The history of the cases out of which the present difficulty grew began about six years ago when two insane teachers who were being cared for by the society reached the three-hundred-dollar limit. Special legislation was then enacted, without names being mentioned, for the relief of "certain incurable cases," by the payment of five dollars a week at the pleasure of the society. And now the disgruntled teachers are saying that the friends of these incurables electioneered themselves into the Board of Directors for the purpose of keeping the matter quiet. No reports were made at the semi-annual meetings on the cases of the incurables. In the course of time a third incurable case was added and continued on the list until the patient died. About two years ago it was rumored that thousands of dollars had been spent on the three cases, and a member arose at one meeting and demanded information on the subject, but she was quickly suppressed by an adjournment.

She Held Out the Money

Six months later another member reproached the Board of Directors for having covered up the cases, and she provoked great excitement at the meeting. It was decided, however, at that meeting to permit others who had passed the three-hundred-dollar limit to continue to draw sick benefits and thereupon several old stagers went on the sick list. A little later a visit was paid to one of the patients in the Napa asylum, and inquiry elicited the information that she was a pauper inmate, no money having been received at the institution for her benefit for over a year. The sister of the insane woman was summoned before the society and she explained that she had retained the money on the advice of counsel for use in the event of her sister's death. It was to be used to defray the expense of administering on her estate. This somewhat remarkable explanation provoked a lot of comment. And there was such a row raised that a portion of the money was paid to the asylum authorities. But the unsentimental teachers who have insisted upon a thorough investigation of the whole affair, and of the man-

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ner in which the society's finances have been managed, have been denounced as persecutors of an afflicted woman. Nevertheless, they contend that there have been some very suspicious transactions upon which more light should be cast.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Smith for the wedding reception of the latter's daughter, Miss Albertina Josephine Wahle, and Mr. S. Henry Cheda of San Rafael. The reception will be held next Wednesday evening, from eight to ten o'clock, at 1026 Pine street. Miss Wahle will make a beautiful bride, as she is tall, fair and stately. The wedding ceremony is to be witnessed by only the immediate relatives of the two families.

Souvenirs de New Year's Eve

During the week after New Year's, it was freely commented upon that no one saw one of the season's buds in public. Likewise was noticed the absence of a young woman noted for her jolly disposition. But these were among the things that the daisies—otherwise the doctor and the dentist—might have told. As a consequence of a too merry celebrating of the passing of the old year, one of the prettiest buds of this winter, and one of the most popular belles, are mourning respectively the loss of two front teeth and a broken nose. There was a New Year's eve party at one of the homes of the swim, and somewhere about midnight it was suggested that the whole company go down town. Instead of walking down the hill, the party started to run. The young men were athletic and the young women did not intend to be left behind in the sprinting. And two of them, in their rapid transit, were thrown forcibly to the ground with the results I have mentioned.

"But I thought you loved your husband dearly," said Mrs. Pacific Avenue to Mrs. Nob Hill, who had just brought suit against Mr. Nob Hill for divorce.

"Well, so I do, but I could not afford to be blackballed at the Swell Woman's club."

"Did he object to your joining?"

"No, but to be eligible for membership one has to be a divorcee."

The Identifying Mark

The curious sisters of two well-known club men are keeping their eyes wide open at all the evening dress theatre parties, balls and small receptions. They are on the look-out for a distinguishing mark that will identify the subject of a photograph. Each of the club men has one of the pictures, which show a shapely woman, nude with the exception of a filmy drapery about the hips, and at the base of one shoulder is a tiny mole. The mark, in spite of its small size, is quite distinguishable in the photograph, and it is by that mole the sisters expect to identify the subject of the picture. Through inquiries pursued with the acumen of a Sherlock Holmes, they found out that a society woman had posed for the photograph. She went before the artist masked, and in a robe that covered her from top to toe. This was dropped only when the camera was adjusted. As yet, the amateur Lecoqs have met with no success.

The Fashionable Disorders

Last year the swim gave children's parties. This year they are catching children's disorders that happen to be epidemic. For instance, Miss Therese Morgan caught the measles, and then Miss Ethyl Hager thought it only proper that she should catch it, also. Mrs. Charles Fox Tay went them one better, and came down with the chicken-pox. However, none of these affairs appear to be serious, for all the young women are on the road to speedy convalescence.

First clubman: Blood will tell.

Second clubman: I don't know. More often it is the woman—or the waiter.

The Name of Hopkins

Seeing that we have so many of the name of Hopkins in our midst, the following communication, received by the editor of *M. A. P.*, from a Welsh correspondent, seems to me interesting: "In the last issue of *M. A. P.* you mention that the mother of Mr. Edward Lloyd 'bore the *Irish* (?) name of Hopkins.' Is that so? I very much doubt it. We in Wales have hundreds of families named Hopkins, and as a proof of the antiquity of the name in Wales, I may mention that we have Popkin also, 'Popkin' being a form of 'ap Hopcyn,' i. e., the son or descendant of Hopcyn. I don't happen to know whence Mr. Lloyd's mother hailed, but he, himself, having been brought up in Gloucestershire, is near enough to make one believe his mother might be one of the Monmouthshire or Glamorganshire Hopcyns. 'Wil Hopcyn' is noted as the author of that pathetic Welsh air, and the words of 'Y Gwenith Gwyn,' or 'Watching the Wheat'—an air that is supposed to be at least three hundred years old. As a good Welshman, I will claim that the Irish Hopkinses migrated from Wales to Ireland, as the Joneses, Hugheses, and others did."

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Deering to be President

Frank Deering and not Joe Howell is to be the next president of the Bohemian club. Deering is the choice of the nominating committee, and there is to be no opposition though some of the members who have never been consulted about the management of affairs have talked about taking a hand in club politics. Colonel Howell, however, is not one of the discontented element, nor has he aspired to the presidency, but he has been looked upon generally as an available man.

She Was Not There

The breach is not yet healed; or is it? Bets are still in abeyance, and nobody knows just what to believe. Anyhow, the fact remains that the marriage of Margaret Cole and Lieutenant Crimmins did not bridge the chasm that has been separating two friends for some time past. Before Miss Mary Bell Gwin became Mrs. James Follis, she was the inseparable friend of Miss Bessie Cole. Then they no longer appeared together and it was rumored that they had had a "falling out." Those who take stock in such affairs looked to see a reconciliation on the marriage day of Bessie's sister, Margaret. But Mrs. Follis was not recorded in the papers as "among those present" at the wedding.

A Reminiscence

The late Dr. R. Beverly Cole was usually called upon, at the Masonic banquets, to respond to the toast, "The Ladies." And invariably Dr. Cole made the observation that he objected to the term "ladies," that "women" was good enough for him. With this preface, he continued his remarks, which were always replete with wit and kindliness. Dr. Cole was a great ladies' man and a favorite with the sex, but he preferred to divide his attentions among the many, to becoming the avowed admirer of but one. He was a welcome guest at many homes and could have dined out every night had he so chosen.

His Pet Project

None of the dailies mentioned the fact that Dr. Cole is entitled to the credit of being the founder of the Affiliated Colleges. The project was suggested by him, and the bill providing for the establishment of the colleges was fathered by him, urged by him through the legislature and signed by Governor Budd at his request. A monument to the memory of Dr. Beverly Cole should be erected on the site of the Affiliated Colleges.

Dr. Cole had been for many years separated from his wife, who lived at his ranch in the country. Mrs. McClung, his daughter, is a great society woman. Her two daughters belong to La Jeunesse club. Dr. Cole and his daughter were never especially companionable, and he preferred to live by himself, rather than keep up a large household. Nevertheless, he provided liberally for his relatives. For about three years before his death he resided with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Titus, who were very fond of him and did all they could for their old friend's comfort.

Gage and the Regents

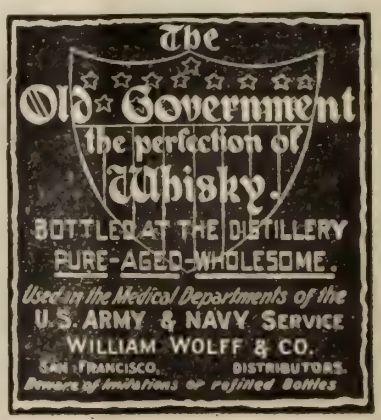
Governor Gage has been charged with being an enemy of the State University because he does not approve of the financial methods of the Regents or the bills which they have presented to the legislature, for the raising of additional revenue. The fact is, I am convinced that Governor Gage has not full confidence in the Regents. His predecessor, Governor Budd, I believe, saw much in their methods to warrant unfavorable criticism, and Governor Gage, from his observations, has probably concluded that there would be less extravagance if the Board of Examiners had supervision of the expenditures. Governor Budd was most generous to the University for he added one cent to the State tax for the benefit of the institution, but on more than one occasion he called the attention of the Regents to the looseness of their methods. The revenue of the University from taxation was doubled during Budd's term, and yet deficits are constantly occurring, because, perhaps, the Regents feel that Mrs. Hearst can always be depended upon to come to the rescue.

The Barnacles Still Here

It was not so long ago that, during an executive session of the Board of Regents, a remarkable showing was made in the matter of the time which the professors of the university devoted to their duties. A few hours a week was all that some of them devoted to the cause of higher education. When the presidency was bestowed upon Benjamin Ide Wheeler it was understood that he was going to rid the university of the barnacles attached to the faculty. He accepted the presidency with the understanding that he was to have full swing, but I predicted that by the time he became acclimated, the respective pulls of the pedagogues would be too much for him. And my prediction was fulfilled. The much-needed new blood is to be infused into the university, but not by filling vacancies. Probably Governor Gage has a thorough understanding of the situation.

The Men May Mask

The edict that men must appear without masks, that proved such a kill-joy at last year's Mardi Gras ball, has been rescinded for the next one. Society has decided to attend—D. V.—and has also decided



that it will be en regle to be jolly. Last year's ball with its unstimulating lemonade, was quite as church-like as the most prudish could desire. It was an enjoyable affair but it lacked ginger. Not a woman had occasion to blush behind her mask, for not a man had courage enough with bared face to trifle with the proprieties. I am glad that the anti-mask order was rescinded for a Mardi Gras ball without masks is like a French dinner without wine.

A Job for Barbour

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors a resolution was noiselessly passed to print creating a job for that veteran war-horse of Democracy—Honorable Clitus Barbour. According to the resolution Mr. Barbour is to become a sort of code commission of one to revise the ordinances of the Board of Supervisors at a salary of one hundred dollars a month. He is to whip the ordinances into shape, as it were, and see that they do not conflict with the charter or anything else that might render then innocuous. Now, I have no particular objection to the city's taking care of Mr. Barbour, for he probably needs the money and he is a handy man in conventions, but I don't like the precedent for the creation of jobs under the new charter. Besides the resolution is somewhat indefinite. It would be well to know how many months Mr. Barbour expects to consume in revising the ordinances. The State Code commissioners have been drawing salaries about six years and they have not finished their labors yet. And, by the way, why shouldn't one of the assistants in the City and County Attorney's office revise the ordinances.

On the Primrose Path

The men-about-town are deriving a good deal of entertainment in the contemplation of A. B. C. Chilbery being trundled along the primrose path by X. Y. Z. Rosencranz. Chilbery is a returned Klondiker, a millionaire several times over, and like McKeown in his prime he believes that money was made round in order to roll; at least, that's the theory he seems to be trying to live up to. It's an ideal partnership—for Rosencranz; one man supplies the capital and the other the experience. Rosencranz inherited a lot of money from his father, but it is practically all gone now. The two have been having a Sardanapalian time in town for some time past. If there was anything they missed it must have passed on the other side of the earth in an air ship. About two weeks ago they ended up a rollicking revel with a distinct yellow taste in their mouths. A. B. C. Chilbery blinked his eyes and said something to the effect that it was a gay life, but seemed to be more wearing than the Klondike. X. Y. Z. Rosencranz cheerfully responded that it must be the weather and what the both really needed was a taste of pure, fresh country air. Rosencranz seemed to have splendid plans of his own for their mutual welfare and comfort; so they started for Byron Springs.

A Brace of Blondes

Whether they were directly responsible for the incident that followed I do not know, but the people at the Springs regard it as a coincidence. Rosencranz and Chilbery found the Springs rather slow and longed for the company of congenial souls. To that end they did some telegraphing and then got tired waiting and departed. On an up-train that passed them sped two lively peroxide blondes on pleasure bent. They swooped down upon the Springs in a manner that startled the managers and the guests. Being a trifle too gay for sedate Byron, they were give the glassy eye and thereupon their indignation was aroused. The management served notice to quit on them, and they threatened all sorts of revenge as soon as their gentlemen friends arrived. That night they locked themselves in a room with plenty of wet goods, let things rip and defied everybody. They departed in the morning and everybody heaved a sigh of relief.

A Costly Operation

Mrs. Charles L. Fair has a dog which is her pet and pride. The other day the dog's teeth ached, and Mrs. Fair took him to a veterinary dentist to have his molars examined. The dentist filled the canine's decayed teeth with gold, and received thirty-five dollars for the job.

Women and Street Cars Again

The following communication has been received:

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 13, 1901.

Editor Town Talk:

In your paper of January 12th, I noticed a communication signed "A Business Man." He complains that women crowd upon the back platforms of cars and that this custom has come in with the advent of the short skirt and boy's overcoat fad.

While I consider it a very bad custom to allow either men or women passengers to crowd on the back platforms, or block the door-ways, I will say that women are not entirely to blame. Since men monopolize all the seating capacity, there is not room for as many women in the car as there used to be and the consequence is that they must get foot-hold somewhere or walk. But the women are not complaining. They do not wish a man to give up his seat that he has paid his good five cents for. They are quite content to get aboard and make the best of the jostling and crowding.

The railroad company should see that its conductors keep the back platforms and door-ways entirely clear.

Mr. Business Man should know that the word "gallantry" is obsolete. Respectfully yours,

A woman who rides every day.

BEST WILTON VELVET CARPET

ONE CARLOAD ARRIVED

First arrival of a carload of the newest patterns of Carpets arrived at the Pattosien Company. Mr. Pattosien while in New York bought those $1.25 to sell at

$1.00 A YARD

This price they will be sold at during the Challenge sale. Remember $1.00 a yard.

Cor. 16th & Mission Sts.

When Stoneman Changed His Mind

Bank Commissioner Barney Murphy tells a good story about the time that he and Bill English secured the United States senatorship for Mr. D. M. Delmas. It was when Governor Stoneman was called upon to fill a vacancy. They went to Sacramento one afternoon, interviewed the Governor and prevailed upon him to appoint Mr. Delmas. He agreed to make out the commission in the morning and they were much enthused over the success of their mission. They slept together that night and in the wee sma' hours Murphy was rudely awakened by his bed-fellow, who was kicking him violently. When he demanded to know what the trouble was, English replied:

"Say, do you know Delmas' full name?"

"No, I don't," was the reply, which was somewhat surprising in view of the fact that Delmas and Murphy were classmates at college.

"Well, we've got to find that out," said English, "because his full name will have to be written in the commission."

They arose at an early hour and communicated with Mr. Delmas in San Francisco by telephone and ascertained what comparatively few people in the State even now know, that his full name is Delphin Michael Delmas. And then they went to Governor Stoneman's office and found that George Hearst had been appointed United States Senator. The eccentric Stoneman had changed his mind during the night.

The Mayor's Banquet

Chief Justice Beatty of the Supreme court was among those that sent their "regrets" last Saturday night, but yet there were a few prominent people at the Mayor's annual banquet, and it was quite a recherche affair notwithstanding the presence of Sammy Braunhart. It was an interesting love feast, though the expressions of affection in one or two instances were somewhat perfunctory. I do not think that Auditor Wells meant all that he said for he has evinced anything but a friendly spirit toward his confreres at the City Hall. And though City Attorney Lane distributed many bouquets his attitude toward his host was far from gracious. Mr. Lane expects to be Governor some day. Mr. Dohrmann was far from gallant in passing the buck back to the Mayor in the way that he did, especially after having been called upon in so complimentary a fashion. However the banquet was a success, and Mr. Phelan is deserving of praise for having inaugurated a custom which, it is to be hoped, will be continued by his successors.

The only wild-eyed individual at the banquet was Mr. J. Richard Freud, but as he bobbed up about the time that the cigar smoke thickened the atmosphere, nobody paid much attention to him. Yet he fumed and fretted in a most alarming manner and I am surprised that nobody took occasion to call him down. He talked about the Civil Service Commission and indignantly denounced the courts for issuing injunctions against that body on the complaint of taxpayers "who paid mere paltry sums into the treasury." The spectacle of a Civil Service Commissioner constituting himself a critic of the Courts was a most unexpected spectacle. Mr. Freud is a member of the only commission under this Administration which has been accused of crookedness. Only the other day the *Chronicle* called attention to the case of a man who was given ninety-nine and a fraction per cent in spelling whose examination papers showed that he knows no more about orthography than a hog does about the precession of the equinoxes. And from Mr. Freud's remarks I should judge that he is of the opinion that a taxpayer who is not fortunate enough to own Market street property is not entitled to a hearing in court. Yet it was not so many years ago that he was shouting for the poor workingmen on a sandlot platform, and if my recollection is not awry he had some difficulty in establishing a residence in this city a few years ago. These reformers are wonderful men.

Watt and His Past

James Alva Watt, the young attorney, who, according to the *Call*, has been charged with having swindled a widow out of a large sum of money, was an associate in politics some years ago, of "Happy Jack" Chretien. Watt has always been active in Republican push politics, and has never been so prominent in church circles as his distinguished brother, Rolla V. Watt, the Fire commissioner. The latter is a leader of the Christian Endeavor Society. James Alva Watt and Chretien had a row once over the division of a campaign sack, and they were never very friendly thereafter. Watt gained considerable notoriety when he was acting as attorney for the receiver of the People's Home Savings bank.

For Charity's Sake

Next Tuesday in Native Sons' hall, a society vaudeville entertainment will be given under the patronage of Mesdames Andrew Welch, E. W. McKinstry, Bernard Peyton, Barreda, George Hyde, John M. Burnett, George D. Bliss, Eugene Lent, John B. Casserly and Willis Polk. The affair is for the benefit of the Francesca training school. The school was organized two years ago under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers, and was made a branch of the Francesca Relief Society. From a small sewing school in the beginning, it rapidly developed into settlement work, and now numbers two hundred and fifty girls, one hundred mothers, and a large number of boys. Various branches of domestic science, music, drawing literature, etc., are taught, while clubs have been formed in the different departments for the social and religious advancement of the members. Reading circles, lectures, and spiritual conferences are prominent features of the work. It is now proposed to fit up a kitchen where scientific cooking will be taught. At

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

present, four ladies conected with the school are taking courses in this special branch of domestic science with a view to carrying on the work themselves. They are studying under Miss Voorhies, a graduate of the Drexel training school of Philadelphia. Funds are needed for this enterprise, for others in contemplation, and also for carrying on those already established, and it for this worthy purpose that the vaudeville entertainment is to be given. Among those who will take part in the program will be Ione McLouth, Montgomery sisters, Miss May Sullivan, Oscar S. Frank, Dr. W. H. Sieberst, George Hammersmith and Thomas Hickey.

A Charity Ball

The maple, marble and supper rooms of the Palace hotel will all be utilized at the charity ball to be given on February twenty-second. The Mt. Zion Hospital Association is preparing for this affair, which will be the first of its kind given in years. Those interested in its success are planning it on the lines of the New York charity-dances, which are among the functions of the year in Gotham. A great social success is expected, and a financial one most earnestly hoped for by the patronesses, who are: Mesdames Fred L. Castle, I. W. Hellman, J. Rosenstirn, William Haas. William Frank, J. Neustadter, William Greenebaum, I. W. Hellman, Jr., M. Brown, P. N. Aronson, A. Brown, Sig. Fenchtwanger, William Gerstle, J. B. Levison, Theodore Lilienthal, H. Heynemann, J. Hyman, Leon Kauffman, L. Siegel, H. Lippman, M. S. Levy, J. Naphtaly, and I. Reiss.

The Osgood Hookers are going to join the Burlingame colony. That means a loss to Sausalito, for the Hookers have always been regarded as thoroughly a part of the Sausalito set as the C. K. McIntoshes. Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. McIntosh are the domestic two of the Goad sisters, and it was somewhat of a surprise when the latter decided to go to the Orient, to join her other sister, Mrs. Genevieve Martin, and their brother Frank. The three will travel a bit and then will return together. In the meantime the Hookers are making all sorts of plans for their Burlingame home, which is to be one of the prettiest cottages in the colony.

The Paris Commission

Billy Foote is thirsting for an investigation. He is so eager for one that he will not enjoy good health until a legislative smelling committee gets down to work. The Paris Commission has been enveloped in smoke for a long time, but I doubt whether a committee can find any fire. Sacramento is a long way from Paris and it will be difficult to procure evidence of misconduct on the part of the commission or its officers. When W. E. Dargie, Jr., who was assistant secretary, returned to Oakland, he was very indignant over the way he had been treated by Secretary Gaskill, and he hinted at sensational disclosures that were to be made regarding mutilation of records and other things, but since then the "Ole Bills" of Oakland have come together, and everything has been satisfactorily adjusted. They are going to give Bill Foote a banquet at the Poodle Dog tonight, and every member of the old familiar mutual admiration society will be on hand, including Tom Dargie, Frank Moffitt, "Rudey" Herold, Alex Vogelsang, Henry Fortman and the rest.

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

If an Investigation Were Held

At this time it seems as though Bill Foote is going to be disappointed, for the statesmen at Sacramento appear to think that it would be waste of time to hold an investigation. Surely, when the reputation of such men as Foote, Runyon, Truman and Gaskill is at stake, the legislators should think it worth their while to inquire into the charges that have been made against them. Even Governor Gage should be interested in the matter, for he appointed the commission. If there were an investigation, the committee could only inquire into the matter of the expenditure of the money appropriated by the State. Bill Foote is, no doubt, prepared to produce his private bank book to show that he spent his own money like a prince. If the committee could delve into the matter of the little tilts between the ladies, and of the rows between the commissioners, they would no doubt be able to elicit abundant information that would make good newspaper reading, but the probability is that

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Third Meeting from Monday, January 21st to Saturday, February 9th, inclusive
AT
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Six races each day including Hurdle races and Steeplechase

Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets for Tanforan Park at 7, 10:45, 11:30 A. M., 12:30, 1. 1:30 and 2:00 P. M., Valencia street 5 minutes later. Trains returning to the city at 4:15 p. m., and immediately after the last race. Admission to the grounds, including railroad fare $1.25.

SPECIAL.—The 2 p. m. is for the convenience of those not wishing to reach the track in time for the first race.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary.

an investigation would prove somewhat tame. If, however, Grove Johnson were intent upon making trouble he could stir up an unsavory mess, for he is an artist at cross-examination, and I remember of his having made it warm for Foote on a certain other occasion in Fresno when the man from Alameda called for the protection of the Court.

Church and State

Affairs at Sacramento have been very dull so far this session, and unless something happens very soon to arouse the interest of Colonel Mazuma, many of the statesman will pine away from ennui. But though the statesmen have found business quite dull, some of the clergymen of Sacramento have also reason to complain of stagnation since the opening of the legislature. Whether the powers of darkness hold sway when our law-makers are at Sacramento I do not know, but it is a coincidence that at last Sunday's services, the Rev. Charles Miel of St. Paul's preached to a congregation of six, while the less fortunate Unitarian pastor had only two in his church.

A Successful Jinks

The most successful Ladies' Jinks ever given by the Press club took place on Thursday night of last week. The club talent was never before exploited to better advantage. Much credit is due to President Myrtle who sired the jinks, and dropped into original verse by way of introduction. The minstrel performance with Hynes and Swan on the ends and Leffingwell of the *Post* as interlocutor was excellent, and the musical numbers were all effective. An amusing feature of the affair was Mr. James Carey's newspaper which was full of interesting personalities.

Sloan the Samaritan

That America's premier jockey, Tod Sloan, is a chap of philanthropic proclivities I learned the other evening at a fashionable club where a group of men-about-town were discussing his ostracism from the British turf. One of the men told a story in explanation of his admiration for the popular jockey, and it has just enough of the piquancy of the Tenderloin to make it worth repeating:

"One evening a few years ago," began the raconteur, "I was invited by a kind-hearted friend to visit a stranded coryphee who was lying seriously ill in an Ellis street lodging house. He had met her only once at a gay rout, but having heard of her condition he pitied her and resolved to render her assistance. I accompanied him to the woman's room where we learned that she had indeed been in distress. After a few minutes conversation, we suggested that she should have a physician, and she told us that through the generosity of Tod Sloan she had that day received medical attention for the first time. Not only had he sent her a doctor, but also one hundred dollars in gold, and yet her acquaintance with him was casual and slight. That act of generosity was never blazoned on the bulletin boards, but I never hear of Tod Sloan without recalling the look of gratitude in the eyes of that poor, emaciated coryphee in whose behalf he had acted the part of the good Samaritan."

NEW WILTON VELVET CARPET

A carload of the newest patterns of Wilton Velvet carpets arrived from New York to be sold at $1.00 a yard at the great challenge sale of the Pattosien company, corner 16th and Mission Sts.

We Have One Here

Mrs. Clarence Mackay is not the only woman in the country who can boast of the possession of a cloak made of the fleece of scores of unborn Persian lambs. Mrs. Charles L. Fair of this city has one of those rare and expensive garments, and it has excited the envy of many women. Notwithstanding Bishop Potter's severe denunciation of people who promote the slaughter of Persian sheep in foal for the purpose of ornamenting their person with the fleece of the unborn lambs, the garment of that material is not likely to fall into disfavor. And yet, it is not destined to become common for it takes many lamb skins to make a coat and unborn lambs come high in the Persian market.

An Engagement of the Week

One of the important engagement announcements of the week was that of Miss Carrie Lilienthal and Mr. Milton H. Esberg. Miss Lilienthal is but eighteen years of age, and is a very handsome brunette, tall and stately in figure. She is the daughter of Ernest Lilienthal, president of the Crown Distilleries company, and is a granddaughter of Mr. Louis Sloss. Mr. Esberg is the son of Mrs. Matilda Esberg and the late Mendel Esberg, one time partner in the firm of M. A. Gunst & Co.

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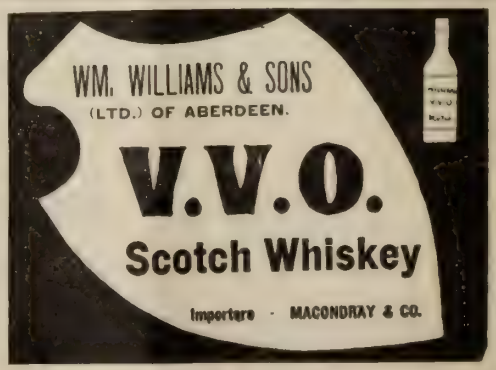


A Slight Difference

Rev. B. Fay Mills has a new servant girl who was greatly surprised to learn that meat is barred at his table. When she asked why the family did not eat meat, she was told that they were vegetarians. A few days later she met a friend who asked her where she was working.

"At the home of Dr. Mills," she replied.

"Is he the Unitarian minister?"

"No, he's a Vegetarian," was the reply.

Ellis Not Coming

A letter from the East brings the surprising information that Melville Ellis, the San Francisco young man who was made secretary to the Duke of Manchester, is not coming out here with the Manchester-Zimmerman party. One reason given is that Ellis has been sent to England to prepare the ducal abode for the homecoming of the bridal party. I wonder if several well known men about town couldn't give a better reason?

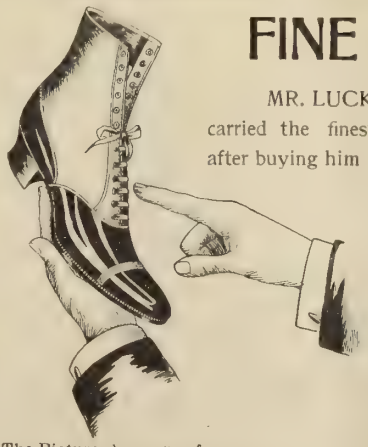
Mrs. Hearst in Washington

An occasional corespondent writes from Washington, D. C., that the influence of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in the society of the nation's capital is as deeply and pleasantly felt as within the narrower confines of the college town where she is so highly esteemed and appreciated. At a dinner recently given by her in Washington to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, there were present some of the most prominent statesmen in the country, and that affair was followed by a reception at her home, 1400 New Hampshire avenue, on which occasion she presented her niece, Miss Apperson and her cousin, Miss Lane, to Washington society. Mrs. Hearst received her guests in a gown of black velvet, the sombreness of which was relieved by an exquisite garniture of antique lace. She is expected to give a series of entertainments during the winter.

The Stanford Crisis

In view of the wholesome rivalry that exists between the universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto, and of the series of circumstances by which Mrs. Hearst has become identified with the former, it is refreshing to note the manly and dignified sentiments expressed by the *Examiner* in relation to the crisis which now confronts the institution in whose welfare that other noble woman, Mrs. Stanford, is interested. "Sympathy and counsel should be given to Mrs. Stanford rather than censure or criticism," says the *Examiner*, and in the same article it is declared that the State of California will insist that there shall be no mixed motive actuating the men who try to wreck Stanford university without punishment being meted out for their duplicity. Evidently the *Examiner* believes that there is something behind the conduct of the professors who have thrown up their jobs, which has not appeared on the surface. I do not know whether there is any ground for the suspicion, but I have contended all along that the disgruntled professors are taking themselves too seriously. They imagine that there is a great principle at stake, whereas the question involved is merely one of politeness. Mrs. Stanford has been, perhaps, a little too exacting, but the professors could have gallantly made concessions without any sacrifice of self-respect and without endangering the principles of academic freedom.

Those that were given the alternative of resigning or apologizing were justified in retiring from the faculty, but the desire for academic freedom should not prompt college professors to impart the tone of a labor union to a college faculty. Because one professor is fired for talking too much, the others should not feel that it is their duty to indulge in offensive criticism to prove that they are imbued with a spirit of independence. They only succeed in betraying bravado and that is not becoming in a college professor. There has been too much of what might be termed academic provincialism in the conduct of the sympathetic pedagogues. They appear to think that they have President Jordan on the run, and they seem to enjoy the crisis that has been precipitated. But people of intelligence who have the interests of the State at heart, however they may regard the action of Mrs. Stanford, must sadly regret the present plight of the university.



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Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore s Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

Mrs. Stanford's Conceit

If Mrs. Stanford had returned home just before the Ross incident much of the trouble and scandal would have been avoided. She is an eccentric woman and exceedingly proud and fond of adulation. Her whole purpose in life is to immortalize the name of Stanford, reflect glory on the family of Stanford and perpetuate the memory of Leland Stanford, Jr. This weakness or conceit or whatever it may be termed has impelled her to do many ridiculous things. But when she is within reach of Librarian Nash of Stanford, who was her husband's private secretary, or of President Jordan, she may be deterred from doing things that are not discreet. In this connection I am reminded of an incident illustrative of her character. At the time of the laying of the corner stone of the university, an artist named Hill, who, by the way was not related to Tom Hill of the "Last Spike" painting fame, took a photograph of the scene. When he showed it to Mrs. Stanford she was much pleased and ordered him to transfer it to canvas. He proceeded to do so and a few days later she called on him and told him to wait until she procured the photographs of certain people whom she desired to have painted into the picture. He waited and some weeks later she sent him photographs of forty-eight people, none of whom had witnessed the corner-stone ceremony. They were distinguished people living in various parts of the country, many of whom had never been in California.

The Order Revoked

The artist explained that the task demanded was a difficult one because he had never seen the people and could not judge of their size by photographs of heads. He protested against essaying such a task, but Mrs. Stanford insisted and the picture was started. Some days later Private Secretary Nash entered his studio and revoked the order of Mrs. Stanford. Nash told him that Senator Stanford objected to having such a painting executed. Hill was very much disappointed but Senator Stanford compensated him for the time he had spent on the painting. Curious to know why the order had been revoked Nash called upon Mrs. Stanford one day and questioned her on the subject. She explained that Senator Stanford feared that the painting would provoke unfavorable criticism by the press.

Some Queer Relics

It is in the museum of the university at Palo Alto that the eccentricity of Mrs. Stanford is best exemplified. Her idolatry of her husband and son is there evidenced by various freakish mementoes. There is a painting of the Senator and his wife hand-clasped with Leland Stanford Jr. in the role of an angel hovering over them. There is also a painting by one of the old masters in which the face of Leland Stanford Jr. has been substituted for that of a cherub. There is a room which is designated as "His Room" in which is presented the scene of "His Last Breakfast," which was probably suggested by the famous picture of "The Last Supper." Young Stanford is represented in this scene to be engaged in eating ham and eggs. There are also various relics of the Senator and his son in the museum, consisting chiefly of garments that they wore.

Artistic Photography

A photographic salon opened at the Hopkins Institute on Thursday evening, which was the members' reception and preliminary to the two weeks' exhibition. The salon will continue until January thirty-first, and will include that evening and that of the twenty-fourth. Only the very finest of the photographs submitted were accepted by the committee on exhibition. Of course, among these Dr. Arnold Genthe's shine supreme, but Oscar Maurer and others also show charming prints. The California Camera club has a large membership, and nearly all of the members do their work for art's sake alone. One of the most active members, and whose prints are unique and beautiful, is Walter A. Scott, once the starter of the Olympic club and a champion sprinter. Walter has given up athletics these days and goes in for camera craft and gardening. Frederick Wight, ex-Supervisor Curtis' son-in-law, is also an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899
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A Chapter of Autobiography

BY REV. WILLIAM RADER

I was born during the Civil war. My decision to enter the ministry was reached in a little country school-house, in Pennsylvania, Chester county, not far from the birthplace of Bayard Taylor.

The immediate influence which helped me to this decision was a school-teacher, whose sister, also one of my teachers, gave me the soundest flogging I have ever had the painful fortune to receive. She is now the wife of a prominent Congressman.

I was sent to an academy in New Jersey, where I won honors in oratory. Two of my school-mates at Pennington are now prominent attorneys in San Francisco. Subsequently I attended Dickinson college, Pa., where I was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity. I began to preach before the age of seventeen, and was pastor of my first church—two churches, in fact—before the age of twenty-two. For a number of years I was classed among that pulpy class of individuals known as "Boy Preachers."

My public life was commenced as a Methodist itinerant in Michigan, West Virginia and Ohio. I know what the circuit rider means, and as a boy traveled many miles, preaching to the people. I soon discovered that my temperament was not suited to the Episcopal form of government, and my "fatal fluency" of speech came very near blinding me to the necessity of a thorough training in theology. During this period I was set to work on a monthly periodical called "*The Lamp of Life*," a journal noted for its piety and poverty. I had a corner in the office of the Bay City, Mich., *Tribune*, where I worked early and late, gathering news items, folding papers, addressing the wrappers and mailing them. It always took me about one month to get off one edition. But in connection with this work I was made to cut wood for the editor, to assist his children with their Latin, and build three fires in the morning before the family arose. For all this I received the sum of ten dollars per month, and an experience which has prevented me from being a journalist.

In 1887 I began to look around for an institution which would give a young man a theological training without destroying his individuality. My attention was called to the Andover Theological Seminary, at that time the centre of heresy. I had a taste of practical orthodoxy, and I longed for something free. The memory of my struggle for an education is one of mingled pain and joy. It was a terrible struggle, but it paid. When I reached Andover, five of the professors were on trial for teaching God is good, and that because He is good, the heathen who has no chance in this life might have a chance in the world to come. They denied the inspiration of the Hebrew vowel points and believed orthodoxy was progressive, and that all infants were saved. I saw them tried before the United States Supreme court. We know no more about the heathen now than we did then; but it is a matter of satisfaction to know that one of the accused professors is President of Dartmouth college, another is President of Amherst college, and another has been made President of the Theological Seminary. One has passed to his reward, honored by all, while the chief conspirator against the orthodoxy of New England is going to his grave, with hair whitened by the bigotry of his brethren. The creed which caused the trouble has just been laid away in its little grave.

I studied in Andover with a Hebrew Bible in one hand and a baby in the other, sustained and helped by a wife, who has been a constant inspiration to me in my life work.

I have always been grateful for having come in touch with New England. During my student days I had frequent oportunities to practice upon long-suffering congregations, who rewarded me with enough money to support me in the schools, and fed me on baked beans and brown-bread to such an extent that I have never wished for these Boston luxuries since.

Personalities educate us, not books and curriculums of study. As I look back over my life, the strong forces stand out with increasing clearness, and I must mention several notable men who greatly influenced my early life. The first was Henry Ward Beecher, to whom I listened with the same interest that a boy watches a fire-cracker explode. Beecher never thundered when I heard him, but there was always the sense of unburned powder in his vicinity that might go off at any moment. Beecher attracted me because he wasn't afraid. I have never had any use for your politic, namby-pamby, place-seeking, all things to all men sort of a man. Beecher has been America's greatest theological seminary, a seminary on legs.

Phillips Brooks was in the fullness of his power in Boston; whether in the pulpit or on the street, he always reminded me of the remark Sydney Smith made of Daniel Webster, "He looks like a Cathedral." His downright, sensible earnestness won my attention.

Joseph Cook was giving his lectures in Tremont Temple, but he ran his exuberant rhetoric over narrow gauge rails, was never quite free, and did not greatly interest me. Professor Edwards A. Park was in the evening of his long life, when I knew him. He reminded me of one of those giant elms of New England, a great, strong, majestic man. More than once I waited for him when he went to the post office, that I might gather a few crumbs from the table of his mind.

The Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn, New York, should be mentioned among those who influenced my boyhood. Dr. Storrs was, at the time of his death a year ago, the most polished orator of the Everett type living. He gave me valuable assistance when I went from the Methodist to the Congregational church. I heard a number of his great orations. I had often been moved by his matchless eloquence. He was for a half century the Webster of the American pulpit, and illustrated George Herbert's definition of eloquence, "that which informs and inflames."

Among my acquaintances was John G. Whittier, the beautiful old Quaker. In the hospitable, oak knoll home near Danvers, Mass., I attended a birthday reception, which included the boys who came in from snow-balling, the village blacksmith and Governor Ames. The poet was eighty years old that day. I see him now before the blazing hearth, the old portraits, the satin pages from Whittier's "Reform School California," the barrels of kindling wood from Hampton Institute, Governor Ames cutting the birthday cake, the shadows of evening, and central in the picture beautiful, the white-haired friend, a miracle of art.

I have pleasant memories of Oliver Wendell Homes, who invited me to his Beverly Farms home. He came perilously near destroying my preconceived opinions on religion. He figuratively picked me up, slammed me on the floor, stood me up, knocked me down, and struck me until I was dazed. If you turn to "Over the Tea-cups," you will find some things he said. My most vivid recollection of the little, scintillating autocrat is when he danced around the room in his stocking-feet, and talked about theology. He was going for a drive and changed his slippers for shoes, and during the process grew excited; so did I.

It was a great event in my life. I was face to face with a man who, while he talked out of one corner of his mouth, spoke with more brilliance than any man I ever heard. His words dropped like rapidly minted gold coins. He followed up this interview with letters which a servant accidentally destroyed.

My life thus far, like ancient Gaul, divides itself into three parts:

Part I. The boy with the struggles peculiar to a boy pushed out into the world altogether too soon, but with the inspiration of a good parentage, of staunch Pennsylvania Dutch stock. It was not the conditions of my pleasant home that sent me so early into life, but the inordinate ambition to travel and know the world. At the age of twelve, in company with another boy equally foolish, I ran away for a week, with the expectation of killing Indians in the west, but like the prodigal returned to partake of the fatted calf.

Part II. The period of preparation by active work. During this period of my life, my purpose ripened and I began to prophesy. My father at first strongly opposed my going into the ministry, a profession so apparently contrary to the vigorous and sometimes singularly mischievous tendencies of my boyhood, but my passion to deal

with the public and give my message to the world swept me into the pulpit, and on the platform. The pulpit of the twentieth century ought to be a throne of power, for the man who is able to sacrifice secular ambition for spiritual results.

Part III. Begins with my graduation at Andover, from whence I went to Biddeford, Maine, then to Oakland, California, where I remained three years as the colleague of Dr. McLean in the First Congregational church. For more than five years I have been pastor of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco.

Since the Presbyterians accused me of being a liberal in my thought, and which called forth Lyman Abbott's noble defense, I have stood practically alone doing a modest work. It is true that I have been criticised by some of my orthodox friends of former years, and my way has been sometimes blocked, but I have kept right along.

The duties of a parish immeasurably larger than my church have made it impossible for me to use my pen very much, though in addition to some matters now in the hands of publishers, two conservative London weeklies publish many of the sermons of the Third church. My varied experiences, which run back to North Coventry along the Schuykill, almost within sight of General Brooks' old farm, where the Alleghanies break up into chestnut-covered hills, increase my love for my country, and inspire respect for the people in whose behalf I sincerely do my work, for which there is no better field than here in California.

THE ANNALS OF BOHEMIA

The second volume of Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher's compilation of the Bohemian club's annals has been issued. It covers the period from 1880 to 1886-87, and is even more interesting than the first volume. It is illustrated by pen and ink and half-tone portraits of members, and full-page pictures of notable jinks cartoons. Mr. Fletcher has gathered together a most entertaining number of anecdotes referring to prominent members. In the first chapter appears the following:

"It is one of the cherished customs of Bohemia to declare that the present day is not as the past days, that the salt has been washed out of the club by commercialism, that the chairs are too easy and the food too dainty, and that the true Bohemian spirit has departed. About this time such an outcry arose, and resulted in an actual, though temporary secession. Some painters and newspaper men undertook to form a new Bohemian Club, which they christened the Pandemonium. They hired a room on the southeast corner of Stockton and Morton streets, their landlord being the proprietor of the grocery store beneath. This groceryman, with the sordid spirit of his class, demanded the first month's rent in advance. This the members of the Pandemonium borrowed from certain capitalist friends of the Bohemian club, whom they had been denouncing, and paid with righteous indignation, at the same time establishing, on the strength of the payment, an unlimited credit for beer and tobacco. The floor of the new Club room was sanded, and the furniture limited to a few wooden chairs and a table, while the adornments consisted of sketches contributed by the artists and tacked upon the wall. Invitations were sent out for a grand opening night, on which occasion crackers and cheese, beer and clay pipes, from downstairs, were liberally provided. No one was permitted to smoke anything but a pipe, for this was none of your silk-plush imitation Bohemian clubs; this was the genuine article, if you please. The consequence was that the unaccustomed Bohemian mouth was so parched and cracked and pipe-clayed the next morning that it could not tell what it had for breakfast. Otherwise the night was brilliant with song and story and oratory, and was surcharged with wit and sarcasm, directed principally against the parent institution and its capitalist members. But after a few days the latter-day Bohemians began sidling back to the flesh-pots of Pine street, and long before the passing of the month for which rent had been paid, the Pandemonium gave up the ghost."

The Rule Against Chestnuts

It was in one of the contributions at Mr. H. K. Moore's high jinks with "Truth" as the subject that the Bohemian's famous rule was thus explained:

"If a man tells a story, lacking in wit or in the freshness of youth, he is allowed to finish uninterrupted, and when the end comes a devastating silence follows, as the listeners gaze upon him as if waiting for the point; or else one of the audience arises, and, assuming the role of the leader of an orchestra, waves his hands and cries, 'Now, *pianissimo!*' And all sing very softly, 'The old, old story was told once again.' Indeed, it requires more courage to tell a story in Bohemia than it does to tell the truth. Nor does the deprecatory prologue, 'I suppose you fellows have heard this before, but it is new to me,' always prove a safeguard, for the victim is often lured to his doom by simulated interest and treacherous encouragement."

Poems, Etc.

Some charming poems are reproduced for the members' delectation; the Annals, be it known, are only to be acquired by the Bohemians themselves, outsiders being debarred the privilege of purchasing the volume. Several by Charles Warren Stoddard, one by Jerome A. Hart, one by James F. Bowman and one by Dan O'Connell are among these. The story of the famous "Snide Quartette" is thus told, in a description of a low jinks sired by General Barnes:

"The 'Bohemian Warblers,' advertised in the Committee's circular to appear on this occasion under the leadership of Mr. Frank Unger, were more generally known as 'The Snide Quartette.' They owed their existence to the fact that Mr. Ben Clark, who was a professional singer and the owner of the best tenor voice in the Club, was required to sing so frequently that although he was good-natured and obliging in the main, his patience sometimes became a little frayed out at the ends. Finally one day Frank Unger, who was a clever and tireless worker in the vineyards of Bohemia, asked Mr. Clark to appear at some function when he did not want to sing; Unger insisted; Clark objected; the protest on each side grew more vigorous and picturesque, until Unger told the tenor that he might go to Milpitas and take his voice with him, that there were others in the Club . So then Mr. Unger organized the "Snide Quartette,' which was not a quartette at all, but a baker's dozen of men, no longer young, whose knowledge of harmony ranged from the filing of a saw to playing on a jew's harp. This promising array of portly talent he finally welded into a homogeneous mass that sang raucously a song of which the refrain was: 'Don't get weary, Oh, don't get weary, Children!' accompanying the same with a dance step, simple but of a very effective nature when taken by twenty-six stout, middle-aged legs at cadenced intervals and the same moment. The combination met with great success, Mr. Ben Clark, himself, being so overcome by its performance that he begged with tears in his eyes, to be allowed to sing thereafter on any and every possible occasion, anything, he declared, being preferable to slow death by concussion of the nerves."

The Bachelor

Mr. Jerome A. Hart's dissertation on 'Bachelors,' at the jinks given up to that subject, should, I think, prove highly interesting to his wife, now that he has abjured bachelor-

QUICK TRIP FROM CHICAGO

Nine days it took for a carload of carpets to arrive over the Santa Fe road from Chicago to the great challenge sale at the Pattosien company, corner 16th and Mission. This is the quickest time ever heard of. Among these carpets are the finest Wilton Velvet carpets, $1.25 and $1.50 kind they are selling at $1.00 a yard.

hood for the benedict's state. He announces, in this paper, that the mendacity of married men is such as to fill him with horror, and ends with the lines:

"When on the awful Judgment Day,
The dreadful trump shall sound
And sinful souls the Great White Throne
In shadowy hosts surround,
How shall it be with bachelors,
And how with married men?
Shall they together huddled be
All in a single pen?
Nay, nay, not so—upon the right
The bachelors shall stand.
Sheep shall they be—pure, stainless sheep—
Part of the heavenly band.
And when the Lord looks to the left
And trembling husbands notes,
An angel shall cry out and say:
'These, Lord, these are the goats!'"

Dan O'Connell's description of how he routed the irascible Mrs. MacStinger, from whom the club rented its first rooms, was thus described by the late poet:

"The first time that this dear and angular lady betrayed the cloven hoof that was hid beneath her petticoat, was in the creation of phenomenal and blood-curdling gas-bills. We used to sit up late in those times, it is true, but if every man had a gas jet at his elbow and swallowed gas with his half-hourly drinks, it could not have justified the bills of the daring and argumentative MacStinger. In some remote, pliocene period of that good lady's existence, there had been a MacStinger, but he died without offspring. She was the last of her race, and fortunate indeed is posterity that such is the case. Well, we paid gas bill after gas bill uncomplainingly until one day an observing member, now deceased, saw the MacStinger in a silk gown of magnificent pattern and costly fabric. He was an audacious man. Dying, as he well knew, of an incurable disease, he did what no other member of the Club would have dared to do, he bearded the MacStinger in her own hall.

"Madam," he said, in his chilling accents, "I'll be cursed if the Club's not tired of paying for your dresses under the disguise of gas bills!'

"I shall never forget the shrill scream with which Mac Stinger received this ruffianly insinuation. It so happened that in my newspaper capacity I had business at the Morgue, a sudden and unwelcome call—the Morgue was just across the way—and was making for the rear staircase when the scream arrested my footsteps. Then for the first and only time, did the MacStinger fling herself into my arms, calling upon the deceased or divorced (I never knew which) MacStinger, and implored me to pin the villain by the throat—her actual words—and make him swallow his cowardly lie! Gently did I lead the hysterical lady to her apartments and there abjectly apologize for the slanderous accusation of my Bohemian friend.

"'My dear Mrs. Mac,' I said, 'the truth is, he is rarely, if ever, sober.'

"'None of you are ever sober,' sobbed the lady. 'It is the same thing from morning till night. If I had known what a noisy, tippling crowd you were, do you suppose I would have rented my rooms to you? Never, sir, never!'

"'Madam,' I replied, firmly, 'you are doubtless referring to our steward. He is a drunken, noisy fellow, I allow, and we are going to get rid of him as soon as we can find some one to take his place.'

"'Don't talk to me, sir, about the steward. The steward cannot sing four different songs at once,' replied the Mac Stinger, relentlessly. 'He cannot dodge into the corridor and try to kiss four of my nicest lady lodgers at the same time' (we were always in doubt as to the character of Mac Stinger's lodgers, although there was little reason to be). 'He can't dance and yell like a party of devils broke loose; he can't—'

"'Pardon me, madam,' I said, interrupting this torrent of abuse, 'you do not know the calibre of our steward. He can do all these things when he once gets started. As for the Club, you do us an injustice when you attribute this unruly conduct to its members. In fact, madam, you have wounded my feelings by these uncalled for aspersions on the good name of our Club, and I shall report the matter to the Executive Committee, and unless an apology, an ample apology, in writing, is forthcoming, may the Lord have mercy on your misguided soul.' I dodged, and it was well I did. The MacStinger had sent a bowl with a Chinese lily in it at my head, with a remarkably accurate aim considering her sex, and but for my knowledge of the lady's disposition, my visit to the Morgue might have been in an entirely different character."

A Jaded Bohemian

The way in which Clarence R. Greathouse, managing editor of the *Examiner* in the days of George Hearst, and also a member of the law firm of Wallace, Greathouse & Blanding, came to be honored by the Corean government is recounted:

"Mr. Greathouse was a lawyer who came to San Francisco from Kentucky in 1870. For a while he edited a newspaper, and then he joined the Bohemian Club. In 1886 he was appointed Consul-General at Yokohama, Japan. While Consul-General he heard that the He-Pang of Corea was about to resign, so he applied for and secured the position. Now the He-Pang of Corea is the Postmaster-General, and as such has the right to wear jade behind his ears, and thus did it come about that the Bohemian Club had this extraordinary honor conferred upon it, vicariously. Curiously enough, there is or was no Postoffice department in Corea, so that wearing jade behind his ears was about all that the He-Pang had to do, for which onerous duties he drew a lordly salary."

The Cheerful Workers

It was in an address delivered by "Romey" Hart, on the occasion of "Uncle" George Bromley's departure for China to fill a Government position, when the Order of Cheerful Workers presented him with a diploma and badge of the order, that this anecdote was told:

"The Cheerful Workers committed but one grave error in the course of their career. Thinking from the dissolute and generally inebriated appearance of Mr. Peter Robertson that he was a fitting subject, instead of the strict abstainer that he is, they suggested to him that he could secure in them attentive auditors to one of his plays. This filled Mr. Robertson with joy. He had been unable for months to secure an auditor. The last manager to whom he attempted to read, listened with the most flattering patience to a five-act drama entitled 'Sausalito After Dark, or The Dude's Dreadful Death,' but when Mr. Robertson had finished he discovered that the manager had for several hours been engaged in casting up his accounts for the season. Rendered desperate, Mr. Robertson received the Cheerful Workers with enthusiasm. He led them to his den. He gave them chairs. He opened—not a bottle, but a large hair trunk. To the horror of the Cheerful Workers, it was seen to be filled with manuscripts. Mr. Robertson's eye roved over them uncertainly for a few moments, and then taking out several bulbous rolls of manuscript, he said: 'Wull, I'll only read ye a few of them the day; the morrow's morn I'll read ye more.' Words cannot paint the anguish of the Cheerful Workers. Hour after hour rolled by, and they were only in the third act of the second play. It was half-past one, and Mr. Robertson reluctantly ceased reading. He did not desire to cease, but it was owing to the fact that all of the Cheerful Workers were asleep. All—save one. It grieves me to touch upon this painful event, and I cannot mention the name, as I have been sworn to secrecy, and the matter has been hushed up; but—the man was dead."

I wish I could give more citations from this delightful history of what is probably the most interesting social organization in the United States. Mr. Fletcher has told the stories of how Uncle George established a Salt Water Branch of the Cheerful Workers; the joke that Davenport played on Joe Redding; the function given in honor of Tommaso Salvini and his son Allesandro; the "Easton and Eldridge Reports"—Crit Thornton's famous hoax which was told to *Town Talk's* readers some moons ago; and many other anecdotes of well-known members. It seems a pity such a book should be published for private circulation only. —*The Cribber.*

The Arrival

Scene, a railroad station. Army of society swells, golfers from Blingum, equestrians in swagger togs, etc., awaiting arrival of train from the south.

Charley Golf: Do you know his Grace, Willie?

Willie Tennis: Oh, yes, I should think so. Why, in New York last year my valet lent his man a box of shoe polish, and his Grace gave him a dollar.

C. G.: Well, then, you can introduce me.

W. T.: Or get my valet to do it. I'll see.

MissBlingum: What a pity he is married! And she is not at all pretty, I hear.

Miss Nob Hill: Her dot was pretty, that was enough.

Miss B.: Oh, there were plenty of prettier dots to be obtained here. Why didn't he wait?

Miss N. H.: Oh, it doesn't matter. We can at least entertain them.

Miss B.: *We?* Why, are you going to?

Miss N. H.: Of course. My grandmother knew the Duke's mother. She went across on the same steamer twenty years ago, and they both ate at the captain's table.

Miss B.: Oh, how delightful! (regretfully) I wish *my* grandmother had enjoyed the privilege.

Chorus of swells: Here it comes!

Train arrives, and from private car emerge a strapping-looking man, with tawny mutton-chops, and attired in golf clothes. He is followed by a smartly dressed woman, with a very handsome face and chic figure. Two boys in buttons carrying baggage follow and in the rear come a meagre, small-sized man and a plainly dressed woman. The last are laden with flowers and newspapers, and the woman carries a Japanese pug.

Charley Golf (apropos the man in knickers and mutton-chops): Why, he don't look a bit like his pictures. Quite a healthy fellow, ain't he?

Miss Blingum: So distingue.

Willie Tennis: And the Duchess is a beaut. Looks like May Yohe, eh?

Swells gather about the arrivals, and as the handsome female drops her handkerchief, Charley Golf hastens to lift it from the ground, and hands it to its fair owner.

The Lady: Ah, thanks, m'sieu! (with a fetching smile). I would not have lost it for the world.

C. G. (rapturously returning smile): I am glad to have been of service to you. (Seeing she still looks in his direction) Oh, ah! I hope we may meet again?

Willie Tennis (interrupting): Yes, at Blingum —and, I say, does he (indicating the man of the mutton-chops) like golf?

Conversation interrupted by crowd of other arrivals intervening. Swells comment on fine figure of the Duke and beautiful manner of Duchess, and begin to build plans about entertaining them.

Swells gather in vicinity of carriage waiting for distinguished arrivals. Enter into the carriage, the meagre, under-sized man, lady carrying dog, and the two pages. Trunk placed upon carriage and the mutton-chops man and the handsome female prepare to board a street-car.

Charley Golf: How kind these real aristocrats are, so unpretending.

Porter of Pullman comes along, and is besieged by reporters.

First reporter: Where are the Duke and Duchess to stay?

Porter (fingering five-pun tip in his pocket): Dunno.

Second reporter (smuggling dollar into porter's willing hand): Oh, now, no chaff. Palace?

Porter nods head and is away before the army of swells can gain his ear.

The next day pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Grandtester appear in all the dailies, with interviews.

Charley Golf (looking at *Call*): Why, they must have faked these portraits. The Duke is smooth-faced and the Duchess quite unlike that superb creature we saw yesterday.

Willie Tennis: These seem to be the real thing, though..

Charley Golf (jumping up): Why, these are the two that went in the carriage. How those reporters were fooled!

Willie Tennis: Or we. Perhaps we made a mistake.

And that evening, calling at Miss Nob Hill's, they found they had distinctly erred. The distinguished golfer and the beautiful brunette were the valet and maid of the dukely suite.

—*The Snob.*

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"Way Down East"—second week; good houses.

CALIFORNIA—"A Breezy Time"—just a zephyr to while away the time before "Becky Sharp."

ALCAZAR—"The Adventures of Nell Gwynne"—third and last week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Rogue's Comedy"—strong play.

TIVOLI—"Cinderella"—farewell of a long run.

ORPHEUM—The Five Olracs own the show.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun is playing Salome in "Herod" at a London theatre and is very well spoken of by the critics of the world's metropolis.

Bernhardt and Coquelin did not make a financial success in Boston. The Bostonese objected to paying four dollars a seat for a foreign attraction!

Dramatized Juveniles

Late numbers of an eastern journal have given considerable space to "dramatizations" of portions of "Little Men," "Little Women," "Wild Animals," and other books which are or ought to be dear to the hearts of the youthful generation. All this is very well and very nice, and quite in line with the trend of modern education, which appears to regard children as empty pitchers, to be filled up with a prepared fluid. What is the matter with the children of today that they cannot do as their mothers and grandmothers did, and prepare their own plays? Either one of two things will come to pass within another score of years. This plan of passive receptiveness will have been carried to such a state of perfection that the children of the next generation will be congenitally hopeless idiots, or else those now undergoing the process of education will be so incapable of rendering any assistance to their offspring that the later arrivals will be obliged, per force and as a measure of self-preservation, to develop some capacity for origination. The bare idea of having to dramatize a child's book! Next in order will be a learned treatise upon the correct method of playing with a doll or shaking a rattle.

A Stage Version

Norman Hapgood says of the dramatic version of "Janice Meredith": It "is one of the most hopeless phenomena of the year. It is unmistakably successful to the same degree that it is unmistakably stupid. It has no structure, no humor and no sense, and what it does have that makes the public set store by it must be left to a better philosopher to discover. Mary Mannering is a good actress, who, it was understood, left her position as leading woman at Daly's theatre because she wished larger and stronger roles than are found in the milk-and-water plays upon which Mr. Daniel Frohman pins his faith. If this was her object, her first step in choosing her own drama was a singular way of reaching it." For my own part, I must say that the enormous popularity of the book was a mystery to me. Janice was not an attractive heroine—in fact, she was badly in need of some stern discipline, could have been confined to a garret chamber on a diet of bread and water to the improvement of her manners, if not her morals. For the rest there was little more to the story than the marching and countermarching of British and Federals, all very true to history, no doubt, but all apparently for no other reason in the book than to furnish Janice with a change of scene and partnership for her flirtations.

Dickens Dramatized

Apropos of dramatizations of Dickens, E. S. Willard has in "Tom Pinch," his play of this season, an adaptation of "Martin Chuzzlewit." Mark Tapley and the Pecksniffs are, of course, prominent characters.

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Attractions Next Week

The California will have the pronounced attraction, theatrically, next week. The fact that prices have been raised for the engagement of Mrs. Fiske seems to have cut no figure with the public, judging by the enormous advance sale for "Becky Sharp." Everybody who has read "Vanity Fair," every lover of Thackeray's wonderful creations of the Crawleys, Becky and Lord Steyne, every professor and student of English literature, will go to see "Becky Sharp." Mrs. Fiske's tour has been a march of triumph all across the continent. Society will attend on the opening night of the play at the California, and every night will see crowded houses. Mrs. Fiske gives no Sunday performances.

The Tivoli will have a novelty next week, or practically a novelty—since it is many years since Dorothy Morton appeared in "The Fencing Master" at the Baldwin—next week. DeKoven and Smith wrote "The Fencing Master" when both were in the heydey of their success as collaborators. There is a long cast of characters. Maud Williams will sing the part of Francesca, originally taken by Marie Tempest, and Bernice Holmes—always a Tivoli favorite—will be the Marchesa di Goldoni. All of the favorites in the company will appear. Miss Wyatt has arranged a clown ballet and Ferris Hartman is personally drilling the feminine fencers. The historic ceremony of the marriage of the Adriatic in moonlit Venice, is presented in the second act.

The Alcazar will present "Nell Gwynne" for the last time tomorrow night. On Monday "Sweet Lavender" will be given, with Lila Convere in the leading role. It is an English play and Arthur Pinero wrote it. The Sunday matinees will be resumed with "Sweet Lavender." Those old favorites, "All the Comforts of Home," "Chispa," and "The Burglar" are Alcazar futures.

The Columbia will have "Way Down East" for another week, up to and including Sunday night, January twenty-seventh. Then will come Kathryn Kidder and Louis James in a sumptuous revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Morosco's Grand Opera House is certainly making a record for itself in producing fine plays at popular prices. "The Rogue's Comedy" is to be followed by "The Moth and the Flame." This play was given here a few seasons back by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon at the Columbia. Not everybody was able to afford the price necessary to see the play at that time, and therefore it seems all the more enterprising on the part of the Grand's management that the pleasure is now to be within everybody's reach.

Sam Lockhart's baby elephants will continue to be a feature of the Orpheum bill. They have made a hit. The Montmartrois trio of French operatic vocalists will present selections from grand and comic opera. The trio is made up of Marius Delaur and the Sisters Debrimont. Hacker and Lester are comedy acrobatic cyclists and have brought direct from the Apollo theatre, Berlin. Warren and Blanchard will present their famous musical comedy and Swigette and Clarke have an original sketch in which they will introduce some clever Si Hopkins imitations. Eugene O'Rourke will present a new sketch, Billy Link tell some new stories and the views on the biograph will be changed for pictures never before seen here.

JOY'S DRUG STORE

On the front cover of this issue will be seen an illustration of the different departments of Joy's Drug Store, formerly under the Baldwin hotel. After the Baldwin fire, Mr. Joy removed to his present location, corner California and Kearny streets, where he carries on a wholesale and retail drug business in an up-to-date way.

In addition to a complete stock of drugs and toilet articles he has added an extensive stock of electric batteries and belts, trusses, abdominal belts, elastic stockings and surgical supplies, making it, as shown by the illustration, a strictly up-to-date establishment.

Mr. Joy's connection with the drug business in this city has extended over a period of twenty-five years, and today he is recognized as one of the leading druggists of the Pacific Coast.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum — O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Jan. 20th.
Sam Lockhart's Baby Elephants — Montmartrois Trio — Hacker and Lester — Warren and Blanchard — Swigette and Clark — Billy Link
EUGENE O'ROURKE & CO. — The Great American Biograph
Reserved Seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

★TIVOLI★ — Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp.
Last Nights of "CINDERELLA" — Monday Evening January 21st
Splendid Production of Smith and DeKoven's
"THE FENCING MASTER"
Companion piece to "Robin Hood."
Evenings at 8 — Matinee Saturday at 2
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'Phone Main 254
Week of January 21st, the pretty comedy
"SWEET LAVENDER"
Reappearance of LILA CONVERE
Matinee Saturday and Sunday — Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c
Next - - - "All the Comforts of Home"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — Telephone, Main 532. WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
Matinees Saturday and Sunday — Last two nights of "The Rogue's Comedy"
Week Commencing Monday Evening Next
Clyde Fitch's Celebrated Drama
"THE MOTH AND THE FLAME"
First Time at Popular Prices
Coming: Charles Erin Verner, the greatest Irish comedian of the day.
Popular Prices: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. A Few Front Rows in Orchestra 75c
A Good Reserved Seat in Orchestra at all Matinees 25c
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Beginning Next Monday the Enormous Success
"WAY DOWN EAST"
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California — THE POPULAR HOUSE — Reservations by 'Phone, Main 1713
Commencing Monday, Jan. 21st
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"TOWN TALK" Moise's ARTISTIC RAISED LETTER SIGNS

MOISE'S EASY SHINE. MATCHLESS METAL POLISH.

The Automobile

Charles L. Fair, vice-President of the San Francisco Jockey Club, purchased an electric victoria from A. E. Brooke-Ridley during the past week. If Mr. Ridley can only induce a few of the Park Commissioners to make similar purchases, the outcome of the present controversy would not be very difficult to foretell.

Mr. Sparks of the alleged Sparks Automobile Company is said to have recently addressed the Board of Trade of Haywards, relative to the desire of his company to build a factory in Haywards. He only desired the people to take ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in the company. If the Sparks Automobile company would first turn out a bone fide automobile and liquidate some of its long standing accounts, we might have more confidence in the value of its stock.

Considerable confliction is being caused by the similarity in names of several of the leading motor vehicle firms of the country. There is the Locomobile Company of America, the Mobile Company of America, and now we come across the Automobile Company of America. The Locomobile people were the first in the field and it strikes us that the others should "keep off the grass."

The apathy of the Automobile Club of California has caused the expected to happen in southern California. A rival organization has been formed in that section of the state, known as the Automobile Club of Southern California, with headquarters in Los Angeles. If the local organization had gone into the cause with the energy that was at first promised, the various state interests could have been incorporated under one head and the name of the San Francisco club protected. At present, its name—The Automobile Club of California—stands for very little, with the interests divided as they are.

New York automobilists are aroused over a resolution introduced in the Board of Aldermen recently, making it illegal to use gasoline or have it in possession. This refers to its general use, not particularly to automobile owners. The resolution is regarded as preposterous. Many machines used in New York use gasoline, like the famous "White Ghost,' owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. This will afford an opportunity for the Standard Oil Company to show its political power. —*The Automobiler.*

AT TANFORAN

There will be some innovations in the program for the races at Tanforan, which open next Monday. There will be no short events, such as a few furlongs; all the races will be of some extent. The card will be more like that of an English race-course. There are to be three hurdle races each week, and these promise to be very interesting events. Tanforan park is in perfect condition.

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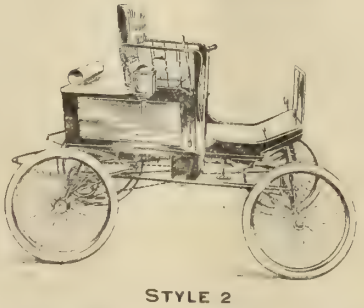

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A Young Man and His Ambition

Once upon a time bordering on the Close of a Century there lived a very rich Young Man, who was Imbued with High Political Aspirations.

The Goal of his Ambition was a Big Chair in the Councils of his Country. He was Patriotic and High Minded, and the People of his native City thought he was Just the Man for any kind of a Job that they had to Bestow, for they agreed that he had Money to Burn, and was not of the Long Reach Fraternity. In other words he was Rich enough to be Honest and they were very tired of being Gold-bricked by Professional Job Chasers with Big Hands and no Conscience.

They therefore begged the Young Man to accept the Favor of their Support and he gladly took the First Step toward the Goal of his Ambition.

At first he was a Great Success. It seemed as though he was Destined to Soar High. The People applauded him and filled him with Confidence in himself, but unfortunately he never went among them. He appeared to be anxious to Rub up Against them, and he frequently took occasion to Jolly them from high platforms by intimating that he was One of Them and was Glad of It.

And strange to say, he actually Believed what he said to them, but he was weighted down with a Sad Delusion. He was *not* One of Them. During all his Political Career he never once broke through his Environment of Flatterers. When the men who were Profiting by his Political Success acquiesced in his Judgment he felt that it was quite Natural that they should do so, for he was their Superior. It never occurred to him that he was as far removed from the People as though he were in Mars.

Indeed, when his Critics disagreed with him, he felt sorry for them, for he thought it was because they had never been Down Among the People. And all the While the People were Amused at his Delusion, concerning his Proximity to them. In the course of Time they Forgot to what a great extent they were Indebted to him for having Condescended to take a Political Job. They realized that he had done Much Good but they also Learned that it was his Ambition that Inspired him, and though it was a Laudable One, they could not Forgive him for remaining Above them, and attempting to Further that Ambition by making Combinations concerning which they were not Consulted.

They felt that they were Entitled to be Next to the Low Down of everything, and being Denied that Privilege, their Ingratitude became Rampant.

But still the Young Man with Money to Burn pursued the even Tenor of his Way in Blissful Ignorance of his own Undoing, and Unconscious of his Remoteness from the People or of the Fickleness of the Dear Public; until one day kind Providence vouchsafed him a Great Favor: he was Permitted to see himself through the Eye of the Dear Public, and then he retired to Private Life.

Moral: When you pick out a political career for yourself put your dress-suit in a trunk with a lot of moth balls and study the People in the Haunts of Men. —*The Sage.*

Try Kelly's Corn Cure, 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street

Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

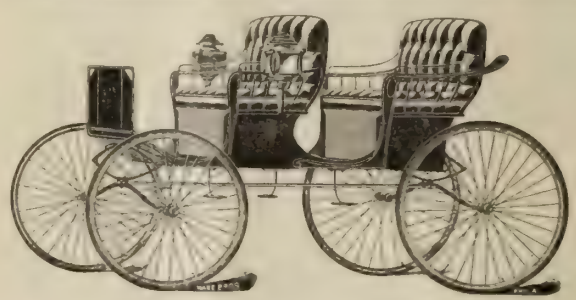
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES FINNERTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Fallon, room 24, seventh floor, Mills Building, north east corner Bush and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

THOMAS E. HEALY,
Administrator of the Estate of
James Finnerty, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco,
January 4, 1901.



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Music World

An Enjoyable Affair

The entertainment given by the members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization on Monday night was a great success in every way. The occasion was the celebrating of the anniversary of the founding of the society, and was part of the three days Jubilee held in its honor. After a stirring address explanatory of the methods and purposes of the order, Miss Belle Rosenthal opened the program with the Andante from a Mendelssohn concerto for violin and piano. The number was finely given and elicited much applause, to which the talented young violinist responded with a Wieniawski mazurka in fine style. Next on the program was the symposium entitled "Hypatia," which was well rendered by the following cast: Pompeius, H. H. Somers; Solarion, H. B. Leader; Appius, Master of the Feast, A. D. Robinson; Philon, a Pupil of Hypatia, H. B. Monges; Antonius, a Roman, G. W. Iverson; Leontia, Miss Ivy Anderson; Priscilla, Mrs. J. R. Dingle; Pyrrha, Mrs. M. M. Sweet; Althenais, Mrs. M. E. Fountain; Cleon, Father of Hypatia, M. R. Krause; Hypatia, Mrs. H. H. Somers. Incidental to the symposium was an "Ode to Apollo, sung in fine voice by Mr. Walton C. Webb; also a song by Miss Ivy Anderson, which received well merited applause. The hall was well filled and the applause which followed each number was ample testimonial to the appreciation of the listeners.

A "Pop" in Bohemia

At the Bohemian club last Sunday afternoon, from two to five, in the jinks room, was given the first "pop" concert with which the members have been regaled. Stark's orchestra furnished the program, which was: March, Lothringer, Ganne; Ecoutez Moi, Funke; waltz, Marien, Boyer; Im Chambre Separre, Heuberger; Arioso, for strings and organ, Handel; two intermezzo, Manon Lescaut, Puccini, and Amico Fritz, Mascagni; Overture, Das Model, Suppe; waltz, Mein Lebenslaufist Lieb und Lust, Strauss; fantasia from La Boheme, Puccini; Walther Prize Song from Die Meistersinger, Wagner; prologue from Pagliacci, Leoncavallo; finale, by request.

Young Albert Elkus is to play before the Sorosis club on Monday afternoon, a program consisting largely of original numbers. There will be instrumental and vocal compositions by the young composer; also a Tchaikowski concerto, in which he will be assisted at a second piano by his talented mother.

In the Henschels' repertory for their "farewell" tour is a solo for soprano, "No More," composed by Mr. Henschel upon a liebestod in fourteen lines, by Ina Coolbrith. The Henschels made a great success in New York.

An Old Story Retold

One of the principal ladies in a certain burlesque company touring the provinces of England, being desirous of introducing her pet song and dance into the piece, was requested by the management to submit a copy of said song to the musical director for his approval. The song was duly submitted, when, to the astonishment of the man of music, it was discovered that the band parts were in two different keys—the song was in C major and the dance in D major. Said the musical man:

"My dear young lady, these keys do not fit; you had better take them and have them rearranged. The discord would drive the audience out of the theatre!"

"But Mr. ——," artlessly replied the aspiring damsel, "would they not be all right if they were sewn together?"

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The Sixth and Last

The last of the series of chamber music concerts by the Minetti String Quartet will take place next Friday evening at Sherman-Clay hall. The program will include the Schumann piano trio in D minor, op. 63, the string sextet in D minor, op. 70, by Tschaikowsky—"Souvenir de Florence; Canzonetta, Mendelssohn, and Aria, Bach. These concerts are subscription affairs, but single tickets may be obtained at the box office on the evening of the concert.

Dolores' Matinee

The first of the afternoon concerts given by Mademoiselle Dolores, better known by the old familiar name of Trebelli, took place on Tuesday afternoon of this week. The house was better filled than is usual at afternoon concerts, and the reception accorded the charming vocalist proved that her popularity had not waned since her last appearance among us. Her voice is delightfully fresh and breezy and she has the magnetism which carries the audience right into the story of her song, makes it laugh, sigh and weep with her. She fairly scintillates with magnetism and her perfect control of her voice and her excellent technique make a charming ensemble. Her most dramatic number was "Adieu Forets" from Tschaikowski's opera "Jeanne d'Arc," and it was given with a power of emotion and depth of coloring that prove what Trebelli might attain on the operatic stage did her inclination lead her that way. Haydn's "Mermaid's Song" was encored till the number was given again. The half-foreign sound which she gave to "Follow, follow, follow me," fascinated one till one felt one must hear it again. The "Tarantella" (Bizet) was a delightful number and in it she gave rein to her powers of execution, trilling like a bird, with scale following arpeggio, legato, staccato, crescendo, diminuendo—all as easily as if no effort at all were required to warble as freely as the birds of the air. She has a perfect staccato and her pianissimo is as distinct and perfect as her forte passages. In fact, I think her pianissimo is the most delightful phase of her singing. Much of her program consisted of French songs of the more modern type of forceful emotional music, interspersed with three melodious English songs and two from Mascagni's pen. The composers embraced Gounod, Goring-Thomas, Liszt, Tchaikowski, Hadyn, Horn, Bizet, Mascagni, and Tito Mattei. Mr. Robert Clarance Newell acted as the accompanist and gave three piano numbers with fine style and execution.

At Sherman-Clay hall this afternoon Dolores will give a farewell concert beginning at 2:30. The great prima donna soprano has been exceptionally well received here this season and a big demand for the Saturday concert presages the presence of a very large audience. The program for today will include a long list of her most popular numbers and the singer will be ably accompanied by pianist Robert Clarance Newell.

Leopold Godowsky, the great Belgian pianist, will give three recitals under the direction of S. H. Friedlander & Co., on the afternoons of February twelfth, thirteenth and fifteenth. This is the first visit of this artist to the Pacific coast and his coming is looked forward to with great interest.

During the week of March eleventh Teresa Carreno will be heard in a limited number of recitals. When Madame Carreno played in this city two years ago she created a veritable furore which will undoubtedly be duplicated on this visit. —*The Music Critic.*

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World of Letters

Educational Books

"Mother Earth" by Professor Fairbanks of the State University is another attractive volume in the Pacific History series issued by Whitaker & Ray Co. It is a series of geological talks illustrated with pictures, bringing the changes of this old earth of ours within the comprehension of the child's growing intellect. It is interesting to the adult mind as well, either as a fresh presentation of facts, or a concise review of data already acquired. It would be a good book for supplemental reading.

A Medical Treatise

Doctor Albert Abrams of San Francisco is the author of a treatise on "Nervous Breakdown." Nervous disease, real or imaginary, is one of the most fashionable ailments of the present day. As the learned author remarks: "We have medical as well as social fads. To call every disease with nervous symptoms neurasthenia is essentially wrong. Neurasthenia is unaccompanied by any tangible evidence of organic disease." In the present era of fads, medical and hygienic, a work like that of Dr. Adams must possess peculiar value, being in many respects a check on the wild and dangerous notions which are paraded forth as science. Among these is that of laying everything that goes wrong to the charge of heredity, a position assumed by many of our speakers and writers on social subjects. It would be well for some of these cock-sure individuals to read pages seven, eight, nine and ten of Dr. Abrams' treatise. The book in question deals with the causes and symptoms of nervous break-down, with suggestions as to proper treatment. The influence of the mind upon the body in health and disease is not lost sight of. "Strong mental impressions may actuate disease and even death, or they may act by curing disease." "There is no sensation, whether general or special, excited by agents acting on the body from without, which cannot be excited also from within by emotional states affecting the sensory ganglia, each sensation being referred by the mind to the point at which the nerve terminates in the body." The author characterizes the different schools of healing thus: "Christian science is suggestion plus absurdity; divine healing, suggestion plus faith in God; Dowieism, suggestion plus prayer and holy terror; Weltmerism, suggestion plus imagination pure; magnetic healing, suggestion plus imagination also; osteopathy, suggestion plus massage; homeopathy, suggestion plus nothing; allopathy, suggestion plus tubfuls of drugs that either kill or cure." Doctor Abrams is a brilliant writer and a master of the art of satire. He is capable of making even a dry scientific treatise interesting. Many outside of the medical profession could read his work on "Nervous Breakdown" with profit to themselves and others.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, who has earned a well-deserved reputation by her novels of Indian life, has entered the lecture field. She made an address

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at a recent Woman's Congress at [illegible] er men were granted admission. [illegible]

"No, sir," said the policeman; "the [illegible] lies as is meeting there ain't the sort [illegible]

[illegible] some notably good novels during the past year. Among the best have been "The Bread Line," by Albert Bigelow Payne; "The Heart of an Ancient Wood," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "The Signs of the Seven Sins," by [illegible] Passage," by Amelia Barr. This last, which appeared in the December number, is like many of Mrs. Barr's works [illegible] like all her [illegible] not, there is a dignity and an entire absence of cant.

Girls Who Swear

[illegible] conceded that any cus- [illegible] when it is [illegible] Press and [illegible] direction in his story "Her Mountain [illegible] and Will (her [illegible] Americans Abroad," by Charles Bat- [illegible]

Known or Unknown?

Jack London has a very interesting paper in the December *Writer*, "The Question of a Name." Mr. London takes a somewhat unusual view of [illegible] name, for he holds that ed- [illegible] fied in giving a prefer- [illegible] writers over the un- [illegible] "just as good." [illegible] and drum up more for themselves." Mr. London has himself been unusually successful, and in an unusually short time, but he makes no secret of how he has secured his position. Work, work and more work. "Brows are not laureled for the asking, nor is the earth a heritage to any save to the sons of toil."

—[illegible]

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES FINNERTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Fallon, room 24, seventh floor, Mills Building, north east corner Bush and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

THOMAS E. HEALY,
Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, January 4, 1901.

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Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Elsie Peterson, Plaintiff, vs. Benjamin Peterson, Defendant. — Action Brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to

BENJAMIN PETERSON, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion, willful neglect cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. .....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant. — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL)

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL THOMPSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator, of the Estate of Daniel Thompson deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Thompson Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, January 5th, 1901.

M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, January 26, 1901

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor
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OUR OPINION

The World's Loss

The "little old lady of Windsor" has ended her long and glorious reign and all the world mourns. Never did the passing of prince or potentate awaken such widespread sorrow and deep regret as were felt when the news flashed over the world of the peaceful withdrawal of Queen Victoria. Usually, when a monarch drops out of existence we who were not subjects of the deceased take note of the event with no special degree of concern. Nothing more than historical interest is aroused. We may feel that the late, lamented royal personage had more to live for than the average human being, and that therefore death was more unwelcome, or we may speculate on the temperament of the successor to the throne, but there is seldom occasion for sentiment to affect our thoughts. In the case of Queen Victoria, however, it was hard to repress a sense of bereavement at the news of her passing away, for when England mourned the death of her gracious monarch the world had suffered the loss of a noble woman whose life was an inspiration to her Sex. Of her it may be truthfully said, she was the mother of her people, beloved by her subjects, respected and admired by mankind. Already the wise men of the yellow journals, and the sages of the universities are predicting the early dismemberment of the British Empire. Upon what they base their predictions it is difficult to ascertain. The people of England lost none of their patriotism by the death of their Queen. They are as devoted to their country today as they were a week ago and they have a high regard for their new king, whose accession to the throne they have been looking forward to for many years. If Queen Victoria had died when Albert Edward was sowing his wild oats there probably would have been complications, for he was a harum-scarum sort of a fellow in those days and not very popular. But he is no longer a gay blade, ready to perjure himself like a gentleman. For nearly a score of years he has been conducting himself like a respectable married man, and on more than one occasion he has shown that he is possessed of much of the tact that won success for his mother. There is no reason why he should not make a first-rate monarch and enjoy the confidence of his subjects.

Downfall of a Commission

The new charter under which we expected to approach within hailing distance of the millenium has received some hard knocks since we commenced operating under it. And the hardest were delivered by representatives of the immaculate Administration by which it was put into effect. This is a sad confession to make, and *Town Talk* having ardently advocated the charter and earnestly espoused the cause of its authors and of the reformers who were anxious to put it into execution, most reluctantly proclaims the miscarriage of the people's hopes. One of the most important chapters in the charter is the one dealing with the subject of civil service. The many evils growing out of the barter of public office through the spoils' system created a popular demand for civil service, and when the charter was adopted and Mayor Phelan elected there was general rejoicing, for it was believed that the city had taken a giant stride in the direction of good government. And now it appears that we builded less wisely than we thought. Civil service has proved to be nothing more than a bunco game. The handy man gets the job just the same as he formerly did, and the merit system is a delusion. To the credit of the Mayor, be it said, he was sincere in his efforts to give the city good, clean government, and to that end he tried to select good officers, but he was misled. It seemed for a time as though even the worst enemies of the Administration would have to admit that it was at least free from corruption. There was no jobbery in contracts and the supervisors and school directors were free from scandals. The organization of the original police commission savored somewhat pungently of coarse politics, but aside from that the wheels of government moved smoothly until the expose of the somewhat raw methods of the Civil Service Commission. And that is the commission of which we all expected so much. It is indeed unfortunate that the commission charged with the most sacred duties prescribed by the charter should be the first to bring disgrace upon the Administration. Mayor Phelan's enemies will of course rejoice in the downfall of that commission. They will point exultingly to the fact that the main principle of the charter is the centralizing of responsibility in the Mayor, and they will no doubt contend that it has been demonstrated that the responsibility was too much for him to assume. But the Mayor will no doubt investigate the charges made against his commissioners, and the probability is that he will remove those that have been unfaithful. Of course, the mischief has been done, but the Mayor can scarcely afford to endorse it.

To do so would be to give his enemies the opportunity to accuse him of complicity in certain deals by which the purpose of the charter was defeated. Mayor Phelan appointed his commissioners with a view to the exemplification of the virtues of the charter, and he endeavored to select men who, while they were distasteful to the politicians, were looked upon as public-spirited citizens. Some of them were not so regarded, and the fitness of others was questioned, but no one supposed that a scandal would develop such as the one which involves the exponents of civil service. Nothing that has happened under this Administration is to be more deeply deplored. It encourages the croaking pessimists to ridicule those that are interested in civic reform, and to challenge the sincerity of those that undertake the purification of government. It disgusts honest people and promotes an apathy which the bosses may be quick to take advantage of, and it may lead to the reinstatement of the style of officials we were accustomed to when the solid eights and nines held sway.

The Oriental Trade

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce last week, Mr. William Mitchell Bunker, Honorary Commissioner of Foreign Commerce, presented many interesting facts on the subject of our trade relations with the Orient, and many valuable suggestions regarding the possibilities of trade development. Mr. Bunker knows whereof he speaks, for he spent considerable time in Asia and Russia, studying the commercial situation, observing the growing demand for American products, the falling-off of trade with Europe and the development of new markets for our goods. He called the attention of our merchants and our manufacturers and our farmers to the fact that the Oriental trade is within their grasp, and that they should have no difficulty in diverting to this coast the rich business that has so long been controlled by Great Britain. What Mr. Bunker observed in his travels has also been revealed to the statesmen of England and only the other day Lord Roseberry made a sensational speech in London, pointing out the gradual loss of the Oriental trade and the alarming growth of the demand for American products where British goods were heretofore exclusively consumed. According to Mr. Bunker the Trans-Siberian railway will be of great benefit to California. It is developing Eastern Siberia, which is geographically tributary to us, and the greater the population of that country the greater will be the volume of our Russian-Asiatic trade.

The natural advantage in Asiatic trade is with the United States. We have what Asia wants. I am not one of the optimistic brotherhood who think the four hundred millions of China are to suddenly shout for all the comforts of a civilized home and swamp our producing resources. Nor do I think demands from Japan, Siberia and Corea will congest our supplying departments. And this I say, after an impartial and independent inspection of the trade areas of China, Japan, Siberia and Corea. These areas have important trade possibilities, depending for the most part, on the development of natural resources. The natural resources of Japan have been exploited by the Japanese, and the new trade of that country is due to the ever increasing demand of a higher civilization. The war between Japan and China taught the Japanese government many lessons. Among other things it learned the value of leather-shod soldiers. The first result was a contract for American shoes. This is only one of the many similar instances of Asiatic appreciation of American articles. Asiatic trade is hard to get and hard to hold. Its price is eternal vigilance. The leading nations aim to control old and secure new markets and a commercial war is on. The fighters are no mere traders, and their equipment is no longer confined to reading, writing and arithmetic. An ordinary mercantile training is not all in all. Unless one has some linguistic facility he might as well stay out of the lists. A commercial traveler should be on speaking terms with German, and learn some Russian and Japanese, his knowledge of the latter languages depending on his location.

Mr. Bunker's paper contained a very comprehensive discussion of the subject. He presented statistics showing the volume of the Russian and Asiatic trade and how it has been distributed, and how it is possible for us to obtain a dominating position over the nations of Europe. But of course everything depends on our own enterprise and sagacity. If we do not succeed we shall have ourselves to blame. He said in conclusion:

Our commercial revival and future are topics of talk in all the chief cities abroad. Foreigners engaged in Oriental trade are speculating on our ability to take at its flood our tide of prosperity. They have seen us turn out the record warship of the world, from one of the finest yards in the world; they have seen us make the first patriotic response to a national appeal for troops for foreign service; they have seen us found two universities which any city in Europe would be proud to own; they have seen us project a second shipbuilding plant and know that within eighteen months we will have added to our already excellent docking facilities a dry dock equal to any in the world, and noting our splendid and sweeping advance in these commercial, constructive and intellectual lines, they incline to the idea that we will meet the demand of our unprecedented opportunities. It is our duty to justify this idea, to conserve our commercial power, to work with the cohesive strength of a united community and to jealously guard our prestige.

Lese Majesty in Colorado

In the penal codes of this country there is no such word as "lese-majesty," for we have not yet adopted all the customs of countries in which Imperialism holds sway. But we have been making great headway, and it would be idle to speculate on what may happen before Teddy Roosevelt winds up his term in Washington. A short time ago the spectacular Teddy started out on a hunting expedition in the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains. He was overcome by that irrepressible desire, born of a strenuous spirit, to shed blood, and little did he care for the game laws. It was not the open season in Colorado, but the Governor of the State, grateful to Teddy for his coming, declared that the game laws do not apply to

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a Vice-President-elect. He ordered the wardens to refrain from the performance of their duty. "If I learn that he is being interfered with," said the Governor, "or in any way subjected to annoyance, I will see that it is stopped at once. Game officers must not make themselves objectionable to our distinguished visitor." Why not declare it lese-majesty to interfere with Teddy when he is engaged in violating the game laws? The Vice-President-elect is entitled to at least one State for his game preserve, and Colorado would probably suit him better than any other. But there are many old-fashioned citizens who would grumble if such a courtesy were extended. They are probably displeased with the Governor of Colorado for having suspended the game laws, contending, perhaps, by reason of an antiquated theory, that election to office does not clothe an American citizen with that quality of majesty peculiar to foreign potentates. We love to boast of our democratic spirit, but we like titles even when they are merely political.

The Saunterer

The Shock that Killed the Queen

It appears to be the general impression that British reverses in South Africa hastened the death of Queen Victoria, but I have in hand a letter from an occasional correspondent in London, written long before there was any alarm over the Queen's condition, telling of a shock which she had sustained and which, it was feared, might prove serious. It was produced by the sudden news of the death of the Queen's oldest and dearest friend, Lady Churchill. She was staying at Osborne as senior Lady of the Bedchamber and she was found dead in bed Christmas morning by the maid who carried in her morning cup of tea. The Queen's family had gathered at Osborne in large numbers for the last Christmas of the old century. On Christmas eve the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Henry of Battenburg, accompanied by a goodly flock of royal grandchildren, to the delight of the Whippingham schoolchildren, took part in the annual distribution of the Queen's Christmas presents. The next morning came the painful task of breaking the news of Lady Churchill's death to the Queen who, for fifty years, had held her in the warmest affection and esteem.

Instances of the Queen's Affection

It was Lady Churchill's father, the second Marquis of Conyngham, who, as Lord Chamberlain, went to announce to the "little Princess" at Kensington Palace, that summer morning sixty-two years ago, that she was Queen of England. Lady Churchill's character and charm won for her the almost unique position she held so long at court. She was the Queen's favorite and her constant companion. She married a man twice her age, and for sixteen years the marriage was childless. Then her son was born, the present Lord Churchill. Malicious whispers immediately arose in the haunts of the scandalmongers. They reached the ears of her Majesty and she promptly put the quietus on them. Nurseries were specially arranged at Windsor, at Osborne and at Balmoral; and wherever Lady Churchill was in waiting her baby also went to court. The Queen stood sponsor in person at his baptism and all his life through she has regarded him with the greatest favor. When he married and had children, the Queen stood sponsor to his boy Victor and to his girl Victoria. The Queen, my correspondent informs me, expressed the wish that her old friend's funeral should be attended by as many of the Royal Household as possible, and by order of the Queen the ladies belonging to the department of the Mistress of the Robes went into mourning.

An Anecdote

The death of the Queen let loose a flood of reminiscences and anecdotes, but I cannot recall a more touching story than one that was recently told by Sir W. Priestly, a London physician. On an interesting occasion, which ended fatally for the little royal newcomer, Sir William turned round to the rug where they were trying to keep life in the new-born grandchild of her Majesty.

"Now, then," he exclaimed, "you have not tried that bath yet. Look sharp with the hot water."

The attendant immediately poured out the hot water. Sir William was surprised at the blaze of diamonds on such little fingers, and looking up at his "bath attendant," discovered it was the tender-hearted mother Queen herself—the most alert of all those in the room.

Her Visit to Ireland

Queen Victoria was a woman of remarkable tact. This was evidenced by the great success of her visit to Ireland last year. The people were wonderfully impressed by the presence of the great, little, old lady, who in her eighty-first year came to stay with them for three weeks, and who let no day pass during that time without visiting at least one of those charitable institutions of which the citizens of Dublin are so proud. The Catholic institutions were specially singled out for attention. It was remarked too that while the officials at Viceregal functions were ignored, representative men, many of them Home Rulers, were invited to meet the Queen. So tactful was she that

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it was stated that if she had come to Ireland only half as often as she had gone to Scotland, there would be a great many more Irish soldiers in the British army.

Lady Roberts' Visit

Another instance of graceful tact occurred last year when the Queen was visited by Lady Roberts, wife of the present head of the war department. The visit was made shortly after the death of Lady Roberts' son in South Africa. The Queen handed her a small parcel, saying:

"Here is something that I have tied up with my own hands, and that I beg you not to open until you get home."

When Lady Roberts opened the parcel on her return home she found it to contain the Victoria Cross won by her son at the first battle of Colenso when he was mortally wounded.

When Albert Edward was Prince

Now that Albert Edward is King of England, there will likely be nothing indecorous in the attitude he displays toward the other sex. But when he was only the Prince of Wales he was the head and front of more rollicking parties than were ever laid to the door of our own Baron von Schroeder. I remember one story that went the rounds a few years ago. The Prince was playing a social game of cards with a lot of nobilities, for just sufficient stakes to make the game interesting. It was a very jolly crowd and toward midnight it became intensely gay. About this time the Prince detected one of the ladies in the party in a barefaced cheat. It required no Sherlock Holmes to unravel the mystery. The lady—who was, if I remember rightly, a Duchess—was unmistakably caught in the act of cheating. She was a charming woman, the most popular guest at the affair, and it was left to the Prince to determine what her punishment should be. The other ladies of the party wept and the men consulted with the Prince as to what should be done with the culprit. Finally, the Prince announced his decision: exposure to the world of her sin, or a chastisement to be administered then and there. The lady, after her sobs failed to move the stern judge, agreed to accept a plain, old-fashioned spanking from all of the gentlemen present. The fact that the Prince was among the whippers is said to have mitigated in a measure the Duchess' misery.

The Queen's Jubilee

At this time it may be interesting, though somewhat pathetic, to recall the Jubilee celebration which took place only a little over three years ago, when enthusiastic Britishers all over the world united in enthusiastic greeting to their Queen and Empress on the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation. The local Jubilee committee offered a prize for a poem for the occasion and such odesmiths as Joaquin Miller, Lucius Harwood Foote and Louis A. Robertson were invited to compete. The prize was captured by Poet Robertson, who afterwards received special recognition from the Queen for his work. These are the closing stanzas:

Now through Court and Camp and Cloister, Art and Song around thee cluster,
Till the glory that enfolds thee seemeth more of heaven than earth,
Yet it cannot—for one moment—blind us to the brighter lustre
Of the faith that never faltered, of the woman's splendid worth.

Though with triumph and with pageant and with paean we extol thee,
As we lift thee and enthrone thee on the height of England's fame,
Yet thy three-times-twenty years of blameless womanhood enroll thee
With a halo that outshineth all thy gemmed tiara's flame.

Now unto the King of Kings, the Lord of Hosts, the God of nations,
On whose Truth, for strength and wisdom, thou with fearless faith dost lean,
While the prayer and psalm are mingling with an Empire's acclamations,
Unto Him we do commend thee, Sovereign Lady, Empress, Queen.

The Retort Courteous

Garrett McEnerney was making an argument before the Supervisors the other day against the extension of the pound limits and was contending that the pound-keepers' deputies were a little too industrious, when he was interrupted by M. H. Hernan, the opposing attorney. Mr. Hernan is prominently identified with the somewhat groggy Democratic organization.

"Do you mean to say," he indignantly asked, "that the pound-keepers' deputies are thieves?"

"Mr. Hernan," said Mr. McEnerney, "you belong to a political organization that worked itself into power in this city by charging everybody on the outside with being a thief. That is not the sort of an argument with which I appeal to the convictions of gentlemen."

And then Mr. McEnerney resumed his address to the Supervisors.

Mrs. Rosenbaum Rampant

To keep my readers en rapport with current social events I am constrained to mention the reception given at the Palace hotel some days ago by Mrs. "Ducksey" Rosenbaum *nee* Maguire. It was an impromptu affair and delightfully informal. It partook of the nature of an amateur vaudeville show. The hostess gave an excellent imitation of a bad debt collector and Mrs. Ferguson *nee* Eppinger appeared in the role of creditor. It was a hot affair while it lasted. A little loan of five hundred dollars was the motif, and Marquis of Queensberry rules governed. Mrs. Rosenbaum does not employ a press agent and that was why the affair was overlooked by the society reporters of the dailies.

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The Plague in the Senate

The State Senate has passed a resolution asking California's representatives in Congress to use their influence for the removal of Quarantine Officer Kinyoun on the ground that he had maliciously ordered a quarantine of this State. I sincerely believe that there never was a man in this State so unjustly and maliciously abused as that same Quarantine Officer Kinyoun, and I am quite confident that the men who are responsible for the abuse that has been so cruelly heaped upon him will, before long, hide their faces in shame. If Dr. Kinyoun had maliciously quarantined this State he would have been removed by the Federal authorities long ago. Despite the tremendous influence that has been brought to bear to secure his removal from office he is still engaged in the performance of his duties. It would have been wise for the members of the Legislature to have investigated before condemning. A few weeks ago a representative of the Surgeon-General's department paid an official visit to this city. While here he witnessed an autopsy. I respectfully suggest to Senator Cutter, the author of the Senate's resolution, to inquire as to the result of the observations of that official. I also suggest that Senator Cutter endeavor to ascertain the views of Judge Morrow as to whether the quarantine that he he ordered off was declared maliciously or entirely without cause.

The Governor on Trial

Senator Shortridge in advocating the adoption of the resolution said, "The Governor is now on trial." No friend of the Governor should seek to put him on trial in this matter. If the Governor were desirous of light on the subject why should his State Board of Health appeal to the Supreme court from a decision by which that body was ordered to exhibit to a private citizen the report of one of his experts made at the time of his investigation? I believe that the Senate grievously erred in passing that resolution, not only on account of the injustice to Dr. Kinyoun, but because the result may be, when our representatives demand the removal of the quarantine officer, that the Surgeon-General at Washington will produce the records of his office. And then, may follow harmful discussion in the newspapers. I do not know Dr. Kinyoun, but I think it possible that he acted somewhat indiscreetly through being over-zealous. Nevertheless, if he erred at all, it was in the right direction and we have suffered. That bubonic plague did not become epidemic here was due to the prompt action of the health authorities. To say that if it was here there would have been more deaths, is to betray ignorance of the history of the disease. It is characteristic of the disease to linger for months, making scarcely any perceptible increase of the death-rate until precaution is relaxed and then suddenly becoming violently epidemic.

Revival of the plague-scare discussion by the Governor in his message and by cow-county members of the Legislature who are uninformed as to conditions in this city is most unfortunate. The matter should have been permitted to die of inanition. I regret feeling constrained to animadvert to the subject, but I am prompted by the spirit of fair-play. Dr. Kinyoun is not the vile wretch that he has been painted by the newspapers that permit their solicitude for the welfare of the State to overcome their sense of fairness. He enjoys a reputation in the medical profession for learning and integrity which has never been challenged and to think that it should be impeached with the aid of the testimony of a Dr. J. Winslow Anderson is sufficient to promote indignation.

Anderson Testifies for Huntington

The conviction of Dr. Ralph Addison Huntington in Judge Lawler's court, the other day, was a surprise. Dr. Huntington's crime is one for which the perpetrator is seldom punished. Illegal medical operations are not performed in the presence of witnesses, and it is therefore difficult to procure the necessary evidence, but in the Huntington case the testimony was most convincing. The defendant admitted having performed the operation, but pleaded ignorance of his victim's condition. The jury undoubtedly believed, however, that he was more familiar with her condition than any other person, and that he performed the operation with criminal intent. Not even the expert testimony of the spectacular Dr. J. Winslow Anderson of the one-man College of Physicians and Surgeons of which Huntington is a graduate could save him. It should interest people in general to know that Dr. Anderson, the Governor's bubonic plague expert, was a witness for the defense. He was called to prove that it was possible for a physician to be deceived as Huntington pretended to be, and that such capital operations are sometimes performed in a doctor's private office under the unusual circumstances surrounding the case of Jennie McKeown. But the jury agreed upon the defendant's guilt in twenty minutes.

Freud's Strange Residence

J. Richard Freud is in the full glare of the calcium these days. It is not the first time, however, that the Civil Service Commissioner has been put before the public in an unenviable light. When he was attacked by the *Bulletin* some months ago, he tried to "pass the buck," as Mr. Dohrmann would say, up to Secretary Moran, but when brought face to face with the latter he began to squirm. During the municipal campaign two years ago Mr. Freud had the misfortune to be reported as a "stuffer." J. Leo Park, the present secretary of the Board of Public Works, was a deputy under Registrar Steppacher in those days, and he was detailed to investigate cases of suspicious registration. One day he rushed into the Mayor's office with the startling report that J. Richard Freud was a "stuffer." The facts were, briefly, that Mr. Freud had registered from a Hamman bath in Sutter street, and that he was unknown to the employes of the place. Freud succeeded, however, in obtaining a certificate of character from the registrar to whom he solemnly asserted that he was a resident of the Hammam bath, having given up his residence in Alameda. The popular delusion is that Hammam baths are the homes of transient lodgers, but Mr. Freud succeeded in establishing a statutory residence there.

Effect of a New Rule

That certain bibulous school principal to whom I have referred several times is now enjoying a leave of absence. The new rule requiring principals to teach every day and to keep a record of their work proved fatal in his case. I believe that my expose of his conduct in a measure prompted the making of the rule which has resulted in his retirement. That other rule abolishing the short leave of absence and compelling teachers to take the whole term off or none at all, is believed by the teachers to have originated in the fertile brain of that veteran educator and office-holder, Mr. James Denman.

The Man with the Hammer

At a meeting of the Manufacturer's and Producers' Association last week, General W. H. L. Barnes, familiarly known as "old man eloquent," advocated the laying down of hammers. He said that this was a country of hammer-wielders and that it was about time for us to quit knocking one another. Good for the General! For nearly a quarter of a century General Barnes has been *the* Man with the Hammer in this community. I know of no one more skilful in the use of that much dreaded implement than the Chauncey Depew of California. When the Stockton convention turned General Barnes down and sent M. H. de Young to the National Convention, the General took down his little hammer and proceeded to swing it. He turned it loose at a banquet, and the newspapers told all about it. When Estee was nominated for Governor the last time, General Barnes hired a hall in Sacramento and gave a grand exhibition of hammer throwing. When he went to the Legislature to beat Dan Burns for United States Senator and learned that Governor Gage had given him the double-cross, out came his little hammer. When—but why delve into history to revive unpleasant memories? General Barnes says that hammer throwing should cease and I suppose that hereafter we shall hear nothing but honied words of praise from his eloquent lips. I somewhat regret his determination to eulogize instead of excoriate, because I don't think that there is among his contemporaries a man who can say a bitter thing more gracefully.

Such a Graceful Act

"Most Graceful Act of a Soldier's Bride."

That was the headline over Sally Sharp's social prattle in the *Call* of last Monday. And we are indebted to Sally for this:

> No girl ever showed her love in more graceful or nobler fashion than did winsome Margaret Cole for the dashing lieutenant whose bride she became on Wednesday last. Lieutenant Crimmins comes from a family that for many generations has loved and stood by the church of Rome. Margaret Cole knew this and so, wishing to show her respect for the church of the man she loved, she decided to become a Catholic. No one prompted the tender, loving girl. The act was of her own volition.

How graceful! But here is a question for Miss (?) Sally Sharp to answer: Is it to be considered a great and exceptional sacrifice in the twentieth century for a young woman to change her brand of Christianity in order to consummate the greatest matrimonial match of the day?

In the century just closed brides and grooms flopped from one sect to another without provoking the slightest comment. Nobody thought that young Vanderbilt did anything very graceful when he became a Catholic to marry Birdie Fair, or that Anna Gould performed a remarkable feat when she joined the church of Rome to secure a French fop for a husband. Yet Miss Gould, that was, made a great sacrifice for nothing but an empty title, and Willie Vanderbilt obtained merely a bride by his graceful act, whereas Miss Cole secured for her husband the son of a multi-millionaire, and she was a poor girl. The Crimmins family into which Miss Cole married is most prominently identified with the Catholic church, and the young lieutenant could not have created a greater sensation among his relatives than by entering upon a matrimonial career with the aid of a Protestant ceremony.

Harmony No Longer There

The Morgans and the Oxnards are not the only families in the local swim which have been in the throes of a revolution superinduced by matrimonial alliances. I recently heard of another marriage which, though not yet published to the world, has nevertheless been an accomplished fact for quite a few years. The husband is one of two brothers who have always been very prominent in society, as well as in golf and tennis circles. The mother of the young men, a woman whose name is written high in the annals of San Francisco's woman's clubs, went abroad about two years ago. During her absence one of her sons took his fate into his own hands and married. His choice did not fall upon one of the girls in his own set, but he chose for his bride a pretty French girl. She is not a society girl, or even of the upper middle class, but in spite of that is a charming and lovable woman. The young couple set up housekeeping out near the Park, and have been as happy as two turtle-doves ever since their marriage. But a short time ago the mother of the young husband returned from abroad. Her son confessed his marriage expecting that his honest penitence at deceiving his good parent would receive its reward in speedy forgiveness and the "God bless you, my children" of the moral melodramas. However, he was disappointed. Madame ma mere absolutely refused to see her new daughter-in-law, and has completely ignored the fact of the marriage. Her feeling

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against the alleged "designing creature," who inveigled her son into a marriage is the more intense because she had designed the youth for a matrimonial yoke even beyond his own social sphere.

Apropos Marriage

They were discussing this affair over the teacups at one of last week's receptions, and a young woman who has been out three seasons without any results of a matrimonial nature said:

'There must be something wrong with us. It's a rare happening nowadays, when a society man marries a society girl. He goes outside the circle for his wife."

"And another thing," said a bud, "you have to be awfully gay and up-to-date to make a man even look at you nowadays."

This seems to be true, judging by the marriages that are daily taking place. The more beautiful girls of quiet and dignified bearing are passed by, when it comes to a choice of brides, for their less handsome but more vivacious sisters. And if the latter do not belong to the charmed circle, it seems to matter little in the mind of the wooer. I hear that one of the supposedly most eligible bachelors of the smart set, a man of wealth and looks, has been engaged for some time to a pretty school-teacher. It is only her reluctance to resign her liberty that prevents the marriage.

The Photographic Salon

There was never such a crush before, and it is doubtful if there will ever be such another at a members' reception at the Hopkins Institute, as there was on the Thursday evening the photographic salon opened. The crowd was so great that it was next to impossible to obtain critical points of view of the pictures. The best things shown are by the members of the local Camera club, but some of the Eastern exhibitors sent some artistic views. Conditions in California are so much more favorable than in the East for artistic productions in photography that it is no wonder our cameras bring forth the best results. It is no mere "brag" to say that our photographs, professional or amateur, go beyond anything shown by the members of the camera craft in other parts of the world. I never met a tourist who did not go into ecstasies over our photographers' work, and few travelers from Europe or the East return home without having "sat for their picture" before a local camera artist.

Some of the Exhibits

As I said last week, Dr. Arnold Genthe's photographs are far above any others shown at the salon. Dr. Genthe was the originator of his peculiar style of print and no one has as yet gone beyond his creation. Oscar Maurer has some fine prints. The poster work of Miss Adams—who is not a member of the California Camera club, by the way—is admirable and quite unique. In her head studies she has succeeded in getting some very pleasing lighting. Mr. Platt and Mr. Coombs deserve credit for their charming sheep studies. Mr. Street, also, has a good sheep study, but by far the best of his work shown at the salon are the game pictures. One of his marines is particularly fine and soft. I should select Genthe and Maurer as the distinct successes in portraits and life studies; Platt and Street, for views. Lange shows some excellent work and, with Mrs. Crowell, excels in flowers. Dassonville is another who makes a good showing.

Speeches of Delmas

A book that will undoubtedly have a good sale is soon to be issued by Mr. A. M. Robertson. He has made a collection of the finest speeches delivered by D. M. Delmas, who is conceded to be the star orator of the Pacific coast. The speeches of Mr. Delmas are noted for the purity of their English and the elegant simplicity of the language. Few men of the present day are gifted with the knack of spellbinding with the fluency of Mr. Delmas, or are capable of developing meagre notes into stately sentences with well-rounded periods which can stand the test of most searching analysis. We have orators galore in San Francisco, but there is only one Delmas.

McCaleb Has Returned

Tom McCaleb, of Paris, New York, and San Francisco is once more sleeping in the Pacific-Union club where he lives when here, and dining at the Bohemian where it is easy for him to find congenial company. Tom was at the Whitney ball when he was East, for be it known the McCaleb is of the swim. He comes West to get out of it.

Archibald to Lecture

James F. J. Archibald, the war correspondent, who lately returned from South Africa, has decided to take to the lecture platform. Mr. Archibald has had some thrilling experience since he deserted the golf-links in San Rafael to get within sound of the cannon's roar. He did some gallant work in Cuba, and he was so fond of his experience that he afterwards went against hostile Indians and later on saw the fighting from both sides in South Africa. He took many photographs in South Africa and will illustrate his lectures with stereopticon views. He will appear at Sherman-Clay hall, January thirty-first and February third.

A REMARKABLE SALE

Since the great challenge sale at the Pattosien Company. It kept the big house very busy. It is surprising for the month of January, yet it is a fact. It shows San Francisco has plenty of loose money to spend when goods are low in price. A new shipment of furniture, carpets, rugs, draperies and lace curtains, arrived, which had been shipped by Mr. Pattosien while East. Some of the swellest patterns of Wilton velvet carpets worth $1.50 and $1.25 per yard will be sold, sewed and laid, for $1.00. Carloads of new furuiture came. All of it will sell at the challenge prices.

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At the Theatre

The attendance at the California theatre this week has been especially remarkable in point of dress. On Monday night the costumes worn were equal in point of style and elegance to any of those shown during the grand opera season. On Tuesday there was less brilliancy, perhaps, in the costumes, but they were nevertheless tasteful and far beyond what our fashionable feminines usually consider it good form to wear at the theatre. The Tobins were there on Tuesday night—Mr. and Mrs. Joe and Miss Tobin—but with the exception of Joe, who was resplendent in a white waistcoat, they were soberly garbed, as becomes people who are still in deep mourning. Mrs. Tobin's slimness was intensified by the long black silk coat she wore, a bizarre effect in pleats.

Matters of History

Now that the Winthrop Lesters have decided to give a ball, on the fifth of February, perhaps others of our swim who own palaces in Van Ness avenue or elsewhere may be induced to entertain more liberally than has been the case during the past few seasons. The only private balls deserving the name, that have been given of late years, were those of the John D. Spreckels' on the occasion of their daughters' debut, the ball Mrs. A. Borel gave when her daughters came out, and that of the Christian de Guignes. I remember a ball in Pioneer hall at which Miss Emilie Hager—now Mrs. Walter Dean—was the hostess, but that was an event of the long ago. The Hobart residence, where the ball will be given, has not had its doors opened for a large function in ages. Mrs. Hobart has not cared to entertain in town except at small affairs, and Mrs. Charles Baldwin's health of recent years has not been sufficiently robust to permit of her dispensing extravagant hospitalities. Mrs. Winthrop Lester, when not occupying her southern home, has as a rule been traveling about either in the East or Europe. But now the Lesters have begun to take up the responsibilities that should undoubtedly accrue to young people so well endowed as they, and they will begin the social calendar they have outlined for 1901 by giving a ball.

This great house at the southwest corner of Washington street and Van Ness avenue generally arouses the curiosity of tourists owing to its somewhat neglected appearance. It scarcely looks like the home of a millionaire. The house was a handsome structure in its day, but since more modern styles of architecture have come into vogue it no longer appears imposing. It was built by Mrs. E. B. Crocker for her daughter Amy, shortly after her marriage to Porter Ashe. After the Hobarts bought it, there was for a time a most homelike atmosphere about it. The tennis court at the back was in constant use, for Ella Hobart was a devoted tennis player. At that time Harry Stetson was Ella's favorite partner with ball and racquet and there were rumors that the partnership was to be for life. But the rumors evaporated when Ella married Charlie Baldwin.

The Chaplain's Job

The true story of the failure of the House at Sacramento to meet in time to receive the Governor's message was missed by the dailies. It is somewhat amusing. The fact was that the members could not begin the transaction of business until they had agreed on the personnel of the attaches of the House, and it was a question of patronage that delayed the agreement. The fifty-nine members constituting the Republican majority had decided to distribute patronage among themselves, which would involve salaries aggregating four hundred and seventy-two dollars a day. That was tantamount to allowing each man, jobs, the salaries of which would aggregrate eight dollars a day. The salaries being fixed by law an assemblyman had the right under the agreement to appoint two men at four dollars a day each, or two at three dollars and one at two. The only limit was the total amount to be expended for his patronage. Everything went along smoothly until the chaplain's job was reached. The statute fixes the chaplain's pay at four dollars a day, but no member of the Assembly had a minister of the gospel on his list. Yet it was necessary to have a chaplain. But no member was willing to cut down his patronage allowance for the purpose of employing one and hence the hitch.

How the Pot was Made

They caucused and caucused and went into regular session and caucused again, but no one could be found who was willing to surrender four dollars' worth of patronage. And all the while Governor Gage was sweating blood over his message. Finally, it was discovered that one man had two clerkships staked out and that as the statutory salary of each was only three and a half a day, he had a dollar to spare. He was willing to throw the dollar into a pot for the parson. Another man confessed that he was content with one man at four and another at three dollars a day, and that he was willing to contribute a dollar to the chaplain's wages. Further investigation developed one or two more generous assemblymen, and finally there was enough in the pot to hire Rev. Wilson, a Unitarian minister of Los Angeles, the home of the successful job-chaser. In this connection it may be interesting to know that Colonel Brady, of San Francisco's tenderloin, has managed to find several confreres who failed to consume their allowance of patronage, and that by gathering the odd halves and dollars he has managed to rake up fourteen dollars a day worth of patronage. Should we not be proud of our law-makers at the capital?

Why she Moved

The newspaper despatches the other day contained the news of the withdrawal of Countess Marguerite Cassini's presence from Washington society. It was explained that she had been piqued because a question of precedence at State functions had been resolved against her and in favor of the wife of the representative of Mexico. The countess is connected with the Russian Embassy, and the story afloat in Washington is that she withdrew because she had been snubbed. It appears that there has been considerable doubt as to her exact status. Upon her arrival in this country she was known as the niece of Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador. Later on she confessed to being his grandniece, and then along came a certain Naval officer who remembered her as

the daughter of the count when he was Minister to China. Lately the Czar issued a decree creating her a countess and authorizing her adoption by the Ambassador. Thereupon the gossips began to speculate as to why the count should wish to adopt his niece. Of course, it was none of their business and some day they will find that their gossip is entirely unwarranted. The lady is unquestionably of Cassini stock, but in some way confusion has arisen as to the exact relationship existing between the count and countess. Russians are notoriously careless in the keeping of their records of consanguinity.

A New Bar Association

My repeated references to the lethargic condition of the Bar Association have not been in vain. A few weeks ago I asserted that it would be difficult to purify the legal profession while the Bar Association was dominated by lawyers with a past, men who resided in glass houses and were therefore reluctant to throw stones. And now there is a prospect of the reorganization of the association. The young men of the bar have decided to promote a more active interest in the affairs of the profession, and they are now perfecting plans for the organization of an Association which will probably make its influence felt in the community.

The new King of England is sixty-four inches in height and forty-five inches round the waist. No wonder he introduced the fashion of not using the lowest button on the waistcoat.

The Warm Embrace

The good old-fashioned waltz has again fallen into disrepute, and all because a few exuberant college chaps insisted upon embracing their partners too closely at a recent affair of the La Jeunesse club. Several society men and women who were interviewed by the *Examiner* seem to think that waltzing is a somewhat risque performance, which can safely be indulged in by girls only when they are assured that they have well-bred partners. Moreover, it appears to be the impression of some society folks that the hug witnessed on a recent occasion is new and that it should be discountenanced before becoming too popular. The volume of ignorance on the subject is appalling. When Byron wrote that charming poem beginning with the lines:

"Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms,"

he also wrote a letter to his publisher for the purpose of disguising the authorship, and from that letter it appears that the warm embrace was fashionable in his day.

Byron's Description

For the information of those of our cultured society people who are not familiar with Byron, I shall state that the Byron letter purported to have been written by a country gentleman named Hornem, who went to a ball in London at the home of a Countess expecting to see a country dance. He saw the waltz instead for the first time.

"Judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor, dear Mrs. Hornem, with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round and round to a d—— see-saw up and down sort of tune. * * * By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down—but no; with Mrs. H's hand on his shoulder, 'quam familiariter' (as Terence said when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cockchafers spitted upon the same bodkin."

Like poet Markham I have been pictorially inspired. The *Examiner's* photographs showing the latest waltz hug were responsible for these lays:

The Bonny Hug

Terpsichore! in various ways
Do these, thy votaries, amaze
Us while we watch them round us whirl;
See yonder fellow with the girl!
What makes her face with crimson blaze?

It is the Bonny Hug—the craze;
The devil with the blood it plays—
It beats the Nautch girl's naughty twirl,
Terpsichore!

His cheek 'gainst hers he softly lays—
Her eyes swim in a dreamy haze—
Their very limbs caress and curl
Round one another, as they swirl
In Passion's sensuous slippery ways,
Terpsichore!

The Bonny Hug
Is a naughty dance.
With mug to mug,
The Bonny Hug
Doth like a drug,
The heart entrance;
The Bonny Hug
Is a naughty dance.

Chauncey: What hold do you prefer in wrestling?
Young Muldoon: The two-step waltz-hold. When you get that on the other fellow, it's a cinch.

A Gentleman's Beverage!

KEYSTONE
Monogram
Whiskey

Old and Pure with an Exquisite Flavor

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

212-214 Market Street **AGENTS**

The Wedding of the Week

A blonde is always the ideal bride; when the blonde is tall the ideal seems more fully realized. One of the loveliest brides I have ever seen was Miss Albertina Wahle, who was married on Wednesday evening to Mr. S. Henry Cheda of San Rafael. She looked regally beautiful in an exquisite frock of Chantilly net very elaborately made, with a French effect. Only relatives and intimate friends were present at the ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Henry L. Smith, in Pine street, but a large reception followed, from eight to ten o'clock, at which many elegant gowns were displayed by the feminine guests. The two bridesmaids, Miss Taylor and Miss Cheda, were frocked alike in pink. Mr. and Mrs. Cheda are to reside in San Rafael, where the former's home has been for years and where all his business interests are located. There was probably never a bride who received more sincere good wishes than were lavished upon Mrs. Cheda on Wednesday evening. She has always been popular, and her friends are numerous on both sides of the bay. After her mother's marriage to Mr. Henry L. Smith, secretary of the San Francisco Board of Trade, their home was in Oakland. It is only of late years that they have resided in San Francisco.

Aftermath of a Ball

Some stories are just beginning to leak out about a fashionable New Year's ball, which if all were told, must have been a much more exhilarating affair than was reported in the society columns of the dailies. There is one tale extant in which figures the daughter of a wholesale butcher. She is a plump and lively girl, and towards the end of the revels she became even more vivacious than usual. When bidding adieux to her friends, instead of extending her hand, she gave them her satin-slippered foot to press in farewell. Her agility was commented on not unkindly. Another belle of the ball, on preparing to leave the club-house, became entangled in her skirts and rolled the full length of the stairs. However, she was unhurt, and being assisted to arise, laughed at the accident, which she laid to the potency of the champagne punch.

Sheedy and the Khedive

Pat Sheedy has just written that he has decided not to accept the Khedive of Egypt's offer to open up his big gambling salon, the Ghezireh Casino, at Cairo, this season, so our own "Jere" Lynch, William Waldorf Astor, W. S. Gilbert and the other campaigners who are traipsing Egyptward for the alluring Cairo season will not have a chance to take a flyer at the Sheedy bank. Sheedy is just back from there and he declares the game is all in favor of the Khedive. The latter put six million dollars in the venture in hopes that he could draw the trade from Monte Carlo and make it the world's great gambling resort. He coaxed Sheedy to rent the place last season, but the great American speculator in chance, though he took in barrels of money, could not make anything on account of the way the crafty Khedive worked the rental game. Sheedy says he wouldn't take the palace again this season if it was passed up to him on a silver platter.

"That Khedive is as foxy as they make 'em. Why for the privilege of running the gaming tables in the casino I had to give the government balls, run two orchestras, feed a lot of his retainers, and then pay forty thousand dollars for the eight weeks' season. That Khedive is a smooth article. Apparently he didn't want much, but you ought to have seen his bills. I discovered that he had taken the earth and had simply invited me to stand outside in the atmosphere. I'd rather have his whack at the rental: it's much better than the game. The chance I took at his casino wasn't in the same class with the one I took in Bombay. There my winnings ran up to forty thousand dollars a month, but it's only fair to say that there were times when I didn't make expenses. In going through I tried to break the bank at Monte Carlo with forty thousand dollars, and, well, I saved my clothes."

Grau's Retirement

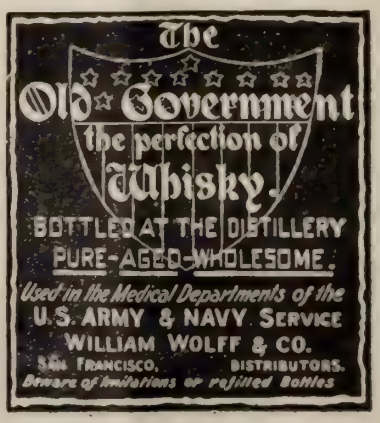
Impresario Maurice Grau has just been "retired" from the management of the big Covent Garden Opera company, London, and the Wagnerian gods, the critics, "vox populi," and Plain Citizen are rending the skies and throwing bricks all over stage land in consequence. It's a great chance for wild and wooly westerners to learn what "cultured Lunnon" thinks of opera, art, society, Grau and box office receipts, especially as Grau promises to guide his high-priced song-birds out this way next season. It has developed into one of the hottest theatrical controversies that has ever stirred London town. Here are a few snap-shots at it: John Runcinan, critic of the *Saturday Review*, says:

"Grand opera in London is conducted purely as a society show, without regard either to financial or artistic success."

"That's an asinine assertion," retorts the grand opera syndicate, and in disproof they declare that they expended forty-eight thousand six hundred dollars in stage improvements for the sole purpose of rendering Wagner music with thundering realism. A retort which is about as hard on Wagner as it is on society.

One of the "vox populi" paens in Grau's praise closed with the assertion, "At least Grau has artistic inspiration."

"Nonsense," explodes a writer in the *Pall Mall*



Gazette. "His place in grand opera is that of a divided manipulator."

Another unloosed critic joins the shout as follows: "Grau's controlling impulse is the box office. The secret of his managerial success is bad temper. By an assumption of austerity he has managed to win a reputation for genius. One puts it charitably when one says that the standard of opera in London under Grau's directorship has known no progress. Frequently, it has descended to a level not far remote from the commonplace. As a buffer between stars and stockholders his career has not been barren of brilliancy, but the opera loving public has little to thank him for and contemplates his passing with a feeling of more than resignation."

Such a whirlpool of bitter feeling was stirred up by Grau's "retirement" that it threatened to affect the success of the season and the box office receipts. In order to check the floodgates the managers deemed it advisable a few days ago to cable Grau in New York to continue his place on the board of managers and to return as director a year hence. Meanwhile M. Andre Nessager, chef d'orchestre of the Opera Comique, Paris, who is slated for Grau's place, has been installed as "artistic director." But Grau is virtually "retired" and the use of his name on the program for another year is merely to check the flood of bitter newspaper criticism.

The Week's Engagements

Miss Anna Wainwright, whose engagement to Mr. Victor E. Mathews was announced early in the week, is a very stunning looking Titian blonde. I know of no one who has hair of a more beautiful reddish tinge than hers. Both Miss Wainwright and her fiance have always been prominent in the dancing clubs. Mr. Mathews is the secretary of the firm of Rathjen Brothers. Miss Flora Howell, whose engagement to Mr. Louis L. Janes of the Tamalpais Land and Water company was also an announcement of the week, is a very pretty and graceful brunette. She is an accomplished musician and is the possessor of a fine voice, which has been well cultivated. Miss Howell, who is a sister of Colonel J. R. Howell, is always to be seen at all the musical events of the local season; music is her fad.

Hearst's Scoop

The Queen's death enabled the Napoleon of Journalism, Mr. William R. Hearst, to achieve the "scoop" of the century—up to date. Whenever the life of a great person is flickering to extinction, the newspapers whose readers are eagerly waiting to be apprised of the news of the end, are diligently engaged in perfecting arrangements whereby the important announcement may be made with the least possible delay. In the history of latter-day journalism whose motto is Enterprise, there has been no impending death which awakened such widespread and absorbing interest as that of England's Queen, and in proportion to the importance of the event from the news standpoint was the vastness of the preparations made by newspapers all over the world to get the first bulletin announcement of the end. In view of the privacy that hedges royalty, and the comparative remoteness of the death chamber from the centres of news-service, it was no ordinary feat to get in touch with an authoritative source of information, but Mr. Hearst with his characteristic ingenuity and his indifference to expense items appears to have accomplished his purpose. I am one of those that have great admiration for the achievements of newspaper enterprise, for I know the difficulties and obstacles that beset the newsgatherers, and I feel that Mr. Hearst is entitled to great credit for his Twentieth Century scoop.

Mr. Hearst's three newspapers—the New York *Journal*, the *Chicago-American* and the *Examiner* of this city—all enjoyed the benefit of the scoop, for the announcement was made by each almost simultaneously, and the surprising feature of it was, that by reason of the promptness with which the message, "The Queen is dead," was flashed to its destination, nine thousand miles underneath the Atlantic and across the continent, there being but one break in the current, people on the streets of San Francisco knew of the exit of England's sovereign before the announcement was made by the London papers. Less than five minutes after the death, the news was received in the *Examiner* office. Of course it may be said that all this is of no interest to the general reader, but it is undoubtedly a notable event in journalism. It should be interesting to know that American journalism is capable of performing feats to surprise the world.

Chappie's Recessional

(A Modern Ode.)

Bills of the prodigal known of old—
Heir of a far-flung family line—
God of My Fathers, the hands that hold
Dominion over palm of mine—
(Lord of a host, he's with us yet)
Uncle Jacob who won't forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The chappies and the swells depart—
Still stands the three-ball sacrifice,
An empty pocket, aching heart,
Pretzels, a stein, a cigarette
Are all that's left—might I forget.

Far spent, our guineas melt away—
Undone, sent headlong by the sire—
Who says life's prize, like yesterday,
Is one with Scripture's holy liar?
Judge of the Gentiles, spare me yet,
I won't forget; I won't forget.

If drunk with too much booze, I loose
Wild tongue that holds not thee in awe—
Such swearing as the bookies use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Oh, Uncle Jacob, be with me yet,
When I come to, I won't forget.

On reckless youth who puts his trust
In siren false, oh, don't be hard—
All valiant faith he built on dust
Oh, uncle, do not call the guard,
For foolish acts, oh, Zion's Lord,
Have mercy and accept my word.

John Roberts.

Bohemian Annals

The second volume of the annals of the Bohemian club, which I reviewed last week, contains so many good things that I am constrained to quote from it again. My only excuse for quoting from the club's private history is that I object to the selfish spirit which prompts the confinement of such good literature to private circulation.

"Memories" by James D. Phelan

In November, 1885, the club gave a Jinks over which Colonel E. F. Preston presided and at which James D. Phelan read a paper which I consider interesting at this time. Mr. Phelan was such a young man at that time that the tone of his paper may now be regarded as most surprising:

"Memories give no comfort; they are fraught with a subtle pain, and rise up only to distress. Even the recollection of joy is a sorrow, for 'sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.' It is a sweet sorrow, but a sorrow still. The irrevocable past comes before us with its associations and pleasures gone, to mock us with its irrevocableness. Regrets accumulate, and 'what might have been' —those saddest of words—pain by their very persistence. There is no surcease; opportunity is lost; hope is fled; the years are growing, and while we still possess the capacity to recollect, we have lost the capacity to renew. The halcyon days, the fair faces, the familiar scenes, are gone, gone forever. The past is hopelessly dead—nothing more so. It is utterly profitless to dwell upon it. Memories are the dregs of the cup of life, and consequently memories should be eschewed by every normal mind. It is the present and the future that engage healthy thought."

Salvini's Surprise

A very charming and touching story is told of the introduction of Tommaso Salvini, the famous tragedian, to the club. When Salvini was en route to this city he met Joe Redding on the train. During a conversation, the tragedian remarked that he had a letter of introduction to the President of the Bohemian club, and Redding surprised him by stating that he was filling that position. They thereupon became very friendly and one day told of a boyhood friend in Italy who had composed for him a love-song, a serenade. The actor proceeded to warble the song softly, not noticing that Redding, who is a clever musician, was writing the score on his cuff. Shortly after the arrival of Salvini the club gave a Jinks at which Virgil Williams delivered an address in Italian, much to the surprise and pleasure of the guest. He was still more surprised when he heard the Salvini chorus set to the music of "The Lord High Executioner" (The Mikado):

"This chorus was really magnificent. The three hundred men stood with their glasses uplifted, and when their voices united on the word 'Salvini,' it produced a volume of sound that fairly made the building vibrate. As for the subject of this tribute, when the doggerel Italian reached his ears, he first looked with polite surprise at President Redding, and then gazed inquiringly at Mr. Wetheimer, his impresario and interpreter. Then the humor of the whole thing seemed to dawn upon him, he caught the essence of Bohemia, and from that moment he threw aside all reserve, and entered into the spirit of the occasion.

"But the great artistic touch of the evening was the introduction of the 'Serenade.' At a private signal the members at the table allowed the busy hum of conversation to die out, and then, very softly, the orchestra began playing the melody that Salvini had hummed on the train, and which Mr. Redding had written on his cuff, and had afterward arranged for the orchestra. Then Tippett, who was concealed in an alcove, began singing, very softly, words which had been written for the music. Salvini at this time was engaged in animated conversation with Virgil Williams, and when the notes of the Italian 'Serenade' which had been composed for him, and for him alone, by the friend of his youth, and which he had not heard for forty years, stole softly into the room, he suddenly stopped talking and looked up with a startled air. Louder and fuller came the song; whereupon, half rising from his chair, he clasped his hand to his forehead and crying out, *'Dio mio!'* he sank back into his seat, the tears rolling down his cheeks. Later in the evening, when Mr. Wertheimer explained to him how this song had been obtained and arranged for the occasion, he threw his arms around Redding's neck and in his impulsive Italian fashion, kissed him on both cheeks."

The Cremony Toast

It was Colonel John C. Cremony, one of the club's first members, who originated the toast "May the Lord love us, and not call for us too soon." And it was at a Christmas jinks sired by Dr. Chismore that the following poem, written by Ina D. Coolbrith, one of the few honorary women members of the club, was read:

THE COLONEL'S TOAST

"Unto the little child, whose happy heart
With dancing feet keeps merry time and tune,
When death comes, and the life plan falls apart,
'Too soon,' we cry; 'Alas! too soon! too soon!'

To youth, the dreamer, in whose vision lies
Life, one long, splendid day of splendid June,
While Love, the great enchantress, veils his eyes,
Too soon the latest summons, all too soon.

'Even to the heart grown old with years and care,
Whose song of life is set to saddest rune—
Youth's shining curls, and Age's thin, gray hair,
Alike the cry, 'Too soon the call; too soon!'

"Oh Death! Thou truest friend of this sad earth,
Drawing our souls as draws the tides the moon!
When shall we know thee—not as Death, but Birth,
That new life which may not be too soon?

"We count the vacant chairs where used to sit
Dear friends with merry jest, and laugh and tune,
Called hence—ah, question not the truth of it—
To us, but not to them, too soon, too soon!

"It must be that, from some diviner sphere,
Back looking to earth's morn, and night, and noon,
We yet shall say, 'Our world was fair and dear;
But, loving us, God might not call too soon.'"

A unique invitation to a musical Jinks was written by Peter Robertson. It began:

"Gentle Brother:

'When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young, she was nurtured among Bohemians. She was light-headed and giddy, and when a smooth-tongued impresario came along one day, his soft allurements charmed her from her simple home and she eloped with him. He bore her into the gay centers of the world; he clothed her in silks and satins, and decked her with jewels; he had her puffed in all the newspapers; he turned the Heavenly Maid's head, and, ever since, the poor Bohemian has not been able to afford to hear her. But we, the lineal descendants of her early friends, console ourselves with the playful fact that the Heavenly Maid has made a bankrupt of every impresario who ever flirted with her." —*The Cribber.*

Rossini, walking one day on the boulevard with the musician Braga, was greeted by Meyerbeer, who anxiously inquired after the health of his dear Rossini. "Bad, very bad," answered the latter; "a headache, a side-ache, and a leg I can scarcely move." After a few moments' conversation, Meyerbeer passed on, and Braga asked the great composer how it was he had suddenly become so unwell. Smilingly Rossini reassured his friend. "Oh, I couldn't be better; I only wanted to please Meyerbeer. He would be so glad to see me smash up."

NEW FURNITURE AND CARPETS ARRIVED

It just took nine days from Chicago to this city for a carload of furniture and carpets to land at the Pattosien Company. It is the fastest time ever made. These new goods are to be had at the challenge sale prices Corner Sixteenth and Mission Sts.

A Sad Comedy of Life

What the Moon Saw.

They came out upon the veranda to cool off and chat between the pauses of a valse and a deux-temps. They leaned over the railing, and stared at the sky. Neither spoke. The youth's heart was too full for words. He was desperately in love with the pretty girl whose slender shoulders gleamed marble-white in the moonlight. As for the girl, there she stood and gazed at the moon above. And something entered her being that was incomprehensible to her. It was the dawning of love but she knew it not. A great throbbing shook her slight frame—she feared to look at the youth beside her. And he, foolish boy, who longed to put his arms around her and press her to his heart, feared to frighten her.

"It's too soon," he said to himself, "I have known her but two weeks. She cannot love me. I will speak to her mother first."

The girl still gazed at the moon. She could not analyze the delicious thoughts that surged through her brain, but they all centred on the youth beside her. Then a chill ran down her back and she drew her light wrap closer about her.

"You are cold," said the youth, "we'd better go in."

She demurred, but he insisted. Ah! the pity of it, that he did not grasp the opportunity when it was within his reach! Ah! the pity of it that she did not receive her first kiss from his virgin lips!

What the Cabby Saw.

They came down the stairs together, two among a jolly party that had just supped, after the theatre, in the crimson room of a swell club. The man had been my fare many a time, and a good generous fare he was. But I didn't like so much to see him enter, at that time of night, with this young girl as his companion. I knew the girl, for she had often been in my cab before, generally with her mother, but occasionally with a nice, gentlemanly young man who seemed to worship the ground she trod on. This time she looked sleepy, and had probably been drinking too much wine. The man was wide awake; I never saw him otherwise. He gave the order; I recognized the number as that of her house.

"Walk your horses," he said, "they'll be tired, I know, and we're in no hurry."

He had given me that order before, and though it was none of my business I wished he had told me instead to "whip up." We were nearly at our destination when I heard a knock on the roof of the cab. At least it sounded that way to me. I lifted the peep-hole cover and looked in. They did not see me, and there had been no knock except the unintentional one of a hand striking the roof. I hurriedly dropped the cover. But if I had been that girl's mother I would have felt sorry to see her in the embrace of a man like my fare. I would not like my young daughter, if I had one, to be kissed in a cab, by a rake.

What the Waiter Saw.

It was not the first time the man and the girl had entered this same private apartment. More than once they had come to lunch, once or twice to dinner. This time I thought they seemed more reckless than usual. They paid no attention to my delicate reminders that the entree was outside the door, or the roast on its way. The girl made no pretense of eating anything, but the man at least tasted every dish. He drank a great deal, but I noticed that her second glass remained untouched. It was somewhere around coffee and cheese that the girl seemed to wake up.

"This can't go along like this much longer," she said. "I feel like a criminal, deceiving my dear mother, and that *other*, you know."

And she burst into tears.

"Don't touch me," she said, as he tried to console her in his usual tender way, "I wish I had never met you."

"They all say that," he answered, complacently stroking his moustache.

And then I brought in the Cremes de Cocoa, and in less than half an hour they were gone.

What the Paper Said.

It has long been a ten to one wager whether the pretty bud will ever marry the young lawyer to whom in the first month of her season she was said to be engaged. The bud is going the pace at a very lively rate, and as she is well burdened with dollars she is not hampered by the advisers who handicap less favored damsels. Her infatuation for a club man who has the reputation of a heart breaker seems to be on the wane, but it is a question whether the young lawyer will not seem tame in comparison with that other.

What the Girl Thought.

"On the wane," that is what the paper said. It meant me, oh, I know it well enough even if ten or twelve of my *friends* had not drawn my attention to it. "On the wane!" Oh, yes, only 'tis his love, not mine that is on the wane. He is so cruel.

"Why not marry?" he said to me.

It was so cool, so cruel a proposition, coming from him.

"Why not marry that boy who adores you?"

There was a sneer in his tone.

"Of course only a boy could adore me," I said foolishly, "only a boy would care to make me his wife."

"Only boys are silly enough to marry at all," he answered.

And yet I love him—love him—love him! For him I deceived my mother, for him I cast into the background all the teachings that were part of my life before I met him. For what good?

What the Man Said.

Well, that is over. The game was an interesting one, a bud in her first season, and one with an admirer already declared. I carried her off from his very arms, as it were. But, as usual, the game is tasteless after it becomes ours. However, I taught the pretty bud a thing or two. She has seen life. She knows how to live. After all, I am a second St. Paul—I am a missionary. And, like him, I shall never marry. He was a wise old chap.

What Society Said.

A church full of smartly dressed people gazed at the exquisite, pure, white lilies that covered the altar and were banked about the chancel rail.

"She will be a lovely bride, fair as the lilies," said a man among the wedding guests.

"What could she see in him?" asked another.

"Oh, I wonder what he saw in her," hastily interpolated his wife, "she got an awful reputation last season—ran around with that disgusting club man."

"Oh, her money glosses all such defects," said another woman.

Then the organist started up the strains of the bridal chorus. The six ushers entered two abreast, followed by the six bridesmaids all in pink frocks. Then came the maid of honor in the palest of green crepes, and then the white-robed bride on her mother's arm. The bridegroom met her at the altar, with his best man by his side, and the ceremony proceeded that made the girl and the youth one. Up the aisle they passed, he so proud and happy, she still cold and pale.

"She is a thoroughbred all right enough," whispered a man to his neighbor.

"You ought to know," smiled the other.

His companion was the man of the cab and the French restaurant.

What the Stars Saw.

A fair-faced woman gazed from the window upon the night. In the sky gleamed countless stars, none colder than the woman's heart or more beautiful than her face.

"Oh, I could die!" she thought, "why was I ever born?"

Yet it was her bridal night.

"Never mind," she meditated, "I shall live, and others shall suffer as I have suffered. I will grind men's hearts as he crushed mine."

Then came the bridegroom. He loved her, and had always loved her since their first meeting. Ah! the pity of it that he had not yielded to his desire, that night so long ago when they stood together beneath the moonlight. If he had kissed her then!

—*The Tragedian.*

A Chapter of Autobiography

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

(From his forthcoming book "The Vale of Tears," the story of his life. Secured exclusively for *Town Talk*. Ed.)

Lizzie and I were partners in my first literary venture. I saved my money from week to week and invested it in the New York *Ledger*, the *Waverly Magazine* of Boston, and such books as we found most attractive in Evans'—was that the name?—catalogue of mixed publications, including the treasures of a gift enterprise—a jewel with every book—that was of such splendid promise as to be quite irresistible. Thus we ordered Madame de Stael's "Corinne" in the original, for Lizzie was reading it in her leisure hours between French lessons; Captain Mayne Reid's "Scalp Hunters," "Rifle Rangers," and a half-dozen other volumes of adventure, for myself; and for both of us "Lena Rivers," by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes; the works of Caroline Lee Hentz, and a few other storehouses of softest sentiment. With these treasures came in the same package by post, prepaid, such a wealth of studs, brooches, finger-rings and cuff buttons, as left their trail of brassy smudge on all we wore or were.

As for the *Waverly Magazine*, Lizzie and I had each the purpose of writing for it; but this was a dead secret and none knew it but ourselves. Every week we waited at the village postoffice, Lizzie and I, while the mail was distributed; and as soon as the current number of the *Ledger* was in our hands we ran all the way home to read it.

There were three writers for the *Ledger* whose pens enthralled us—Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. We were so captivated by the plots and passions of Mrs. Southworth's serials that we had hardly recovered from one thrill, before we were seized by that of a new weekly installment. It seemed to me in those days that to be able to write as Mrs. Southworth wrote was a gift to which only the elect might aspire; and that to be able to boast of the friendship of so gifted a person must be a joy supreme.

Never for one moment did I hope that I might some day share that joy; and yet thirty odd years later she and I became the best of friends. I had the happiness of often sitting in the serene seclusion of Prospect Cottage, on the Potomac Heights, under the hallowed walls of old Georgetown college—her home for a half a century—and listening while she related stories of her own life in a captivating fashion and with occasional flashes of dramatic fire that were reminders of her youth. In those days, in her prime and in her especial line, she was without a rival—as any reader of "The Hidden Hand" and a score or two of her threescore novels will acknowledge.

There may be more delightful Indians than were at the call of Emerson Bennett—if there are, where are they? As for Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., he was the great-forefather of the amateur historical novelist, whose industry at the end of the century is exceeded only by his incomprehensible popularity. What say the lovers of Sir Walter to this intemperate indulgence in homeopathicated Scott?

It was but natural that Lizzie and I, steeped in the light literature of the time, should begin to show its effects. Our symptoms were similar; we had both a feverish desire to write, to contribute to the journals of the day, to see ourselves in print and become known as authors.

There were fewer writers then—at least fewer in print—and it was not so difficult to make even a little reputation for one's self. To be sure there are reputations made in a moment today; but they are made for the moment, and are, in a sense, momentary. The fashion in reading is a fad that fades. The appetite of the omnivorous reader is capricious and undiscriminating; it is surfeited at the table d'hote, where all are served alike. The hunger is there, and there remains for a season—

> As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it is fed on.

But satiety follows and there is a cry for a change in the bill of fare. The board is swept; the good, the bad and the indifferent that flourished for a season are followed by new courses as good, as bad or as indifferent as the first.

Lizzie, with the aid of her French teacher, had put into English a chapter of "Corinne." A well-engrossed copy of her translation was held in readiness to send to the editor of the *Waverly Magazine* as soon as we, together, had mustered sufficient courage to dispatch it. Meanwhile, I was at work upon a poem. I do not know why I had resolved to write a poem rather than a piece of prose, unless it may have seemed to me that a poem, being so much shorter, should take less time in the writing. Having chosen the lot of the poet, I very soon discovered that rhymes were not so easily run down and coupled as I supposed; and that however rhythmically a man may write, he is not necessarily a rhymer.

Again and again I tried my hand at it and found it anything but an easy task. I could make a couplet, and even a quatrain, but in the latter case my first and third lines seldom rhymed; as for the triple rhyme, that was an achievement I left to the prosodist. Triplets were not to be thought of.

Knowing the most of Longfellow's works by heart, I was familiar with his hexameters. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" had just been published, and was, in fact, the literary sensation of the day. What more natural than that I should attempt to follow in the footsteps of the American Laureate! No rhymes to be sought after and set up in formal array at the ends of lines; no unusual transpositions; no poetic licenses; only a simple tale, told in a simple tongue, at a comfortable jog-trot; and the result—a poem in hexameters. A simple little song of dactyls and spondees or iambuses, in verses six feet long, with a careful arrangement of accents and quantities—this was all. How easy it seemed to me then! How hard it seems to me now! How especially difficult the lumbering and illusive hexameter!

My poem was completed before I dared show it to Lizzie. She did not even suspect that I was in the throes of composition; for this was my first serious attempt at verse-writing, and I was ashamed to let any one know how difficult I found it. The lines were very long, but I could count the syllables on my fingers, and did it again and again; the lines were likewise very limp and didn't always keep their places, but lopped over at intervals, and had to be clipped off or tucked under, or dovetailed in with the line below. O ye bardlings and poetasters! know ye not, one and all, how I have toiled and suffered, and even in my pitch of pride was humbled and cast down and often fain to commit my efforts to the flames!

Perchance I remember something of this poem, because it may be called my maiden effort. I know that it was entitled "Helena"—a name which at that time in my estimation, personified all that was beautiful in youthful femininity. Three of four of these hard-earned lines still linger in memory. But what they have been doing all these years I know not; they may have been stowed away on the top shelf of the attic, buried out of sight in the dust of the past. Probably I have not thought of them half a dozen times in thrice as many years; but here they are—all that I find of them:

HELENA.

Deep in the shades of a noble old forest in England,
In a cottage half covered with flowers of rich hue and rare fragrance
Dwelt a man and his child—a beautiful maiden of eighteen,
With eyes that were smiling, and blue as the ether of heaven.

Of the metre I need say little, save that it is overabundant; of the simile I will say less. There must be a beginning, or we shall never accomplish anything. This was mine—the first metrical lines I can remember having written.

This is all I can remember of them, and I know not why I have remembered even this. Why the man and his child were buried alive in the primeval solitude of England—and the maiden but eighteen, as was plainly stated; what she proposd to do with those eyes which must have worked her will had she been anywhere else in the world, but were seemingly of no avail in the forest depths and in the beflowered and perfumed cot, is more than I can guess. Now I shall never know, for the rest of the poem is gone forever; and though my life depended on it, I could not hope to rescue it from oblivion.

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

It is my belief that no poem, no matter how unworthy the name, was ever written but somewhere it found admirers. This is the reward of the virtuous poet; the public may ignore him and the citic laugh him to scorn; but in the eyes and the estimation of some reader, somewhere, somehow, he seems a poet, and therefore he has not labored in vain.

Lizzie thought my poem great. She no doubt pronounced it "sweetly pretty," being perfectly honest in her verdict; and was ready to fight for me and mine had there been any call for arms on this occasion—but there was not. She copied my lines very plainly and very carefully and very boldly; she wrote a much better hand than I. She had already prepared a copy of her translation of a chapter in "Corinne." When these precious manuscripts were sealed in a long, heavy envelope, we went to the village postoffice and, awaiting our time, deposited them when no one saw us. Not that we were ashamed of our productions—we probably thought well of them but, fearing we might not meet with favor, we did not choose to double our disappointment and mortification by betraying them in the presence of the public.

We had decided that the *Waverly Magazine* was, of all publications, the most likely to give us a welcome. For weeks we had been studying its column of "Answers of Correspondents"; and there we saw the list of accepted and rejected contributions, and noted with what tact and delicacy the unsuccessful contributor was forewarned of disappointment. Indeed, even a rejection at the hands of so gracious a censor was looked upon as a kind of flattery, and any verdict a distinction.

Having entrusted our contributions to the mail, with great impatience we awaited the *Waverly Magazine*. We dared not open it at the postoffice, for that was sure to be crowded at the hour of distribution; so we hastened home, and with what calmness we might—a poor assumption—we opened and scarched the magazine. Of course we were now alone; even Lizzie's mother was not a party to our plot. We read together the names of a score or more of accepted articles—ours were not there. We read again, lest we might have missed them at the first reading—alas! not there. We read the rejected titles (not so many by half as the accepted) —not there even; and on a second reading, still not there. This was our case from week to week for a whole month—the *Waverly Magazine* is issued weekly. With each day our anxiety increased, and the suspense was almost unbearable. I suppose the truth was we were merely waiting our turn to be read and rated.

By and by the question was settled. Among the rejected, Lizzie's translation made but a poor showing; among the accepted my "Helena" seemed to shine out in letters of gold or fire. I could have wept for Lizzie's sake, and we both mourned sincerely, but in secret. We had not even the questionable satisfaction of seeking consolation in sympathetic bosoms that yet might not have been wrung as ours were. It is true that Lizzie rejoiced in my triumph, and seemed to forget her sorrow in my joy—I was indeed proud and happy—but our cup was bitter-sweet. We were already learning the lesson which only experiences teaches—the lures and illusions of authorship.

Thus did I make my debut as an author. But, for some reason still unknown to me, my little poem never appeared in print. Possibly it shrank back into the deepest depths of its pigeon-hole, conscious that it was not worthy of appearing in type. It may have been overlooked, forgotten, never found again; and so in the great day of general cleaning, which comes to the editorial office once only in many years, it was swept out and lost forever.

It is well—very well, indeed. I'm glad that Lizzie and I shared the same fate, for I'm sure we both deserved it.

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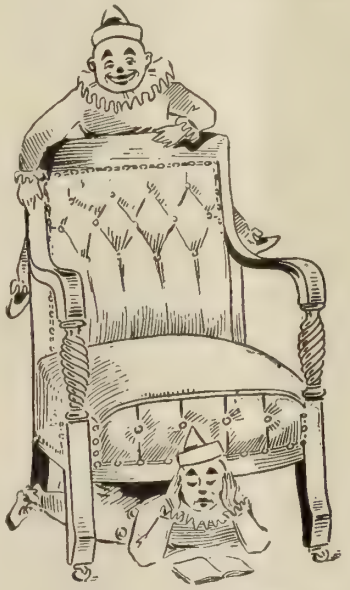

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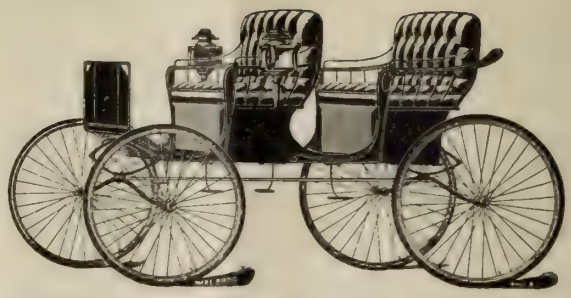
AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE

The Automobile

Success is about to reward Joseph Saxton for his long months of patience and perseverance. Within the next day or so the steam truck which has been his dream and ambition for the past two years, will be a realization and in successful operation over our downtown thoroughfares. Not only has Mr. Saxton shown wonderful patience and determination in perfecting this machine but he has been gritty to the backbone in going to the extent he has financially. Fully $10,000 has been expended since he started to build an automobile but not once has he faltered for an instant, although beset by disappointments that would have caused anv other man to have given up long ago in disgust. The result is that Saxton now has what is unquestionably the best steam truck and freighting wagon that has yet been produced in America. It is a huge affair, capable of carrying from six to seven tons and has a speed of from twenty to thirty miles an hour over our rough streets. The body of it is built of steel, light and trim-looking, but capable of sustaining great weight. The wheels are of wood, with heavy rubber tires. The engine is the most compact one I have yet seen; so much so, that one has to examine closely to discover where it is located. But notwithstanding its smallness it develops all the way from a twelve to a twenty-horse power. The machine has practically no vibration and despite its size, does not make any more noise than an ordinary gasoline rig. As to his future plans Mr. Saxton had the following to say: "Within a month I will, in all probability, have a full-fledged factory in full operation and will be prepared to turn out trucks of this sort cheaper than any firm in the country. I will make my own engines and every part of the machine. There is one thing I want to tell you: I will run this business on my own resources and you will not hear of me issuing stock like some of the others are doing. I have a good thing and if there is anything in it I will get the benefits, not a lot of stockholders."

Senator Platt, of New York, has introduced a bill in Congress permitting motor vehicles using gasoline to be carried on steam vessels, which has already been favorably reported to the Senate and is now before the House. The purpose is to permit the transportation of Locomobiles on ferries, which is now prohibited under existing steam vessel regulations . Apropos of this matter is the trouble which Manager George C. Moore of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific had recently with the local ferry boats. Until a few weeks ago the ferry boats would carry automobiles upon the condition that the gasoline tanks be emptied and filled with water during the passage across the bay. Then came the order that no vehicle carrying a gasoline tank would be permitted on the ferry boat. This was a poser but Moore with his customary vigor, made a personal matter of the trouble and carried it up to the head authorities, resulting in the following message being sent to the ferry boat people by the Board of Steamboat Inspectors: "If tanks are absolutely empty we have no jurisdiction, providing said tanks are of metal and well secured by screw bungs of metal cocks."

A report was current during the past week that the Electric Cab Company of San Francisco had placed an order with A. E. Brooke-Ridley for Columbia vehicles. We have reliable information, however, that such is not the case. The company has recently undergone a reconstruction and the new officers assert that they have made no new contracts, but will stand by the one made with the Riker people sometime ago. Since that time the Columbia and Riker people have consolidated, but it is believed the latter have practically the general control of the new concern. The status of the local representatives of the two companies is somewhat difficult to determine just at present. Fred Ward and Son represented the Riker people, while A. E. Brooke Ridley had the Columbia agency, but neither one knows which will represent the consolidated company. This will be determined, however, very soon, as one of the vice-presidents of the new company is due to arrive here today or tomorrow, with full power to act in all matters.



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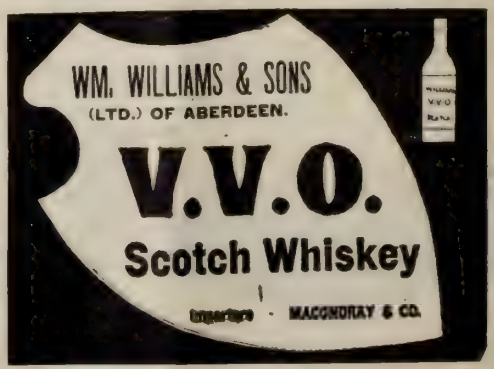

The talk of forming a new automobile club in this city has been revived and it looks as though this time it might become a certainty. Several local motorists are becoming actively interested in the affair and if the present organization does not stir itself there will be opposition of the strongest kind. This would be deplorable and I sincerely hope that nothing of the kind will be allowed to take place. There is certainly no room here for two automobile clubs and it would be rank foolishness to cause a division of strength just at the present time. But I want to impress one thing on the officers of the present organization. If the contemplated organization be allowed to form, it means the end of the Automobile club of California for a certainty.

The Mobile company is making a peculiar play for this territory and one that I have not yet been able to fathom. Two or three weeks ago John Brisbane Walker made a flying visit to this city and returned to the East. Then two carloads of vehicles arrived here, but they are still on board the cars and no effort has been made to remove them. A "Mobile" representative, McKnight by name, is now here, at the Occidental and claims that he has just consummated a deal whereby an agency will shortly be established in this city. In the meanwhile the "Mobile" company has been obliged to mortgage its eastern plant for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, after vainly endeavoring to dispose of this amount of stock. Just what the outcome of this move to the Coast will be, we will watch with considerable interest.

—*The Automobiler.*

George Hammersmith, the clever reader and impersonator, who has lent his services so generously for many entertainments given for charitable purposes, is to have a testimonial given him on the evening of February seventh at Native Sons' hall. An excellent program has been arranged for the affair.

A Blingum Tragedy

Scene, reading room of the club-house at Blingum.

Dramatis Personae, Police Commissioner George Newhall and James, his valet.

Mr. Newhall (scrutinizing closely a picture of Edward VII published by a morning paper as the latest photograph of Albert Edward): This is indeed shocking. (Groans.)

James: Is my master in pain?

Mr. Newhall (more groans): This is awful.

James: Has my master received bad news?

Mr. Newhall: Bad news indeed! I find that the resemblance between Me and Albert Edward, which has so long made me the object of interest to subjects of the crown, is growing painfully less apparent every day. Oh, that my beard were streaked with gray! How shall I coax my jowls to o'er-lap my collar! Now is indeed the winter of my discontent.

—*The Dramatist.*

To a Complaining Bud

If you say I squeeze too tight
That is false;
Though it surely is my right
In the valse.
With my arm around your waist
Clasped, just so—
There's no pressure, if you're laced,
Surely no.
I'd not, dear, offend you,
Or be rude;
Therefore, if you say I do
You're a prude!

—*The Dancing Man.*

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

A Bernhardt Story

Bernhardt and Coquelin will be the next great theatrical attraction in our part of the world. They will appear in L'Aiglon. Opinions seem to differ about the quality of la divine Sarah's conceptions of Rostand's "The Eaglet." However, everybody agrees that Bernhardt is more fascinating than ever and her years sit so lightly upon her that you would never know they were there if it were not for the continual reminders of the beauty doctors in the Sunday Sups. Apropos of La Bernhardt, it is worth reviving here a story in the relating of which the actress herself takes great delight. During one of her American tours, her company had arrived at a Western one night stand. Sarah felt tired and in need of a bath. She and a woman who was traveling with her ordered a cab. The visitor, who spoke English, said to the driver, "Drive to a manicure."

The coachman whipped up and after a short drive Bernhardt and her friend found themselves in the midst of a forest.

The cab window was raised and:

"Look here, my good man," said the lady who could speak l' Anglais, "we are not here to see the country. We want a manicure."

"All right, ma'am. We'll be there in five minutes."

The drive was resumed and in the course of time the cab stopped in front of a building. Over the gate was a sign on which, in black letters, was inscribed, "Manhood Restored."

"Here's your man cure man," said the driver, throwing the door open.

"And if it hadn't been for my friend," said Bernhardt, in telling the tale, "I should certainly have insisted on inspecting the building."

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NEW SPRING NOVELTIES

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

CALIFORNIA—"Becky Sharp"—Mrs. Fiske in her great creation.

COLUMBIA—"Way Down East"—last week of the bucolic melodrama.

ALCAZAR—"Sweet Lavender"—one of the sweetest stories ever told.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Moth and the Flame"—the West End drama goes very well on the South Side.

TIVOLI—"The Fencing Master"—one of the best things done here.

ORPHEUM—The Baby Elephants carry off the laurels.

Thackeray and Mitchell

Once a year I read my "Vanity Fair." And once a year I ask myself the questions: Did she or did she not? Had she or had she not? Was she or was she not? All apropos of Becky and Lord Steyne. For Thackeray leaves us in doubt as to whether that little supper—so rudely interrupted by Rawdon Crawley, and at which Becky displayed her diamonds—was the first, or the crowning one of many such meetings between Mrs. Crawley and the old Marquis. It is in Steyne's own words that the doubt intrudes itself and raises an echo in the mind of the reader or the auditor:

"You innocent! * * * I have given you thousands of pounds," says the Marquis of Steyne, "which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by—!"

I thought that in the play the doubt might be removed, either way, and I was not disappointed. Becky was certainly innocent. She had not yet yielded to the aged roue's importunities. She had accepted the blood-money—but it was the Marquis who was bled. This scene, between the Marquis, Rawdon Crawley and Becky, is the most dramatic one in the play, but I do not think it is the most convincing. Perhaps it might be were Mr. Vane and Mr. Gillmore more in the spirit of their roles. The former's Marquis and the latter's Rawdon are thoroughly acceptable in the other scenes of the play, but in this one—where their true capabilities as actors have a chance to shine forth—they fall short. Mr. Mitchell has keyed his whole dramatization of scenes from "Vanity Fair" up to this one. It is but a small part of the novel, but it is the end of Becky's ambition, and as such Mr. Mitchell has done well to make it the prominent scene in his play.

But after all, it is not the most artistic scene. Neither is the second act, showing the famous ball that Byron immortalized in his poem. There we see Becky in her element, surrounded by dandies, flirting right and left and caring no more for the Battle of Waterloo's outcome than for her husband's touching farewell to her. The artistic acts of "Becky Sharp" are the first and last. In the first it is not Becky Sharp that shines—though she is amazingly entertaining in her refusal of poor old Sir Pitt—but Miss Crawley. I wish Thackeray were here to see Mary E. Barker as Miss Crawley. She is the fat old lady—with her whims, Briggs to domineer over, and her poodle to caress—to the life. Briggs (Mary Maddern) is also excellently portrayed. The last act is the gem of the whole. In it are contained the best touches of the dramatist, and in it Mrs. Fiske appears at her best. Her little mannerisms do not seem so obtrusive in the garret as in the drawing room. They fit better into the character of Becky in her final appearance before the public. All the comedy, all the satire, that Thackeray lavished upon this last glimpse of Becky are brought out by Mrs. Fiske in this scene. Who can forget Becky, in the sombre cloak drawn over her bare shoulders, her bonnet covering her red curls, going off under the guiding wing of Sir Pitt and Lady Crawley, and flinging a side-glance at Jos. Sedley who is peeping over the screen? And in this scene occurs the one good act that poor Becky, perhaps, ever did in her little scheming life. This is where she rewards Dobbin's virtue by showing Amelia the latter's late lamented husband, George Osborne, in his true colors.

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The Star

Thackeray's Becky Sharp was a green-eyed, red-haired, meek little woman; and Thackeray's Becky was a snake in woman's clothing. Mrs. Fiske's Becky Sharp is a bright eyed, charming creature whom it is no wonder all the dandies fall in love with. In the book, we are always impressed with a great wonder as to where Becky's fascination for the male biped lay. In the play, we only wonder how Dobbin alone managed to keep without her spell. But then Dobbin in the play, is not a bit like Dobbin in the book; the less said about him the better. Mrs. Fiske is an American Becky, all nerves and wires, and with a shrill voice. After seeing her, one appreciates Etta Butler's imitation of her. I believe the real Becky could have acted Mrs. Fiske better than Mrs. Fiske acts her. But if Mrs. Fiske does not fulfill one's idea of Thackeray's Becky, her own conception is nevertheless remarkable. It is instinct with the personality of the actress, and it grips you in your mindstrings. You don't want to leave the theatre for an instant, even between acts. You just feel like waiting, and waiting, until Becky comes upon the stage again.

How Hoff Became a Tenor

"Talking of narrow escapes," said Edwin W. Hoff, formerly tenor of the Bostonians, now here with the "Way Down East" company, at the Bohemian club the other night, "reminds me of one I had myself. At the age of sixteen I was employed by the wholesale hat house of Frank & Hammerslough of Baltimore, Md., as assistant stock clerk. The house was a four-story affair, with an old-fashioned wheel and rope to hoist the boxes of hats with. This apparatus was always very hard to work except immediately after oiling. Not knowing it had been oiled, one day I leaned forward over the hatchway to give the centre rope a 'yank' to send a basket of hats down from the third floor, with the result of pitching head first down the opening—having neglected to put up the bar guarding the opening. My hold on the rope served to reverse my position and send me down feet first at the second floor, by jerking my grip loose. Of course I sent forth a mighty yell which caused the shipping clerk, who was packing a box immediately under the hatchway, to push the box out of the way, and in doing so, to overturn a kep of nails. I landed on the keg, and the tough staves broke the force of my fall, so that my only injury was a slightly stiffened ankle. I once told this occurrence to Col. John A. McCaull, with whom I made my professional debut, who made a 'press story' of it by saying that prior to that time I had been an alto singer, but in falling one of the nails stuck in my throat, and after its withdrawal my voice had changed to a tenor, and I had had the nail silvered and wore it always on a chain around my throat.

How De Angelis Came into Notice

"Speaking of Colonel McCaull brings to mind the fact that we have never had his peer as a comic opera manager. He was a wonder at bringing out not only good operas, but artists. I never realized how fine his casts were until in later years. Think of a company such as he had for the original production of 'The Black Hussar': Hopper, Digby Bell, Mark Smith and myself for the male roles; Lilly Post, Marie Jansen, Cottrelly and others. And in another company under his management, at the same time, were Francis Wilson, Hubert Wilke, Rosalba Beecher, Kitty Cheatham, Harry MacDonough, Alfred Klien, and later Jeff De Angelis—the latter, by the way, was brought to McCaull's notice by teaching me to dance a hornpipe for the production of 'Ruddygore.' Jeff kept me laughing so much during those lessons that McCaull, who was watching us at work on the stage of the old Star theatre, New York, concluded he must be funny, and gave him the part of the wicked baronet in 'Ruddygore.' As is well known, Jeff scored heavily and his position was assured from that time."

Marie Corelli's novel "The Sorrows of Satan" was dramatized in London last year and is said to have made a successful play. It was given its first American presentation in Seattle last week. —*The Playgoer.*

The variety of fine note-papers which is carried in stock by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, embraces not only all the newest fads in stationary—but all the staple bonds and fine linens. No other house on the Pacific Coast carries so much of the better grades of paper.

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"BECKY SHARP"
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Last "Becky Sharp" Matinee Saturday
Monday Evening, Feb. 4th, Mrs Fiske in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"
First Time Here
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Only Matinee Saturday. No performance Sunday

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Jan. 27th.
The Nine Nelsons Lizzie and Vinie Daly Foy and Clark
The Leamar Sisters Montmartrois Trio Hacker and Lester Warren and Blanchard Swigette and Clark
SAM LOCKHART'S BABY ELEPHANTS
Reserved Seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c.
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Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp.
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The Enormous Musical Hit!
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By the author of "Robin Hood"
A perfect production of a sterling opera
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"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
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The Fencing Master

With all due pardon to the *Call's* critic, the Bostonians did not produce "The Fencing Master" in this city. The Whitney company, of which Dorothy Morton was the star, produced the opera at the Baldwin in 1895. It was not a good company, but the prima donna managed to carry the show. The Tivoli is giving a far better production of the De Koven and Smith opera than was given by the Whitney organization. Miss Williams, however, is not dashing enough for the title role. She sings prettily, but it requires a woman of more magnetism, more vivacity, to invest this part with interest. Miss Cotte and Miss Meyers do admirable work and Miss Holmes is handsome and stately as ever. Tom Greene has some good numbers. But it is Webb as the Duke who, with Hartman, makes the real hit of the opera. Their farce business is so amusing that it would draw laughter from the professors Hartman takes a shy at in one of his quips. The music of "The Fencing Master" is very catchy, and is worth going more than once to hear.

Attractions Next Week

"The Moth and the Flame," so ably presented at Morosco's this week, will be succeeded on Monday by an entirely different attraction. This will be Charles Erin Verner, known as "the only recognized successor to the late Dion Boucicault." He will appear in a magnificent revival of "Arrah na Pogue," in which Mr. Verner will appear as Shaun the Post and will sing "The Wearin' of the Green." He will be supported by his own company and during the second and last week of his engagement will appear in "Shamus O'Brien," in the opera of which name we a few years ago saw our own Denis O'Sullivan in the title role. Every Irish heart in this part of the world should thrill at the thought of seeing "Arrah na Pogue" again.

"Sweet Lavender" is doing well at the Alcazar but will be replaced next week by that jolly farce-comedy. "All the Comforts of Home." There is no better fun producer than this farce within memory. We have seen Henry Miller and Miller Kent successively in the leading role; now we shall see how the Alcazar's king-pin comedian fills the part. "Judah," Willard's great play, in which Joseph Kilgour will make his first appearance as the Alcazar's leading man, will follow.

All the original Mendelssohn music written for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be heard in the production of the Shakespearean comedy at the Columbia on Monday night. Special numbers by Maxim de Gresz will also be heard. Kathryn Kidder and Louis James will have the leading roles, but there are many other important parts in the fairy drama, all of which will be filled by clever actors. Aphie James is with the company. The scenery of the production is said to be beautiful, particularly the enchanted wood.

"The Fencing Master" has scored such a hit at the Tivoli that it will be retained for another week. It is a charming opera, full of numbers that are real music, and no one should fail to see it.

Lockhart's baby elephants will stay another week at the Orpheum. They are the cleverest beasts that ever caused a local stage to reel beneath their gambols. Lizzie and Vinie Daly, dancing girls, and the Nine Nelsons, remarkable acrobats from Berlin, will be among the new features. Foy and Clark will present "In the Spring of Youth," a new sketch by Will M. Cressy.

"Becky Sharp" will go all next week at the California, and then Mrs. Fiske will appear in her great impersonation of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," the dramatization of Hardy's novel.

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Music World

A delightful afternoon was spent at the Sorosis club on Monday afternoon, when the cosy little club-house out on California street extended its hospitality to a few choice guests who were entertained after the usual charming manner of the ladies of Sorosis. Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt had the music in charge and Mrs. L. L. Dunbar as chairman welcomed the guests and made the announcements, introducing young Albert Elkus, whose original compositions were the feature of the afternoon's program. The first number was a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, consisting of three movements—Allegro Moderato, Andante and Allegro vivace. In this the composer at the piano was assisted by Mr. Samuel Savannah, violin, and Louis von der Meyden, 'cello. The work in this number shows what years of maturity will do for this very youthful musician. The composition is well written throughout, showing a good knowledge of harmony and keen appreciation of melody. The last movement, Allegro Vivace, possesses a scholarly finish hard to believe possible in one so young. His vocal numbers were beautifully interpreted by Mrs. F. H. McCormick and each possessed a pronounced individuality in strict accordance with the words and differing materially in style from the others. "I know not why," with words by Rosenfeld is a gem. The words are but the complement of the music and make a perfect unison of effect :

"I lift mine eyes against the sky
The clouds are weeping, so am I— —
* * * * * * *
Why do I smile, why do I weep?
I do not know, it lies so deep."

The Serenade, to words by Miss Porter, had the rhythm of a berceuse:

"The crescent moon in the western sky
Swingeth low—gold and low."

After the soothing style of the Serenade the "Ode to Spring" from Schiller stood out in marked contrast:

"Thou'rt welcome, lovely stripling,
Thou nature's fond delight."

was bright, joyous and tripping as the first born of the seasons with his "basket full of flowers." The last number on the program was Tschaikowsky's grand concerto No. 1 in B flat minor. It is being performed by Teresa Carreno in the East to orchestral acompaniment, at the present time and young Albert and his mother, Mrs. Albert Elkus, who accompanied him on a second piano, have introduced it here, as this was the first time it has been rendered on the Pacific coast. The concerto consists of three movements, Andante maestoso, Andante simplice and Allegro con fuoco. It abounds in immensities as to chords, octavo passages and arpeggi, and attention was pretty evenly divided between the two pianos as Mrs. Elkus ranks among the foremost of our women pianists and on this occasion acquitted herself of some splendid work. It is to her unceasing vigilance and intelligent directing of his talents as well as to the later instruction of Hugo Mansfeldt that the young man, still a mere boy, who has hardly outgrown the infant prodigy period, owes his present success as a most promising musician. His execution is very mature for his years, his technique firm and unembarrassed by any suggestion of hesitation. He is still a schoolboy, but when he has finished with his text books and can turn his attention to a career musical, he will find himself splendidly equipped to go forth and do battle

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The farewell concert of Miss Alma Berglund, announced for next Tuesday evening in Sherman-Clay hall, promises to be an uncommonly enjoyable event. Miss Berglund has many friends on both sides of the bay, who sincerely regret her departure, and will take this opportunity of hearing her sing for the last time in public. The program arranged for the concert contains some charming numbers and Miss Burglund will be assisted by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto, and Dr. H. J. Stewart, accompanist. Miss Berglund will go East shortly after the concert, with intention to study there and eventually abroad.

Space does not permit of giving the full plan of the new Wagner society formed by our leadership of Mr. James Hamilton Howe. Next week, however, details of this most worthy project will be given.

John Templeton, the Scottish tenor, was probably never so miserable as when he was cast to sing with Malibran. One evening she whispered to him:

"You are not acting properly; make love to me better."

To which Templeton innocently replied:

"Don't you know I am a married man?"

Not long afterward, when in "Somnambula," she was on her knees to Templeton as Elvino, she succeeded in making the tenor scream with suppressed laughter, when he should have been singing, by tickling him vigorously under the arms.

Katherine II spoke of music as follows: "I would give my life to be able to like and to appreciate music; but do as I will, music is to me only noise and nothing else." Beaumarthais suffered also from "melophobie." He says: "Anything not worth saying is sung." Theophile Gautier called music the most costly of noises. Fontenelle, who invented the saying, "Sonate, what wouldst thou from me?" declares that he never could understand three things, "play, women and music." Napoleon I asserted that music made him nervous; still he had the band play daily in front of the military hospitals "to encourage the wounded." Hugo allowed himself to be importuned for a long time to consent to have his verses set to music. "Have not my verses sufficient harmony as not to reqire the disagreeable noise?"

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Dr. H. J. Stewart's oratorio "The Nativity" will be repeated, by request, at Trinity church tomorrow evening. The oratorio will be rendered by the choir of Trinity: Soloists, Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. J. S. Birmingham, Mr. H. M. Fortescue, Mr. Alfred Kelleher, Mr. T. G. Elliott, Mr. F. G. B. Mills and Mr. W. R. Kneiss. Mr. Nathan Landsberger will play the solo, "Adoration of the Magi," and also some solos during the offertory. Mrs. Nathan Landsberger will render the harp obligato.

Across the Bay

One of the most interesting concerts the Orpheus club has ever given was that of last week. The Orpheus is *the* choral club of Oakland, and its concerts are always regarded as events of the season. Robert Clarance Newell made his farewell appearance as leader of the Orpheus at this concert. Mrs. F. S. Stratton, contralto, was the soloist of the evening. Albert Read rendered the baritone solo in the club number "Dream King and His Love."
The program in full was: Oh, Fair, Oh, Sweet and Holy, Frank J. Smith; Appear, Love, at Thy Window, arranged by C. L. Jenks, Jr.; Baching It, Robert Clarance Newell; Es Blinkt Der Thau and Good Night, Rubinstein, Mrs. F. S. Stratton; Dream-King and His Love (cantata), A. Staeger; Christmas Song, Peter Cornelius; Serenade, Schubert; Sonata, Opus 35, first movement, Chopin, Robert Clarance Newell; Hey Dolly Ho! Dolly, H. W. Loomis; Love Is a Bubble, Allitsen, Mrs. Stratton; Hark! the Trumpet Calleth, Dudley Buck. Miss Esta Marvin accompanied.

The following musical program was rendered, under Henry Heyman's direction at the members' reception that opened the photographic salon at the Hopkins Institute: March, V. Huber; overture, Semiramide, Rossini; waltz, Dolores, Waldteufel; Berceuse, Massenet; selections, Fortune Teller, Herbert; Tropical Dance, Herman; Walther's Prize Song, Meistersinger, Wagner; waltz, New Vienna, Strauss; Magnolia Serenade, Missud; Selections, Faust, Gounod; Dance of the Sultans, Hall; march, The Blue and the Gray, Dresser.

The first of the Henschel recitals will occur on February fifth, and will be the first of a series of six recitals, all to be given in Metropolitan hall. The Henschels have many new and charming songs in the repertory for this, their "farewell" season.

Last Sunday evening the "special" third Sunday musical service took place at St. Dominic's church and the music was of a very high order. The Christmas oratorio by C. Saint-Saens was repeated, by request. "O Salutaris," male quartet, and "Tantum Ergo," alto solo and chorus, were also fine numbers. The excellent solo quartet are Miss Lily Roeder, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, J. F. Veaco and Walton Webb; Dr. Franklin Palmer, organist and director.

Samuel Adelstein's lute and mandolin have been greatly in demand of late at church services, his solos being rendered with pipe organ accompaniment. On December 22d Mr. Adelstein took part in the praise service at the Howard Methodist church, playing for the offertory, the lute solo, "Consolation" by Matini, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Martin Schultz. He played the mandolin obligato to "Valley of Shadows" by Barri, sung by Miss Wingerter. On December twenty-ninth Mr. Adelstein played two beautiful lute solos at the Second Unitarian church, accompanied by Miss Hobbs, mandolin, Miss Clement, piano, and Miss Pratt, organ. Recently Mr. Adelstein took part in the vesper services at the Unitarian church in Alameda, playing the lute solos "Vision," melodie relig-

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ieuse, and "Invocation" romance sans paroles, accompanied by Raymond Gott, violin, Miss Center, piano, and Miss E. Westgate, organ. These compositions are by the Parisian composer, M. Edouard Mezzacapo, who sent them to Mr. Adelstein.

—*The Music Critic.*

World of Letters

An English View of Us

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, in his essay on "Women of the West," published in a recent number of *The Woman at Home*, proves that he used his powers of observation to good purpose while in California. The article is distinctly unflattering, still there is no denying its obvious truth and justice in some respects. He says: "You may roughly divide the Daughters of the West into two great classes; the bond and the free, those who have leisure and those who have none. The woman of leisure is a charming creature, clever, plastic, cheery and always womanly (the English girl who hunts, shoots, swears and gambles has no understudy on the Pacific Coast), but be she maid, wife or widow, she obeys no law save that of her own sweet will. * * * She is unconsciously the most selfish creature of her sex." For the vast army of "women who lead the double life"—that is those who are obliged by the exigencies of circumstances to perform all their household tasks without help and yet who feel constrained to keep up with the world—dress, read the latest books, belong to clubs and maintain a footing on the social ladder, Mr. Vachell expresses deep pity, but one cannot help the suspicion that there is a certain amount of contempt for creatures who cannot see that it is impossible to accomp'ish everything, and that any one thing well done will afford more pleasure and satisfaction than everything tinkered at. The aggressive business woman, the book agent, life insurance solicitor, lady journalist, come in for a well deserved scoring, but if Mr. Vachell quotes, or is quoted accurately in one of his anecdotes, the west must repudiate that particular one of the tribe. She may be here, but she is not one of us. "I am making myself *to* home" betrays the New England origin. That expression is indigenous to the region of "brains and beans." As the article is written principally for English readers, it is natural that Mr. Vachell should devote a part of his attention to the what are trite questions to western readers—the chivalrous treatment accorded by western men to their womankind and the practical ignoring of papa by his daughters. "If a California father ventured to find fault with a daughter, he would be sent, metaphorically speaking, to bed. For a week he would be given to understand that he was in disgrace. He would have to take his meals, as it were, at the side-table." The patrons of the bargain counter come in for their brief note, and I concede that Mr. Vachell is right when he claims to be the first to call attention to the gradual backsliding of material love and tenderness as the child grows older," after it has been petted and indulged, instead of trained and taught in infancy, and who, in their later years of boorish gawkiness, are not a credit to her. The article, brief as it is, abounds in epigrammatic sayings: "We are told that the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world, but in the West it not unfrequently happens that in attempting to rock the world the cradle is allowed to stand still." In France, "the men make the francs and women save the centimes. But in the West the dollars made by the men are squandered by the women, and the children buy candy with the cents." The Native Daughter of the Golden West who is desirous of seeing herself as others see her, will not be apt to find a more fair presentation than this. The cautious author has placed a fender between himself and the belligerent critic by telling us: "The typical Western girls does not exist. Each is unique, a study in white or red or blue or yellow (primary colors, mark you) each appeals to the curiosity, not to mention the cupidity, of the male; each, too, has a chameleon like facility for adapting herself to her environment without sacrificing an iota of her personality."

—*The Bookworm.*

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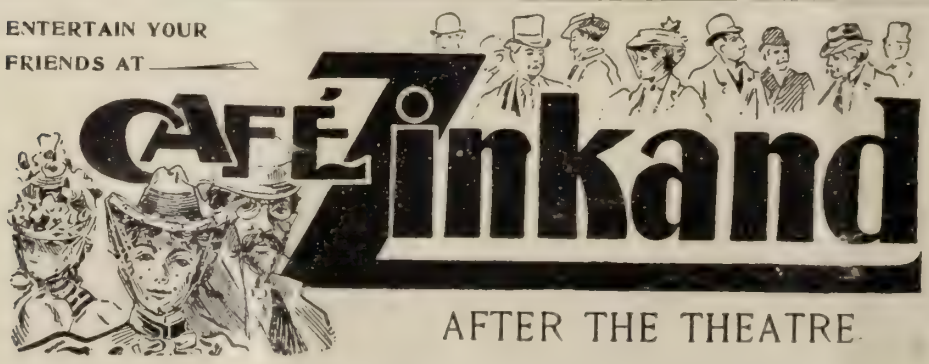

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(SEE PAGE 18)

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Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Elsie Peterson, Plaintiff, vs. Benjamin Peterson, Defendant. — Action Brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to:

BENJAMIN PETERSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion, willful neglect, cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. ....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES FINNERTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Fallon, room 24, seventh floor, Mills Building, north east corner Bush and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

THOMAS E. HEALY,
Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, January 4, 1901.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL THOMPSON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator, of the Estate of Daniel Thompson deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Thompson Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, January 5th, 1901.

M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 2, 1901

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OUR OPINION

An Exploded Hero

The Stanford Alumni committee, which was appointed some time ago to investigate the Ross incident, has made a dignified and interesting report shedding much light on the unpleasant controversy. It will no doubt make the champions of the disgruntled professor somewhat ashamed of themselves. They have insisted all along that the right of free speech was involved in that controversy, and have tried to invest Dr. Ross with the halo of martyrdom, apotheosizing him for having sacrificed himself on the altar of his principles. It now appears from a thorough examination of the facts obtained from the parties to the controversy that the question involved was merely one of policy; that Dr. Ross, instead of being a hero or a martyr, is a sort of an academic crank, a cultured man, no doubt, and a thinker, but imbued with the false notion that the university had no rights which he was bound to respect. While it was that notion that precipitated the trouble, it further appears that he subsequently changed his views, for he acknowledged his error and was quite willing to hold his job notwithstanding the rule which he pretended to believe infringed upon the right of academic freedom. The report of the committee shows that Dr. Ross first gave evidence of his unfitness for the responsible position of head of the Economics Department, by publishing a partisan campaign pamphlet, which he signed as "Professor in the Economics Department of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University." His conduct in issuing such a pamphlet, jeopardizing the university's right to a reputation for political non-partisanship, shook Mrs. Stanford's confidence in him, and thereafter his position in the university was probational. Yet he continued to give evidence of his unfitness by displaying bad taste and lack of discretion, to such an extent that he was lampooned in the college annuals. He used slang in his class-room lectures and spoke disparagingly of Senator Stanford from whose estate he was drawing a salary. And Dr. Ross admitted to the committee that he would not, under similar circumstances, pursue the course of conduct which had subjected him to criticism; also, that he did not regard the rule against the participation in politics, of a university professor during the progress of a campaign, as impairing the right of academic freedom. Moreover, it was ascertained that, notwithstanding the criticisms of Mrs. Stanford, which are said to involve the right of free speech, Dr. Ross was desirous of remaining a member of the faculty. *Town Talk* contended from the beginning that the champions of Dr. Ross were working themselves into a fine frenzy without cause. The report of the committee shows that the university was done a grievous injustice, and that the distinguished professor who sent copies of his letter of resignation to the newspapers before the original reached President Jordan, though not entitled to sympathy, is deserving of commendation for his astuteness as an advertiser.

Another Pulpit Roast

Whenever there is a gathering of a religious clan anywhere within the borders of this State, some one is sure to seize the opportunity to vituperate our godlessness, degeneration, lack of "Christian home influences," and general depravity. There would be something essential lacking from a convention which failed in this respect, and perhaps the Rev. Clampett was only fulfilling a perfunctory duty when he harped on the old string. A goodly share of the much vaunted Christianity of the East, and especially of New England, should be credited to the climate. There are few days, not to specify Sundays, in this more favored locality during which a portion, at least, of the day, may not be spent in the open air with both pleasure and profit, so while the pious descendant of the Puritans sits by his fire at home, the Californian gathers his little flock about him in the sunshine of the Park and makes merry with them. Wading knee-deep through snow-drifts in order to attend church service may have its charms when there is nowhere else to go, but if we are to be guided by fiction and poetry, the younger zealots have an ulterior object, and the religious services give as many opportunities for youthful lovers to meet as do our godless park and ocean beach. People cannot be bully-ragged into going to church when they find no profit in it. They will not sit submissively and listen for an hour to appeals to their pocket in behalf of objects of which they do not approve. Neither are they content to shut themselves into cold and ill-ventilated auditoriums and have pulpit thunderbolts hurled at their defenceless heads. They grow tired of the eternal wordy denunciations of real and imaginary evils, with never a practical theory for their amendment. The wise Solomon remarked that it was better to live in a house with a leaky roof than with a nagging woman, and the average pulpit discourse ap-

proximates the standard of the nagging woman much more nearly than is agreeable to listeners. The conscientious clergyman cannot be accused of living a life of ease, but the majority of ministers have little realization of what it means to be bound to the wheel of toil for six days in the week. The workers who do with their might all which their hands find to do, need some other form of assistance and encouragement than wholesale denunciations of everything and anything, regardless of whether they can help or hinder it. If preachers really have any desire to see their pews filled on Sundays, they should, in expressive slang phrase, "come off the perch," and find out something about the world as it is, not as they imagine it to be. The methods of the sand lot blather-skite will not avail them at this age of the world's history.

A Type of the British Bounder

"That is all tommyrot about my father-in-law pulling the purse-strings," said the Duke of Manchester to a reporter, on his arrival in this city. And continuing he said, "Papa hasn't kicked once about the money we are spending." It is such talk as that which enables us to judge of the character of this sprig of a degenerate nobility. Not satisfied with having captured a valuable asset in the person of an American heiress with a thirst for social prestige, this aristocritic bounder avails himself of every opportunity to impress upon the public that in consummating a marriage he accomplished a business deal which should reflect credit on his ability as a financier. The thought that people might suspect that he was defraying the expenses of his own treacle-moon trip, or that he had sold himself at a bargain-counter figure fills him with indignation. The duke is anxious for it to be distinctly understood that he is too smart to be gold-bricked by a common Yankee millionaire. He is confident that he invested himself to good advantage, and he has probably already assured his friends in England that he will soon lift the mortgages on his decaying castles. It is too bad that somebody did not call the young man's attention to the fact that he has been making somewhat of a spectacle of himself and endeavor to persuade him to desist. It is decidedly unpleasant to have it so glaringly demonstrated that breeding counts for naught Vulgar, purse-proud Yankees traveling in Europe often disgust and embarrass their countrymen, but a high state of refinement is not expected of people who lack the advantages of birth and who have not the prestige of a long line of noble-born ancestors to sustain. Singular to relate, the contrast between the conduct of the young woman who was formerly plain Miss Zimmermann of Cincinnati, and that of her husband, a scion of the British nobility, is greatly to her credit. She steadfastly declines to be interviewed, feeling, no doubt, that her domestic affairs are not a proper subject for discussion in the public prints.

Now We Understand

It is given out that the youngest reader of manuscripts in the United States is employed in one of the big New York publishing houses. He is a youth of sixteen years, a grandson of the proprietor of the establishment, and has been engaged in this occupation for over three years. He is credited with possessing acumen and keen literary judgment. It needed only this to account for the quality of a goodly proportion of the books published during the last few years. Since it is finally acknowledged that a lad of less than sixteen years is the literary arbitre of one publishing house, we shall not be surprised in discovering that others, too, have supplied themselves with precocious juveniles. There is no other plausible way of accounting for the flood of Revolutionary romances, as much alike as the yellow-covered dime novel, and eke as bloody and blusterous. They are about on the level of the comprehension of the sixteen-year-old, lately graduated from "Jack, the Giant Killer," and with his grammar school history still at his finger ends. This school-boy judgment also accounts for the execrable English and utter lack of literary style in so many of the late publications. A youth of sixteen might prove an excellent judge of the style of plot which would be most likely to please his contemporaries, but he should not be expected, much less permitted or encouraged, to attempt more at his age. No doubt the infant phenomenon is serving a useful apprenticeship to his future occupation, but the adult reading population should not be made to suffer by reason of his inexperience and the thrift of his progenitor.

The Cultured Club Woman

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, author of "A Furnace of Earth," is the latest of her sex to take a fall out of the club woman. She is sore on club women in general and the Chicago club woman in particular, but, being more familiar with the Chicago type than with those of other cities she makes her the subject of her burning criticism. "What can the Chicago club woman know about love?" she asks. "Nothing," she replies to her own question, and adds that the Chicago club woman is beyond the romantic age in life. Miss Rives being young has the highest contempt for those of her sex beyond the romantic age and especially when they know nothing about love. Every woman, in her opinion, should know a lot about the tender passion, and those that do not are only fit for club purposes. She believes that women should rejoice in being loved, that advocates of the equality of the sexes should be banished, and that the emotional in femininity should be cultivated. She admits, however, that the Chicago club woman is not entirely to blame for her unro-

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mantic maturity. The atmosphere is in a measure responsible for the circumstance of her being love-proof. The city is "not suggestive of love and romance. Its inhabitants can hardly be called sentimental." The women are therefore victims of an environment which is not conducive to love. Miss Rives pictures them as cold, intellectual creatures, who are not even capable of enjoying a kiss:

"The women's clubs are a means of eliminating love from the feminine temperament. Imagine the sensations of a Chicago club woman who happens to be kissed. Of course, I am supposing that she has met the ideal man and is engaged. She has endowed this ideal man with a rare intellect and soul. The club woman demands soul, first of all, in a man. I don't know exactly what she means by this application of the word 'soul', but it is something that is usually associated with anaemic musicians and half-starved artists. Well, when the club woman is kissed, she calmly recalls the fact that kissing is an ancient custom, and that, like shaking hands, it is a perfectly proper salute. If she has any emotion it is something to be scientifically analyzed. To her happiness is merely a mental condition that may slightly increase the number of heart throbs a minute. Love is an intellectual experience."

Miss Rives must be a very interesting creature. She probably would not object to the bonny hug.

The Saunterer

Matrons and Men

"Young men are as in great demand among the belles of New York," writes an occasional correspondent, "as they are in San Francisco, and the reason is that they prefer the companionship of the more mature but attractive married women. Some years ago it was considered a violation of the proprieties for a pretty matron to accept the escort of a young man to a theatre, but times have changed and so has society. Old-fashioned scruples have long since been wiped out. Husbands up to the neck in business in Wall street cannot waste the night in social dissipation, and their wives cannot be expected to restrict themselves to feminine association. Perhaps the growing sentiment in favor of the equality of the sexes has had something to do with society's approval of the new custom, but whatever it is, there is no doubt that the American matron enjoys greater independence than ever, and without provoking disagreeable comment. The presumption is that intellectual development has imbued her with a sense of her duty to her husband which is a safeguard to his honor. And yet society has not forgotten the Sloane and W. K. Vanderbilt cases."

Scene in a Box

"The other night Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish entered Mrs. Oelrichs' box at the opera attended by five young men, and a little later Mrs. Oelrichs dropped in with a trio of males in her train. Nobody seemed surprised to see them, but I know several waiting belles in the swim who are beginning to talk about young men being 'lured.' And, by the way, there is still considerable gossip anent Harry Lehr becoming Mrs. Astor's private secretary. It was said he was going to live in the same house with the elderly and wealthy society leader, but he has taken his traps to Sherry's, and now they are saying that his fiancee thought she was going to lose him and persuaded him to move. But he is still the dowager's private secretary, and she having set the fashion other matrons may be expected to follow her example with young men acting as amanuenses for merry matrons, there are endless possibilities in the nature of romance and other things."

Mr. Harry Lehr has been cutting a wide swath in New York society for several years. He is a wine drummer with dainty manners, lots of nerve and cleverness in the female impersonating line. Since he became private secretary to an eligible widow, who is the acknowledged leader and dictator of the Smart Set, the dailies have been giving him as much space as they devote to the affairs in the Philippines or to the doings of Congress. When he moved his trunk from Mrs Astor's to Sherry's they issued extras with freak headlines. And yet Mr. Lehr is only a wine drummer who "comes from nice people" in Baltimore, where he leaped into prominence some years ago through the circumstance of his being present when the woman who afterwards became Mrs. Gebhardt waded through a fountain basin at midnight.

At Home and Abroad

Mrs. George Crocker is doing considerable entertaining this winter, in New York, and her affairs are said to be very successful functions. Her next social move will be a dejeuner, to be given on Tuesday, the twelfth. The Crockers are living at No. 1 East Sixty-fourth street. It seems a pity that the George Crockers do not see fit to rent their huge house on Nob Hill, so that it may at least be opened occasionally to society. I have no doubt the place would be snapped up by one of our rich but homeless citizens desiring to devote a part of his energy and coin to obtaining a foothold in the swim. The late Charles Crocker planned his palace with a view to having it thrown open frequently to his friends and those of his wife and children. But since Hattie Crocker's marriage and departure for New York, where she has twice made her home, there have been few functions given in the old Crocker home. Now that the Les-

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ters are to give a ball, the Hobart residence will seem more like the home of millionaires. And I wish my idea about the Crocker house could be carried out, so that next winter an air of gaiety might surround it.

There are too many of our big houses continually kept closed. We have not so many palaces here that any should let their drawing-rooms lie idle. There is the Fair home, for example. It makes one's heart sad to see the place nowadays, remembering how different it looked when Mrs. Fair was alive. The gardens are kept in admirable order, but the house sadly needs a coat of paint. It seems absurd to remember that we once thought the Fair house quite a model of elegance, and when Mr. Giffin built it for himself it probably was a handsome structure. But the day of frame houses, for millionaires, in San Francisco, has passed.

And now they say the Billy Irwins are going to build themselves a palace in Honolulu to match their San Francisco residence; now, by the way, rapidly approaching completion. The Irwins are known in the Islands, as they are here, as liberal spenders. They are the right kind of people to have money, for they keep it in constant circulation. Mrs. Irwin has cultivated the faculty of scattering coin since her marriage, for before that she had not any too much money to burn. The Ivers' were of the swaggerest social set, but they were not well off.

Exploiting Social Functions

A communication in one of the New York papers lays the blame for the pulpit thunders against the extravagances of society, entirely upon the exaggerations of the yellow journals. This correspondent, who signs himself An Old New Yorker, says that simple entertainments given by people in comfortable circumstances in homes which though well appointed are far from palatial, are described by the newspapers in such glowing terms and with such a wealth of descriptive adjectives that court balls and queen's drawing rooms are cast into the shade, and the preachers who seize upon these events as themes for their pulpit denunciations knowing nothing of the facts are deceived by the misrepresentations of the society reporter. There is, no doubt, much truth in what the Old New Yorker says, but the society reporter is not the greatest sinner. The people whose modest entertainments are exploited in print, not infrequently furnish the copy to the newspapers themselves, and though they may object to the animadversions of the pulpit, they are none the less pleased when their doings and their belongings are represented on a scale of colossal magnificence. The fashion of describing everything down to the last detail no longer prevails in San Francisco, but it was not always so. A dressmaker who counted the pillars of society amongst her clients once told me that she confidently believed her popularity was as much determined by her ability to furnish fine descriptions for the society columns, as by her competence as a modiste. She never hesitated at piling up the magnificence, for according to her experience there was no danger of "piling it on too thick."

A Society Girl's Verse

Washington society has a new sensation. It was supplied by Natalie Barney, a girl of twenty possessed of that remarkable precocity that started people guessing when Amelie Rives, the maiden, wrote "The Quick and the Dead." Miss Barney has tried her hand at composition and the result is a book of poems written in French and published in France, entitled "Quelques Portraits—Sonnets de Femmes." It consists of poems of passion, and a perverted passion at that, addressed to women. They are in the nature of an effort at startling audacity, and to be charitable it should be supposed that Miss Barney does not feel what she writes, but that she has been merely posing. These lines, translated literally from a sonnet to "The Lady of Slumbering Desires," are a fair sample of the tone of Miss Barney's verse:

> Hymns to your virgin beauty I would sing;
> Set up a cult for you beyond the world;
> Wrap you in lilies, incense and wax tapers.
>
> A vestal I would be, and your fair whiteness
> Should suffer not the troubling lips
> Of lovers, nor of charming women.

Surely that is a queer sort of sentiment to animate the breast of a maid of twenty.

Some Other Samples

But there is more verse in the same strain of virgin worship. In her sonnet to "La Princesse Lointaine" she sings of a body "wherein all priestesses must throw the flower of their pure youth to keep alive thy immortality." In a sonnet to a fiancee she tells her that she is to immolate her twenty years "in hostage to the law of old mistakes," and to Salammbo she addresses these suggestive lines:

> Afloat on my desire thy memory lies
> Of that night when your roseate pallor heard my passion.
> An essence lingers to remind my pain
> How all is past; how empty is the altar
> Of our so young voluptuousness, where weariness holds sway,
> Lamenting endlessly your kisses' knell.

Miss Barney's parents are proud of her genius. Society will no doubt pronounce her clever, but I think that she should be given a course of wholesome training on a light diet.

G. H. MUMM & CO.

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A Retraction

Though words of retraction are unfamiliar to readers of these columns, it is not because I am averse to acknowledging error. It has come to my knowledge that a paragraph which appeared a few weeks ago, and of which Gladys Crocker, granddaughter of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, was the subject, presented the young woman in a false light. I have ascertained that I was imposed upon by misrepresentation to the effect that she was enjoying unchaperoned freedom in New York, and that she was cultivating Bohemian tastes. The facts are that she has been most carefully reared by her grandmother, who has had exclusive charge of her training since infancy, and that she is now a cultured and refined girl, whose environment is in every way conducive to development into womanhood of the character that commands respect and admiration.

Letters from Freud

Mr. J. Richard Freud of the Civil Service Commission has written me a letter requesting the correction of an article which appeared in last week's issue, entitled "Freud's Strange Residence." After reading his letter I have been unable to ascertain wherein I erred in my narrative of the facts concerning his registration from a Hammam bath building in Sutter street. He admits in his letter that he registered from that building. "Having been recommended," he states, "to try the effect of constant steam baths upon my ear trouble, I resided there for several months during the absence of my family." With the letter was a copy of Registrar Steppacher's certificate to the effect that Mr. Freud was entitled to register from that place. Mr. Freud has also addressed me on the subject of an article entitled, "The Downfall of a Commission," which, he states, "is evidently based upon the erroneous statements recently circulated regarding the methods and work of the Civil Service Commission." He declares that " a full examination of the cases would convince any fair-minded citizen that the charges are in most instances groundless and in others grossly exaggerated." To his letter he annexed a history of several cases that have been discussed in the *Chronicle*, so that I may judge for myself.

The article referred to was not based entirely upon statements recently circulated, nor does Mr. Freud's history of the cases convince me that the charges are groundless. The whole matter is now, I believe, before the grand jury and the commissioners will no doubt be permitted to defend themselves before that body. To convict the commissioners of malfeasance, however, is no simple task, especially if their own records are to constitute the sole evidence against them.

He is not a "Lord"

The young man who is mentioned in the dailies as "Lord" Lambart and who is traveling with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester is not a "Lord." I suppose that the reporters have concluded that as he is traveling with a Duke he should have a title, and that they have therefore dubbed him Lord Lambart. He is, however, plain Lambart, son of the rector of Navan.

Not Their Wives

Two women were injured in Golden Gate park last Sunday as a consequence of riding behind fast horses, and it was somewhat of a coincidence that each was in the company of a married man who was not her husband. The wife of one of the men—a well known shipping commissioner—learned of her husband's Sabbath escapade through the inquisitiveness of a reporter in quest of an item. The reporter supposed that the injured woman was a member of the shipping commissioner's family, and he called at the latter's home to learn her name and inquire as to the extent of her injuries. He was received by the wife who was greatly surprised to learn that her husband had been out driving with a woman. She expressed the hope that the woman had broken her neck and intimated that her husband would get a very warm reception when he reached his home.

Walter A. Schiffer, of the well known firm of Kerbs, Wertheimer & Schiffer of New York, cigar manufacturers, is combining business with pleasure in this city. Mr. Schiffer devotes considerable time to the study of political economy.

Posters on a Church

It should make the hair of Calvary Presbyterian church's conservative congregation stand on end to note the condition of the old structure, now undergoing demolishment. The hair raising process would be evolved not by the sight of the falling bricks and boards, but from the decorations on such of the walls as still stand. These are bright with theatrical posters.

(In the artist's studio):

Miss Smitten Belle: Not a soul knows I'm here—not even my husband.

Mr. Blase Brush: Well, he may be anxious, so I'll ring him up and convey the joyful tidings of your presence here.

A Dentist's Strategy

Dr. Younger, the dentist, who enjoys the distinction of being the first man that ever transplanted a tooth, and who left a lucrative practice in this city a few years ago to become a resident of Paris, returned here recently for a brief sojourn. He reports that the Parisian dentist has a strong prejudice against foreign tooth-pullers, and to prevent the foreigner from obtaining a foothold he requires him to stand an examination which it is impossible to pass. To circumvent the Parisian Dr. Younger established a partnership with a Frenchman under whose name he plugs teeth in the French capital.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

From Chicago come cards announcing the marriage of Mrs. Georgie Adams Kneip and Mr. Floyd Miller. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Charles L. Adams of the Lind Vineyard company (Fresno). One of her sisters is Mrs. Charles Lind of this city. She was one of the most popular teachers in the San Francisco school department. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are located at 736 Fullerton boulevard in Chicago where they will be at home to their friends after February fifteenth.

Will the Carolans Flit?

New York society chroniclers have an idea that Mr. and Mrs. Carolan may decide to take up their permanent home in New York along with the Mills' the Oelrichs', and the George Crockers and other Californian emigres. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs was particularly nice to them on their recent visit. Other influential people introduced them to Tuxedo and they are said to have been serously looking for a cottage there as well as a house in upper Fifth avenue near the Central Park fashion row. Meanwhile, however, Frank Carolan returned to Burlingame to prepare a reception for George Gould and some of the crack eastern polo players, whom he prevailed upon to come out here with their ponies this spring to meet the Western cracks, and about the first thing he did was to break his leg. The accident may upset his plans for the present. Burlingame would suffer a severe loss should the Carolans flit East with their household gods, gowns, golf-sticks and polo ponies. Mrs. Carolan has backed her husband with considerable money to blaze the Carolan name high in polo and hunt circles, and he has been importing pink hunting coats, ponies and other accessories to make the show an enthusiastic go.

A Trip and the Prospect

Society is now wondering if the globe encircling tour of Mrs. E. J. Preston and her two daughters will end in the announced engagement of one of them to young Smith. Since their father lost the bulk of his big mining property the two boys have been doing their mightiest to carve out career and positions for themselves. One of them has obtained a high position in a very wealthy firm here and the other has gone to Manila on an expedition of much promise. Society believes the young folks will arrange the world's tour and that the business trip will end in hymeneal enterprise. At one time Worthington Ames was supposed to be the lucky men but the tea tabbies are now wagering their Sevres sets that the outcome will be otherwise.

Which reminds me that in his adolescent days young Smith had a great crush on Lottie Rogers. Every day at school Lottie received a beautiful bouquet of glorious flowers from a girl schoolmate named Carrie—and all the girls wondered at the intense love that Carrie had for Lottie. One day the secret came out. Carrie, who was a great friend of young Smith, received the bouquet each day to hand to Lottie. All that happy time was in the salad days of course and sets and social times have changed sadly since then. Lottie is now in the East where she has recently made a great hit with her husband in entertainments at "studio receptions." She is said to play the clarinet with cheerfulness and art. Ruth White, who was her inseparable companion here, will be well remembered by the Johnnies. She went on East and made a hit with her singing in several of the "Trilby" companies, later appearing in more ambitious comic opera roles.

When Crawford Met Hart

A member of the Bohemian club tells an amusing story of the meeting between those two well known literary gentlemen, Marion Crawford, the novelist, and Jerome Hart, the editor. It occurred when Crawford was lecturing in this city. One day he was invited to the Bohemian club by Mayor Phelan who, being anxious to surround him with congenial company, telephoned to the Pacific Union for Mr. Hart. The editor quickly responded and upon meeting the distinguished novelist immediately proceeded to engross his attention. Whether he talked shop or not I do not know, but at any rate he gave Crawford a tired feeling. Presently Crawford turning to an acquaintance who was a member of the Bohemian club muttered *sotto voce:*

"That man is a bore."

But Hart, feeling at his best, seemed intent upon not letting the conversation drag. Crawford's brow was corrugated and he was plainly uncomfortable.

"Why, he's an infernal bore," he said, with the air and tone of a man who was painfully surprised.

The Novelist's Memory

In the hope, apparently, of getting relief he suggested that he would like to visit the club library. He managed to break away from the editor a short while and when he reached the library he turned to his Bohemian club acquaintance with an injured air, saying:

"That man with the whiskers—why, I tell you he's an infernal bore."

And he said this as though he were trying to convince a skeptic. A year later the Bohemian club man

A GREAT HIT

No one as yet dared to take up the great Challenge Sale of the Pattosien Furniture Co., this practically settles the fact that the Pattosien Co. sell fine furniture and carpets cheaper than any other house in the city. The sale so far has been a great hit. It is remarkable to learn of so many hotels and homes being fitted out at this time of the year, of course it is seldom such a chance is offered. When this big House undertakes to do anything, they do it well. The new arrivals of birdseye maple bedroom suites must be seen by everybody; they are the $75 style to be sold at $45. Fine new draperies and lace curtains arrived among the new goods and a whole carload of choice carpets came. Those $1 Tapestry Brussels will go at 75c yard. Of course everything else at same low figures at the great challenge sale corner 16th and Mission sts.

Cor. 16th & Mission Sts.

met Mr. Crawford in a club in New York. The novelist adverted to his visit to the Bohemian club and remarked what a fine club it was and what a jolly lot men he had met there. Suddenly a cloud came over his face.

"But that man with the whiskers—who is that man?" he asked.

"Why, he's the editor of the ——."

"Oh, yes," said Crawford, interrupting, "I remember, but say, he's an awful bore."

McAllister's Indignation

A club raconteur tells a good story about Ward McAllister, nephew of the late lamented founder of the *400*. Some years ago McAllister and Judge Hoffman were in the habit of sitting down together at the Pacific Union club to discuss the fine qualities of their respective families. They agreed on one point and that was that the blue blood that coursed in their veins was of a superfine quality, and that there was nothing like it in the country. But one night McAlister entered the club wearing an expression of great indignation. He stalked up and down in front of a fireplace with clenched fists and flashing eyes, muttering to himself in a manner portentous. Occasionally, an expletive could be heard, and the members of the club concluded that something fierce was about to happen. Presently somebody asked him what was the matter.

"That man Hoffman," he began in a tone of indignation, and then he choked up for he could not control his feelings.

"That man Hoffman," he resumed, "says that his family is better than mine—the scoundrel"—and then he stalked again.

Grace and Birdie

The contest just started in the courts by Mrs. Grace D. Seifried against "Birdie" Barbier promises to bring out more salacious scandal over the "Emeric mix-up" than anything connected with that deplorable affair. The old friends of Harry Emeric are aghast at the strife started by these two women and the hoodoo that hung over the last exciting years of Emeric's life is given the credit of being the boss in his line. Both of these women lived a long while in the Emeric homehold, both had "experiences" there, both have extravagant stories to tell and the chances are that the unsavory one told by "Birdie" that she had "to protect herself" will not be the least exciting in the tales told the court.

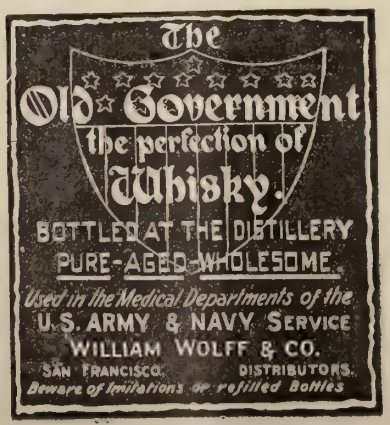
Mrs. Seifried, or Grace Darling, as she was known then, was not so very young when she was adopted into the Emeric family. Indeed, I believe there was only about five years' difference between her and the first Mrs. Emeric, who was a very beautiful woman. Mrs. Seifried was a plain young girl, quiet and dutiful, and was spoken of by the Emerics as their adopted daughter. When she married Seifried they brought her a handsome place in the south and furnished it beautifully. They did a great deal for her before marriage and after her settlement in life they seemed to think she was amply provided for. It was after this event that "Birdie" went to join the Emerics at the Palace hotel. When the rupture came and "Birdie" fled from the hotel, Mrs. Emeric looked after her till such time as she could have her under the same roof again; and this companionship eventually led to her bequeathing "Birdie" all she had of the Emeric property, much to her husband's chagrin. The old friends of Harry Emeric have never forgiven "Birdie" for the stand she made in his battle to recover the valuable property. They say she should have taken the compromise offered and prevented the unsavory scandal that followed. Now they are hoping that Mrs. Seifried will treat her to some of the same medicine she gave Harry Emeric.

To the Lents—a Daughter

The stork, freighted with its customary burden, winged its flight out Eddy street one night last week, and stopped at the beautiful new home of the Eugene Lents. The little stranger is a girl.

As yet there has been no male heir to perpetuate the name of Lent in this part of the world. The George Lents have no children. The Lent family has been prominent socially in this city since pioneer days and has always lived in the same house, at the corner of Eddy and Polk streets, which Colonel William M. Lent built more than thirty years ago. It is an old-fashioned, square, comfortable home, with a beautiful garden and a bit of an orchard. The library is one of the pleasantest rooms in the house and contains a splendid collection of volumes. When George Lent married Bessie Hooker, the young couple went to housekeeping at once at 2229 Washington street. Their home is modern in all its details and is one of the handsomest residences in San Francisco. The new home of the Eugene Lents in one of the most artistic in the city.

The variety of fine note-papers which is carried in stock by Messrs Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, embraces not only all the newest fads in stationary—but all the staple bonds and fine linens. No other house on the Pacific Coast carries so much of the better grades of paper.



Pool-rooms in Disguise

The newspapers and the holy men of God that succeeded in closing the three pool-rooms that flourished in this city some time ago have been rejoicing ever since. The pool-sellers offered to quit selling on races and suggested that their business should be licensed, and regulated by the police with a view of protecting minors, but the good men of the pulpit and the hypocrites of the press who are subsidized by the lottery companies protested against the compromise. Now I should like to call the attention of the dear ministers to the result of their crusade. There are at least thirty pool-rooms in full blast in this city today, and nearly all their patrons are young men under twenty-one years of age.

How They are Conducted

All through the wholesale district of this city are cigar stores whose proprietors are conducting a pool-selling business. They take any sum from twenty-five cents up and pay off the following day on the odds as published by the newspapers for the benefit of the gamblers. Errand boys, juvenile collectors, drivers of delivery wagons and other youngsters who would never have dared to enter a pool-room are the principal patrons of these gambling resorts. It would be difficult for the police to secure the conviction of these pool-sellers for they issue no tickets to their patrons but merely keep a record of the bets. There is no doubt that the cigar dealers who are engaged in the pool-selling business are a worse and more dangerous element in the community than the men who were willing to confine their business to the handling of bets on boxing-matches and to pay a license to the city.

The Race-Track War

The good men of the local pulpits who so vigorously attacked the pool-sellers and who are ever ready to co-operate with the newspapers in sensational crusades against immorality are now lending a hand in the fight against the reopening of the Ingleside race track. In other words, they have plunged into the race-track war which has been in progress for several weeks and which has engendered much bitterness on both sides. The war has promoted flip-flopping at the City Hall for officials who were opposed to the opening of the Ingleside track some months ago have reversed their position. Before Prince Poniatowski became interested in the San Francisco Jockey club they were opposed to the opening of Ingleside, but now they are in favor of it, and to that end they have called upon the Legislature to limit racing to thirty days in each county.

The ministers, with their usual display of ignorance when it comes to handling worldly affairs, opposed the memorial to the Legislature on the ground that it contemplated a compromise with the gamblers. They could not see that its effect is to limit racing to ninety and perhaps to sixty days in this vicinity, for even though the Legislature fixes the limit at thirty days in each county, it does not necessarily mean that Ingleside shall be opened. The Legislature may prohibit certain things, but it cannot compel the supervisors to open Ingleside by declaring that racing shall be legitimate for thirty days in the year. The supervisors are endowed with police powers under the charter and under a recent constitutional amendment which cannot be taken away by an act of the Legislature. Now, if the Act called for is passed the California Jockey club will have to shut down racing at the end of thirty days, and the Tanforan people will have to do so too, thereby limiting the season in this vicinity to sixty days unless the supervisors agree to open Ingleside and extend the season to ninety days. The season is now for about six months, so the ministers have really put themselves on record as preferring six months to ninety days of racing.

How Prohibitionists Saved Saloon Men

The somewhat paradoxical position assumed by the ministers in this matter reminds me of the fight made for a high liquor license in the city of Stockton years ago. The saloon men were badly scared over the prospect of having their license increased to such a figure that they would have to go out of business. They consulted a lawyer and he agreed to knock out the proposed license. This is the way he did it. He issued circulars calling the attention of the Prohibitionists and the clergy to what he designated as a proposed compromise with the liquor traffic. He inveighed against the saloon business in the most violent manner, and demanded that, in the interest of the wives and mothers of Stockton, the liquor traffic be suppressed. The proposed license, he asserted, was in the nature of an acknowledgment of the legitimate character of a business which was a blot upon the community. His argument prevailed. The Prohibitionists rose in their might to fight high license, and thereby came to the rescue of the saloon men. It was a splendid piece of strategy and the saloon men won for the ordinance was beaten.

A Rampant Divine

That was a very intemperate speech made by Rev. J. A. B. Wilson at the Mayor's mass-meeting. He denounced the city officials as though they were a band of crooks and he made special reference to Charles Wesley Reed for having reminded his confreres at a meeting some months ago that they were indebted to the sporting fraternity. Mr. Reed made a dignified reply in which he defended the Administration and pointed out that various measures which Rev. Wilson said had not been passed, had on the contrary, been favorably acted upon by the Supervisors. He alleged that the minister was guilty of misrepresentation and he explained that he had always opposed legislation designed to make this an air-tight village because he believed it to be more important to carry out the pledges made to the people. He contended that if the officials made enemies for themselves by interfering with the business of individuals they would be repudiated at the polls before they had time to accomplish the purposes for which they had been given the reins of government. Supervisor Tobin took a smash at the reverend gentleman, and when Wilson attempted to reply to Reed the latter was so vociferously applauded that the preacher could

not obtain a hearing. He subsequently grew frantic and became very abusive. In refreshing contrast to his conduct was that of Prince Poniatowski, who was courteous and polite and made a very good impression.

The Strenuous Foote

Billy Foote has been enjoying almost a monopoly of the centre of the stage for some time. Ever since his return from Paris he has been in a flood of limelight. When he was not engaged in defending the Paris Commission, he was having trouble with the Custom House officers over some articles of lady's wearing apparel that had been inadvertently put into his trunk, or he was engaged in throwing newspaper reporters out of his office with the assistance of friends. Billy has indeed been leading a strenuous life. He has been out-Roosevelting the Vice-President even while the latter was engaged in hand-to-paw conflict with the wild beasts of Colorado. If you have been keeping track of Billy Foote in the newspapers it is very likely that you have come to the conclusion that he is a most aggressive citizen. You have probably pictured him as a Kentucky Colonel with a rakish air and a portable arsenal.

He is not Bloodthirsty

Only the other day some newspaper propounded the query, "Who will undertake to cross-examine Billy Foote at the Paris Commission Investigation?" The inference was that all the statesmen at Sacramento were trembling in their boots at the prospect of confronting the fierce and untamed Foote. Now the fact is that, though Mr. Foote is a southern gentleman, gallant and game, he is not a bit bloodthirsty. He is a splendid actor in court, and when he begins to rant and roar people naturally get on the qui vive for an explosion, but it never comes. Once upon a time he stormed around in a Fresno court in a most alarming manner, and so realistic was his exhibition of rage that little Grove Johnson took him seriously. As a consequence, Johnson, who doesn't get afraid, "sassed back," and Foote was so surprised that he demanded the protection of the court. I'm quite sure Mr. Johnson would be willing to undertake the cross-examination of Mr. Foote.

A Memorable Cross-Examination

And, by the way, I have a faint recollection of a cross-examination that took place not very long ago, in which Mr. Foote figured as the witness. And the impression made upon me at the time was that Billy Foote was not a good witness. The cross-examination was conducted by that suave gentleman and learned attorney, Mr. Garret McEnerney. It was during that sensational period of the Fair case when the opponents of the fake widow, Mrs. Craven, were ventilating some of those crooked transactions that took place in San Rafael. As Mr. Foote was one of Mrs. Craven's confidential advisers, it was naturally supposed that he could shed some light on those transactions. The cross-examination was a most painful one, and to anybody that likes literature of that character I earnestly recommend perusal of the transcript of the testimony given by the Paris commissioner.

Even Hanlon Attacked Him

As I said before, Mr. Foote is not a bit bloodthirsty. But he has been going about with a chip on his shoulder for years, giving people the impression that he kept a private grave-yard. The trouble with Billy was, in the argot of the sporting fraternity, he was not prepared to make good. This was demonstrated about a year ago when the Hite case was on trial. Billy had been blustering as usual, and a little fellow named Church, who announced by way of preface and warning, that he was born on "the dark and bloody battle-ground of the South," called him a "cowardly liar." Foote took no notice of him. This evidence of self-restraint inspired Attorney Charley Hanlon, who was never in a fight in his life until Colonel Choynski licked him, and it would scarcely be fair to say that he was in that. Well, under the inspiration Hanlon grew positively ugly, and said some things that would provoke almost anybody. But Foote, instead of fighting, called attention to the fact that he was older than Hanlon and Church and that he was also lame. Parenthetically, he added that they couldn't scare him.

The investigation at Sacramento settled one moot question that puzzled many people. It was the question as to how much of his own money Billy Foote spent in Europe. Shortly after his return he declared that he spent forty-thousand dollars out of his private bank account. He afterwards confided in Frank Moffitt that the actual sum was thirty-seven thousand. Later on he confessed to Charles Wesley Reed that it was twenty-five thousand. He lopped off five more in conversation with a newspaper reporter, but when under oath at Sacramento he testified that it was only fourteen thousand that came out of the Foote purse.

I'm Ole Bill Foote of Snorterville,
Just back from gay Paree—
Each night a jag, each day a still—
Six months' hilarity,
And everything was free,
And now I do not give a damn
For what you think of me,
FOR I'M BILL FOOTE, I AM.

Whoop! But I was a gay Ole Bill,
Despite my game old knee,
I set the pace—a pace to kill,
But I'm alive, you see.
Of California's three,
I was the real thing and no sham—
The leader of the spree,
FOR I'M BILL FOOTE, I AM.

Trust me my Southron hide to fill—
No whiskey "gang agley."
The State gave booze for us to swill,
And swilled we did, by Gee—
The side-board had no key.
And girls—I'm silent as a clam,
As becomes my chivalree,
FOR I'M BILL FOOTE, I AM.

Hell's best bully boy—that's me,
And down your throat I'll jam
My fist if you dare disagree,
FOR I'M BILL FOOTE, I AM.

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

Visitors from the Hub

The Misses Hurley of Boston, who are the guests of Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, belong to one of the oldest families of the city of culture. They are orphans and heirs to several million dollars Their father made an immense fortune in the manufacture of shoes at Lynn, Mass., and the business is now conducted by the four boys, all graduates of Harvard. The Hurley home in Boston is a mansion and the boys have always entertained extensively their fellow-students at Harvard. The California boys were always welcome and the girls will now meet many old friends. Both Miss Margaret and Miss Gertrude are attractive and highly educated. They traveled last year with Miss Blair in Europe. The Blairs and their young guests arrived on Sunday and are at the Palace for the present until their rooms in the Richelieu are ready for their occupancy.

After spending last summer in Europe with her brother, William S. Blair, Miss Jennie was joined in New York last fall by her mother and the two have been visiting Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt. Miss Blair received considerable attention in society in New York and it is stated created a decided impression there. This was quite a natural consequence, for Miss Blair is remarkably talented and attractive, and her charming independence makes her a notable figure in any society.

She is one of San Francisco's swellest bachelor maids, and though many suitors have knelt at her shrine she has never shown a desire to smile upon any one in particular, though uniformly gracious to all. Miss Blair's fads are charity, porcelain and slippers. She collects Dresden ware especially, and has a cabinet full of exquisite specimens. She also has a collection of slipper models in silver of all the makes of ladies' slippers in the world.

"Me und Gott" in Sacramento

Governor Gage is destined to be known to future generations as the promoter of more fool legislation than any other man that ever held the job of chief executive of this State. Two years ago he was responsible for several absurd and unconstitutional Acts designed to curtail the liberty of the press and now he is trying to shut off free speech. In compliance with his suggestions a bill was introduced in the Senate the other day, which provides that it shall be a felony for anybody to say that Asiatic cholera or bubonic plague exists in this State, unless the State Board of Health has first determined such to be the fact. Dr. Anderson and the other members of the State Board of Health were appointed by Governor Gage, and therefore the proposed Act resolves itself down to this—it shall be a felony to say that bubonic plague exists in California until you get permission from Governor Gage.

This bill is probably intended as an entering wedge. If it goes through all right Gage may next ask the Legislature to frame a lese majesty Act, making it a crime for people to say what they think of him. Any law student knows that the proposed Act is as ridiculous as it is unconstitutional. Even Colonel Brady late of the tenderloin and now of the Assembly has too much sense to take the Senate bill seriously. Governor Gage would no doubt like to wipe out the local Board of Health. It would probably please him if he could invest his friend Jinslow Wanderson, with the exclusive right to sign death certificates in this city, and there is no telling to what extremes he may go before some kind friend calls his attention to the fact that the State has a constitution which cannot be amended to suit the whim of a Los Angeles lawyer simply because he happens to be holding a political job.

An Old Testament

The filing here of a copy of the will of the late Miss Mary E. Stanford of Montclair, New Jersey, brought to light a testament of rather peculiar wording. Miss Stanford died nearly a year ago, and her death aroused some attention here because she was a niece of the late Leland Stanford, who left her about one hundred thousand dollars at his death. Miss Stanford's will directed that the executors should not be required to give bonds and might invest the estate funds as they saw fit "even though such investments may not be of a kind usually authorized by law." She showed her trust in the gentlemen chosen as executors by saying that "any loss sustained by reason of error of judgment" was not to be held against them.

Miss Stanford's Californian legatees are Jerome B. Stanford and his son, Clark Stanford. They inherit respectively twenty thousand and ten thousand dollars. Mr. Jerome Stanford is probably better known socially here than any of his relatives except the Lathrops. His first wife was a daughter of G. H. Clark, who had three daughters, Helen, Mabel and Maude. Helen (or Bessie, as she is usually called) married Norbert Babin, and Maude is Mrs. Charles Nougues. His second wife was Miss Florence Runyon; Clark Stanford is her son. After her death, Mr. Stanford married a Miss Douglass, who presented him with two children.

The Becky Sharps of the Local Swim

The life of the Rawdon Crawleys, as exposed to public view in "Becky Sharp," must strike home to many of the San Francisco smart set who hang on the

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Telephone, BLACK 4282

Charles Adams

FINE TAILORING

244 STOCKTON ST.

Union Square San Francisco

The town talk just now is the great challenge sale at the Pattosien Co. No one dared to take up the challenge. This settles the fact that Pattosien Co. is the lowest price furniture house in this city, corner 16th and Mission.

very ragged edge of the inner circle. There is more than one society matron who dreads the post-man's visit, and shudders every time the bell rings for fear it is a dun. I have known more than one local instance where, when a society dame gave a reception, a servant was kept on the look-out for the sheriff. It is hard lines to be poor and have to keep one's head up to the smart mark. One family in particular I have in mind who are very prominent at all swell functions and who pride themselves on their exclusiveness. The mother has depended for years on her own father for subsistence, and as he was not over well provided himself it was a hard strain on him to keep his own menage and that of his daughter, her husband and daughters a-going. One summer he went out of town and his daughter did not know his address. She was at her wit's end for ready money, and when he came back he was bitterly reproached for his cruelty in not letting the daughter know his whereabouts. She explained, with tears, that, not being able to pay the laundry, she had been forced to do her own washing.

Perhaps Billy Foote would like to have us believe that he associates with bad people to raise the standard of goodness.

To the credit of many of our blue-blooded but financially embarrassed aristocracy, be it said, they prefer to go into the boarding-house business rather than to keep up appearances on a bluff. Mrs. Cole, the mother of the latest society bride, has been following the occupation of boarding-house keeper and that circumstance did not prevent Margaret from making a grand match. Since her marriage it has been suggested that boarding-houses are mascots and that all mothers with eligible daughters should take in boarders. Mrs. Salisbury has never disguised her occupation of boarding-house keeper and it has not counted against her socially. The late Mrs. Volney Spaulding lost nothing in social prestige by keeping a hotel. Indeed, she rather gained in estimation from the circumstance of her possessing such remarkable business sagacity as to be able to run a hotel and make money out of it. Mrs. Fair was Mrs. Spaulding's great friend and supporter in her enterprise, and to her encouragement was due much of the latter's success. Socially, Mrs. Spaulding was the equal of the kind woman who was her patron.

Boarding House Keepers

Going back into the past, did not Mrs. Gummer keep a boarding-house in Sansome street in the days of early San Francisco? And did not Mrs. Gummer's three pretty daughters marry Adam Grant, Bob Morrow and William Harney? And did not Mrs. Swearingen keep boarders and did not her daughters become Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Condit Smith, Mrs. George Whitney and Mrs. A. B. McCreery? The boarding-houses of early days were really homes, and it is no wonder that mothers with pretty daughters found no obstacles in the path when matrimonial prospects were under consideration.

There is a difference in Bread made from the same flour; there is a difference in whiskey made from the same rye; there is a difference in shirts made from the same cloth; but for style, fit and the assortment to select from, call at Lewison's; the Leaders, Gents Furnishers—953 Market street, bet. 5th and 6th streets.

The Charity Ball

The ball in aid of the Mt. Zion hospital's exchequer will be pulled off tonight, and it will be one of the smartest balls that has ever been given here for sweet charity's sake. The lady patronesses tell me that the sale of tickets for the affair has been most satisfactory and there will likely be a fashionable crush. The rule is strict about admissions, and all the tickets must be presented at the door. Supper will be served at small tables from half after eleven o'clock until half after one.

Something New in Photography

The success of the photographic salon at the Hopkins Institute shows in what high appreciation art photography is held in San Francisco. Percy King, whose name is known throughout the East as an eminent photograph artist, and who arrived in this city recently to fill an engagement with Mr. Habenicht, speaks very highly of camera conditions here. Mr. King understands the art of photography thoroughly and he has brought with him the most recent ideas in poses and lighting. The old style of pose, with its unnatural expression and stiff attitude, is now completely out of date. It is artists such as Mr. King who have helped to work the revolution. Mr. King operated for Stein of Milwaukee and Dana of New York, who are considered the leading photographers of their respective cities. While with them he made a special study of portraits of society women, in which he was most successful. He does not permit his assistants to pose his subjects, but attends personally every sitting. Something quite new out here are the exquisite designs in mounting pictures, and the artistic ideas in finishing, which he will introduce to us. It is fortunate for Mr. Habenicht—who is by the way, now the sole proprietor of the studio at 1026 Market street—that he has been enabled to bring to San Francisco an artist of such wide experience. Mr. King has a name unequaled in camera craft circles, and has been awarded nineteen first prizes by the Photographers' Association of America. No other photographer can beat that medal record, which augurs well for Mr. King's success in San Francisco.

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An American Woman's Love Letters

[Inspired by the vogue attained in Europe and the East by "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," an enterprising Chicago publisher has gathered together a collection of epistles, which he has titled "An American Woman's Love Letters." The book has obtained some notoriety, owing to the halo of mystery surrounding the writer. It is currently rumored that the author of the screeds is a San Francisco society matron, and the other end of the correspondence, a penniless cotillion leader who ekes out his income by writing poetry for the magazines. There are three hundred and ten of the effusions in all. The Chicago publisher secured them through a peculiar circumstance. A traveler, on his way to New York, not being able to settle his hotel bill, was compelled to leave his trunk as security. The trunk was never called for, and the bill remaining unpaid, the hotel's proprietor opened the trunk, which was found to contain nothing but letters. The affair came to the knowledge of the publisher, who bought the epistles for a nominal sum. The volume is a small one, bound in pure white linen, with a cover design of a broken wedding-ring and a bleeding heart; very suitable for a St. Valentine's Day gift. Advance sheets of the book have been received exclusively by *Town Talk*.]

Letter No. 1.

I waited, my soul's darling, sixteen minutes for you in the Oriental room. The first five minutes were pased in fond imaginings of your caresses when we should meet, after our two days of separation. Five minutes more went in these rapturous dreams. Then four minutes of wild worry and unrest—my soul, my angel, was he ill? Had some ungovernable trolley-car run over him, and were his mangled remains decorating the gore at Kearny, Market and Geary streets? I burst into tears—and looked at my watch. That roused me to reason. Sixteen minutes late—I can not forgive you. And that diamond-studded watch, after all, was my husband's gift. I called a cab and drove to hubby's office and made him happy by going out to lunch with him.

Letter No. 2.

That black coat you wore at my reception yesterday was a hideous misfit. You know, heart of my heart, I cannot bear to see you garbed in anything but well-fitting togs. Please order a new suit, for afternoon wear; send the bill to me. You must not be too proud, sweet love of mine; I would give you my house, my carriage, my servants, even, were such your wish. But I must always be proud of you.

Letter No. 13.

I passed the night in weeping, hot, scalding, blinding tears that added ten years to my age, as I could see in my mirror this morning. You were not there! I wore my new gown to the ball, the cream crepe trimmed with sable, and all my diamonds. Everybody said I was the most beautiful woman there. But my evening was spoiled—you were not there. Oh, king of my mind, soul and heart! why were you absent?

Letter No. 27.

Explain, sir! I saw you walking in the Park this morning with Miss ——. I was driving, alone—alone, because you were not at home when I rang you up. You did not see me—your eyes were fixed upon her face. If you cannot be true to me in thought and deed, it shall be farewell. Oh, gracious God! Can it be that you have grown tired of me? Miss —— is not so beautiful as I am. She is no younger, no richer, and not so well gowned or groomed as I am. Well, such is life when one gives one's heart to a mere man. Oh, love—

Letter No. 64.

I shall expect you at the gallery at three o'clock. No other shall see me pose for my back hair. 'Tis the latest fad, and my husband insists upon having one of me with my hair hanging down my back like that of the girl in the song. Tell me, emperor of my adoration, shall I wear my golden wig or my Titian tresses that I wore when enacting Mary Stuart in the living pictures? You were Darnley, do you remember? Hubby wishes me to wear my own black locks, but I shall do as *you* say, dearest. Be there at three. We will drive to the Cliff later, and dine together. Monsier has gone to Sacramento.

Letter No. 103.

Tell me it is a lie. They told me today that you are to marry Miss ——. They even told me the day was set for your wedding. I laughed and looked as unconcerned as I could, but a storm of rage shook my heart. *You*—to marry? Oh, no, 'tis a falsehood, a foolish little tale they have evolved from nothing. *You*—to belong to another? With the memory of *my* kisses—that my husband would give his life for—with the memory of *my* arms around your neck—can you marry another? Oh, no, I believe it is untrue. You are mine, mine only and mine always.

Letter No. 164.

Oh, I feel so happy today. I am sitting before my little writing desk, and in front of me I have spread out all your photos. There is the little tintype we had taken out at the Chutes that afternoon, the first day of our meeting. And then there is the photo of you in your Darnley suit—and the one in mask and domino (ah! heart's honey, do you remember that night?) and again, the one in shooting togs. That brings a whole summer of sweetness before me. I feasted my eyes on the thirty-three counterfeit presentments of my angel dove, and then I fell a-laughing. I am so happy—so happy—so happy!

Letter No. 300.

Parting such sweet sorrow? Oh, no, 'tis hell. I leave tomorrow for New York en route to Vienna. My husband wills it, and this time I cannot summon courage to cross him. But I desire you, king of the world, to come post haste after us. We will find opportunities to meet. I enclose your ticket to Chicago, and you will find another at the hotel, from Chicago to New York. Come, come—I cannot bear to leave you so far behind. *The Book Reviewer.*

Tit For Tat

Only a woman's heart!
Another's so easily won.
How well he played his part—
The actor—'twas just for fun.

Only a woman's heart!
The curtain's dropped—'tis done.
Yet, now, is played a part,
Her role—it's just begun.—*The Jilter.*

The Romance of an Ink Spot

Mademoiselle Eulalie Griveau of the Vaudeville theatre, arrayed in a gay-colored kimona, sat by the open window of her half-bed-room, half-boudoir, sipping her morning coffee and nibbling at the traditional breakfast roll. The bright August sun streamed through the yellow curtains, and the room was redolent of perfume from a pot of mignonette which stood on the wondow sill and the half dozen bouquets of roses and carnations divided between the centre table and the etagere; for the actress was a Parisian pet.

Having landed the evening before the leviathan of the matrimonial pool, she was in a most delightful humor and thoroughly well pleased with herself. Of course, she was pretty—actresses generally are—but in Mademoiselle's case it was difficult to distinguish where nature ended and art began. A coquette off the stage as well as on, her friends were at a loss to single out the favored one—for the fair Eulalie, sphinx-like, veiled her preference, so that it was impossible to decide whether she favored B. more than C. or C. more than X. Still this pretty butterfly of the Vaudeville stage had already made her choice, actuated partly by love, partly by ambition. She had long cherished a secret desire, not only to get rid of the plebeian name of Griveau, but to replace it by a high-sounding one, adorned with the aristocratic prefix of "de" and even, if possible, by a title, encouraged doubtless by the marvelous success of her Vaudeville sisters across the channel.

Sipping coffee and sniffing at the mignonette, she suddenly jumped up from the window, walked across the room, and taking a photograph from the etagere stood for some moments looking at it.

"My dear Raoul," she said to herself, "you are certainly very handsome and of course desperately in love with me, but dear, love waxes stronger when fanned by the breeze of indifference."

And placing the photo again on the etagere, she returned to her seat at the window fully determined that Count Raoul de Riestall should be fanned by the breeze of indifference—at least for a while.

Scarcely had her resolution been made than Suzette, her indefatigable little maid, opened the boudoir door and presented her mistress with a card. It read:

"Raoul de Riesthall."

The actress' face suddenly brightened as she read the card, but suddenly remembering her resolution, she declined to receive Monsieur de Riesthall, but Raoul was too ardent a lover to be easily discouraged, and when Suzette again entered her mistress's boudoir, she brought a note which the Count had hurriedly scribbled, in which he implored to be received. Still the coquettish little actress demurred and even smiled incredulously, as she read his threat to leave Paris and spend the rest of August with his grandmother in the country.

Then tossing her lover's note on the centre table, she bade Suzette inform Monsieur de Riesthall that it was quite impossible to receive him—and humming a gay little song of the Boulevards, she began to dress for rehearsal, thinking all the while of Raoul and the wonderful salutary effect of indifference on the masculine heart.

Though thoroughly disappointed, Monsieur Raoul received his fiat from Mademoiselle's maid with an air of supreme indifference; yet hardly had Suzette's footsteps died away on the staircase than he resolved to leave Paris that afternoon. Two hours later, he was on his way to his grandmother's chateau in the country, where his room had long awaited him. Absence, he thought, would bring Eulalie to a sense of her duty, and he was fully persuaded that in a day or two he would receive a perfumed note begging him to return.

* * * * * * * * *

It was late in the evening when De Riesthall tumbled in on the surprised family. His grandmother, Madame de Lalande, in the simplicity and innocence of her heart, attributed his visit to his great affection for her—but his cousin Estelle, who had grown into long skirts since Raoul's last visit, had her own ideas about it and attributed her cousin's visit to other motives, which she wisely kept to herself.

The family welcome was, however, so warm and so genuinely cordial that De Reisthall would have been quite content at the old chateau had he not left a gay, laughing Eulalie behind him. Meanwhile Mademoiselle Griveau, who knew all the transformations of the cunning passion of love, recognized that De Riesthall's flutterings were those of a bird in the snare of the fowler, and after mature reflection, resolved not to write until she received a note from him.

When a week and finally fifteen days passed by and still no letter of recall came, De Riesthall's patience became exhausted, and one tropical August afternoon he rushed to his room, where he dashed off four pages of love and tenderness to his Eulalie. But just as he had signed his name, a large drop of ink fell from his pen.

"Diable!" he exclaimed impatiently, "this letter can never go with such an illustration."

And shouting at the top of his voice, he called Estelle, whose room was on the same floor.

"My sweet cousin," he said, as she opened the door, "can you oblige a fellow in distress and lend him your ink eraser?"

"Why, have you made a blot, cousin?" asked Estelle, opening very wide her beautiful brown eyes.

Without waiting for Raoul to answer, she vanished like a fire-fly and returned in the twinkling of an eye bringing the desired eraser.

"My dear cousin," she said, half languidly, half seriously, as she threw the eraser on the writing table, "we must always avoid doing silly things."

"What?" said De Riesthall, beginning to feel most uncomfortable.

But his anxiety was quickly relieved, as Estelle continued by assuring him that there were spots and spots, "and this one being half dry," she added, "will be very difficult to remove, therefore as a sincere cousin, I advise you to allow me to perform the delicate task."

But he hesitated. Could he trust Estelle? The little witch seemed to divine his thoughts, and before he had time to decide the question, she ordered him to get up, installed herself at his writing table, and cooly assured him that he need not be afraid, that she would not divulge his love secrets to grandma, and finally ended by declaring that she always knew he was in love.

Her cousin looked nonplussed, then in a careless way, asked this little maid of nineteen how she had divined his secret.

"Because," answered Estelle, hesitatingly, "you seem to prefer to be alone and avoid the society of the family whenever you can—particularly my society. But don't apologize," she added, with an expressive shrug of her sh ers, and snapping her slender, tapering fingers in his she assured him she had lots of admirers, and humm to herself began to efface the blot.

As she worked De Riesthall stood be her. The bright afternoon sun streamed in through the open window, gilding the soft, short brown curls which fell fringe-like on her delicate white neck.

"How beautiful her hair is," he thought, as he stood watching her, "and how different from Eulalie's dyed locks."

Then, for the first time in his life, he began to think his cousin very pretty, and suddenly Mademoiselle Griveau's artificial beauty faded away, while Estelle in her fresh linen gown and blue ribbons appeared enchanting. Verily the ink spot had worked wonders.

"There you are," said Estelle, rising from her chair and holding up the letter, "the blot has entirely disappeared," and bursting into a loud, merry laugh she started to leave the room, but De Riesthall caught her and held her back.

"Tell me, Estelle," he said coaxingly, "what you find so amusing."

"Your letter, to be sure, Raoul," she answered, "it is so dreadfully silly; how the family would laugh if they could only read it."

"But they shan't," said De Riesthall, tearing it into a thousand pieces, and putting his arm around his pretty cousin, he assured her that she had not only effaced the blot from the paper, but the image of Eulalie from his heart.

Several months later there was a gay wedding at the old chateau, while Mlle. Griveau, disappointed that she had lost the leviathan of the matrimonial pool, gave up her engagement in Paris and disappeared to London.

[Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.]

The New Solitaire

[The new game of solitaire has become the rage in this city. It is a gambling game invented by the Chinese. Thirty-five cards are spread in seven rows of five each and the trick is to remove them all in sequence using one of those remaining in the deck for each play, releasing as many of those on the board as possible or in such order as judgment dictates. The Chinese banker pays five dollars to the person accomplishing the release of all the cards, providing that the loser is willing to pay him five cents for each card left on the board.]

If you the latest Solitaire would play,
These simple rules remember and obey:

If in your hand Aces and Kings you hold—
That is, say three of each, you may be bold
To let the longest Sequence be your game,
And all your skill and best attention claim.

If—on the board—Kings, one, two, three are seen,
And underneath each one a captive Queen,
Then your sole hope is in the Queen that hides
Within your hand; unless she quickly glides
And lures the royal jailer from his guard,
Her captive sisters, still remaining barred,
Cannot escape, and failing of release,
Your efforts for solution soon must cease.

If *all* the Queens you hold within your hand,
All *covered* Kings upon the board demand
Instant release from cards that on them lie,
Lest the fair ladies—who to rescue fly—
Find that their efforts for release are barred
By three, or two, or even one poor card.

When all the cards are on the table spread,
The Queens and Deuces keep "within your head";
If they are hidden in your hand, all care—
To save them coming on you unaware—
Is useless then, and vain are skill and wit;
Unless with King or Ace they aptly fit—
The Kings and Aces on the board remain,
Still unredeemed, and all your art is vain.

Seductive Sequences you should not heed,
Unless to Ace or King's release they lead;
When all the cards upon the board you place—
If one small Deuce is covered by an Ace,
Or if one King but hides a single Queen,
Your chance to win is barely worth a bean—
That is when Deuce or Queen is—of the five—
The lowest card; then you must think and strive
To lift the cards that hedge them closely in,
For if you don't, you have no chance to win.

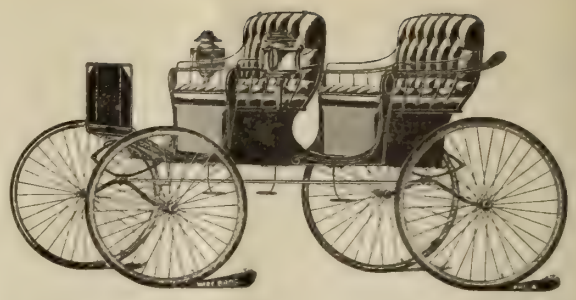
If under every King there rests a Queen,
Or if they *all* beneath *one* King are seen,
Or—in like manner—underneath an Ace,
The Deuces find a quiet hiding place—
Then—save the primal play—all hope is vain—
Shuffle the cards and deal them out again.

—*Bumblepuppy.*

"So the men will have to go to the Mardi Gras ball unmasked," said the first belle.

"Yes, otherwise the directors were afraid a Baron might creep in by mistake."

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.



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The Automobile

The Sparks Automobile Company has registered a strong objection to an article published in this department in a recent issue in reference to their long contemplated project to build automobiles. A representative of the company honored me with a visit last week and stated that everything was now running smoothly with them, that their first machine was almost completed and "all ready for the wheels." Just when the wheels will materialize they neglected to mention.

It was about two years ago when the Sparks people commenced to advertise their automobiles, and under the allurements of generous newspaper advertising they placed their stock on the market. How much they were successful in disposing of I do not know, except that they succeeded in inducing one of our contemporaries to give them three hundred dollars' worth of advertising space for that amount of stock. At that time their machines existed only on paper. Nearly two years have passed and their first model is not yet completed; "all ready for the wheels," as they put it. When I take into consideration the months of hard work and the hundreds—yes, thousands of dollars that such people as Elliott and Saxton have expended in perfecting their machines, without even a hint at floating stock, it makes these concerns look worse than thirty cents. It is one thing to build an automobile on paper, but it is an entirely different proposition to produce a vehicle that will operate successfully over rough country roads or the cobbled thoroughfares of a city like San Francisco. If these stock concerns would first build a machine, that by actual trial would overcome the numerous obstacles encountered by automobiles, then no criticism could be made.

There was a regular deluge of locomobiles on the Oakland side of the bay last Sunday. In fact, it was claimed there were more vehicles in San Leandro on that occasion than bicycles. And San Leandro has always been considered a bicycle mecca on Sundays. Among those seen were Mrs. Dr. Hamlin and a party of friends in a Loco surrey; Mr. and Mrs. Aikin of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Baumhoff, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frowell, Dr. Clarke and wife, Earle Anthony and friend of Berkeley and Dr. and Mrs. Lilley of Oakland.

His Grace, the Duke of Manchester dropped in at the station of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific in Market street on Monday afternoon and took one of the company's latest model stanhopes for a drive through the Presidio and to the Cliff House. The Duke is an expert locomobilist and showed in his handling of the machine that he was a competent engineer, notwithstanding that the New York Board of Examiners refused him a license to run a locomobile in that city on the grounds of non-citizenship. He has for some time since been the owner of a locomobile run-about and also of a "locosurrey," and he states that he has driven the machine through the streets of London at the rate of twenty-two miles per hour where traffic would permit. The Duke is now having constructed for him at the factory of the Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn., a "locoracer" with low body, pointed at both ends in the form of a torpedo, in which he will sit protected from the wind and dust, and which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to run a mile a minute. In the fore part of the body will be placed large gasoline and air tanks and in the rear end a large water tank. The engine and boiler will be of great power and capacity. He states that since the introduction of the "locomobile" in Great Britain the prejudice in that country against steam propelled vehicles has entirely disappeared and that the remarkable feat of Mr. H. W. Egerton in driving the locomobile from John O'Groat's in Scotland to Penzance in Cornwall, eight hundred and eighty miles in mid-winter, in very fast time without a break-down or accident, is creating a great demand for this popular make of steam vehicles in England.

W. H. Johnson, second vice-president of the newly consolidated Electric Vehicle Company of New York arrived in the city Monday, to straighten out the situation here regarding the two agencies of the company, viz., Fred Ward and

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Monday, Feb. 4th

MRS. FISKE and Her Company Present for the First Time Here

"Tess of The D'Urbervilles"

A Play in Four Acts by Lorimer Stoddard
From the Novel by Thomas Hardy
Only Matinee Saturday.

Son, and A. E. Brooke Ridley. An endeavor is being made to consolidate the two interests but this is not likely to be effected. This is but my personal opinion concerning the matter but I feel confident that the two agencies will continue to do business separately in the future as they have heretofore. Although the Columbia and Riker people have joined forces and merged into one concern under the name of the Electric Vehicle Company, they will continue to manfacture the two vehicles as before, and as the two local agents have become thoroughly identified with their respective vehicles, I do not see where either one gains anything by a consolidation.

The Automobile Club of California held a meeting on Monday evening. Aside from the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and a discussion of the restrictions placed upon automobiles by the Park Commissioners, nothing was done. The club was organized last June and seven months from that time it is a pleasure for me to chronicle the adoption of a constitution. The club has abandoned the project to establish quarters in the Mercantile Library building and will take quarters on the fifth floor of the Parrott building instead.

Saxton conducted some very successful trials of his new steam truck this week and is satisfied that he has finally got a machine that will meet all the requirements. He took a run out to the Cliff House and through the Presidio; tried hill climbing, speeding and made as thorough a test as possible. Saxton says he can turn these trucks out for eighteen hundred dollars, which is seven hundred dollars cheaper than the cheapest trucks made by any eastern manufacturer.

Mr. B. F. Taylor and Henry Foote of Oakland drove the former's "locomobile" to Mt. Hamilton Sunday. The run to the top of the mountain, a distance of twenty-seven miles, was made in little less than two hours and a half. This is considered the most remarkable hill climbing feat yet made on this coast, or anywhere else, for that matter.

—*The Automobiler.*

Fortunes to be Made in Rubber

An enterprise of great magnitude and promise is that of the Chiapas Rubber Plantation, which possesses twenty-four thousand acres of the choicest rubber lands of Mexico, upon which hundreds of thousands of vigorous young rubber trees now thrive. On the same immense plantation are numerous mahogany trees, some of them of prodigious growth—a demonstration of the richness of the soil. The property is located in the Department of Palenque, State of Chiapas. The proposition of the company to produce rubber for the markets of the world by cultivating the trees in large numbers was pronounced by a special investigating committee to be a feasible and practicable enterprise. Excellent returns are offered to small capital. On the Board of Directors are some of the most solid business men of San Francisco. The company has a guaranteed stock deposit of one hundred thousand dollars, with the American Bank and Trust Company of this city, as an evidence of good faith with investors. The offices of the company are at rooms 63, 64, 65, Crocker building.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has composed a funeral hymn in memory of the late Queen Victoria, which will be sung for the first time at Trinity church to-morrow morning. Miss Millie Flynn will sing the solo part.

An announcement of the greatest musical importance is that of the concerts to be given by Leonora Jackson at the California theatre on the afternoons of February eighteenth and twentieth. The great violiniste will be supported by Josephine Elburna, soprano, and Selden Pratt, the pianist who was here with Emma Nevada last season.

The appearances of Leopold Godowsky, the great Belgian pianist, at Sherman, Clay and Co. hall on the afternoons of February twelfth, thirteenth and fifteenth, are eagerly looked forward to. This is Godowsky's first trip to this coast and in Germany, particularly in Berlin, where he has just been playing, he is said by critics to be the equal, if not the superior of any living pianist.

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"A Midsummer Night's Dream"—picturesque and melodic.

CALIFORNIA—"Becky Sharp"—witty and unique.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Arrah na Pogue"—old but good.

ALCAZAR—"All the Comforts of Home"—jolly and gay.

TIVOLI—"The Fencing Master"—charming and tuneful.

ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—excellent and varied.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

I have discovered where De Koven (or Smith) derived his inspiration for one of his "Robin Hood" songs. When Peter Quince, Nick Bottom, Snug, Flute, Snout and Starveling make their entrance into the fairy forest to rehearse "Pyramus and Thisbe," it would have seemed right and proper for them to strike up the song, "It takes nine tailors to make a man," or "The Tinkers Chorus." Barnabee et al were there almost to the flesh. However, one could ask no better source than Shakespeare from which to draw one's ideas. I believe one should make it a point never to miss seeing a Shakespearean drama. Too few of them come this way. It is one of my regrets that the San Francisco public never had an opportunity to see Margaret Mather's production of "Cymbeline," which never got so far west. Poor Margaret has passed away now, and poor Teddy Henley, who carried off the honors of the play with the star, has also gone to his last home. That "Cymbeline" was one of the best Shakespearean performances I ever saw, and ranks equal in my memory with Irving and Terry's "The Merchant of Venice," Marie Wainwright's "Twelfth Night," Modjeska's "As You Like It," John Drew and Ada Rehan's "The Taming of the Shrew" and Rignold's "Henry Fifth," for sumptuous appointments. We see too little Shakespeare nowadays and when we do occasionally get one of his plays it is too frequently poorly mounted even if well played. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" lacks nothing in picturesque effect. The forest scenes are more beautiful than a Christmas spectacle, especially beautiful being Titania's bower and the "Goodnight" of the fairies. The play is by no means one of Shakespeare's best, but the lines are full of "familiar quotations" and the audience is thereby able to appreciate all the good points made by the players. Louis James revels in his part of Nick Bottom, which fits him far better than does the tin armor he dons for Pyramus. The acting of that little "tragical comedy" is one of the best things in the production. In reading the play, one does not half comprehend the farcical side of it, but Thomas Coffin Cooke as the carpenter-manager, Putnam Bond as Thisbe, D. A. Patterson as the wall, Thomas Chambers as the beast, and George McCulla as the moonshine, all grasp the spirit of their roles and nobly second the Pyramus of Mr. James. Kathryn Kidder's grace and dulcet tones go well with the lackadaisical part of Helena, who stalks the unwilling Demetrius through the mazes of the forest. She is a good lesson to the modern husband-hunter, who does not, however, often have the good offices of a Puck to aid her in capturing her game. But the modern girl has her mamma to help her, so perhaps she is as well equipped as Helena was. Jane Oaker is a trifle too intense, perhaps, as Hermia, but she shows an excellent aptitude for legitimate work. I believe she would make a charming Celia. Norman Hackett and James J. Ryan are manly Athenian heroes, and are letter-perfect in their respective roles of Lysander and Demetrius. Jessie Merritt, who plays Hippolyta, has a very neat delivery and pleasing presence. Ina Brooks is a pretty and engaging Titania and Ashley Miller declaims Oberon's lines with good effect. Indeed, it is a fine company that Mr. James and Miss Kidder have to support them.

Little Puck

Was there ever a Puck in other productions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to equal Ethel Browning? This lively little creature in brown and gold, with a face as vivacious as her movements, must truly have been born to the part. She never seems still a second and when she skims the ground so lightly, one can well believe she is flying. That "girdle around the world in forty minutes" is not a dream; it is a reality with Miss Browning as Puck. She is the mischievous will o' the wisp from top to toe. The Mendelssohn music is one of the things that our music-lovers should not miss. It is given in its entirety and, with the exception of some of the vocal parts, is delightfully done. The dance of the fairies, the wedding march and Puck's song are all well-known, but the rest of the score is not so familiar. When George Riddle gave his reading of the play here some years ago he had an orchestral accompaniment but the music is less effective without the scenic accessories.

MRS. FISKE as Tess of the D'Urbervilles

An Incident

Miss Kidder got a bouquet on Tuesday night. It was of long-stemmed American beauties, and was presented directly after the famous quarrel scene between the rival beauties of Athens. Miss Kidder has doubtless received many bouquets over the footlights, but this one came in so pat that the audience could not help smiling to see Helena carry off Lysander and Demetrius before the very eyes of Hermia, and capture a bouquet besides. It seemed as though Hermia ought to have received the flowers to console her for the lovers she had lost.

Mrs. Fiske and Becky Again

The town still talks and discussion rages over Mrs. Fiske and "Becky Sharp." Everybody seems to have been to the California, for nobody appears to have been willing to take anybody else's word for either play or players. Mrs. Fiske's nervousness does not please the general public. I have heard scores of comments on the way she continually moves her knees, fusses with her hair, waves her hands and shrugs her shoulders. Some of the amateur critics approve of this constant moving, on the ground that it is so immeas-

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urably more lively than the woodeny, one-two-three walk, one-two-three smile, attitudes of the elocution school graduates to the drama. There is something in this, perhaps, but it is only on a third hearing of "Becky Sharp" that one can accustom himself to those quick, nervous moves and flings of the star. I have heard no dissenting opinions regarding one thing; everybody grants the last act to be the gem of the play.

Paste This in your "Vanity Fair"

In an old *Longman's Magazine*, of date some three years ago, appears a letter from Thackeray to the Duke of Devonshire, which is of especial interest to lovers of "Vanity Fair." His Grace wrote to Thackeray telling him how sorry he was when he came to the last page of the novel, and begging to know what became of the more important characters. Then Thackeray replied as follows:

"My Lord Duke: Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, whom I saw last week, and whom I informed of your grace's desire to have her portrait, was good enough to permit me to copy a little drawing made of her 'in happier days,' she said with a sigh, by Smee, the Royal Acadamician.

"Mrs. Crawley now lives in a small but very pretty little house in Belgravia, and is conspicuous for her numerous charities, which always get into the newspapers, and her unaffected piety. Many of the most exalted and spotless of her own sex visit her, and are of the opinion that she is a most injured woman. There is no sort of truth in the stories regarding Mrs. Crawley and the late Lord Steyne. The licentious character of that nobleman alone gave rise to reports from which, alas, the most spotless life and reputation cannot always defend themselves. The present Sir Rawdon Crawley (who succeeded his late uncle, Sir Pitt, in 1832; Sir Pitt died on the passing of the Reform Bill), does not see his mother, and his undutifulness is a cause of the deepest grief to that admirable lady. 'If it were not for higher things,' she says, 'how could she have borne up against the world's calumny, a wicked husband's cruelty and falseness, and the thanklessness (sharper than a serpent's tooth) of an adored child?' But she has been preserved, mercifully preserved, to bear all these griefs, and awaits her reward elsewhere.

"She took the style and title of Lady Crawley for some time after Sir Pitt's death, in 1832; but it turned out that Colonel Crawley, governor of Coventry Island, had died of fever three months before his brother, whereupon Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed.

"The late Joseph Sedley, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, left her two lakhs of rupees, on the interest of which the widow lives in the practice of piety and benevolence before mentioned. She has lost what little good looks she once possessed, and wears false hair and teeth (the latter give her rather a ghastly look when she smiles), and—for a pious woman is the best crinolined woman in Knightsbridge district.

"Colonel and Mrs. W. Dobbin live in Hampshire, near Sir R. Crawley; Lady Jane was god-mother to their little girl, and the ladies are exceedingly attached to each other. The colonel's 'History of the Punjaub' is looked for with much anxiety in some circles.

"Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel G. Sedley-Osborne (he wishes, he says, to be distinguished from some other branches of the Osborne family, and is descended by the mother's side from Sir Charles Sedley) is, I need not say, well, for I saw him in a most richly embroidered cambric pink shirt with diamond studs, bowing to your grace at the last party at Devonshire House. He is in Parliament; but the property left him by his grandfather has, I hear, been a good deal overrated.

"He was very sweet upon Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt's daughter, who married her cousin, the present baronet, and a good deal cut up when he was refused. He is not, however, a man to be permanently cast down by sentimental disappointments. His chief cause of annoyance at the present moment is that he is growing bald, but his whiskers are still without a gray hair and the finest in London.

"I think these are the latest particulars relating to a number of persons about whom your grace was good enough to express some interest. I am very glad to be enabled to give this information, and am

Your grace's very much obliged servant,

"W. M. Thackeray."

The people of this city are taking advantage of the great bargains given in Furniture Carpets Rugs, Lace Curtains, Draperies; those Enameled Bedsteads at $2.65 are really cheap. Ask your friends about the Brussels Carpets at 45c. yard, none should miss this sale corner 16th and Mission streets.

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SPECIAL.—The 2 p. m. is for the convenience of those not wishing to reach the track in time for the first race.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary.

Attractions Next Week

Mrs. Fiske will present next week the greatest part in her repertory, that of Tess of the d' Urbervilles. Those unfamiliar with Thomas Hardy's story, from which the play takes its name, should not fail to read it, for in a dramatized novel many points are lost to the auditor who is unfamiliar with the book. No book that Hardy ever wrote caused more comment than "Tess of the d' Urbervilles." Its motif, the woman with a past who marries a man who is in ignorance of her history, has had its counterparts in real life. Pulpit and press came to the fore with noisy clamor when the play was first produced, and nobody was quite sure whether it would be the proper thing to see the show. However, Mrs. Fiske made the triumph of her life in the title role and established her reputation as one of the great stars of the American stage. She will present "Tess of the d' Urbervilles" next week for the first time to a San Francisco audience.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" will go another week at the Columbia, after which the theatre will be dark for two weeks during the Bernhardt-Coquelin engagement at the Grand Opera House. In Bernhardt's repertory this season are L'Aiglon, Hamlet, Cyrano de Bergerac, Tartuffe, La Tosca and Camille. Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza" will be the next Columbia attraction. Richard Mansfield, Olga Nethersole and other good things are on the Columbia calendar for 1901.

The Alcazar will switch from the farce of "All the Comforts of Home" to Henry Arthur Jones' great "Judah" next week. This play has never been given here before at popular prices. It is a powerful drama and when presented by Willard and Marie Burroughs was one of the successes in their repertory. "A Night Off"comes next.

Charles Erin Verner has made a success at the Grand. "Arrah na Pogue" is a fine vehicle for the Irish comedian's talents. Next week he will appear in "Shamus O'Brien." Patrick Egan, the Irish patriot, saw Verner in this role and wrote him a hearty letter of appreciation. The Bernhardt-Coquelin season begins at the close of the Verner engagement at Morosco's.

Mrs. Kreling will give us our third version of "Nell Gwynne," which will be next week's opera at the Tivoli. This is not the opera's first production here, and we all remember what an amusing Beadle Hartman made the last titme it was given. Annie Myers will be Nell, Planquette's charming heroine. "The Wizard of the Nile" will follow, with Alf C. Wheelan in his original role of King of Egypt.

The Orpheum promises another strong bill for next week: Murray and Lane, the headliners, noted opera singers;Kathryn Osterman, an old San Francisco favorite, supported by a strong company, in a new dramatic sketch, "The Widow"; the Empire City Four, singing combination. The Nelsons will remain another week and continue their wonderful, rapid-fire acrobatic act. The biograph will return with new pictures and among the holdovers will be Foy and Clark, Lizzie and Vinie Daly, Leamer Sisters, Warren and Blanchard.

At the Columbia theatre on the afternoon of Sunday, February tenth, the annual benefit given by the Theatrical Mechanics' Association will take place. The program will be of unusual strength, as acts from the various theatres will come: From the Louis James-Kathryn Kidder company, presenting "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Mrs. Fiske's company in "Tess"; leading vaudeville acts from the Orpheum; the Tivoli company; Charles Erin Verner and Morosco's company; Belasco and Thall's Alcazar and Central theatre; William Brady's company in "The Sorrows of Satan" from the Alhambra; and acts from the Olympia, Chutes, Fischer's and Oberon.

The Playgoer.

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Music World

The Henschels

Next Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel will give the first of their recitals at Metropolitan Temple and the remarkable advance sale of seats for the farewell appearances of these incomparable artists will assure for them big audiences. The merits of the Henschels as singers, musicians and composers are too well known to need any comment, for wherever they are heard they are greeted by crowds of delighted patrons. At Tuesday's concert a superb program will be rendered. It will include selections, both vocal and instrumental, from Cimarosa, Handel, Paridies, Monsigny, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Foote, Brahms, Donizetti and Henschel. Such a remarkable range of selections is seldom met with on the concert stage and all who know the delightful charm of the art of the Henschels realize what a store of pleasure awaits the patrons of the two favorites. Following next Tuesday evening's concert, the Henschels will be heard in recitals as follows: "Thursday afternoon, February seventh, Saturday afternoon, February ninth, Monday evening, February eleventh, Wednesday afternoon, February thirteenth, and Thursday evening, February fourteenth. Prices have been fixed to range from seventy-five cents to two dollars and seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co's.

An interesting article on the mandolin, by Samuel Adelstein of this city, has its first chapter in *The Cadenza's* January issue, and will be continued in subsequent issues. The article is comprehensive in scope and its author spent several months in preparing it. When complete, it will contain about fifteen thousand words, and will be illustrated throughout with many original drawings and photographs that were made especially for the article. It will contain personal reminiscences, will be historical, theoretical and practical. It is all original matter that has never before appeared in print and is the result of Mr. Adelstein's many years' experience. It describes the radical differences between the modern French and Italian schools and methods of teaching and playing the mandolin. It tells of the great soloists and teachers of Italy and France, of the celebrated Queen Margherita Circolo (The Queen's Royal Mandolin Club) of Florence, of which the author of "Mandolin Memories" is an honorary member. It tells of the Chinese and Japanese instruments that are played with the plectrum, and their similarity to the ancient lute family. It tells of the different mandolins that are used in Italy—the Neapolitan, Roman, Lombardy, Milanese, mandola, mandolyre, livola, etc. It tells of the most wonderful progress of the mandolin in this country and how its development inspired the manufacturers and composers of Europe, how its great popularity has stimulated all branches of the music trade of this country. In short, the article, as is shown by the first installment, will be of interest to all music lovers. *The Cadenza* is the oldest journal devoted to stringed instruments. The article in the January issue tells us that Beethoven did not disdain to compose for the mandolin, and that the serenade in Mozart's "Don Juan" was written for mandolin accompaniment, as was also the serenade in Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Adelstein's account of how he originally became interested in the mandolin is particularly interesting.

An immense crowd attended the concert given on Thursday night of last week under Mr. Herman Genss' direction. Miss Margaretha Bruntsch of Oakland was among the singers, and made an excellent impression.

Mrs. Cecilia Decker-Cox, assistant teacher at the Von Meyerinck School of Music has been appointed to the position of soloist at the First Presbyterian church. Another student of the school, Mr. Horace Hanna, whose tenor voice gives promise of a brilliant future, has accepted the position of tenor soloist at Grace church.

Alma Stencel is setting the musical world across the sea by the ears with her wonderful talents as a child artist. The papers say the most flattering things of the work performed by her "little steel wrists." She is playing to orchestral accompaniment and receives the highest possible praise everywhere.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY Deceased

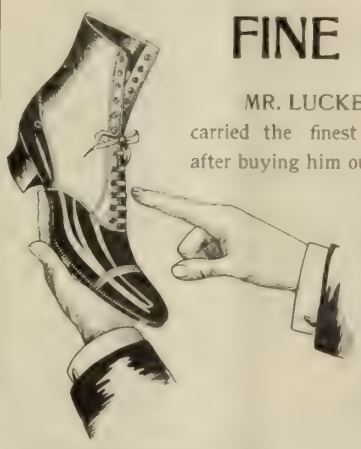
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Helen Flinn, Administratrix of the estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said Deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to said Administratrix at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Attorney for said Administratrix, at rooms 20 and 21, 7th Floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HELEN FLINN,
Administratrix of the Estate of
Bridget Kennedy, Deceased.

San Francisco, January 28, 1901

Charles Wesley Reed
Attorney for said administratrix



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The Last Minetti

The sixth and last of the Minetti String Quartet concerts was given last Friday night and was attended by a large and interested audience. The concert was one of the most interesting of the series and the regular quartette composed of Messrs. Minetti, Savannah, Kavalski, and Weiss were assisted by Otto Bendix, pianist, C. Fuhrer, second viola, and William Wertch, second violoncello. The first number was a Schumann piano trio in D minor, op. 63, performed by Messrs. Minetti, Weiss and Bendix. It was greatly enjoyed and received its due meed of applause. This was followed by a string quartet (a) Canzonetta (Mendelsshon) (6) Aria (Bach). The gem of the program however was the lovely "Souvenir de Florence," D minor, by Tchaikowski. It was given at a previous performance for the first time here and was repeated at this concert by request. It is arranged for six string instruments and in this the regular quartet was assisted by Mr. Fuhrer, second viola, and Mr. Wertsch, second violoncello. It is one of the most beautiful compositions for strings I have ever heard and at its close the applause was enthusiastic and prolonged. The Minetti concerts have been very popular, and another series will be looked forward to with interest by those who have so keenly enjoyed those of this season.

Mr. Mansfeldt on the Wing

Hugo Mansfeldt will give the third and last of his series of piano recitals at Pommer hall in Sacramento next Monday evening, en route to New York whence he expects to sail immediately for Berlin. He will be absent for some six months, at the expiration of which his many friends and pupils who during the past week have been thronging to say au revoir and bon voyage hope to see him again in their midst. Mr. Mansfeldt fills a place among us that could not easily be filled by another and we can ill spare him for longer than a mere vacation period. Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt will carry on his professional work while he is absent.

A Popular Singer's Adieu

Miss Alma Berglund, whose farewell to the San Francisco public occurred at her concert on Tuesday evening, is one of our most popular sopranos. She has only been appearing in public for about six years but in that time has won for herself a high place. Miss Berglund is going East to continue her vocal studies in the larger atmosphere of New York with a possibility of Europe as her next venture. Her career promises to be one of continued success. Miss Berglund is young and ambitious, and she is personally most charming and attractive. Her voice is of admirable quality and she sings with intelligence and expression. Her farewell concert drew a large audience which enthusiastically applauded and expressed its friendly feeling toward Miss Berglund in particular by many beautiful flowers. The soprano was assisted by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto, and Dr. H. J. Stewart, accompanist. The program was: Ho Messo Nuove Corde al Mandolino, Gounod, Who is Sylvia? Schubert, Fruhlingsnacht, Schumann, Miss Berglund; Pleurez, mes yeux, (Le Cid) Massenet, Mrs. Birmingham; Mad scene from Hamlet, Ambroise Thomas, Miss Berglund; duet from Galathee, Victor Masse, Miss Berglund and Mrs. Birmingham; The Robin Sings in the Apple-tree, In the Woods, Love Song, MacDonald, Miss Berglund; Widbung, Schumann, Die Mainacht, Brahms, The Waterlily, Aldrich, Mrs. Birmingham; Chanson Provencale, Dell Acqua, Shouggie Shou My Bairnie, Henschel, The Auld Plaid Shawl, Haynes, Miss Berglund.

At next Thursday evening's testimonial tendered to George Hammersmith, prior to his departure for New York, the program will include Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Miss Millie Flynn, Sig. J. F. Veaco, Harry Wood Brown, the Knickerbocker quartet, William J. Hynes, Miss Jean Durell, Hazel Callaghan and Miss Ruby Dawson. Mr. Hammersmith will appear in his character impersonation of Gaiety dancer, in song and recitation, and in his own travesty and imitation of the Alcazar version of Sapho. The orchestra will be under the direction of Maurice Kramer and John A. Hammersmith will be the manager. The affair is under the patronage of the following clubs: California, Western Addition, Darina Parlor, I. O. O. F., Forum, Vermonters, Stanford Parlor, Eastern Star, Olympic, National Union, Entre Nous, Y. M. I., etc.

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The Wagner Society

The object of the new Wagner Society recently formed is to make a complete study of the works of modern masters and to present these works to the public through the medium of concerts, lectures and discussions of esays. The officers of the new society are: Orchestral and choral divisions, President and conductor, James Hamilton Howe; concert master, William F. Zech; accompaniste, Miss Mabel Gordon; librarian, Aber S. Wiester; secretary, Miss M. Jane Little; assistant secretary, Claus B. Peterson; treasurer, Charles O. Perry; assistant treasurer, Walter R. Kneiss; Voice committee, W. B. Anthony, W. R. Kneiss and the conductor; Advisory committee, Frederick Zech, Dr. Franklin Palmer, Mrs. Marriner Campbell, Robert Tolmie; Literary and art division, President, James Hamilton Howe; chairman and lecturer, Mrs. Mary Fairweather; secretary and treasurer, Claus B. Peterson. All of the prominent singers and voice teachers, also teachers of piano, organ and strings, are interested in the new society, whose object is certainly a worthy one. In times past, work of this nature was carried on but intermittently, and therefore was not successful. The Meyerinck club was the only organization that kept to its aims and really did what it started out to accomplish. However, all the members of the new Wagner society are enthusiastic, and there is no reason why the society should not be a steady success. Rehearsals are to be held weekly in the hall of the Arion club, whose president, Dr. Max Magnus, has very generously offered its use to the Wagner society. The first choral work to be taken up is Wagner's opera, "The Flying Dutchman." —*The Music Critic.*

World of Letters

In "Nella the Heart of the Army" Philip Verrill Mighels has attempted a solution of the apparently unsolvable "servant girl question." His idea doesn't confine itself to domestic service exclusively, however, for he outlines a plan by which all women workers are to enlist in an Army of Industry which is to be modeled as nearly as practicable on the military system and officered and governed by military rule. The recruits are to live in barracks, and while they are to be protected from ill usage and injustice on the part of employers, the latter are to be guaranteed from incompetent workers. The army is to be uniformed in semi-military style and instructed by a regular drill master so that they may know how to stand, walk and carry themselves smartly. The institution is to become self-supporting in time, but as recruits begin to receive pay as soon as they enlist, at the same rate as they earned at their last employment, out of which they are to contribute for board, lodging, laundry, etc., the sum which they had previously spent for the same purposes, it looks as though the apparent prosperity of a large enlistment would lead to early bankruptcy, unless the army were backed by the national treas-

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ury. Mr. Mighels being a mere man, has entirely overlooked the complications which would inevitably arise from the attempt to associate the various castes in a single enterprise. If, for example, a cook-lady were to be appointed to one of the non-commissioned offices and given precedence over sales-ladies or typewriter ladies, and they should decide that she was "a mean old thing, so there!" and refuse to recognize her authority, how would the contingency be met? In the regular army there is the guard-house, but the regular army is backed by the authority of the nation. A screaming and hysterical woman forcibly put into confinement would manage to wreck the coiffure and costume of those who tried to tackle her, and if she brought suit for injuries and damage, it is more than probable that a civil court would compensate her for lacerated feelings. At this stage of the world's development parents are not permitted the privilege of confining their unruly offspring to their bed-rooms. Then, the Army is intended for the benefit of good girls only, and what if the impulsive Nellas made rash promises to Lizzies who wouldn't die just in time to save the situation? The Lizzies and worse are still obliged to live and to work. The Army idea would, of course, consign them to the tender mercies of those employers who are regarded as unfit for the ministrations of Army girls, the result of which state of affairs is obvious and unedifying. One could wish that Mr. Mighels had seen fit to go further into details and instead of merely recording results, had told us more of how the results were accomplished; how, for instance, women in the mass are induced to adopt a uniform costume, when even the cap and apron necessary for cleanliness in domestic service is objected to and the bare idea of telephone companies or drygoods merchants expecting their clerks to adopt a uniform color without reference to cut or material, sets the Sunday Sups to shrieking. Again, he says, in describing the awkward squad of first recruits at drill, "Their greatest achievement, so far, was silence. At least they had learned to hold their tongues." How? How? How?

The book is not altogether a sociological treatise, for underlying this grand army scheme there is a story of love and mystery involving the destinies of Nella Wemyss and Nicholas Drew. Nella is one of the heroines dear to an earlier age, against whom the heavens themselves appear to have conspired. At the tender age of thirteen, her aunt on whom she was dependent, dies suddenly leaving her penniless and without a soul in the world to care for her. A youthful soldier, a boy of seventeen, who saves her from being run over, places her in the care of a motherly woman, to whom he appears to have been already indebted for his own care and keep. From this refuge she is kidnaped by an old Jew, a modified type of Fagin, who expects to reap a big reward for unearthing the papers which prove her legitimate birth and high rank. She makes her escape from his clutches only to discover that her former refuge has been destroyed by fire and the woman who cared for her dead. Another friend rises up within the hour in the shape of a good-hearted dressmaker who meets her in the street and takes her home where, in addition to her other occupations, she conducts a free intelligence bureau. The next stage in her career finds her engaged on sight

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by a wealthy young American lady and she becomes companion and secretary to the household, having made herself seemingly indispensable by a melodramatic exploit in saving the mother from being crushed to death by a railroad train—this also on first sight. Love and jealousy, aided by suspicion, drive her from this refuge. In the meantime the youthful soldier to whom she has plighted her troth (the expression is suitable to the tale) has performed prodigies of valor in India. The "spade guinea" which the little girl clasped about his neck at parting plays its part in stopping a bullet which otherwise would have reached his heart, and proves to be a cunningly devised locket, containing a record of the child's birth. He retires from the military service in consequence of his wounds and immediately takes charge of a business established by the brother of his lieutenant who dies in time to make room for the two disabled soldiers. Without any preliminary training, Drew proves himself a phenomenally successful business man and wealth pours in upon him. Meanwhile he muses fondly and affectionately upon his child sweetheart, from whom he has heard nothing in all these years. Finally he returns to England to take charge of the home branch of the business, and scarcely has he settled in his office when Nella appears on the scene as an applicant for a position as governess to go out to India. He recognizes her, and immediately formulates a plan for keeping her at home, but under his eye. He professes to need a clerk to take charge of the intelligence bureau which is growing up as a side issue of his business, and installs Nella, at the same time giving imperative orders that he is to be known henceforth by the name of the firm, Winston, about the office. Meanwhile, the Jew, Renistein, is keeping up his search for a first edition volume, half calf, of the novel "Evelina," which as he has reason to know was made the receptacle of the marriage certificate of Nella's parents, her birth-certificate and other important legal documents, placed therein by her mother on the very day that the father was killed by an accident in a mountain climbing expedition in Switzerland, and the mother expired suddenly upon hearing of the disaster. The book was once in Nella's own hands, and it was she who discovered the papers, but being ignorant of her name she returned them to the owner of the volume, thus leaving the way clear for Nicholas Drew, otherwise her employer, Mr. Winston, whose money is the means of establishing the Army of Industry, to answer the advertisement and establish her as a countess in her own right—and the wedding follows, as a matter of course, quite after the manner of the old-fashioned romances. There are plenty of publications with less excuse for their being than Mr. Mighels' first effort at novel writing, and perhaps some practical philanthropist may be able to evolve a working model from the germ contained in this fanciful Army idea. [R. F. Fenno & Co.]

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Feb. 11, 1901 to Feb. 23, 1901, Inclusive

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Five or more races each day.

Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30 and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

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Third Meeting from Monday, January 21st to Saturday, February 9th, inclusive

AT

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Six races each day including Hurdle races and Steeplechase

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SPECIAL.—The 2 p. m. is for the convenience of those not wishing to reach the track in time for the first race.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary.

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 9, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Vest Attacks New England

Hanna, Depew, Frye and the other representatives at Washington of the consolidated transportation companies are striving with all their might to secure the passage of the shipping subsidy bill during the present session of Congress. They argue that the commercial mission of this country is to export goods, and that we cannot build up a commercial marine unless the Government grants a large subsidy to ship owners. They find it difficult, however, to convince the opponents of the bill that a subsidy is essential to stimulate ship-building in this country. There is no doubt that, if the bill were passed, many new steamship lines would spring into existence, but it is contended that, in consequence of the extension of our commerce, new companies are bound to be organized in the near future, and that a subsidy is not necessary. One of the best speeches in opposition to the bill was made last week by Senator Vest of Missouri. Its most interesting feature was a good-natured attack on New England. For clever satire it has rarely been excelled in the annals of Congressional oratory. The whole Senate hung breathless on his words, and the applause that greeted his sallies was spontaneous. Here are some extracts from it:

"But New England is rich and powerful. Her people have made money in every contingency and in every era in the history of our country. First they drove back the Indians, took their lands, and sold many of their chiefs into slavery in the West Indies. Then they pursued with great profit the African slave trade, and finally, in a war waged against the people to whom they had sold their negroes, after they had found them unprofitable, they had Government contracts which filled every savings bank in New England, until now they are the most powerful and richest, relatively, of all the sections of this country.

"I am not attacking the people of New England. I admire them; I admire their courage, their sagacity, their aggressiveness. With a sterile soil and an inhospitable climate they control the politics and the policy of the United States. They send their ablest men to both branches of Congress and keep them here as long as they can preserve the material interests of that section. It makes no difference how much these Representatives and Senators may differ with the people as to matters of sentiment and abstraction, if they are true to the material interests of New England that is enough. The two Senators from Maine differ as widely as the North and South Poles upon the foreign policy of the United States, but they are both here today by the unanimous vote of the Legislature of Maine. The two Senators from Massachusetts are equally diverse in their opinion as to the Philippine question and the Philippine war, but the people of Massachusetts send them both here because they know their ability and recognize their usefulness.

"I hope I may be pardoned for quoting what a very eminent son of Massachusetts once said—the Honorable Wiliam M. Evarts—who remarked in a public speech that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, fell on their knees, and then fell on the aborigines.

"New England is properly named, and I do not say it in inimical feeling to her people. Old England, a little island up in the fogs and mists of the northern ocean, controls the literature, finance and commerce of the world. New England, six small States, a majority of them not as large as counties in Missouri, controls the politics of the whole United States. There is no measure before the Senate or other branch of Congress in which New England does not receive the largest share of the Government bounty.

"Take this bill, Mr. President, and look at its provisions and you will read between the lines that it is a New England bill. Its chief sponsor is my friend, the junior Senator from Maine (Mr. Frye), who has given his life to the cause of the navigation laws and his opposition to free ships. The navigation laws are today as dear to the people of New England as when they wanted a monopoly of constructing wooden ships. This bill was drawn by the most astute New England lawyer in existence, ex-Senator Edmunds, and his handicraft can be seen in every sentence and line of it.

"Have we not done enough in our general statutes for the fishermen of New England? Upon the prairies of Missouri, the poor farmer struggling to support his family and educate his children, killing a few hogs or a beef to furnish meat for his winter's use, must pay the price for salt which is asked by the great salt trust, protected and created by the Dingley Tariff law. The meat packer of the West, great or small, is at the mercy today of the great salt trust. But the fisherman of New England receives his salt free with which to cure his fish, by a special enactment in the Dingley law.

"The farmer of Missouri and the other Western States who wants to erect an humble cabin in which to rear his offspring, and shelter them from the blasts and snows of winter, must pay and has been paying an increase of forty-five per cent during the last fourteen months upon lumber to that great lumber trust, which is day by day enriching the lumber barons of the northwest. They are at the mercy of the trust, and appeal in vain to the Republican party, now in the majority, for relief. Yet the people of New England receive their lumber today free by a special enactment of the Dingley law. They own enormous tracts of lumber land in Canada, and under the provisions of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842, they are permitted, after putting up large mills, worked by Canadian labor, to saw this lumber and then float it down the St. John's river into New England without paying one cent tax into the treasury of the United States.

"The thrift, the energy, the sagacity of the people of New England, the facility with which they obtain special privileges under the laws of the United States, must excite our sincere admiration."

Confucianism versus Christianity

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington, recently resorted to a clever bit of stratagem for the purpose of showing that intolerance in

matters of religion is not characteristic of the fanatical and benighted Boxers alone. He delivered a lecture in Philadelphia in which he instituted comparison between Confucianism and Christianity, and thereupon he was attacked and abused from all sides by the good Christian clergymen of the Quaker city. From the intensity of their indignation arising from such slight provocation, it would not be unfair to assume that Minister Wu could easily start a serious riot in this country by importing a little band of Chinese missionaries for the purpose of spreading the light of Confucianism. He has demonstrated that fanaticism exists in a country that is popularly believed, at least in Christendom, to be more enlightened than China. The artless Wu must indeed have enjoyed the sensation that he created among the clergy of Philadelphia. After inducing the Christian zealots to vent their venom in a most unseemly manner, he availed himself of an opportunity to address the Society of Ethical Culture under whose auspices services were held the other day in honor of that ancient sage, Confucius. In that address he explained that he had not attacked Christianity but had merely aimed to show that the doctrines of Confucius are more practical than those of the church of Christ. He did not think that he had discredited Christianity by contending that it was too lofty for frail humanity. "It is strange," he said, "that clergymen resent this comparison when they consider it their special privilege to attack other religions. In other words, they do just what they do not want others to do." He further suggested that as men become more educated and civilized they should become more tolerant. He declared that Confucianism was tolerant and added that no opponent of it had ever been burned at the stake, and it had never inspired a holy war or demanded bloodshed. It holds that all men are born pure and good, though they may differ in natural endowments and susceptibility to temptations of the flesh. Mr. Wu said much more about Confucianism of a character that leads us to believe that if he were to quit his job in Washington and become a missionary, many of our Christian ministers would have more reason than ever to complain of empty pews.

An Incentive to Assassination

If Edward VII is a cautious sovereign, he will endeavor to secure the passage of an Act prohibiting speculation upon his life. The cranks and anarchists of the world that keep the crowned heads of Europe uneasy are sufficiently numerous at present, and it should be the aim of a level-headed king to discourage them. Since the death of Queen Victoria the startling information has been divulged that her life was insured by strangers to the extent of a million and a quarter of dollars. It appears that it is possible to insure against almost any imaginable contingency in England if sufficient premium is paid. Many theatrical and other amusement managers and the proprietors of fashionable shops were accustomed to insure the Queen's life at the outset of the season in order that they might recoup the heavy loss her death would entail. Another numerous class who insured the Queen's life quite heavily were those who were dependent upon the privy purse, and all those whose privileges cease unless the King sees fit to renew them. This practice of insuring lives without a medical examination or knowledge of the person insured is in conflict with the rules of American companies. It is not only hazardous, but it promotes assassination, and should surely have a tendency to increase the uneasiness of monarchs. Anarchist societies that contemplate the removal of a crowned head for no better reason than the one that usually actuates them, might be urged to greater activity and perseverance under the inspiration of a gilt-edged insurance policy. In view of all the interests that were depending on the Queen's life, it is somewhat remarkable that she was permitted to live to such a ripe old age. Many financial and commercial agreements lapsed through her death. These were matters in which she had not the remotest concern, and it is difficult to understand why they were made terminable upon such a contingency unless we are to regard the practice as a peculiar manifestation of loyalty.

The Missionary Looter

As the various accounts of the Boxer outbreak are making their appearance in print, there seems to be a surprising unanimity of opinion upon one point, and that is the wholesale looting by the missionaries. It makes little difference whether the narrator be priest or layman, soldier or civilian, the story is practically the same, and if there is anything more astonishing than the holy zeal manifested by these good folk in getting hold of everything of value, it is the calm matter-of-fact manner in which this looting is mentioned, without a condemnatory comment, or so much as a hint that there is anything out of place in a missionary's taking everything in sight. Some of the accounts tell us that owing to their superior knowledge of topography, the missionaries were not obliged to lose valuable time in vague ransackings, but knowing the wealthy quarters and the richest houses they were able to seize the best without loss of time. It is given out that the missionary loot is sold "for the benefit of the cause," and the fact that the holy people are thus exonerated from the suspicion of acting from motives of personal profit appears to be relied upon to cast an odor of sanctity over transactions which, under other circumstances, would be called downright stealing. The so-called "punitive expeditions' which have been sent out are nothing more nor less than "tribute excursions"—looting raids, and worse—and the demoralization of the European soldiery conse-

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quent upon this reign of unchecked license is a far greater evil than all the reported outrages upon the missionaries who forced themselves into China, uninvited and unwelcomed. It is difficult to see how the heathens are to be induced to respect "a cause" which is to be maintained by open dishonesty. An instance is reported of an inquiry having been made of a Japanese officer as to whether he had obtained much loot. Drawing himself up with dignity he gravely saluted and made answer, "You are mistaken; I am not a missionary."

The Spectacular Nation

The reign of terror which Mrs. Carrie Nation has inaugurated amongst Kansas saloon-keepers ought to open the eyes of the people to the results of enacting laws which do not express the will of the majority, and which they are indifferent to having enforced. Kansas has declared in favor of prohibition, and liquor selling is an unlawful business inside of her borders, yet it is self-evident that the majority of the inhabitants are not in favor of doing away with the traffic in spirits, or they would have taken some measures towards suppression. It is not unlikely that an inquiry into the question would reveal the fact that prohibition was conceded as a compromise, and resulted directly from "trading votes." Your enthusiastic faddist, or what not, will tell you that he scorns compromise. He must have all or none. He will not countenance half-way measures. He sees no good to be gained by anything short of "going the whole hog." He is so intent upon riding his hobby to death that he can see no obstacle in his path until he finds himself up against a stone wall. It not infrequently happens that these extremists are willing to "trade" the whole ticket, from Presidential electors down to district road-master, for their one pet proposition, and the result is likely to be that while they nominally gain their point, they have at the same time voted into office men who will practically defeat it by taking no measures toward enforcing the law. If the average citizen of Kansas voted for prohibition from conviction he would have voted also for state officers who would have made prohibition a fact. If he really meant that there should have been no more saloons, he would have called for the impeachment of his inefficient or recalcitrant governor. It is most probable that many votes were cast "as a joke," and without an idea that there would be enough jokers to affect results, or at best, with the intention of giving the prohibitionists a barren victory and effectually shutting them off in the future, by pointing to their failure, even with the law in their favor. It appears that the liquor men have no redress for the destruction wrought, since the law cannot be invoked to protect them in carrying on an unlawful business, but it hardly seems equitable that the fanatic females should be permitted to wreak their wrath upon mirrors, counters, glass ware and pictures, not to speak of the proprietors of the saloons, and "Bleeding Kansas" may yet have to pay for Mrs. Nation's little jamboree. Meanwhile, there is a Mr. Nation, who is keeping discreetly silent and out of sight.

The Saunterer

Negligence of the Regents

Some time ago I called attention to the fact that the State University lost the Sutro library through the negligence of the Regents and their attorney, who draws a monthly salary from the State. About that time I received a letter informing me that though the Regents may have been guilty of negligence in that matter they were deserving of great credit for the business sagacity which they exhibited in the investment of University funds to great advantage. Now I am convinced that, though they are deserving of credit for having loaned money out advantageously, they should make better arrangements for recovering it. If they are as careless in matters pertaining to the management of the University as they were in negotiating the Affiliated College site deal, and in presenting a claim some time ago against the estate of William C. Turner, it would certainly be advisable to subject their accounts to the supervision of the State Board of Examiners as suggested by Governor Gage.

The Turner Claim

The facts of the Turner case may be found in the latest volume of the decisions of the Supreme Court. In February, 1889, William C. Turner borrowed forty-seven thousand dollars from the Regent of the University and executed a note and mortgage as security. At his death, which occurred a few years ago, the claim of the university against his estate amounted to fifty-one thousand dollars. This claim was presented by the attorney for the Regents, but it was not presented as a mortgage claim. Other creditors presented claims aggregating thirty thousand dollars, and lands were sold to settle the indebtedness. The Regents bought the land and offered in payment a receipt for the amount of the purchase price offering to credit the sum upon their claim. The administrator refused to settle on that basis and now the court has decided that the failure of the Regents to have their mortgage allowed as a claim was a waiver of their right to have it considered as a lien upon the land. They must therefore take their pro rata share in the distribution to all the creditors.

His Favorite Story

That good-hearted old gentleman, Colonel Granniss, was not many hours under the sod when his young widow started a contest over his estate. Colonel Granniss married the woman who is now at war with his daughter, about the time in life when the average citizen begins thinking of his God, and though he bequeathed the bulk of his estate to his

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offspring he made generous provision for his widow. Nevertheless she is dissatisfied. And now, perhaps in consequence of this contest instituted by the second wife of deceased, some of the Colonel's old friends are recalling his favorite story. It was about a little scene at the entrance to Paradise. A colloquy took place there between St. Peter and a sinner whom he had halted for the usual course of interrogation. The sinner had made out a very poor case, but when he explained that he had been married St. Peter grew merciful and threw open the golden gates. The next applicant for admission had overheard the conversation and he prefaced his plea with the statement that he had been married twice.

"Well," said St. Peter, "this place is for unfortunates, not for d—— fools."

Hays Took Huntington's Offices

The confidential friends of Mr. H. E. Huntington were not surprised when they learned that he had sold his stock in the Southern Pacific Company and its allied corporations. When Mr. Hays was appointed President of the company, Mr. Huntington was sorely disappointed and he did not attempt to conceal his feelings from his friends. Shortly after the arrival of the new president an incident occurred which caused Mr. Huntington to feel as though he had been humiliated, and it was not long thereafter that he decided to get rid of his stock as soon as possible. The incident was the selection by the new president of his offices. After inspecting the various departments of the railroad he decided to establish his headquarters in the Union Trust building, and the rooms that appealed to his fancy were those occupied by Vice-President Huntington. The latter was therefore given orders to move his goods and chattels over to the Wells, Fargo building and he did so. This little incident caused quite a lot of gossip in railroad circles, for it showed that Mr. Hays was of a strictly business character and that sentiment had no influence upon his conduct.

Some Army Incidents

It is no longer easy for Uncle Sam to round up recruits for the Philippines, or to retain those that have enlisted. A story comes to me from the Presidio to the effect that the returning transports with their wounded, dying and dead soldiers have had the effect of dampening the ardor of many of those that were intent upon seeking glory in Luzon. My informant suggests that if the army general hospital and the provisional camp were not in such close proximity, there would not be so many desertions. He relates that private William Jones of the Forty-second Volunteer infantry came over on the *Sherman* in October, in an emaciated condition. He was assigned to the hospital but was permitted to walk in the fresh air in the company of an able-bodied convalescent. Hearing the bugle calls of the provisional battalion he wandered over to the tents and was soon surrounded by recruits. One of them, a big strapping fellow, addressed him with something akin to awe in his voice:

"Is that the way a fellow comes back from the Philippines?"

"Yes," was the reply in a sepulchral tone; "yes, that is the way you come back—if you are able to come back."

The next day the big strapping recruit was missing, and now they are saying that the other fellows did not desert because they belong to a suicide club and are sworn to face a horrible death.

Why Private Orth Wouldn't Go

Another story is told of "Private Nick Orth," the tailor of Company B of the engineers. When the company was ordered to the Philippines it was discovered that Orth was troubled with cold feet. He was summoned before the captain in the orderly room and asked if he objected to going with his company.

"Vell," he asked, "if I go mit der gompany by der Philistines is der major of this post villing to support mine vife? Vill he support mine shildern if mine vife puts dem by der major's porch und valks avay? By Gott, I don'd go by der Philistines."

"But," urged the captain, pleasantly, "the officers of the company have families."

"Vell, but dey gets more pay as I do," said Nick. "I don'd go by der Philistines."

He repeated these words so often that they have become the refrain of a company song. The tailor succeeded in obtaining a transfer to another company and remained at home.

Wade and Ludlow

Brigadier-General James F. Wade who has been assigned to duty in the Philippines, has been neglected for some time. He has had no command in the field since the commencement of the trouble with Spain, although he was next to Otis on the list of Brigadier-Generals when the war broke out. And yet, he enjoyed an excellent reputation as a cavalry officer. When he was at Tampa in May, 1898, he was made a Major-General of volunteers on the same day the rank was conferred on General Shafter, but he has no volunteer rank now. When he reaches the Philippines, MacArthur, Bates and Lloyd Wheaton will all be his superiors, and yet he has a precedence of many years over MacArthur. The probability is that he will be made a Major-General of volunteers as soon as he arrives in the Philippines. Brigadier-General William Ludlow, who has also been ordered to the Philippines, led a brigade in Lawton's division at the battle of El Caney. In his report of that affair General Lawton paid General Ludlow a warm tribute of praise. General Ludlow and General Wade are the two most soldierly looking men in the United States army.

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A Thrilling Yarn of the Sea

The sort of yellow journalism that I do not admire is that which finds exemplification in the Sunday Sup. Some day the newspaper proprietors who now think that their readers enjoy a supplement filled with freakish and improbable yarns will become aware of the fact that these hysterical pages are perused by less than two per cent of their subscribers, and they will then cease trying to outfreak one another. I abominate the Sunday Sup together with all newspapermen of the Creelman type who bring discredit on the profession by fathering fatuitous fakes, and in the hope of contributing to their downfall I have resolved to expose them at every opportunity. The methods of the faker were never better illustrated than they were a few weeks ago by a story which appeared in the Sunday Sup of one of the dailies which purported to be a tale of piracy on the Pacific.

Its Evolution

The evolution of the yarn was quite interesting. It was founded on a brief despatch from San Pedro published a few months ago. The bark *Azalia* from Puget Sound reported having spoken the Chilean bark *Latona*, which left Puget Sound laden with lumber. She was said to be several hundreds of miles out of her course, and the crew of the *Azalia* having failed to see any officers aboard, thought it probable that the crew, which was a bad lot, had murdered the captain and his wife and taken possession of the vessel. Several weeks later it was reported that a bark had gone ashore somewhere in the Philippines and that it was said to be named the *Leonora*, but as there was no vessel of that name in the Philippine trade the supposition was that she was the *Latona* from Puget Sound. About that time the Swiss Marine Insurance company's agent in this city was becoming very nervous. The company had insured the *Latona's* cargo and he was beginning to think that the vessel was lost, but after calculating on the time it would take for the *Latona* to reach the Philippines he concluded that there was nothing in the story.

Not so, however, the Sunday Sup editor. He accepted the yarn, and proceeded to weave it into a thrilling Sunday story of murder and piracy on the high seas. There was no conjecture in his yarn. He knew all about it and explained the mystery of the wreck in the Philippines. Meanwhile, the *Latona*, which figured in that blood-curdling story, was slowly and lazily ploughing her way over the briny deep toward her destination—a small port in Peru. Nobody had been murdered aboard. There was not even a sailor in irons. The despatches in the dailies of Wednesday last included a brief paragraph announcing the arrival of the *Latona* at Eten, Peru.

They Were Not Surprised

Sacramentans were not greatly surprised to learn of the latest escapade of A. M. Robinette, who was arrested on the charge of kidnaping a child. About nine years ago Robinette was very prominent in the capital swim. He was the secretary of the Sutter club, and had married one of Sacramento's most charming society girls—Pauline Foster. Miss Foster was the only child of wealthy parents, a winsome brunette and highly educated. She ran away with Robinette, much to the regret of her friends who never considered him in any way worthy of the prize he had won. After two years of unhappy wedded life, Pauline got a divorce and after that Robinette went from bad to worse. His ex-wife has a fine voice which has been cultivated to a degree that would win her laurels on the stage.

The stork visited the L. A. Loveys last week. A son and heir is the memento of the visit.

Miss Hager Not Ill

Despite all the published statements in the local society columns of the daily press that Ethyl Hager is still ill with la grippe and has been bundled to the warm southland to recuperate, she is still here and in good health. She helped receive at her sister's residence last Wednesday when Alice Hager and Mrs. Walter Dean gave a very successful "at home." They will give another one on the second Wednesday of this month. A great many well-known society girls are suffering just now from that prevalent malady, la grippe. Quite a flock of them have winged their way southward to shake off the effects near Coronado. Miss Helen Wagner was the last to go. She left on Saturday.

"Are you going to hear Bernhardt?"

"No, I'm going to see her; what's the use of going to hear somebody I can't understand?"

How Foote Could Be Rendered Harmless

By the time the Paris Commission investigation opened at Sacramento Billy Foote had worked himself into a state of great indignation. So fierce was his frown that some timid people expected trouble. About that time Eustace Cullinan of the *Bulletin* remarked to Ned Hamilton of the *Examiner* that the committee should order Foote examined and disarmed.

'It would be necessary to summon a surgeon," said Hamilton.

"What for?" asked Cullinan.

"To remove his jaw," was the reply.

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Society in Living Pictures

Of all the novel parties designed to celebrate St. Valentine's day that of the Willie Bournes promises to be the most unique by far and the most original. Though a score or more of society's people are striving their mightiest to take part and make the affair a success the greatest secrecy surrounds the whole affair, and the lucky ones invited won't know what to expect till the curtain rings up—that is, unless they read these lines, for it is safe to say the secret won't get out any other way. Now, to tell the secret: Some of the prettiest girls in society will appear in living pictures, illustrative of a twentieth century magazine. The first pictures will represent the covers and the others will represent the contents. It is in the second part that all the fun, originality, art and beauty will be shown. Fancy what capital ideas an ingenious mind can express in living pictures to represent how the twentieth century magazine should be illustrated; and then fancy our well-known society girls posing in those living pictures.

But that is not all the fun and beauty promised at this original entertainment. The second part will consist of one of Bangs' sketches, rewritten and adapted to the occasion, full of good local hits and local situations. The cast will be in the capable hands of Worthington Ames, Mrs. Castle and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bourne. So now you know why everybody is on tip-toe to be at the Willie Bournes' on St. Valentine's night.

Hopkins-Taylor

There have been repeated announcements in the papers that the wedding of Edna Hopkins and Will Taylor was to be solemnized at the Hopkins' residence in San Mateo. But the cards are out and it is to be a noon wedding on February sixteenth at the residence of the bride's parents, California and Laguna streets.

Fortmann-Stevens

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Emma Fortmann and Dr. William Emerson Stevens, which will be solemnized at the Fortmann residence, corner of Gough and Eddy streets, on Tuesday evening, February twenty-eighth. Miss Fortmann is the charming daughter of Henry F. Fortmann of the Alaska Packers' Association. Dr. Stevens is the son of the late Francis Stevens, an early pioneer of California.

Gossip from Washington, D. C.

The present season will stand forth, writes my correspondent at the national capital, as the dullest ever known. The canceling of all White House functions and the mourning into which the Queen's death has thrown the Embassies, leaves nothing in the gayety line except the unending procession of women's teas, always marked by the absence of men, unless it be one or two very young or very aged specimens. They used to say that the only men who frequented Monte Carlo before March were the damaged or the damn aged—in Washington it is youth or age. With the teas go the dinners, which are so alike that nothing changes except the hostess. In this ocean of dullness hydra-headed rumor has tried to raise a ripple by recounting reasons why the Countless Cassini likes staying in New York—"the old question of precedence," "that society has been offering such unacceptable old dainties as cold shoulder and humble pie." All this is tommyrot. The true and only "why" is that this most brilliant, fascinating, passionate little Russian, endowed in a supereminent degree with the dower of her race, is weary unto death of "the dead level monopolous"——to quote from an old western malaprop—of this dreary Washington life which has grown threadbare to her variety-loving, impetuous and fiery Sclav nature. She loves the opera, which she can enjoy in New York and where she is a bright particular star. Why should she not do this winter what she has often declared her intention to do—that of having a season in New York? The Czar has settled once and forever the question of status and it would be a bold individual who would dare withhold the honors due to her exalted rank and place. She is sweet, gracious, winsome, all combining to give her "the charm" which the French hold surpasses all other attractions in woman. From the creation until now never has that sort escaped unfriendly criticism.

The Fierce Casserly

Jack Casserly with blood in his eye is the most remarkable spectacle that has been presented to the citizens of San Francisco for many a day. What strange metamorphoses are worked by politics! A few short months ago Jack Casserly was the mildest mannered chap that ever whispered sweet nothings into the ear of an heiress. So placid was his temperament, and so unruffled his exterior, that the white-winged bird of peace could have hatched eggs in his top vest-pocket without cracking a shell. He was a most perfect antithesis of Bill Foote rampant. His was the repose of Vere de Vere. But the pleadings of John T. Doyle won him a school directorship, and behold the transformation! The dove-like Casserly, with the non-belligerent eye, has suddenly assumed an aspect of ferocity. School Superintendent Webster charged him with riding around in hacks at the expense of the taxpayers, and presto! the Vere de Vere repose has changed to aggressive activity. Mr. Casserly takes the floor and denounces Mr. Webster as a coward and a prevaricator, and dares him to come forth from his hiding. Mr. Casserly appears to be

A very short-necked man, who has been hen-pecked for twenty years, lately bought some three inch standing collars. It made him hold up his head so high that his wife no longer dares to call her soul her own. He bought the collars at Lewison's, the Leaders, Gents Furnishers—953 Market St., and has been trading there ever since.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

dangerous. Is there no way to avert bloodshed? Or, is Mr. Casserly merely billfooting, as it were?

The Retort Courteous

One of the social oracles on the dailies, in commenting on the recent issue of cards for a tea with "R. S. V. P." engraved on each invitation, said: "San Franciscans are seldom known to acknowledge a tea invitation. They seem to think that it is not compulsory, but it is. If one wants to do the correct thing and copy from their New York sisters, let a hostess know in some way how many she must cater for." This reminds me of the advice in re the correct form of evening dress given by the leader of a local "cotillion club." It is but an expression of individual opinion. As a matter of fact, no one in London or New York ever replies to a reception invitation. If the person invited chooses to do so, he can mail his card on the day of the function if he does not attend in person. But this is not compulsory. The matinee tea or evening crush is not regarded by the hostess as a very important function. She gives it, as a rule, because it is the easiest way of paying one's social debts, in a solid lump. Sometimes the lump is divided into two or more parts, and the reception extends itself over that many days. The intimate friends are invited to dine, or to other small functions, and to these invitations answers are of course required, but the great body of "calling acquaintances" is bidden to the tea or the crush. And no reply is expected or requested. There may be exceptions to this rule—eccentric exceptions they must be if so—but this is the correct usage as practiced in London and New York.

Newspaper Gossip

Some sensational rumors have been afloat in newspaper circles for more than a week. First came the rumor that Tom Garrett was coming from New York to take an executive position on the *Examiner*. This rumor almost caused a stampede in the office of the Monarch. When Tom Garrett severed his connection with the *Examiner* several years ago he was incensed against several of the men with whom he had been associated, and when they heard that he was about to return they were in a quandary as to whether they should resign or wait to be fired. For awhile it was thought that the rumor was groundless, and that it was started just to create a cyclone in the *Examiner* office. It was suggested that Hearst, being familiar with local newspaper history, would not be so rash as to reinstate Garrett on the *Examiner*. But the fact is that Sam Chamberlain is editor-in-chief of Hearst's chain of newspapers, and that he dispatched Garrett to San Francisco because of the latter's familiarity with the local field. Garrett was to have arrived last Saturday, but became ill on the journey and dropped off somewhere between Chicago and this city. He is to take the position of day city editor. It was in that capacity that he worked on the *Examiner* before. He is one of the most energetic and capable men that ever worked in the newspaper business in this city.

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

The newspaper men had recovered from the shock caused by the report of Garrett's coming when it was rumored that Andy Lawrence was also to return. This rumor could not be verified. If it were true that Garrett and Lawrence were both coming, the supposition would be that Editor Chamberlain was in a jocular mood. I am of the opinion that Mr. Hearst is well satisfied with Mr. Dent Robert as editor-in-chief at this end of the line. Mr. Robert is a newspaper man in the strictest sense of the term, and does not bother himself about outside combinations.

Some wag started the rumor that Sam Leake was to retire from the management of the *Call*, and to be succeeded by Mr. Frank Moffitt, the well-known financier of Oakland. Mr. Moffitt was interviewed on the subject, and he replied in a manner humorously characteristic:

"If I were manager of the *Call* it would take me fully six months to secure a controlling interest in that big building at Third and Market and really I haven't the time."

Women in the Army

If the register of the Occidental hotel is to be accepted as prima facie evidence, I must conclude that there are female officers and privates in the United States army. Last Sunday after the arrival of the transport *Warren* a Mrs. McGowan and a Miss Hall registered at the Occidental in this way: "Mrs. Colonel McGowan, U. S. Army," "Miss Johnson, Fourteenth Infantry." Now if Mrs. Kautz, the wife of the lately retired Admiral, had registered as Mrs. Admiral Kautz, I should not think of questioning her right to the title, for she was generally boss of the flagship, but I have never heard of Colonel McGowan's better-half proving that she was the leader of the Colonel's regiment.

THE ARGYL..

McALLISTER NEAR LARKIN

As a five-story building represents a new high-class, rooming-house, which will be known as the Argyl, named after the celebrated Duke of Argyl. This handsome building has been designed and constructed by Mr. S. L. Sly. It is the last one of the many buildings erected by him during the last few years. It is modern in every respect; fire proof, electric elevator, absolutely the finest and most up-to-date building of its character on the Pacific Coast. It contains 130 rooms of which ten are suits with bath attached; twenty suits without bath. The balance are single rooms. There are two additional bathrooms on each floor. This house has been elegantly furnished by San Francisco's leading furniture house,

The Pattosien Company

COR. SIXTEENTH AND MISSION STS.

Most of the floors are covered with the finest Axminster and Wilton carpets. The furniture in the parlors and bedrooms is of the most modern and approved kind, and the house is open for business.

Presented with a Home

William Watt and his wife, who were secretly married about a year before their parents knew anything about it, are now living in this city in a beautiful home presented to them by the young man's father, Robert Watt. I have been told that Mrs. Watt was prostrated by the shock caused by the sensational manner in which her secret marriage was written up by the dailies. She had not regarded her conduct as in the slightest degree unusual, for the reason, perhaps, that there was a precedent for it in her family. The marriage of her sister, who is now Mrs. Rising, took place some years ago under somewhat similar circumstances. The Middleton girls are not lovers of pomp and ceremony.

Said Sarah to Lady Brassy

Now that the divine Sarah is coming, the story is apropos of her conversation with Lady Brassey on the occasion of a reception in London when the actress presented her son Maurice. Lady Brassey said in French:

"But, Mademoiselle, I did not know that you were married."

"I am not, and never was," Sarah replied.

"Mais, votre fils—"

"Ah! mon fils—c'etait une accident d'amour."

Cooper's Barefooted Boy

The rejuvenated Bar Association's banquet in honor of John Marshall was a stupid affair for several reasons. Supreme Court Commissioner Cooper, the cowpath practitioner and protege of Judge Morrow, was one of them. The Man from Mendocino was down for the eulogy, and he inflicted upon the gentlemen of the bar about fifty pages of type-written manuscript. He started John Marshall out as a bare-footed boy and paced him along through all the vicissitudes of his career, with occasional assaults upon the King's English, down to his glorious grave. It was about as dull a biography as I ever listened to, but it provoked much jest. One attorney drew a pencil picture of the bare-footed boy and passed it along to the two hundred guests while Mr. Cooper was drawling dolefully. It caused a great deal of mirth. Somebody suggested that Mr. Cooper should file his points and authorities, and another wanted to know whether anybody cared for a reply brief.

Phelan's Bon mot

Mr. Franklin K. Lane followed Mr. Cooper, and as he noticed that the guests were yawning he prefaced his remarks by promising not to go into the details of Justice Marshall's career. He convulsed the assemblage. Justice McFarland took a hand in the banishing of hilarity by discussing evolution in a way that showed he was not familiar with the subject. He contended that evolution was fatalism. One of the few bright things said during the evening emanated from Mayor James D. Phelan:

"Law," he said, "is the perfection of reason, and it is made by the legislature."

At one of the tables where several congenial companions were seated there was a flow of merriment which relieved the monotony during the Cooper sermon. It was at this table that the "bare-footed boy" picture was drawn. While Cooper was promoting somnolence the men at this table discussed the question as to why Alex Vogelsang had been made a Fish Commissioner. Judge Hebbard guessed it was because he had made a special study of salmon procreation. Paul Neumann thought it was because he knew the difference between a lobster and a Welsh rarebit, but Gavin McNab settled the controversy by declaring that it was because of his familiarity with the codfish aristocracy.

The Tobins Introduce a Fashion

The Joe Tobins gave a dinner the other evening at the Blair home, which they are occupying for the season. It is nothing unusual for the Joe Tobins to give a dinner. They dined their friends scores of times, at very ornate little functions, before the death of Mr. Tobin's brother sent them into mourning for a short season. But this dinner was unique in one particular. The host and hostess invited just whom they pleased. They did not stop to figure on their social debts, so there was not a bore at the table. Miss Kate Clement, the best conversationalist by all odds among the society girls on both sides of the bay, was there. At the table, also, was Donald Graham, than whom there is no more experienced diner-out among club men. The others were all congenial. And thus was set a new fashion for our swells to imitate.

The Function of the Week

The Lesters' ball was the most enjoyable function of its kind that San Francisco has ever seen. It was marked by an entire absence of ceremony, but this was expected, for everybody knew beforehand that Mrs. Lester would dispense with everything in her arrangements that would detract from her guests' pleasure. There were a number left out from the invitations who probably expected to be there. Like-

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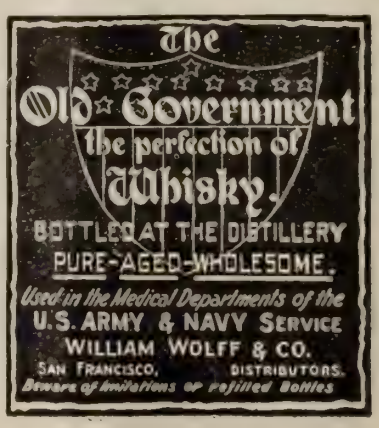

wise, Mrs. Lester invited a few who are not strictly in society but whose friendship she values. I asked a woman who was the belle of the ball, and she said everybody seemed to be a belle but that Sallie Maynard was a queen. Miss Maynard has been out so many seasons that the one in which she made her debut is forgotten, but she is still one of the most popular girls that ever valsed or deux-temped or led a cotillion. A bud said to me the other day:

"There are two women that I just *love*. The others are nice, but these are my favorites—Mrs. Downey Harvey and Miss Sallie Maynard."

A Club Woman Who Entertains

Mrs. Frank L. Whitney is again dispensing hospitalities in the open-handed manner which her club friends remember in days agone. When Mrs. Whitney went to Europe and stayed there for a length of time that seemed a cycle of Cathay to her friends, a dull, dark cloud hung over the big house at the corner of Laguna and Sacramento streets. People sighed as they passed by, remembering what a series of gayeties had had its being in that big house. They talked of Mrs. Whitney's teas, Mrs. Whitney's euchres, Mrs. Whitney's bright sons, Mrs. Whitney's pretty daughter and the good things one always had to eat at Mrs. Whitney's parties. And now Mrs. Whitney is well settled at home again after her long rest from the gay whirl, and is receiving her friends at the old stand. She is one of the most enthusiastic woman's club women in San Francisco, and was one of the inspirers of Laurel Hall, the pioneer in progressive women's club work.

Apropos of the Thomas G. Taylors

The Taylor girls are at home again and one looks for some lively happenings between now and Lent at the home of Captain Taylor in Pine street. Tibbie and Bessie Taylor are very charming girls and Bessie is pretty above the average. They are cordial and unaffected in manner and their late sojourn in the East has added much to their knowledge and consequently to their attractiveness. There is a large family of Taylors in the Pine street home. Miss Mary Taylor, the eldest daughter, went to Honolulu on the *China* and will make the Islands her home hereafter. She is a clever young woman of remarkable musical attainments, and has had the advantage of study abroad.

Gage Doing Politics

Governor Gage's purpose in keeping alive the bubonic plague controversy is no longer a mystery. The African in the woodpile has been uncovered. The governor is a shrewd politician. He expects to be a candidate for re-election, and therefore he is intent upon accumulating patronage, for the more patronage he has the more men he will have in his fight. He determined upon creating more jobs, and to that end he sought to make it appear that a State Quarantine service should be established. To do so it was necessary to create dissatisfaction with the Federal Quarantine service, and hence his attacks on Dr. Kinyoun. It is now to be plainly understood why Governor Gage devoted so many pages of his message to discussion of the bubonic plague. He was paving the way for those bills which were rushed through the Assembly the other day, providing for the expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars for the State quarantine service. Our Governor is a very economical official when he is not doing politics. By the way, I wonder if his friend Jinslow Wanderson is slated for the job of quarantine officer?

Graham on Marshall

Superior Judge Graham is destined to figure in many an amusing story during his term on the bench. The first of the series was told the other day after all the courts had adjourned out of respect to the memory of America's great jurist, Justice Marshall. In each of the courts a member of the bar made the motion to adjourn, and in most instances the motion was prefaced by words eulogistic of the deceased. Robert Ferral was the author of the motion in Judge Graham's court and he had very little to say of the dead jurist. After listening to Ferral, Graham appeared to be in doubt as to whether the wheels of justice should be stopped on account of Marshall.

"Well," he said, musingly, "of course John Marshall did a great deal of good; he discovered gold in this State—well, Mr. Ferral, you may file a brief in support of your motion."

Manila's Top-Notch Wedding

Quite the swellest and most successful wedding that has taken place in Manila since its occupation by Uncle Sam was that of Lillian Moseley to Dr. Lewis. Manila has been given some gay things in weddings recently, notably the McNutt-Potter function, but the elect unite in declaring that the Moseley-Lewis nuptials took every favor to date. There was reason in this, for the army, the navy and the residents united to make it the brilliant affair it proved to be. When her father, Major Moseley, was stationed here at the Presidio, Miss Moseley was the most popular belle in the army set and even carried her conquests over the border into the strongholds of beauty on the avenue and on the heights. She was the only one that ever rivaled that quartet of city girls who have been so prominent in invading the army set at the Presidio—

THE "Old English" style of engraving is used not only for visiting cards, but Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are now also engraving wedding and reception invitations in the same style.

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FINE TAILORING

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Union Square San Francisco

Charlotte Ellinwood, Leontine Blakeman, Marie Wells and Marie Oge. They say in army circles that Miss Moseley crippled more hearts in Manila than did the Filipinos. But now it's all over and that's why the army and navy bachelors united in giving the popular girl a send-off. They insisted also on her having six bridesmaids and ushers, the first to act at a Manila army wedding, so that she might enter on her married life with Cupid's special escort as well as a general escort from the army and navy.

When Zimmerman Registered

Last Saturday night the hotel reporters of the dailies were on the qui vive for "Papa" Zimmerman, the Cincinnati millionaire who became famous through the marriage of his daughter to a penniless duke. The train was late and the reporters became impatient. About eleven o'clock Sam Ewing of the *Examiner* walked into the office of the Palace and addressed night clerk McDermott:

"Hasn't papa arrived yet?" he asked.

"No," was the reply, "is he due tonight?"

"Yes," said Ewing," he's coming out in an upper berth. He loaned his private car to the dukelet"

"He's a good thing," said McDermott.

"The best ever happened," added Ewing.

About that time the night clerk took notice of a stranger who had been standing near the desk listening to the conversation, with a smile on his face, and asked him if he wished to register. The stranger replied that he did and thereupon wrote in the register:

"E. Zimmerman, Cincinnati."

(At the University club.)

"Where was Jassackerly educated?"

"Don't know, but if you asked me the name of the college where he wasn't educated, I could tell you."

A Royal Anecdote

Anent the anecdotes now springing up an all sides regarding the Queen, here is a delightful one setting off her relation to her children. It concerns the Prince Alexander of Battenberg, when at private school in the New Forest. Like many other little boys he ran short of pocket money, and wrote an ingenious letter to his august grandmother, the Queen, asking for some slight pecuniary assistance. He received in return a just rebuke, telling him that little boys should keep within their limits and that he must wait till his allowance next became due. Shortly afterwards the undefeated little Prince resumed the correspondence in something like the following form:

"My Dear Grandmamma: I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, for I sold your last autograph letter to me to another boy here for thirty shillings."

The Queen's Fortune

"The Queen's fortune will be found to be only of moderate value," is the opinion of the English agents here who are in touch with the London money centre. Contrary to the general belief that the Queen died one of the richest of sovereigns the truth seems to be that the Queen, like other rich people, had a great number of relatives dependent on her and she was compelled from time to time to pay their debts and extricate them from embarrassments. Her private investments yielded her an income of about one million dollars. This of course is exclusive of the one million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars annually paid her by Parliament. She inherited nearly all the Prince Consort's estate of three million dollars forty years ago and two million five hundred thousand dollars in 1852 from Mr. John Camden Neil. She was always a clear-headed business women and of course always received the very best financial advice. In 1881 she bought property for three hundred and ninety thousand dollars, which is now valued at eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She had estates in several German principalities and until recently owned a good-paying office building on the Battery, New York. Her laces, jewels, plate and pictures are worth over five million dollars.

Robertson to Markham

The pictures of Millet inspired poet Markham to hoe verse and other kinds of rhyme, and the latest effusion of Markham has stimulated the muse of Mr. Louis A. Robertson, the result being a melodious sonnet entitled "The Tuneless Tyro":

A sleeping moth, upon a window pane,
May hide the brightest star that lights the gloom;
A buzzing insect, in a quiet room,
May drown the thunder of the distant main;
The fetid fen-fed breezes may profane
The fragrance of the fairest buds that bloom:
So Art's antitheses do sometimes loom
Large, for a moment, then—to nothing wane.

Poor Tuneless Tyro! with the clod-clogged feet,
Groaning beneath an overwhelming weight
Of bad bucolics, thou wilt linger long
Without Fame's portals, and there vainly bleat
Thy plaintive macaronics; for that gate
Yields only to the voice of deathless song.

A Gentleman's Beverage!

KEYSTONE Monogram Whiskey

Old and Pure with an Exquisite Flavor

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The J. J. Pfister Knitting Co. will remove to their new and elegant store, No. 60 Geary street on or bout March 10th.

The Notorious Hurt

The unmasking of the notorious gambler, Billy Hurt, in Honolulu, right on the eve of his springing his "fixed games" on several wealthy gudgeons recalls an attempt he made when last here to break into the Pacific-Union club. A well known lawyer was knocking about town one night when he ran across the wayward son of another lawyer who ranked very high in practice, social position and wealth. This same son had cut a wide swath. An attempt to commit murder in a saloon was only one of a thousand notorious escapades along the tenderloin that he had been mixed up in. The lawyer, having nothing better to do, accepted the young fellow's invitation to join a little poker game up at a friend's room. The lawyer was duly introduced to three gentlemen and a game was started. It so happened that the light of the law had about two hundred dollars in his pocket, but before his candle burned out he had dropped that amount and his note for five hundred dollars. The next morning he was informed by a friend who had heard about the game that "Mr. Benson" was no other than Billy Hurt, the short-card player.

A little later, the son of the lawyer of high estate entered, and said that he had been asked by Benson to collect the five hundred dollars. The lawyer thereupon denounced Benson as a swindler, and declared that he would not pay the money. He incidentally explained that he had discovered that Benson was the notorious Billy Hurt. At first the gambler's agent expressed great surprise, but presently he suggested that he would be pleased if the lawyer would introduce Hurt at the Pacific-Union club, and intimated that if he did so there would be a division of the spoils. The young man was advised to seek elsewhere for a partner.

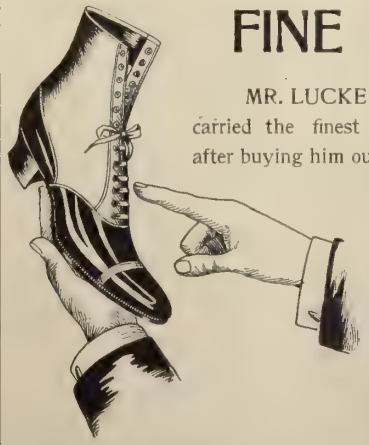
La Jeunesse's Meeting

Not since the most lavish of the Greenway cotillions has society been treated to a cotillion like that of La Jeunesse on Friday night. The patronesses determined to make this, their last affair of the season, a memorable one, and they certainly succeeded. Not only were the decorations in pink but the girls themselves were all attired in pink gowns, shading from a deep rose to the faintest coral. In pretty contrast to this pink rosebud garden of girls, the leaders, Miss Sophia Pierce and Miss Anna Voorhies, were gowned in white. The list of membership for La Jeunesse has numbered the sacred four hundred literally, and including the especially invited guests there were nearly five hundred people there on Friday night. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester and Mr. Lambart had accepted, conditionally, owing to their contemplated departure. Miss Henry, Mrs. McCormick's sister, and the especial friend of the Duchess, was one of the most admired girls at the cotillion. She bids fair to become the reigning belle. The supper at La Jeunesse was a red-letter one—the first at which champagne was served. And the menu was a "gastronomic poem."

A Pleasanton Episode

The guests of the Hotel Pleasanton are all agog over the pranks being played at that hostelry by little Dan Cupid. Some three weeks ago J. H. Benedict, Jr., nephew of Mark Hopkins, and well known in society circles, sat at the same table with Madame Zifferer. The madame comes of a very distinguished family with whom her two children are now in Austria. She is a very talented woman and since the demise of her husband she has been accepting a few favored pupils in singing. The staid guests of the Pleasanton could not explain the reason but over the table where Mr. Benedict supped and ate a halo of happy understanding and serene content seemed to float, no matter whether the soup was too hot or the baked potatoes too cold. The flowers in the vases bloomed brightest on their particular table and their cakes had the sweetest flavors. Dan Cupid was the waiter and he certainly knew his business, for three weeks ago all the favored friends knew that there was an engagement.

One week later the staid guests of the Pleasanton, who had been living there for fifteen years without seeing anything unusual happen, came down to their breakfast with genuine surprise depicted on their usually placid faces. Cupid had played some prank and great was the buzzing among the guests to find out what it was. Mr. Benedict walked into the dining room and seated himself at one table; Madame Zifferer walked into the dining room and seated herself at another table. No Dan Cupid served them this time, but two separate, stolid, indifferent waiters. The hotel guests talked a great deal about the—well, the misunderstanding, but the two people most interested didn't. And now everything is hanging in the air till Dan Cupid returns to explain.



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The Flirtation of Mademoiselle Fleurette

"Covers laid for two, and a bouquet of roses on the table!" exclaimed the gay debonnaire Eugene de Thiebaut, as he entered the bright, pretty bachelor dining-room of his friend Count Gaston de Trobriand, "My dear fellow, I shall retire at once—for this is precisely a case where two are company—and three—well, you know the rest."

"To be sure, mon brave garcon,," answered de Trobriand gaily, "and I—I blushingly confess that I am expecting a lady, a chic little demoiselle."

"A fair little Juliet, all love and lies, I suppose?" said de Thiebaut, laughingly.

"All love, but the soul of simplicity and truth," answered de Trobriand earnestly, and pulling out a chair from the table he invited his friend to sit down; but on one condition, that Eugene would make his adieux when dessert was served.

"Always agreeable, old fellow," said de Thiebaut, as he seated himself, "but really, Gaston, I have scruples, very serious ones. Should I remain I might perhaps spoil this delightful tete-a-tete."

"Not in the least, my boy, for you retire at dessert. Now don't forget, otherwise you will be de trop."

In the twinkling of an eye, the two young men were talking and laughing over the old days at Saint-Cyr and apparently for the time being, the expected demoiselle and luncheon were forgotten, as they discussed the friends and incidents of the past. But suddenly de Thiebaut, who had left his chair and was pacing up and down the floor, stationed himself in front of de Trobriand and half in jest, half in earnest, began quizzing him about the expected lady:

"Out with it, old fellow, the entire story and the truth and nothing but the truth," he said solemnly.

Still de Trobriand hesitated, fearing possibly to compromise Mademoiselle.

"Begin, sir," urged de Thiebault, impatiently, "or the lady for whom this dining room has been decorated en fete, and who will dip her rose leaves in the champagne will arrive and the story—will not be told. Besides, Gaston, if you have got yourself into a scrape, I may be able to help you out."

"A scrape!" exclaimed de Trobriand in astonishment, "it would be utterly impossible for such a coy little dove to get any man into a scrape."

"So much the better," said the gay dashing de Thiebaut, "it is simply then a case of congratulation. So proceed at once, please, and draw up the curtain—I am getting impatient."

"Well," began de Trobriand, "I must tell you that precisely three days ago I was seized with a sudden desire to visit Versailles, simply, of course, to take an airing."

"And incidentally," said de Thiebaut, interrupting him, "to catch butterflies, the species that fly about in silk ruffles and lace petticoats."

"No, upon my honor," answered de Trobriand, "as a Frenchman and a gentleman, I swear I went there simply for an airing—but to continue my story. We left the Paris depot with four in our compartment. Two were gentlemen whose respectable air and grave bearing suggested ministers of the Established Church of England, or American college professors en route to visit the historic palace at Versailles. The third traveler was a charming bouquet of chiffon, pink roses and fur, or in other words a glorious brunette with miraculously bright eyes, a tempting pretty mouth, and possessing such an air of innocence and modesty that involuntarily I recalled de Musset's lines:

" 'Boniour Suzon, ma fleur des bois.' "

"Enough! Enough!" cried de Thiebaut, throwing himself into a chair, "you are gone, brother, hopelessly gone!"

"But listen," said de Trobriand, becoming still more enthusiastic, "her costume was rich and elegant and proclaimed her a woman of taste and position; it was fashioned of dark cloth and coquettishly relieved here and there by a gay note of color, while her slender tapering fingers were gloved in suedes."

"Most interesting and edifying," observed de Thiebaut.

"As you have been to Versailles, Eugene," continued de Trobriand, "you know that there are two long tunnels between this historic town and our gay Paris."

"To my sorrow, yes," answered de Thiebaut, with a sigh, "I know those tunnels well and their souvenir is destined to last as long as I do."

"At the first tunnel," said de Trobriand, "Mademoiselle dropped her muff. Of course there was an immediate scramble for it, our two clerical friends joining in, but the sly little fox, who sat by the door and was vis-a-vis to me, had prudently dropped it on our side of the compartment, so that it was quite impossible for the two solemn-looking gentlemen to capture it. Naturally I immediately noted this artistic finesse of my lady, so when I picked it up and handed it back, I seized her hand and gently squeezed it."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed de Trobriand.

"At the second tunnel—parbleu! my audacity increased, and slyly slipping my hand into her muff, I kept it there, until we emerged into the daylight."

"And your clerical friends?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, they were buried in thought and apparently oblivious to their surroundings; besides, I assure you I acted with great discretion. After this my pretty bouquet of pink roses, chiffon and fur raised her miraculously bright eyes and looked at me most tenderly. In that glance I was lost! For after all, according to the proverb, we are not made of wood."

"Nor of iron, either," interrupted de Thiebaut, "but go on. Your adventure is becoming more and more interesting. Meanwhile I suggest that as this charming little bouquet of yours is an hour late that we decorticate some shrimps and wash them down with a gulp of Rhenish wine."

* * * * * * * * * *

Refreshed and stimulated, de Trobriand continued his story:

"Arrived at Versailles, I discreetly alighted from the compartment and my exit was followed by the two clerical gentlemen, who pursued the even tenor of their way and were soon lost in the passing crowd, while I stood guard behind the compartment door to assist Mademoiselle. As her shapely, aristocratic little foot touched the step, my hand was there to receive her. She accepted it most graciously and as she did not resent the pressure which I bestowed on her adorable tapering fingers, I grew bolder and offered her my arm. A few minutes later we were driving merrily along the country road, and I, old fellow, was blessing my lucky stars that, like Columbus, I had found a land full of promise. Hardly had the driver whipped up his horses, however, than my sweet little bouquet of roses, chiffon and fur asked in a low, musical voice, what I was going to think of her?

" 'Absolutely nothing,' I answered. You know our stereotyped phrases for these occasions. Indeed, on the contrary, I assured her that I was deeply touched by her confidence, and that nothing proved her virtue more clearly than this little episode. My words seemed to reassure her, and she blushingly confided to me that I was the only man who had ever succeeded in making an impression on her—indeed, she said, coyly looking down at her muff, 'The moment I saw you, I felt that I would be willing to follow you to the end of the world!' When I promptly sealed this touching avowal by a kiss!"

"Of course," groaned de Thiebaut, in an envious tone.

"An hour later we were cosily installed in one of the pretty gilded rooms of the Hotel des Fleurs, where we enjoyed tete-a-tete a most excellent dinner. Mon Dieu! how swiftly the moments flitted by, and not until the twinkling stars appeared in the sky did we drive to the train. When we parted at the Paris depot, I pleaded to know her name. 'Fleurette,' she answered, sweetly. 'And your last name, Mademoiselle?' 'That must remain a secret until we are better acquainted.' I then presented my card and begged to be allowed to call. 'Impossible,' she answered, 'but'—and she hesitated, 'if you are living in bachelor quarters, I—I—will call on you.' 'Agreed, Medemoiselle,' I exclaimed joyfully—and so I appointed today."

"And your chic little lady has evidently no intention of keeping her appointment," said de Thiebaut, laughingly, "or else," he added with provoking coolness, "her ideas of

The ruins of Pompeii A.D. 57. Ours were not there; they are 1901 productions, finished material, finished workmanship. Styles and fits. Our shoes the acme of perfection. Lippitt and Fisher, 945 Market St., between 5th and 6th.

time are vague. At any rate, I propose that luncheon be served. Meanwhile let me assure you, old fellow, that my impression is—that you have been sadly taken in, and that Fleurette will turn out to be anything in the world else but a little flower. Doves do not fly about, my boy, promiscuously in the woods at Versailles, neither do they alight on the trees in the Bois de Boulogne," commented de Thiebaut with a dubious shake of his head.

The two young men were just cutting into the partridges when the door bell rang and Gustave presented a card to de Trobriand. It read:

"Baron Max von Reichman."

De Trobriand appeared surprised, though he made no observation to de Thiebaut, and slipping the card into his vest pocket, hurriedly left the room.

The baron, a man of distinguished appearance and courtly manners, bowed profoundly as Monsieur de Trobriand entered the drawing room.

"May I ask," said de Trobriand, as soon as the two gentlemen were seated, "why I am honored with this visit?"

"Monsieur,' said the Baron with gravity, "two days ago you visited Versailles. You left Paris by the one-thirty train."

"Yes," responded de Trobriand, beginning to feel a trifle nervous, "but I am puzzled, sir, to know why my visit to Versailles should interest you?"

The baron smiled sardonically and immediately asked if Monsieur de Trobriand had not noticed in his compartment a lady gowned in dark cloth, with pink roses in her fur turban?

"Really, Baron," answered de Trobriand, with an air of supreme innocence, "I must confess that you have the advantage of me. I am always oblivious to my fellow travelers."

"And yet, Monsieur," calmly observed the Baron, "you stepped into a carriage with this lady and drove to the Hotel des Fleurs, where dinner was served tete-a-tete and both of you return together to Paris by moonlight."

"Baron," said de Trobriand, rising from his chair with great dignity, " I have no account to render to you, sir, and if this is the purpose of your visit, I must beg of you to excuse me," and he started towards the door.

But Baron von Reichman detained him, and with a few calm words, and without the least emotion of anger, he informed him that he was the husband of the lady in question.

"Then I am at your service, sir," said de Trobriand with a profound bow.

"My dear fellow," replied von Reichman, looking de Trobriand straight in the face, "one dares not kill or allow one's self to be killed for a woman of this stamp. The Baroness, I regret to say, is an incorrigible flirt. Her flirtations have been, comparatively speaking, as numerous as the stars in the sky or the sands on the sea-beach. One of her latest affairs was with the tenor of the Vienna opera."

"Not possible," exclaimed de Trobriand, as he listened with astonishment and wounded vanity.

"Indeed, yes," continued von Reichman, "and some time ago I decided to get a divorce, but merely waited until Madame had entrapped a man of my own social standing—when the humiliation would be less poignant.

"And since you, Monsieur, have been kind and obliging enough to furnish the opportunity," continued the Baron, twisting his handsome mustache, "I called personally to beg you to be a good witness. Your visit to the Hotel des Fleurs," he added, cooly, "I learned through my detectives."

And without further comment or waiting for de Trobriand's answer, he bowed himself out, while the Count, half dazed, looked after him.

* * * * * * * * * *

As soon as de Trobriand returned to the dining room de Thiebaut began teasing him about Fleurette.

"My dear boy," he said, "you should flirt as I do, with discretion. Such a woman as Fleurette could never have entrapped me—for as I said before, doves are not flying through the woods of Versailles and Fleurette's advances would have made me suspicious at once."

And nibbling away at his pate de foie, he assured de Trobriand that fifty Fleurettes could not have tempted him. Just then the door bell rang.

"Fleurette!" said de Thiebaut, laughing.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed de Trobriand, fortifying himself with a glass of wine.

A rustle of silk and a sweet, musical voice, begging a thousand pardons for being late, announced Mademoiselle Fleurette. At the sound of this singularly musical voice, de Thiebaut quickly turned around, and nearly fell off from his chair, as he recognized Madame la Baronne von Reichman!

The woman blushed furiously, but quickly recovered her usual aplomb. De Thiebaut hastily rising, declared he must leave, and de Trobriand, having troubles of his own, made no effort to detain him, but accompanying him as far as the front door, was struck with his friend's air of embarrassment, and became convinced that de Thiebaut and Fleurette had met before. So after a moment's hesitation he said:

"I perceive that you and Mademoiselle are acquainted."

"My dear fellow—alas—yes," answered de Thiebaut, "she is the identical one," and he hurriedly closed the front door after him, leaving de Trobriand quite stupefied. Outside of the house, he perceived de Trobriand's two clerical travelers—the detectives employed to watch Madame la Baronne—and as he turned the corner of the street he came face to face with the Baron himself:

"Monsieur," said von Reichman, addressing him, "you will now be saved from the unpleasant consequences with which I threatened you this morning, as your friend, Count Gaston de Trobriand, is better suited for my purpose."

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur," answered de Thiebaut, with a sweeping bow, and whistling a gay cafe chantant air, the debonnaire Eugene continued on his way.

"Poor devil!" he sighed, as he thought of de Trobriand, and lighting his cigar, he jumped into a cab and drove homewards.

[Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.]

Ballade of the Bike

When Turpin rode his matchless mare,
  And urged to death the plucky Bess;
When Tam O'Shanter skirled through Ayr,
  And Meg went home her tail the less;
  Those reckless roadsters did not guess,
As on they swept by ditch and pike,
  That down the distant years we'd bless,
And sing the praises of the bike.

Methinks I see brave Paul Revere
  Again through midnight mists progress;
The mob of Edmonton I hear,
  Hooting at Gilpin's sore distress;
  And brave Kit Carson—none the less
Deserving of the stave I strike;
  Rise up, ye heroes, to confess
And sing the praises of the bike!

They rally from their limboes drear—
  Their spectre steeds around me press;
Away we scud, the road is clear—
  I lead them all, for no excess
  Of speeding breathes my chargeress:
We reach the tavern on the dyke;
  Where in cool cups we drink success,
And sing the praises of the bike.

Envoy.

Bloomers and breeches acquiesce
  That wheel and horse are much alike;
So watch their wind with carefulness,
  And sing the praises of the bike.

Louis A. Robertson.

Dr. H. W. Hunsaker has removed his offices to Parrott (Emporium) Building, rooms 515 and 516, fifth floor. Elevator west entrance, 855 Market.

Fay & Foster, at the Grand Hotel Cafe, serve from 11 till 2 daily a commercial lunch to do credit to San Francisco as 'the city of commercial lunches." It will save you a trip home.

Dramatic World

A Wasted Opportunity

Press and pulpit have a fine subject just now with which to occupy their pens and voices. I was surprised on looking at the Tuesday morning papers not to see a page given up to interviews with prominent clergymen on the subject of the morality or immorality of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." It is a promising topic, too. When Hardy launched his novel upon the reading world, it carried by storm, and reams of stuff were talked or written of poor Tess. It was the first "problem" novel of any importance treating of the sexual question, and the anomalistic young person who falls from grace and wallows in the mire without losing her innate purity of soul. As such it was entitled to consideration, which it speedily obtained; perhaps more than its author expected.

We have been permitted to study three types of woman within the space of a fortnight. There was Becky Sharp, who had to be her own mamma in managing her matrimonial schemes. Then there was Helena, who had Puck to help her out. And then came Tess, who would have been much better off without a mother. This matter of mothers is another problem for the press and public to consider.

The Play of the Week

After the gayety and brilliancy of "Becky Sharp," the sombreness of "Tess of the d'Urbenvilles" came with almost too great excess of contrast. Thomas Hardy's novels nearly all betray this pessimistic tone, and "Tess" is one of the gloomiest. Lorimer Stoddard showed a fine aptitude for his art in managing to retain in the play the sad quality of monotone that shows in the book. When you leave the theatre after the final curtain fall, having left poor Tess to her grewsome fate, it is hours before you can shake off the uncomfortable feeling of oppression inspired by the realistic scenes just witnessed. There is too much preliminary to the first two acts, the comedy is not sufficient to interest the auditor, but in spite of this fault I think "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" is a great play. One takes little interest in the minor characters, though they are all admirably acted and are much betterfitted to their exponents than was the case in "Becky Sharp." The parts of Joan and John, by Miss Barker and Mr. Hudson, stand out prominently among the others. Abraham Durbeyfield, Tess' brother, is also well done by Miss McGilvray, and Miss Lincoln's portrayal of Marian, the drinking dairymaid, is a sympathetic study. But there is but one major role in "Tess" and that is Tess herself. Mrs. Fiske charmed as Becky Sharp. She does more as Tess; she sways her audience directly to the character she impersonates. Her cogent personality, her thorough understanding of technic, and her unconventional style are all brought more closely within the audience's understanding in this part than in the other. One looks in vain for the nervous mannerisms that marked Becky Sharp; Tess has none of them. The pathetic character stands out like a figure on a Millet canvas, or like Charley Peters' wonderful cross on the mountain. That remarkable pantomime, of repressed action, in the scene of the murder of Alec Stoke d'Urberville, is one of the finest bits of acting I have ever seen. Mrs. Fiske's Tess stamps her as one of the greatest actresses, and decidedly the most natural one, on the American stage. In her great moments one can, without heterodoxy, assert that she is as fine an artist as Bernhardt or Hading.

"Nell Gwynne" at the Tivoli

The ballet in the Tivoli's production of "Nell Gwynne" is charming. It occurs in the third act and is a ballet of shepherds and sheperdesses, all garbed after the most fetching Dresden styles. They have a lot of young and pretty girls in the chorus now, and they are as graceful as fawns. Particularly was I impressed by the leader of the left wing, a tall slip of a girl in shrimp-pink fleshings, whose feet scarcely touched the ground in the merry-go-round that winds up the ballet. Aside from the shepherds' dance the best thing in this revival of Planquette's old opera is Georgie Cooper as the quaint little servant, Marjorie. Miss Cooper is certainly one of the cleverest character impersonators that have ever tripped upon the Tivoli's boards. Hartman does does not show such varied phases of his many-sided art, in his present presentation of the Beadle, as I remember in his former impersonation. Before, in the forest scene, he gave a burlesque serpentine dance with the miser that was uproariously funny. Miss Williams is a charming Jessamine. She is more like Belle Thorne than any other prima donna I remember at the Tivoli, and this is a compliment, for Belle Thorne was both beautiful and popular. Boyce got a huge round of applause on Tuesday night for his songs as Falcon, and he is evidently a great favorite.

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"Judah" at the Alcazar

Messrs. Belasco and Thall consummated a brave deal when they engaged Mr. Kilgour to strengthen the stock company. Mr. Kilgour is an actor of undoubted ability. This acting of Judah Llewllyn, in this week's play, is a powerful creation and shows signs of careful study. He is far above Kellerd, the Judah who followed Willard. Miss Convere does the best work she has yet done here, as Vashti Dethic. The whole production is a fine one, and shows the quality of the Alcazar stock.

Roma in Great Britain

From the Birmingham *Daily Mail* of January eighteenth, I learn that Carrie Roma is continuing her successes abroad. Of her performance in "Lucia di Lammermoor" with the Turner company the *Mail* critic writes: "Fortunately Mr. Turner has, in Madame Caro Roma, an artist who is equal to such demands, and a decided success was achieved by her last night in the trying part of Lucia. Her assumption was not only marked by dramatic power but also by vocal brilliance. Of special merit was Madame Roma's singing in the mad scene, the cadenzas in the great scena and aria, 'On my ear softly falls, creating quite a sensation. Her help, too, in the exquisite sextet, one of the most inspired concerted pieces ever written, was fine in the extreme."

The Craze in Cher Paree

Coquelin desires to produce "Quo Vadis" in Paris and intends to play Petronius himself. Sardou refused to dramatize the book for Coquelin, so he will have to get some one else to do it for him. En passant, "Quo Vadis" has only recently been translated into the French language and it is reported that the Parisians are suffering from an aggravated attack of "Quovadisitis." It looks very much as though the reign of the religious novel has come to pass. At all events, some of the late novels and dramas have done more to awaken an interest in religion and religious history than the churches have done for many a long day. But I wonder if "Quo Vadis" will attain the dramatic vogue in Paris that it enjoyed in this country last year. If San Francisco could stand three, surely Paris will be able to accommodate three times that number of "Quo Vadis" companies. And in view of the fad for American actors and actresses now reigning abroad, why not ship a few of our superfluous "Quo Vadis" road companies to Paris, as a new field for American dramatic genius?

Apropos of this European success of "Quo Vadis," it had an unexpected result. Professor A. Sabatier of Paris, in the causerie he contributes weekly to the *Journal de Geneve*, boldly asserted that the whole archaeological part of the Sienkiewicz novel was borrowed, not to use a harsher term, from Ernest Renan's "Antichrist." The professor was surprised, on reading the Polish novel, at the abundance and minuteness of detail and the wonderfully vivid reconstruction of the Rome of the time of Nero. Comparing "Quo Vadis" with "Antichrist" in order to see just how far the novelist agreed with the scientific authority, he found that not only was the information exact, but that nothing was missing, and also that the story contains nothing not to be found in Renan. The character of Petronius is from beginning to end a borrowing from "Antichrist," and the same may be said of many of the minor characters. Professor Sabatier does not wish to raise the cry of Plagiarism against Sienkiewicz, but he, very reasonably it would appear, is of the opinion that due credit should be given to Renan as the source of such information.

A Press Story

When "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park" was produced early this season, Gus and Max Rogers cracked several political gags. One was:

"It looks great for McKinley and Roosevelt."

"Why?"

"Their names are on all the banners."

"Banners don't vote."

"No; but they show which way the wind blows."

Richard Croker saw the first night performance in New York, September seventeenth, sitting in a box surounded by big Tammany men. When he heard the banner gag he turned to John F. Carroll and remarked:

"That's so; we'll banner this town."

And he did, with Bryan banners, from the Battery to Bronx river.

San Francisco LodgeNo. 21, Theatrical Mechanics' Association, better known as "the men behind the scenes," will give the ninth annual benefit in aid of their charity fund at the Columbia theatre tomorrow afternoon.

AMUSEMENTS

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Only "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" Matinee today

Beginning Monday, Feb. 11th, Last Week of Mrs. Fiske

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

"Tess of The D'Urbervilles"

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Commencing Sunday Matinee, Feb. 17th - "The Waifs of New York"

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Commencing Monday Evening Next, February 11th, in Rostand's Dramatic Poem, For six nights, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

"L'AIGLON," or The Eaglet

Prices: $1.50, $2, $3, and $4. Boxes $30, $24 and $12. General Admission, $2. Gallery $1.

Sunday Evening, February 17th

"Phedre" and "Les Precieuses Redicules"

Mme. Bernhardt and M. Coquelin will appear at every performance

Seats now on sale at Box Office Grand Opera House

Alcazar

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday

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Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp.

Monday Feb. 11th—Second Week Planquette's Lyric Gem

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Monday, February 18th—Great Production,

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Evenings at 8

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Feb. 10th

Idalene Cotton and Nick Long

Dorothy Studebaker

George Austin Moore

Murray and Lane

Kathryn Osterman and Co.

Empire City Four

Lizzie and Vinie Daly

The Great American Biograph

Third and final week of THE NINE NELSONS

Reserved Seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c.

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Attractions Next Week

The sale of seats for the Bernhardt Coquelin engagement at the Grand Opera House opened on Wednesday, and the long line of ticket-buyers that extended up Third street is ample evidence of the engagement's success. It is some years since Bernhardt was here and upon her last appearance Sardou's "Cleopatre" was the novelty in her repertory, with "Joan of Arc" and "La Tosca" as equal attractions. This year she has several plays new to us, chief among them "L'Aiglon" by Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The story of "The Eaglet" is a sad one, and is founded upon the life of Napoleon's only son, the little King of Rome. Coquelin, last here with Jane Hading, will receive as warm a welcome as will the divine Sarah on Monday night, when all fashiondom will be in attendance. For Sunday evening, February 17th, "Phedre" and "Les Precieuses Redicules" will constitute the program. Bernhardt and Coquelin will appear at every performance.

More than one local critic has passed the opinion "greater than Bernhardt" in reference to Mrs. Fiske. Whether this is heresy or not, Mrs. Fiske's popularity is certainly increasing as days pass by. The third week of her engagement will be given up to "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" on the first three nights of the week and "Becky Sharp" on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee. Today will be the only matinee of "Tess."

"Nell Gwynne" is pleasing large audiences at the Tivoli and will go another week, after which "The Wizard of the Nile" will be put on, with Alf. C. Wheelan in his original role of King of Egypt. The Eagles, Eyrie No. 5, will visit the Tivoli in a body on Tuesday evening, February nineteenth.

The Alcazar could easily continue "Judah" for another week, but instead will give "A Night Off," one of the most amusing of Daly's plays.

The Columbia will be closed for two weeks, and Olga Nethersole will be the theatre's next attraction. The Kidder-James company will present "Richard III" tonight and tomorrow night "Macbeth."

Dorothy Studebaker McKeown will make her professional debut at the Orpheum next week, and will likely have a first night that will rank with Bernhardt's. Idalene Cotton and Nick Long will also be on the bill. They will be remembered as having made a hit last year. They are both San Franciscans, and are worthily popular. Idalene Cotton will give her imitation of Mrs. Fiske's Becky Sharp, which now that we have the model here in person will be all the more interesting. George Austin Moore, ballad singer, will be the other new number. Kathryn Osterman, who is repeating her old success this week, will give a new turn. The Nine Nelsons, the Dalys and the Empire City Four will remain, with the biograph and Murray and Lane.

The Playgoer.

The Wagner Society

The first rehearsal of the choral division of the Wagner Society was held in Arion hall last Tuesday evening. A large number of lovers of Wagner's ensemble works were present and much enthusiasm was apparent. Excerpts from "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" were rehearsed. At the next rehearsal, on Tuesday, choruses from "The Flying Dutchman" will be taken up. Any one desiring to join may apply to the conductor, 131 Post street. Seven wealthy patrons of music are subscribing to the orchestral fund. One of the lectures of the Literary and Art division will be given at an early date.

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Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Elsie Peterson, Plaintiff, vs. Benjamin Peterson, Defendant. } Action Brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to:

BENJAMIN PETERSON, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion, willful neglect, cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL Plaintiff vs. JOHN R. NEWELL Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY Deceased } Department No. 10.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Helen Flinn, Administratrix of the estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said Deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to said Administratrix at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Attorney for said Administratrix, at rooms 20 and 21, 7th Floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HELEN FLINN, Administratrix of the Estate of Bridget Kennedy, Deceased.

San Francisco, January 28, 1901

Charles Wesley Reed, Attorney for said administratrix

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES FINNERTY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Frank J. Fallon, room 24, seventh floor, Mills Building, north east corner Bush and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS E. HEALY, Administrator of the Estate of James Finnerty, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, January 4, 1901.

The Automobile

The Mobile people have at last made a tangible move and are preparing to open a store in Post street, opposite Union Square Market. With this company actively operating here the competition promises to be lively from now on.

Manager Ryder of the California Automobile Company confidently expects the deal whereby his company is to receive four acres of land and a certain cash subsidy from San Rafael, will be consummated today. As soon as the articles are signed, work will be immediately begun on the factory building.

The following article from Charles E. Duryea, the well-known authority on automobile subjects, may be of interest to our readers at this time: "The question of wheel size is one which is attracting considerable attention, and like other questions has two sides. The small wheel is stronger and cheaper. The large wheel rides easier and last longer. The manufacturer naturally prefers the small wheel because of its smaller cost. The buyer may be supposed to prefer the easier riding and more costly construction. The small wheel makes the vehicle appear relatively larger, and if the buyer is buying for appearances rather than for utility he will apparently get more for his money by buying a small-wheeled rig. For this same reason he will probably select tall and ill proportioned vehicles rather than long, wide, low, comfortable and easy riding rigs. If, however, he desires the best results he will select a vehicle with large wheels, large tires, long springs, low hung body, long wheel base and with the passenger seats as far from the forward wheels as may be. He will select the large wheel because it makes less revolutions, does not drop into holes so deeply, does not rise so quickly over obstructions, does not wear out the tires so quickly, nor compress the tires so much to carry a given load. It may be argued that these points are theoretical rather than practical, but the experience of years in two other lines point to this decision.

"Horse vehicles have used all sizes of wheels, but the majority of them are equipped with wheels approximately four feet in diameter. The use of elastic tires will permit a somewhat smaller wheel. How much smaller, is the question. In the cycle business wheels were tried of all sizes from twenty-four inches up, and, although twenty-four and twenty-six inch wheels were cheaper, lighter and stronger than larger ones no argument could persuade the public to accept in quantity any size except twenty-eight-inch. This size carried cycle and rider, a total weight of less than two hundred pounds, or an average weight of one hundred pounds per wheel. It would seem to need no argument that if this size is right for cycles (and such was the verdict of the public) a larger size is necessary and right for automobiles, which carry two to ten times as much load per wheel. Either this reasoning is correct or else we must conclude that the public in their verdict of four-foot wheels, with steel tires for horse vehicles and twenty-eight-inch wheels, with pneumatic tires for cycles, did not know what was right. If history teaches us anything it certainly indicates that a wheel should be much larger than twenty-eight inches for all around motor vehicle use. Having admitted this, the next question is, how much? The writer's first vehicles used ordinary carriage wheels and our first pneumatic tired machine used forty-four and forty-eight-inch wheels. We next used thirty-four-inch and thirty-eight-inch, which have been proven by five years of use to be very satisfactory sizes. We next tried thirty and thirty-four-inch, but decided that the rear wheels were too small, and on account of this experience are now using thirty-inch front and thirty-six-inch rear.

"There is no question but that this combination, coupled with large tires and long springs, makes the easiest riding motor vehicle yet shown, and it is the writer's opinion that a thirty-six-inch wheel is as small as should be used under two or more persons. This wheel is much nearer cycle size than ordinary horse vehicle wheels, and it is quite probable that larger sizes would show better results. Wheel makers have no difficulty in making their product carry large loads under all conditions when drawn by horses, and there is therefore no reason to believe that automobile wheels cannot do likewise." —*The Automobiler.*

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Music World

The Henschels

The Henschels are as delightful as ever, and only a fickle-hearted concert-goer could assert anything to the contrary. There is something about these singers that is different from any other "concert vocalists" except perhaps Antonia Dolores Trebelli. You feel as if they were really singing to *you*; not to an audience in general,, but personally to yourself, for your own particular pleasure. The audience on their opening night was very appreciative, if not noisily demonstrative. You never feel the necessity of showing the Henschels your regard for them by too obstreperous applause; you feel satisfied that they understand telepathically your intelligent liking of their numbers. Mrs. Henschel had a number of pretty little songs which she gave with the charming inflection that is natural to her. In Foote's "Irish Folk Song" she reached a height of interpretation that is rarely attained. Mr. Henschel was especially fine in "Saul's Dream," a scene from "King Saul" (C. Hubert H. Parry). The audience seemed to like best of all Mr. Henschel's own duet, "Oh, that we two were Maying." On Thursday afternoon the second recital was given and this afternoon the third will occur. There will be a large audience in attendance today at Metropolitan Temple, and a program of new selections has been arranged for the recital. Next week the Henschels will be heard on Monday night, Wednesday afternoon and (last recital) on Thursday night.

An Evening of Song

The Song Evenings by the pupils of Mr. Percy A. R. Dow are being continued this season as during the past three, that occurring last Thursday evening at Mr. Dow's studio being the second of the present series. The first of this season was devoted to the Songs of Scandinavia, the composers studied being chiefly Grieg and Kjerulf. The evening last Thursday was given up to the Russian composers, Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky representing the song writers of the land of the Tartar. Many of the seldom heard, though very beautiful songs and duos of the first named composer and a few of the minor songs of the latter were heard and enjoyed, also some of the Russian part songs. The singers included Misses Greninger, Coyle, Lynch, Coddington, Murray, Gyle, Churchman, Bartholdi, Koenig, Mrs. Best, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Hunt, Misses Allen, Cheek, Alderslie, Messrs. Kent, Crichton, Monges, Merwin, Batten and Webber. Miss Julia Levinson and Miss Elsa von Manderscheid were the accompanists. There were heard also topical sketches upon the following subjects: Russian Folk Songs: Bands, Music in the Army; Russian Church Music, and biographical sketches of Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky. All, both songs and sketches, were presented by pupils of Mr. Dow. The next "pupils' evening" will be given up to the study of the modern French composers.

A Great Pianist

Leopold Godowsky, the great Polish pianist, will be heard for the first times in this city at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s hall next Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at a quarter after three o'clock. Since San Francisco has heard Padarewski, Sauer, Carreno, Rosenthal, Scharwenka and the majority of the great pianists of the world, it will be able to pass intelligent opinion on Godowsky. The Polish pianist was born in 1870 and is consequently but thirty-one years of age, but he has already attained fame. Chicago went wild over Godowsky when he appeared there, close on the heels, too, of Chicago's idol, Padarewski. Godowsky studied under Saint-Saens. As a composer he ranks high, and his arangements of Chopin's studies have become popular. His program for Tuesday's concert will be: Twelve Symphonic Studies, Schumann; Sarabande, op. 12, No. 1, Courante, op. 12, No. 3, Moto Perpetuo, op. 12, Eclogue, Godowsky; At the Spring, Concert Study, F minor, Liszt; Scherzo, op. 4, E flat minor, Brahms; Sonata, op. 58, B minor, Chopin; Paraphrases on Chopin Studies, (a) op. 10, No. 1, (C major), (b) op. 10, No. 2, (A minor), (c) op. 10, No. 8, (F major), (d) op. 25, No. 8, (in Sixths), (e) op. 10, No. 7, C major (transcribed in G Flat), (f) op. 10, No. 5, and op 25, No. 9 (combined in one), Godowsky; Contrapuntal Paraphrase on Weber's Invitation to the Dance, Godowsky.

She is a Californian

Leonora Jackson, the famous violinist, will play for the first time in this city at the California theatre Monday and Wednesday afternoons, February eighteenth and twentieth. She will be assisted by Josephine Elburna, soprano, and

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, the Great Pianist
Who will give three recitals at Sherman-Clay hall, next week

Selden Pratt, pianist. Apropos of this charming young violinist, it is told that the German Empress, in November, 1896, commanded that a special musical and dramatic entertainment be given at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, with the most eminent talent in Germany participating. Great preparations were made, and on the evening in question a vast and brilliant audience assembled. The royal family and court were present, together with the most notable personages of the capital. They noted on the program, placed between two of Germany's most renowned singers, an un-

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known name, announced for a violin solo. "Who is this?" they queried, "by what right here?" Great was the surprise of all when the "unknown" proved to be a young girl in her teens, who came forward clad in white, modest, timorous, yet of rare sweetness and charm of manner. The hush of expectancy settled over the great opera house. The little maiden in white grasped her violin, and soon the strains of beautiful music poured forth, touching the hearts of the immense throng with the magic power of genius. The solo ended, there followed such a scene of enthusiasm, such a storm of applause as all present will long remember. The little violinist was Leonora Jackson.

A Letter from Vienna

Under date of January fifteenth, Emil Steinegger writes me the following interesting letter from Vienna: "Last Wednesday evening the first musicale of this season took place at Leschetitzky's residence in Karl Ludwig Strasse. The Leschetitzky followers were out en masse, and a brilliant evening was passed. Notwithstanding the professor's seventy years, white hair and eccentricities, he manages still to perform on the piano in a manner that commands respect. Two concertos were played, one by Beethoven and the other by Mendelssohn. Leschetitzky played with the pupils in both instances, upon a second piano. One of the young ladies did some wonderful work in her rendition of the Mendelssohn G minor concerto. This is a rather hackneyed composition and I have heard many a pianist play it—good ones and bad ones—but never as it was played last Wednesday evening. One of Leschetitzky's favorites also played—Herr Lehrie, a young man of about twenty-four, with the regulation bushy hair a la Paderewski, the difference being in the color, which is a brown-black. Lehrie is a hard worker and studied first under Saint Saens in Paris. Saint Saens gave him a good letter of introduction here, and he has been with Leschetitzky about two years. At the close of the program the Professor arose and gave us a pleasing surprise by saying that Mark Hambourg would play for us. We knew that Hambourg was present, but did not expect him to perform. He played six different compositions, ending with 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' of Mendelssohn-Liszt. Hambourg's playing in a parlor sounds immense and it was a rare treat. Leschetitzky is, without doubt, the greatest living teacher. No other teacher can make such a showing as was made that evening. The work goes right on and the world will have plenty of good pianists if he keeps it up. He has about one hundred and four pupils, mostly Americans. His mode, or rather his business arrangements, are cast iron, and no one can move him. A pupil is both under the care of Leschetitzky and the "Vorbereiter" (one of his assistants). A lesson is taken from the Vorbereiter once a week and from Leschetitzky once in three or four weeks, unless he takes a fancy to a pupil, when the pupil may receive one or more lessons a week. The Vorbereiter work does not last long; probably from five weeks to two years, according to the advancement of the pupil at the start. For instance, Sieveking, the Dutch pianist with a big reputation, had to go under a Vorbereiter six months. And Paderewski had to go under a Vorbereiter! I had the same Vorbereiter as the Polish pianist had. Nobody can escape the Vorbereiter. I mention this for the reason that many people come here or intend to come here, but will not go to a Vorbereiter. They expect to go to Leschetitzky direct. It cannot be done. No matter how gifted or talented an applicant is, he is always referred to this or that Vorbereiter. It really amounts to the same as these assistants are merely 'mouthpieces' and do as they are told. The ideas and chief points can easily be learned in three or four months. If one wishes to go further it is merely a matter of application and hard work, and with Leschetitzky for a guide, it is fully worth the outlay.

"Concerts are very numerous at present, often two on the same evening. Last Sunday was the fifth Philharmonie orchestral concert under Mahler. Two symphonies were played without any 'between' selections—rather hard on the listeners; one of Mahler's freaks again. The symphonies rendered were the beautiful A minor of Mendelssohn and the new Manfred Symphony of Tschaikowsky, in which the composer represented four tone-pictures from Byron's dramatic poem. The Mendelssohn symphony was grandly interpreted and the whole orchestra had to rise to acknowledge

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the enthusiastic applause received. The Tschaikowsky symphony received little praise. Jan Kubelik, the violinist, gave a charitable concert on the evening of January 7th to a crowded house for the benefit of the Journalists' and Authors' Society. He gives one more benefit in aid of a military fund on the eighteenth instant and then leaves for America. The first concert of Kubelik's, January 7th, we were quite surprised to learn that a young San Franciscan was to take part. Miss Alma Stencel was announced in the newspaper columns as the '12 jahrige Clavier-Virtuosin aus San Francisco' and 'would assist at Kubelik's concert.' The concert was very successful, barring the orchestra, which was not up to the standard. Miss Stencel performed the Scherzo from Litolff's concerto, with orchestral accompaniment; and three soli—'Hark, Hark the Lark,' Schubert-Liszt; 'Naehstuck,' op. 23, Schurmann; and 'Walz, Gb, Chopin. Among musicians and critics she is regarded as a talented child with a big future. As one critic remarked, 'Out of the little Stencel a great one can be expected.' Others say she is a 'Wunder-kind.' In general the press gave her very friendly notices. Miss Stencel is at present in Vienna with Mr. and Mrs. Stencel and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt. An important concert will take place on the twenty-second instant at Bosendorfer Saal. Emil Sauret from Paris, violin virtuose, will play a new composition of Eduard Schutt, a suite for violin and piano. The composer will himself preside at the piano. Clotilde Kleeberg of Paris gave a successful piano recital at Bosendorfer Saal last Monday evening. I wrote to you of this lady last year. She is a magnificent pianist. Leschetitzky is very much taken up with her playing and style and says that she plays in the Leschetitzky School. Kleeberg should go to America on a tournee; she would have splendid success. At Ellen Gulbranson's concert, a big sensation was caused by a small violin player. Little Stephi Geyer, violin virtuosin, twelve years old, created much discussion. She is a pupil of Hubay and her technic is pronounced wonderful. She played the Wieniawski D minor concerto with orchestra. She was recalled and recalled, playing 'Scene de la Cszarda' of Hubay; Bach's B minor Gavotte and a number of Hungarian dances. Franz Ondricek gave one concert on the tenth. This violinist has been heard in San Francisco.

"The principal event of December were the chamber music concerts of the Joachim quartet (Joachim-Halir-Wirth-Hausman); three evenings were given. The first consisted of a quartet of Mozart (G major); Brahms (C minor) and Schumann (A minor). At the second, Haydn (E flat major), Beethoven (E minor, op. 59) and Schubert (C major) quintet, with Miss Lucy Herbert Campbell, 'cellist, assisting. The last evening of the Joachim quartet was given in honor of Beethoven's birthday when only Beethoven works were rendered; quartets C minor, op. 18, C major, op. 59, and C sharp minor, op. 131. Large, fashionable audiences greeted the Joachim quartet on all three evenings. Another event of note was the playing of Emile Bosquet of Brussels with the Fitzner quartet. Bosquet, it will be remembered, was one of the winners in the Rubinstein Prize Contest last August, when he carried off five thousand francs as the best pianist. His performances are highly praised, and a credit to the Brussels Conservatorium, of which he is a graduate. Cesar Thomson gives a concert on the twenty-second instant at Grosser Musik Verein Saal, with orchestra. Many other events have occurred, but not of much importance. Our little San Francisco, Alma Stencel, plays at Kubelik's final concert."

A Fog Story

This story comes from abroad, and tells of the curious circumstances under which Madame Blauvelt, the American soprano, made her re-entree on the London concert stage at St. James hall, Saturday afternoon, January twelfth. Early in the morning one of London's famous fogs settled over the city, rendering it necessary to light the street lamps as early as nine o'clock. By noon it was unusually thick. Going from the Hotel Russell to St. James hall, Madame Blauvelt lost her way and was over an hour covering a distance that would ordinarily take ten minutes. When she came to the stage to sing, the letter states, the fog was so dense in St. James hall that she could not see her audience, nor they her. So she simply sang to a bank of fog without a greeting. The applause that came out of the fog bank after she sang, however, demonstrated that she had not been forgotten by her London admirers.

Paganini the Wizard

George Augustus Sala wrote in his "Regent Street Recollections," that among the dwellers in that thoroughfare was Paganini. "Him I remember well," wrote Mr. Sala, "not in Regent street, but at Brighton about 1836, a gaunt, weird man, with long black hair and hollow cheeks and flashing eyes. I never see Henry Irving without recalling Paganini to my mind. I can remember vividly the impression created within me by his play. It was that he had got inside his violin a devil, and the imprisoned fiend demon was now shrieking, now supplicating and now seeking by caressing endearments to obtain his liberty from the magician with the fiddlestick, who was grasping his fiend-tenanted fiddle so firmly by the throat. Paganini played a fantasia on the violin at a concert given by my mother at Brighton, at which the prima donna was the enchanting Marie Malibran; and the illustrious violinist gave me next day, small boy as I was, in a very large frill and a 'skeleton' suit, a bank note for fifty pounds." Paganini, by the way, would never let any one hear him tune his violin, and it is believed that many of the extremely peculiar effects he produced were obtained by his tuning his instrument half a tone lower or higher than the ordinary pitch.

The Butcher Boy

The butcher boy, with frantic speed,
Just grazed me with his scrawny steed;
A baker with his buns and bread,
And then a milkman by me sped,
And to my presence paid no heed.

Though many teams the streets stampede,
These reckless varlets take the lead,
But all are by one demon led—
The butcher boy.

It seems the food on which we feed,
Beef, mutton, pork, and things that bleed,
Are what the panting "plugs" most dread.
When Tam O'Shanter homeward fled,
Then Cutty Sark—the witch—did breed
The butcher boy.

The Pedestrian.

A Few Words about

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A prominent Montreal clergyman, the Rev. James H. Dixon, Rector St. Judes and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, writes:—"Permit me to send you a few lines to strongly recommend PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER. I have used it with satisfaction for thirty-five years. It is a preparation which deserves full public confidence."

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Guiseppe Verdi

Verdi's name will probably live longer through his "Il Trovatore" than in any others of his operas. Verdi was the master of Italian opera. The only rival of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" in perennial popularity is Gounod's "Faust." "Trovatore," "Aida," and "Faust" will be sung long after other now favorite operatic works will have been forgotten. I wish we could have heard the masterpiece of Verdi's later years, "Falstaff," before its composer passed away. It might have gratified his aged heart to know that another of the world's big cities had passed favorable opinion on his latest born.

William H. Macdonald, the baritone of the Bostonians, will deliver lectures on the art of singing in several of the cities his company will visit this season.

Light and Airy Music

This little story was told in a late issue of the New York *Evening Sun:* "Not long ago the members of a distinguished quartet from a neighboring city were engaged to play for a millionaire's guests here. They supposed that the entertainment was to be a musicale of the kind at which they frequently appeared and expected to play one of their usual programs, especially as the host had told them that he had no choice to make from their repertoire. They were told to come at nine o'clock and arrived a little before that time, while the millionaire's guests were still at dinner. The butler told them that there was no probability of their having to play for some time, as the dinner was by no means finished. He made their presence known to the host, and the four men took their places in a room adjoining that in which the guests were seated at table. In a few moments the butler reappeared with a request to the leader that the musicians play the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. The butler was not an Italian or a musician, and the astonished conductor, who had intended to play nothing lighter than a Mozart quartet, could scarcely believe his ears. Hoping that the man had mispronounced the words he sent him back to ask his master what was desired. On the card came back the message, "Play the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' or something of Sousa's.' This was too much for the players. They retired without waiting for any other evidence of the host's musical taste, and as he paid half the bill for their services without a protest the matter never gained publicity." It probably refers to the Kneisel quartet of Boston, which visited us a few seasons back.

A New Dictionary

An English musician once wrote an original glossary of musical terms, of which these are a few: Music, succession of more or less discordant sounds; the more discordant the sound the better the music. Melody, an obsolete term. Discord, see Music. Signature, the number of flats or sharps placed at the beginning of a piece to indicate

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A Bulow Story

[illegible] sal of the Meiningen orchestra. Bulow [illegible]

"Kettle-drums *forte!*" The drummer, [illegible] already, redoubled his efforts: but again Bulow stopped and shouted:

"Kettle-drums *forte!*" Once more the drummer put on extra steam; and, when Bulow stopped again, he exclaimed:

"Really, Herr Kapellmeister, if I beat any harder I shall break the drumheads!"

"Who asked you to do that?" retorted Bulow, quietly; "you play *fortissimo*, and what I want is *forte* only."

—[illegible]

World of Letters

If Elia W. Peattie has not lived on a California sheep ranch she has gained her information from some one who has. Some time ago she published a story entitled "The Man on the Edge of Things" which contained more of the concentrated isolation and loneliness of the sheep rancher's existence than I have ever found elsewhere in fiction. In the January *Atlantic* "The Herders of Esmeralda" tells of the trials of the [illegible]ger whose herders have all been [illegible], one after another, with that indescribable, intangible but contagious disease, homesickness. There is some[illegible] baa-ing of the "wooly idiots," their stupid and apparently pur[illegible] tendency to do the wrong thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way, and it is no uncommon fate for the unfortunate who has cast in his lot [illegible]ngst them to become insane. The [illegible]ce which saved the herders [illegible]alda, though it narrowly escaped being a tragedy, was hailed as a blessing since it delivered them from a worse fate.

The December number of the Mark [illegible] choice issue. Its illustrations are superb, from Miss Helen Hyde's Japanese sketch in water [illegible] plates at [illegible] timely and interesting [illegible] tions. Of notable excellence are, Keith's portrait of Collis P. Huntington, Miss Hyde's sketch (noted above), Harriet Foster Beecher's "Village Bells," a night view of San Francisco photographed by Will Sparks, a Jap[illegible] by Mrs. Hearst a

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When the Prince Visited Us

The following account of the visit of the Prince of Wales to New York in the period just before our Civil War, is of special interest at this time when the Prince is no longer such, but King of England. The excerpts are from "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller, one of the books of the hour:

"The Printer, as they called Mr. Greeley, was at his desk when I came in at noon. * * *

"'Go and see the Prince of Wales,' he said. (That interesting young man had arrived on the Harriet Lane that morning and ridden up Broadway between cheering hosts.) 'I've got a sketch of him here an' it's all twaddle. Tell us something new about him. If he's got a hole in his sock we ought to know it.'

* * * * * *

"In the morning Mayor Wood introduced me to the Duke of Newcastle, who in turn presented me to the Prince of Wales—then a slim, blue-eyed youngster of nineteen, as gentle mannered as any I have ever met. It was my unpleasant duty to keep as near as possible to the royal party in all the festivities of that week.

"The ball, in the Prince's honor, at the Academy of Music, was one of the great social events of the century. No fair of vanity in the western hemisphere ever quite equaled it. The fashions of the French Court had taken the city, as had the Prince, by unconditional surrender. Not in the palace of Versailles could one have seen a more generous exposure of the charms of fair women. None were admitted without a low-cut bodice, and many came that had not the proper accessories. But it was the most brilliant company New York had ever seen.

"Too many tickets had been distributed and soon 'there was an elbow on every rib and a heel on every toe,' as Mr. Greeley put it. Every miss and her mamma tiptoed for a view of the Prince and his party, who came in at ten, taking their seats on a dais at one side of the crowded floor. The Prince sat with his hands folded before him, like one in a reverie. Beside him were the Duke of Newcastle, a big, stern man, with an aggressive red beard; the blithe and sparkling Earl of St. Germans, then Steward of the Royal Household; the curly Major Teasdale; the gay Bruce, a Major-General, who behaved himself always like a lady. Suddenly the floor sank beneath the crowd of people, who retired in some disorder. Such compression of crinoline was never seen as at that moment, when periphery pressed upon periphery, and held many a man captive in the cold embrace of steel and whalebone. The royal party retired to its rooms again and carpenters came in with saws and hammers. The floor repaired, an area was roped off for dancing—as much as could be spared. The Prince opened the dance with Mrs. Governor Morgan, after which other ladies were honored with his gallantry."

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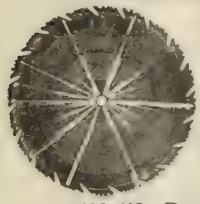

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The present course of study in our San Francisco schools, calls for a vast amount of research on the part of the teacher. To reduce this necessity to some system various books have appeared, and teachers who have neither the time nor the opportunity to "dig" for facts will welcome their assistance. A Topical Discussion of American History, prepared for use in the elementary schools, by W. C. Doub, A.B., of Stanford, and published by the Whitaker and Ray Co., is thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the times, refusing to regard history a mere study in memory gymnastics, but a genuine study of human life and experience. The topical method is used throughout and authorities cited. It contains an introduction by Professor Howard, one of the professors of Stanford.

Outlines, Tables and Sketches in United States History by S. Laura Ensign, is a bright little book from the Flanagan Publishing House of Chicago. Its object is to aid teachers to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of United States history and to suggest valuable methods of presenting the subject to others. It is systematic without being pedantic, concise without being dull, and will inspire all to further endeavor in the patriotic field of American history. The old text-book idea with the inevitable "cram" will soon be a thing of the dead past.

The *January* number of the *Overland Monthly* is the best which the new management has yet given us. The cover design by G. Leslie Hunter is both striking and appropriate, but I believe it is the first time in the history of the periodical that Bret Harte's characteristic device, the grizzly bear holding the right of way on the railroad track, has not been in some way incorporated.

New Books

Mrs. Voynich is about to publish a new story under the title "Jack Raymond." As a successor to "The Gadfly," it is assured in advance of the kind of popularity which is manifested by large sales. If it approximates in strength and originality the earlier work, it will be a welcome addition to the ranks of fiction.

Winston Churchill's next book, "The Crisis," will present a great-great-granddaughter of his Richard Carvel as a heroine. The crisis, it goes without saying, is the political situation which brought about the Civil War, and it ought to be equally unnecessary to add that Grant, Sherman and other notables are to appear within the pages of the novel, the scene of which is laid in the Mississippi valley.

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OUR OPINION

The Facts of the Case

The friends of the Administration at Washington are having a hard time trying to blot out the Teller resolution. It was by that resolution that the policy of the United States was defined before we assumed the white man's burden in behalf of Cuba. Just before the *Maine* incident, and while we were expressing great solicitude for the Cubans, there was a growing suspicion in Europe that we were longing for an opportunity to appropriate the little island to our own use. The suggestion of that suspicion aroused the indignation of many of us who sincerely sympathized with the victims of Weyler rule. We wished it to be distinctly understood that the American heart was fired solely by humane motives, and that there was no such thing as greed in the American breast. Therefore, before invading the territory of a foreign power we silenced criticism by declaring that the people of that territory were of right free and independent. We demanded the withdrawal of the Spaniards, who disputed the freedom and independence of the Cubans, and when they disobeyed the order we intervened for no other purpose than to secure the Cubans in the enjoyment of their rights. The language of the fourth clause of the Teller resolution which was adopted about that time is very clear as to the position of the United States:

> The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the islands to its people.

Now, that is fairly good English, and should be easily understood. But the friends of the Administration say that it was not an agreement or a promise, but merely an announcement of a policy. The people that are so contending are the ones that so loudly prated of national honor during the two McKinley-Bryan campaigns. They were greatly alarmed over the prospect of a currency policy which might result in the payment of the national debt with a dishonest dollar, and now they are willing to have their country placed on record as repudiating the pledge by which it justified its action to the Cubans and to the world when it invaded the territory of Spain. We all know that our war with Spain had a predatory aspect, but we were confident that in time our honesty of purpose would be demonstrated and would win us the respect and admiration of the world. Now we appear to be in danger of taking rank with England as a full-fledged land pirate.

The Chinatown Investigation

The legislative committee which has been engaged in this city in trying to ascertain why San Francisco tolerates a wide-open Chinatown, has not succeeded in making any revelations of a novel character. Gambling and the slave traffic have been features of life in Chinatown ever since the Chinese colony was established. The laws against gambling and slavery have been violated year after year, with the consent of the police authorities, and there has seldom been a time in the history of Chinatown when certain police officials were not accepting bribes from the criminals of that district. The legislative investigation was started to ascertain if the police were receiving bribe-money from the Chinese. It had been reported that the gamblers and slave dealers were contributing to a corruption fund, which was used to secure immunity from police interference, but only shadowy circumstantial evidence has been offered in corroboration of the report. No bribe-money has been traced to the chief of police, but the suspicion that his subordinates have been in financial touch with the heathen has not been weakened by the testimony. It must be confessed that the failure of the authorities to hold the criminals of Chinatown in restraint is a disgrace to the city. So long as those criminals are permitted to show their contempt for the law the inference shall be that the police department is corrupt.

McKinley's Man Noyes

Another one of President McKinley's job-holders has been branded as a crook. Mr. McKinley has been very unfortunate in the selection of men to fill important offices, but of all the crooks that have bobbed up under his Administration, Judge Arthur H. Noyes of the District of Alaska is probably the worst. The records of the Court of Appeals relating to the manipulations of Receiver McKenzie at Nome reveal one of the most infamous conspiracies that was ever concocted in this country. That Noyes and McKenzie entered into a partnership to fleece the miners of Nome, no sane man familiar with their conduct doubts. That the judges of the Court of Appeals were convinced by the testimony that such a partnership existed is evident from their language in passing sentence on the convicted receiver. Their language im-

plies that they were surprised that the people of Nome failed to fill both men full of lead. Now it would be interesting to know what that great and good man, Mr. McKinley, is going to do about it. Judge Noyes is reported to have a great pull at Washington, but in view of the revelations that have been made, it is not likely that it will enable him to hold his job.

The Moral Spasm

Every once in a while a spasm of morality sweeps over the land, and art, literature, music and the drama come in for a share of the "purification" which is usually aimed primarily at the tenderloin districts. Humorists and comic writers are prone to have a fling at Boston or Philadelphia, but the present storm centre is New York. Some of the magazine editors and publishers are bent on outdoing even Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock in their striving for perfection. Frank Norris, who is now employed as reader for the Scribners, is said to be an extremist to the verge of intolerance, and that, after the liberty he has claimed in his own books. One literary editor avers that "A Man's Woman" is enough to make one forswear forever the pleasure of reading. Of course, the whole attitude is a pose, and is perhaps a direct outcome of Bishop Potter's crusade. New York is either reveling in the drama of the undressed, or going to the other extreme. Thank Providence, we, on this coast, are more level-headed. We may be wild and wooly, but we do not crowd the theatres for months to see some spectacular disrobing act, and then clamor for velvet knickerbockers on our statuary. We have our standards of propriety, which are pretty much the same the year round, and we live up to them. The sensational investigations of the "gambling agreement," the Paris Exposition business, and the periodical race-track rumpus will not have an iota of effect upon the books read, or the plays produced in our theatres, nor will our local artists feel under obligations to clothe their nude Venuses and Apollos. The New York spasm will pass with the cold weather, and if there is not an extra large output of erotic fiction to make up for lost time, then is the prophet once more without honor.

The Man with the Wheel

One of the innumerable bills introduced into the Legislature would make the theft of a bicycle a felony, but it would come nearer to expressing the views of the people other than owners, if the ownership of one were to be made a capital offense. If none but those who had attained the age of reason were permitted to disport themselves on wheels, or if the necessary laws which have been enacted were not practically dead-letters, there would be no cause for complaint, but as it is, the ordinary pedestrian has no rights which the rider of a bicycle is obliged to respect. People who are aged or infirm, or suffer from imperfect sight or hearing, literally take their lives in their hands as soon as they set foot beyond their own door. The police apparently make a special point of seeing nothing, and the merry wheelman scorches up and down the street at the fastest pace he can make, undeterred by any consideration short of damage to his precious vehicle. If people encroach on his domain, so much the worse for the people. In the outskirts of the city even the sidewalks are usurped, especially by half-grown cubs of both sexes. To expect them to carry a light after nightfall, or to use a bell or any other warning device, is entirely too much of an imposition, until after a "cycle of accidents," with a proportion of fatalities has directed the momentary attention of the authorities to the condition of affairs. Then we are treated to an exhibition of clowning—cowbells, locomotive headlights, and a pace as slow as it is possible to maintain without falling. In the course of a day or two the novelty wears off and the old state of affairs prevails once more. The bicycle, as it is made use of by the majority of riders, is a constant menace and danger, and our climate only adds to the aggravation, since as a result of our mild winters, there is no time of the year in which it must be put aside. Bicyclists complain bitterly of the long fight they were obliged to make in order to gain a recognition of their rights, but it was entirely owing to their own disinclination to vouchsafe to pedestrians any rights whatever that this was the case. There appears to be a disposition on the part of automobile owners, also, to turn the public streets into speedways, and they, too, will have only themselves to thank if they are made the subjects of adverse legislation.

The Oil Well Swindle

Though the people of this State should be most familiar with mining and other swindles, the advertising columns of the papers show that the crop of fools is as flourishing as ever. The cost of advertising projected oil-wells in the newspapers and by means of circulars, with postage, is enormous, and if victims were not abundant this could not be afforded. The swindlers were not slow in taking advantage of the opportunities for humbuggery resulting from the sudden development of the oil industry in this State. Like the manipulators of wildcat mining stocks, that fleeced the gudgeons of Pine and Leidesdorff streets in early days, they secured holes of "limitless possibilities," organized corporations, and proceeded to float the stock—ostensibly for the purpose of securing "working capital." We have no means of knowing whether every oil scheme advertised is a swindle, but we believe it is safe to presume that fully seventy per cent of them are controlled by men who have no intention of ever sinking a well, and that of the remainder less than one-half will ever return a dollar to those who invest. There is nothing more ridiculous than to imagine that a good oil property should have to solicit buyers at twenty-five or fifty cents a share. There are numerous ex-

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SPRING and SUMMER STYLES
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EVER TRY US? YOU OUGHT.
132 KEARNY STREET
THURLOW BLOCK

pert oil operators in this country who have made fortunes hunting up and developing such properties, and no man or corporation having a valuable claim need spend much time searching for a backer. Experts have already examined every foot of ground in the oil district in the State, and there are capitalists behind them prepared to buy at a good figure every claim that is worth consideration. These are facts known to all sensible men, but the clever advertisements of the swindlers do not appeal to the people of average intelligence. They are designed to overwhelm the unwary, and these are easily to be found.

The Saunterer

A Chapter of Early History

"Your occasional reference" writes a correspondent, "to the doings of our aristocracy of a former generation, and to the once hospitable homes long since neglected, stimulated fond recollection in me the other day. I thought of that square-built mansion at the corner of Pine and Mason streets which was, many years ago, the home of Fred MacCrellish once an humble reporter on the defunct *Alta-California* and afterwards its proprietor in partnership with Thomas P. Woodward, his brother-in-law. Mrs. MacCrellish, in those days, was prominent in Protestant Orphan Asylum circles and in Grace church. I remember an occasion when her home was the scene of a brilliant musicale in which Mrs. Agnes Brown, then not long married to Billy Brown, the stock-broker, sang lanquishing love songs with Gus Ruhling, the popular baritone of the Loring club. Charlotte Chamberlain, whose mother kept one of those fashionable boarding-houses, a circumstance deplored by her daughters sang 'The Lark' and the program included such well remembered names as Sam Mayer, Tippett and Mrs. Norton. Where are they now?—All scattered. Mrs. Agnes Brown launched into a grand entertainer, and in her swell home in Pine street drew round her a select circle of the musical elite. There was organized the St. Cecilia choir, which numbered among its leading spirits Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. Martin nee Colton, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer and Mrs. Winans. They were led by no less a person than the late lamented Iothario Valentine Gadesden, who had the name but not the voice to sing—if one may be pardoned the Hibernicism. So chary was he of his voice that he was dubbed, "the silent tenor,"

The ladies enjoyed their St. Ceceliaing, and all were more or less in love with the handsome gray-headed Englishman with the soulful eyes and the tan shoes. What a spicy tale would be the story of his career! At one time I thought he was in love with the tall and stately Kathryn Jarboe who afterwards married Jerome Case Bull of an Eastern magazine, and thus secured the certainty of publication for her writings, for she as well as her mother had literary aspirations. And then there was the old lady of the Women's Exchange, who was infatuated with Gadesden. She took lunch with him every day at the Exchange and she always paid for the lunch. Poor Gadesden, he vanished shortly after becoming attached to the menage of Lady Yarde-Buller. The last I heard of him he was sent to his grave by the avenging hand of an indignant husband. Ah—the annals of that Women's Exchange—what lively reading they would make!"

An Esthetic Club

The San Francisco Tea club held a meeting on Tuesday at which papers were read by Mrs. Charles Jackson of Berkeley, Mrs. William Pierson Buckingham, Mrs. Geo. W. Caswell, Mrs. Dora Amsdan, and Mrs. J. Shoobert. The Tea Club meetings rarely get into the papers, though, as Mrs. Buckingham says of her pet club, it is "the daintiest thing of its kind in existence—a perfect cameo."No other local woman's club can compare with it in this respect, and it is a feminine organization to the core. The ladies forming its membership are all interested in the higher thought, but not one of them is a "new woman" in the general acceptation of that term. The members belong to the wealthy, cultured class, and all have elegant homes in which to entertain. The organization is not of recent date, but its meetings have extended over several years. It is limited to thirty members, and they have no club-house, but meet about at the members' houses, on the second Tuesday of each month.

The officers of the Tea club hold their offices in perpetuity; therefore there is no friction involved by constant elections. The executives are: President, Mrs. Sewell Dolliver; vice-president, Mrs. E. B. Young; secretary, Mrs. J. Shoobert; treasurer, Mrs. Peer Tiffany. Four or five papers are read at the meetings, on "Authors, Past and Present." Among the literary lights of the club are Mrs. Amsdan, Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. J. C. Hall and Mrs. S. F. Fredericks. One of the best things read at the club was Mrs. Frederick's article on Grant Allen. Mrs. Elsie Lamb's

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THE "Old English" style of engraving is used not only for visiting cards, but Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers are now also engraving wedding and reception invitations in the same style.

article on Robert Louis Stevenson was sought after by many magazines. Mrs. Jackson's forte is original stories. Mrs. Buckingham read, at Tuesday's meeting, an original romance of California. Her tales are very weird and romantic in tinge, and charmingly phrased.

The California Club

The California club is again to the fore, with a novel idea to increase its building fund. This building, by the way, is as yet only projected, but it is very dear to the hearts of the members of the club, and promises to become a speedy reality. The social science section of the California has increased its work to such an extent that the present quarters of the club in the Y. M. C. A. building have become inadequate in accommodations; therefore a club building becomes an imperative necessity. Among the worthy schemes fathered—or rather mothered—by this section, and which are all in active operation now, are those to improve the condition of the women's insane wards in the public hospitals, the preservation of the Calaveras Grove of big trees, the establishment of a boys' playground on the site of the old Girls' High School, four circulating libraries for district messenger boys, sewing societies, the protection of minors in the criminal courts, the salvation of Telegraph Hill. All these objects keep the members busy; still they have time for social duties, which they do not neglect.

The Great Card Party

And it was from the socially inclined members that the design emanated to give a monster card party for the benefit of the building fund. The affair is to be pulled off on Monday night, and will—with the Mardi Gras ball to follow on Tuesday night—help to bring the ante-Lenten season to a brilliant close. There will be two hundred and fifty tables set out in the banquet hall of the Palace hotel, and whist and euchre will be the games. The committee in charge will be divided up so that one section will be in charge of twelve tables. Drive whist will be played—you retain your partners during the evening, and losers move. Four-handed progressive euchre will prevail at the tables not devoted to whist. The elegant prizes that are to be given will be divided proportionately between whist and euchre players. The largest score (number of points) made by a player, either in whist or euchre, will entitle the winner to a choice of prize. The prizes will be awarded at the close of the games. The demand for tickets has already far exceeded the expectations of the affair's promoters, and many who have bought tickets have signified their intention to look on rather than engage in the race for prizes.

It will be a charming scene, for all the players will be in evening costume, and the decorations and supper tables will be as elaborate as at a private function. On the reception committee are Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Mrs. George E. Bates, Mrs. E. X. Rolker, Mrs. G. L. Smith, Mrs. Paris Kilburn, Mrs. W. H. Mills and many others. Among the pretty girls who will officiate as score-punchers are Miss Daisy Burns, Miss Elaine Jessup, Miss Edith Manning, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss EdithHenrici, Miss Florence Deming, Miss Grace Whitney and Miss Julia Mau.

The end is near. One of the greatest sales in furniture and carpets ever h ard of will soon wind up at Pattosien Co. where the challenge is still going. Housekeepers and Hotels should take advantage of this sale. Corner 16th and Mission Streets.

She is not of the Smart Set

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is taking an active part in Washington social affairs. She has given several musicales which were attended by some of the most cultured people at the capital. Apropos of her activity in the social fray an Eastern society paper recently declared that she occupies a peculiar position.

"She is not of the smart set, yet it would only too gladly welcome her to its arms."

No doubt it would, but Mrs. Hearst being an intellectual woman, prefers the cultured to the smart set. The former is the more exclusive. The "open-sesame" of the cultured set is carried in the head and not in the pocket.

An Oakland Episode

One of the physicians at the Fabiola hospital across the bay, who was scheduled for night duty one night recently, returned home the following morning at an unreasonably early hour. His wife, not having been informed of his intention, failed to hire a tug to beat the first boat over from this side, and hence the domestic contretemps that has resulted in the breaking up of a once happy home. That sort of thing has happened in Oakland before, and the railroad company, which does not provided an all-night ferry service, is to blame. What a lot of sins that soulless corporation has to answer for! But, of course, husbands who are so indiscreet as to neglect to keep their wives informed upon minute details of their itinerary are in a measure responsible for those domestic jars.

An Annoying Omission

The neglect of an attorney was responsible for embarrassing complications that threatened to delay the wedding of a prosperous young business man last week. His fiancee was a divorcee and when a license was applied for it was discovered that the lady's decree of divorce, which was granted in February, 1897, had never been entered of record. Under the law her divorce had not been made complete. It was an easy matter to have the decree entered, but the laws of this state prohibit a divorced person from marrying within a year, and if the decree were entered last week, and dated accordingly, her divorce would date from the day of entry. It became necessary to apply to the court for a special order directing the entry of decree, "nunc pro tunc," as the lawyers say, thereby giving the entry of the decree sufficient age to enable the parties to get married without going over the state border.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Bernhart the Barnum of the Stage

It was Marie Colombier that wrote a coarse book about Sarah Bernhardt nearly a quarter of a century ago, and in that indecent volume the divine "Sara"—it was without the "h" in those days—was dubbed Madame Barnum. How appropriate, I have often thought! Barnum of the big show was without a peer in the advertising line, and he always acted upon the theory that the public liked to be buncoed. After Barnum comes Bernhardt. Her menage savors of the menagerie. It is sprinkled with sawdust. The prattle about her personality, her eccentricities and her foibles, her bulldogs and her beauty doctor, her legs and her wrinkles, all tend to create the illusion that she is the great triple-ringed show all under one tent. No other woman ever made so much money out of free advertising. When she was in this city several years ago it was her pet tiger that served as the piece de resistance of her entourage. And now her bulldog serves as the raison de quoi for the exploitation of her strange troupe.

Sarah's Latest Fake

What tricks she has played to hold the public's eye—sleeping in her own coffin; traveling with cub lions for playmates, and springing a son on the public. And now since the arrival of the Bernhardt have you noticed the flock of "Beauty Doctors" that has descended on the town? What a gala day it would be for Genevieve Goad Martin and Ethel Keeney were they here, for who loves to hear the dermatologists dilate on the mysterious virtues of blooms and mashes more than they? Not only have we our daily handmaids and valets of de Maintenon but a flabbergasting flock of newcomers with potions, dyes and prescriptions line the hotels and social walks. Chief among them, of course, is the special beauty doctor of Sarah Bernhardt, who is industriously spieling for his art while adroitly advertising the divine Sarah.

According to her story, her own private beauty doctor was "enticed away from the rich beauties of Paris by the payment of an enormous salary." Well, he has been worth it, for since she stepped ashore the Sunday Sups have been trying to outstrip each other in publishing his gush on beauty. Incidentally, of course, Bernhardt is worked through the stuff. The truth of the matter is that Bernhardt submits to as much of his "beauty prescription" as she did to sleeping in that "dreadful coffin" over which the papers slopped for pages. Catch Bernhardt sleeping in a stuffy, cramped coffin when she can get a comfortable bed. But Bernhardt knows as well as the theatrical syndicate that good acting alone won't always lure the ultimate dollar for standing room. She's not taking any chances of missing it, hence the coffins, cubs, beauty doctor and the like. Long live the divine Sarah, for while she lives there's always bound to be something new and entertaining in her line, and we enjoy it even if we have to pay for it.

When She was Thin

Some twenty years ago, when Sarah Bernhardt first came to this country, her lean and hungry appearance occasioned much remark. She could not be called lissome, for she was bony. She possessed much grace, but no grease. An Oriental potentate who was invited to meet her in Paris just before she left for America was asked what he thought of her.

"In my country we drown such women," he replied.

"All flesh is grass," quoted a Chicago paper shortly after her arrival. "Bernhardt must have been raised during a drought."

A minstrel joke of the day involved a guess as to what sort of a present Sarah received in her stocking at Christmas.

"A lightning rod," was the answer.

Nobody ever thought, in those days, that twenty years later Sarah Bernhardt would have the nerve to exhibit her legs on the stage in such characters as "L'Aiglon" and "Hamlet." Her extreme thinness excited more interest than her art. One odesmith broke forth with:

"How thin is Sara Bernhardt, pa,
That shadow of a shade?"
"My boy, she's just about as thin
As picnic lemonade."

A Boston paper was responsible for the following: "Sarah Bernhardt will come to this country to play 'Rosalind.' As Sarah can't possibly play it for the sole purpose of showing her legs, it is barely possible that we may see a good performance."

Mrs. Barendt, who has been chosen to be the queen, to Charlie Dickman's king, of the Mardi Gras ball, is a beautiful woman and is well fitted to fill the royal office. She is the wife of Arthur Barendt, at one time a newspaper man and at present a lawyer.

Lawrence Goes to Denver

Frederick W. Lawrence, one of the oldest disciples of the Hearst school of journalism, has severed his connection with the *Examiner* and gone to Denver to become the city editor of the *Post* of that city. Last Wednesday morning, after the *Examiner* went to press, his friends of the editorial staff escorted him to a well-known bohemian resort and held a High Jinks in his honor. The *Post* of Denver is the paper upon which "Annie Laurie" is employed. She recently married the son of one of the proprietors of the paper, and she is now in this city en route to Honolulu on a honeymoon trip.

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To Be Thrice Married

Dan Cupid has been playing some very queer pranks of late in this neck of the woods. By no means the least interesting of his achievements, it is said, is one which has for its prospective climax the union of a widower and a very charming grass-widow. The date of the wedding has not yet been set, but I have been told that it is to be an event of the near future. It will no doubt occasion a great deal of gossip, for both the principals have numerous acquaintances, and each has been more or less in the public eye. The charming grass-widow is none other than Bessie Grimm that was, and her fiance, if report be true, is Judge Carroll Cook. There have been whisperings of an impending matrimonial deal between them for several months, but the rumor of an engagement was strenuously denied by both parties. It has come to the surface again, and is given currency by their friends.

Her Former Marriages

Bessie Grimm is best remembered as the wife of Rudolph Herold, Jr., though her marriage to the handsome harbor commissioner was not her introduction to marital experience. She was previously wedded to Charles Smith, brother of the beautiful Mrs. Ed Hopkins. They were divorced and then she married Rudolph Herold. For a time they seemed to be well-mated. Both were of a bohemian temperament, and their home was the scene of much gayety, for its hospitality was enjoyed by several of the jolliest club-men in the city. In time, however, there came a breach and a divorce suit, and then it was rumored that Frank Coffin, the popular tenor, would be the next suitor for the charming Bessie's hand; but he wasn't. Judge Carroll Cook went into mourning for his wife over a year ago. Mrs. Cook was the daughter of the late W. W .Stow.

I hear that Miss Eva Herold, Rudolph Herold's daughter, is to be married soon, the happy man of her choice being Dr. E. W. Westphal.

A Visit from the Stork

The Philip King Browns were gratified by a visit from the patron bird of parents last week, whose gift was a lovely little son. Said a friend of the family, when told of the tiny arrival:

"That baby must have a brain full of medicine. He will probably know enough to keep it there and not in his stomach."

The young father, be it known, is a physician, and the son of a physician. His mother is Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown, and his sister Adelaide is also a medico. The baby's mother was Miss Flora Hillyer, a sister of Eugene Deuprey's former wife.

The stork has paid another visit to the family of Dr. Theodore Rethers. This is the fourth time the bird with the conical bill has paid his compliments to the doctor.

Mrs. Carrie Nation wanted at Toneka; General De Wett wanted by Kitchner; we want Ladies and Gentlemen to call on us for stylish up to-date Footwear at Reduced prices, Lippitt & Fisher, 945 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets.

The Sam Shortridge baby is reported to be an "infant phenomenon," having addressed his father as "Papa" the other day, though only five months old. It is thought that as the youngster has acquired in five months a vocabulary consisting of the one word, "Papa," that by the end of his first year he should be able to say, "Ladies and gentlemen," and that, perhaps at the age of two, he may start out as a boy orator and stump the state for Sam Shortridge, Sr., for United States' Senator. The Shortridges are a wonderful clan.

Mrs. Lovell White, president of California club, left last week for Washington, D. C.

Miss Kathryn Dillon wore one of her loveliest frocks last week at her own luncheon. It was of a pastel shade of pink broadcloth, most becoming to the piquant coloring of its wearer. Miss Dillon's frocks this winter have been models for many lesser social lights to copy.

Why Delmas Grilled the Baron

It is generally admitted that the grilling of Baron Von Schroeder by D. M. Delmas in a San Rafael court-room was about as neat a job as was ever turned out in this State. It was not for a fee, however, that Mr. Delmas fanned the flame of his eloquence to such a blistering heat. It was a little speech made by the baron on the first day of the trial that incited Mr. Delmas to the uncorking of the vials of his choicest invective. When the attorney made his first appearance in the case, so the story goes—and it was told by Delmas—Von Schroeder appeared to be surprised.

"Are you on the other side?" he asked.

"Yes, I am the attorney for the defense," was the reply.

"Well," said Von Schroeder with a sneer, "it takes a thief to catch a thief."

In telling the story of the incident, Mr. Delmas said that up to that time he had no intention of dealing in personalities, but when the baron made that remark he concluded that he was not deserving of gentle treatment.

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1899, 109,003 cases, being 72,495 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms OR, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

The Engagement of the Week

There will be few unengaged bachelors left in the swim when Lent is ushered in. This week's budget broke the record—Miss Magee and Mr. Harrison, Miss Mullins and Dr. Clark, U. S. A., Miss Crockett and Mr. Scott, Miss Scott and Colonel Martin. Miss Mary Scott is considered to have bagged the biggest bird of the season, and as one of the girls at the Josselyn breakfast remarked:

"It's lucky that Peter is left."

But no one knows how long Peter will be left, for this betrothal fever seems to be catching. The young men are all looking out for "anchors," it seems. The "very inner circle" feels itself slighted in the distribution of Cupid's favors, for few engagements have been announced in that quarter. The railroad and golf sets have been peculiarly favored by the blind god. Miss Caro Crockett, who is to marry young Lawrence Scott, has been one of the most liberal entertainers this winter. She is a lively, clever girl, and with Miss Mary Scott—the cousin of her future husband—enjoys the distinction of having been a bridesmaid at the marriage of Mary Crocker and Burton Harrison.

It is said that Mrs. Eleanor Martin is well pleased that her son Walter is to settle down and, presumably, become a staid paterfamilias. Walter had a way of wandering after strange gods—i. e., high-priced songbirds—that was not always pleasing to his doting mamma. She preferred him to second her in her hospitable endeavors at home, dinners, teas, dances, theatre and opera parties.

How it was Done

At the Josselyn luncheon the other day the principal topic of conversation was the engagement of Walter Martin and Mary Scott which had just been announced. Of course all agreed that it was most unexpected, and that Walter Martin was an exceptionally fine catch. Several belles of the swim have been angling for him for a long time, and there was a fair prospect of his being hooked; but not by Mary Scott. Indeed nobody had the faintest suspicion that their hearts throbbed in unison. All those at the luncheon were quite sure that there had been no preliminary courtship. It was therefore natural for them to give ear and credence to the story that the engagement dated no farther back than the Lester ball. At that function Mr. Walter Martin was the gayest of the gay. The brilliancy of the scene overwhelmed his senses. He was in such an exuberant and philanthropic mood that he was prepared to bestow his heart for the asking, but the girls of our smart set do not propose. Presently the ecstatic Martin found himself tete-a-tete with the ravishing Miss Scott, and before he realized what he was doing he had proposed and was accepted. That's the story in a nutshell. And everybody agrees that it is a capital match. Yet there is one charming young woman of the smart set who feels somewhat disappointed.

Fay & Foster, at the Grand Hotel Cafe, serve from 11 till 2 daily a commercial lunch to do credit to San Francisco as "the city of commercial lunches." It will save you a trip home.

The engagement of Lawrence Scott and Caro Crockett settles definitely the romantic and uncertain flight of that delightful young man. Cupid has twanged many a bolt at him but it remained for Miss Crockett with her charming ways to make the little god's apparently hopeless task an easy one. For a long time past the tea-tabbies have been divided over Lawrence Scott's matrimonial future. Some of them on consulting the cups have divined that it would be linked with Edith McBean, and others have been just as positive that the leaves in the bottom of the cup read to a certainty that he was engaged to Miss Carolan and was about to form a family relation with the Pullmans. And so the tea-tabbies wrangled. Now their tea-cups and tattle have all been upset by the roguish pranks of the little god, and only the owlish wiseacres are left to sapiently chirp, "I told you so."

It is confidently expected that Mrs. Burton Harrison will come west to be present at her friend Mary Scott's wedding. The latter went east to be a bridesmaid for Mary Crocker and the best of authority announces that the latter will repay in kind. Mr. Harrison will of course be of the party and our belles and beaux will have a chance to see what manner of man our Mary married.

Miss Maud Mullins, another of the week's fiancees, is a champion golf player and one of the most popular girls who ever swung a stick on the Presidio links. She is a very handsome young woman, somewhat addicted to fads. One of her fads is a collection of pictures of stage favorites, of which she has a great number.

Cheatam Engaged

Out at the Presidio Mars is again reported a penitent prisoner, ribbon-shackled in the hands of the little god of love. This time it is Major Cheatam, who returned on the *Sherman*, and the lady is one of our best known society belles. The major was lionized a great deal by our southern colony when he passed through here on his way to the Philippines. He comes of real blue-blood southern stock, and your

At the

Challenge Sale

Good Brussels Carpet 45c. yd.

Best Brussels Carpet 65c. yd.

PATTOSIEN CO.

Cor. 16th and Mission

true-born southerner cannot sufficiently admire that His father, General Cheatam of the Confederate service, was one of the idols of his state and cause. Hence the flutter in army circles over the report that his heart has been made captive here.

Habenicht-Sloan

The news of the week seems to centre about engagements. Another new one announced is that of Miss Lulu Habenicht and C. B. Sloan. "Pete" Sloan as the bridegroom-elect is best known, is a member of the Bohemian and Corinthian clubs, and is a Mason and an Elk. As a contributor to the entertainments given by the yachting laddies, his fame has gone far apace. His sister Maud, it will be remembered, married Harry F. Woods some years ago. Miss Habenicht is a sister of the photographer.

Wilson-Thorne

The rumor is current of the engagement of Mrs. "Jack" Wilson, who was released about two months ago from the matrimonial yoke. Dr. Walton Thorne is the fiance mentioned. There is no surprise among his friends who have known the state of his feelings for a long time.

An Eligible Heiress

I am told upon excellent authority that Miss Gertrude Church's engagement has been broken. Shortly after the young woman's debut in society her engagement to a young and wealthy Bostonian was announced; but that betrothal is no more. Miss Church is now in the matrimonial market, and a worthy prize will she be. She is young, charming, cultured, rich and of aristocratic lineage. The family resides in Franklin street, and is a power in Unitarian church circles. Her aunt, Miss Edith Buckingham, is also an eligible heiress. The two only lately returned from an extended European tour. Miss Buckingham, who ranks as one of the finest amateur pianists in San Francisco, pursued her studies abroad.

Gentlemen of the Pulpit

Rev. A. C. Bane of the California-street Methodist church, Reverend John Stephens of the Simpson Memorial church, Rev. Frank C. Baker of the First Methodist Episcopal church, and all other reverend sirs who have been shocked by the revelations of the local Lexow committee, I beg of you to lend me your ears.

Your attention I humbly crave.

These few questions are respectfully submitted to your valuable consideration:

Are you unaware of the fact that several lottery companies, conducted by white men, are operating in this city from one end of the year to the other?

Do you know that their tickets are peddled all over the city with the knowledge and consent of the authorities?

Are you really in ignorance of the fact that the volume of business done by the white lottery dealers in this city is one hundred per cent greater than is done by all the gamblers in Chinatown?

Have you ever seen the lists of winning numbers published by the dailies and paid for by the white lottery gamblers?

Are you of the opinion that the injury being done to the community by the Chinese gamblers who gamble in the dens of Chinatown is greater than that suffered by reason of the operations of the white lottery swindlers?

If you are not of such opinion, why have you not denounced the authorities for permitting the white men to conduct their nefarious traffic?

Do you derive the inspirations for your sermons against the delinquencies of public officials exclusively from the dailies?

These few questions I propound to the clergy of San Francisco, not because I am worried over the operations of the gamblers—white, yellow, or black—but I should like to see the good men of the pulpit jump just once without having a string pulled by one of the dailies. They appear to be ever on the alert to co-operate with the press, and as a consequence they get a great deal of free advertising. This circumstance suggests a well-developed commercial instinct in the pulpit, but it would do the clergy an injustice to charge them with being stimulated in their reform crusades by an itch for notoriety. Still, it seems to me that they should have the courage to call attention to the inconsistency of those newspapers that hurl denunciation at the Chinese gamblers from the editorial sanctum and promote the interests of the white gamblers in the advertising columns. I am quite sure that the dailies would not publish the pictures of the clergymen if they were to denounce the press for advertising the white lotteries, but then the ministers should be willing to forego the pleasure of seeing their counterfeit presentments in print once in a while.

A Soldier with a Past

Private John Mims, of company "B," 25th Infantry (colored) was recently an inmate of the Army General hospital at the Presidio. Executive officer, Lieutenant C. C. Collins, had occasion one day to interrogate him as to his past.

"What was your occupation prior to your enlistment?" he asked.

"I traveled wif a circus, sah," was the reply.

"Yes, I know, but what was your occupation?"

"I was de wile man from Boneo, sah; dat's what ma occupation wuz, sah."

The J. J. Pfister Knitting Co. will remove to their new and elegant tore, No. 60 Geary street on or about March 10th.

If you have Catarrh come in and get a **Free Trial of**

Dr. McKenzie's Catarrh Cure

It never fails to cure the most Chronic Cases

THE GRANT DRUG CO.

38 & 40 THIRD STREET

Cor. Stevenson St. SAN FRANCISCO

Another Reform Measure

The proprietors of our tenderloin rotisseries are somewhat alarmed over a bill introduced in the Legislature which was designed to discourage dining a deux in the seclusion of a private apartment. The author of the bill hopes to compel people who are in the habit of taking an elevator before meals to register as though they were about to patronize a hotel. He is probably of the opinion that if people are required to disclose their identity upon entering a French restaurant they will lose their appetites. He is, of course, a reformer, and is intent upon narrowing the path of the evil-doer and placing hurdles in his way. But the French restaurants of San Francisco are destined to survive a registration law and the bon vivant shall continue to carve hot birds remote from the madding crowd despite reformers at Sacramento.

At the rooms of the California Camera club an interesting exhibition of prints opened on Monday and will continue till March first. It is an exhibit of photographs by members of the New York Camera club. The exhibitors include all of the New York clubs' crack camera artists.

There will be more than one Mardi Gras ball. That at the Hopkins will draw the smart set, the artists and the Bohemian club in general. But there will be a large representation of the German swim at the Arion club's kostum fest on Tuesday night. The Arion ball will be given in the club-rooms, 421 Post street.

The Merchant's Association of which Mr. Richard Freud was a prominent member has issued a circular urging people to "stand by the Civil Service Commission." Who knows but that some day the Civil Service Commission may issue a circular urging people to stand by the Merchants' Association?

A Sad Loss

Society condoles with the Rudolph Spreckels' in the death of their eldest child, a beautiful boy of four years. Since Nellie Joliffe married the sugar magnate's youngest son, she has been seen in society only upon rare occasions, for she was too devoted to home life to care for social gayeties. She idolized her children, especially little Rudolph, whose death occurred this week. The boy's death was caused by a sad mishap. He had an ear-ache and his nurse poured what she thought was oil in the ear; but it turned out to be carbolic acid. All that could be done to relieve the little sufferer was tried, and an operation was performed, but it was of no avail.

I have it on good authority that when Mrs. Claus Spreckels learned that her youngest son Rudolph was prostrated with grief over the death of his child, and that he was threatened with heart failure, she was on the point of going to him. For a brief spell there was a prospect of the long estranged mother and son being united again, but the happy denouement did not take place. Until Claus Spreckels forgives and forgets the house of Spreckels will remain divided.

Knox Spring Styles now open.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

A New McAllister

In the press despatches from New York yesterday appeared the announcement of the social debut of James Henry Smith, America's richest bachelor. He recently inherited forty-five million dollars and he spent twenty thousand Thursday night on a ball at Sherry's. The despatches failed to disclose anything about the personality or the antecedents of this new Croesus, but I have learned that he is the man of the hour in the swim of New York and I presume that he will soon be exploited ad nauseam in the Sunday Sups. He is of Scotch descent, and is a polished man of the world. The fortune that has come to him comparatively late in life he has looked forward to for years, and meanwhile maintained a fairly good social position in the clubs, but now he is making a dash for the leadership of the smart set, and the ball at Sherry's was the opening wedge. As he has no female relatives he selected Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to manage the ball, which is reported to have been a great success. Some weeks ago he announced that for every entertainment that he gives he will donate double the amount of its cost to some charitable institution.

"What's that you're offering me?" asked the society girl of Cupid, on St. Valentine's day.

"A heart, of course," answered the boy god.

"Well, don't bring it around here again unless it is framed in diamonds or mounted on a banknote."

She is Still in Town

In spite of the statement made some time since that Miss Lillie Beaumann, the fiancee of young Horace Morgan, was going abroad to continue her musical studies, she is still here. The opposition of the Morgan family to the marriage was one of the reasons why Miss Beaumann decided to go to Europe. She said she would carve out a career for herself in the world of music. But young Horace is still devoted to his fiancee, and appears frequently with her on the promenade.

Epistolary Literature

William Dean Howells thinks it is a healthy symptom that the problem novel has given way before the late fashion of publishing the private letters of the distinguished dead. He seems to hail with especial delight the volumes of Stevenson, Browning, Bismarck and endless other collections of literary remains and remnants. It has always seemed to me an act of more than questionable morality to publish private letters and diaries, and little less dishonorable to read the printed volumes than it would be to intercept and open private mail. Journals and diaries written with an eye to their future publication, unless they are official records of explorations of scientific research, lose all value from the very fact that the writer is posing—trying the effect of expressions and opinions. I can not forgive the haste with which the "sorrowing relatives" proceed to make their market, and I am convinced that the demand for this kind of literature arises not from appreciation of the authors, but from mere vulgar curiosity not a whit better than that which sends crowds of idlers to visit the scene of a catastrophe.

Wedded in Black

Miss Bertha Foote is a girl who loves to jog the mild-mannered with surprise. Those who know her best are familiar with this trait in her character, but they were a trifle more than surprised when she elected to dress in deep black at her wedding with Stanley Jackson. Though it created a great deal of talk the reason is simple. It was all done out of regard for the memory of her mother. Between the two there was a deep and abiding affection and Bertha Foote is a staunch girl in her memories. The young couple have taken up their married life in the Foote residence in Oakland. It was bequeathed to Bertha by her mother. Since her return from Paris she has jogged more than one of her mild-mannered friends with the efflorescent argot she picked up abroad, which, as a student of language she has artificially grafted on our native production. Billy Foote at his best cannot produce anything more picturesque.

A Strange Confession

It is revealed in a letter written by Minister Conger's niece to a friend that the American Minister and his family and the children of the Russian Minister entered the private apartments of the Empress Dowager during her absence, and refrained from stealing her property only while they were watched by an officer acting as a policeman. When the policeman turned his back and others began stealing they did so, too, and the confession is made that they received as presents from the hands of the most expert thief in the party, articles of great value "stolen from the palace." So, even the official representative of the United States in China has not abstained from the looting of the conquered. Perhaps the diplomatists as well as the soldiers and the missionaries are of the opinion that a state of war operates as a repeal of the Decalogue.

The Missionary Caused It

A story that illustrates the methods of the missionary in China and his capacity for making trouble comes to me from Tientsin. A reconnoitering party of French soldiers was attacked a short time ago at a village some miles distant from Tientsin. The Frenchmen put the Chinese to flght and destroyed the village. It was afterwards learned that the Chinese acted under a misapprehension. Some days before a missionary had demanded of them compensation for an American mission that had been demolished several months ago. The Chinese thinking that he was officially authorized to enforce the demand, paid him eight hundred dollars. Subsequently, they grew suspicious and by messenger submitted the case to the International Provisional court in Tientsin. While they were waiting for a reply the soldiers appeared and they concluded that their messenger had been captured and that there was to be more trouble so they began to fight.

Lent is evidently not regarded by Stanford parlor of the N. S. G. W. which has issued invitations for its fifteenth anniversary ball, to take place next Thursday evening.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

An Impending Divorce

The long threatened event is on the eve of really happening: Madeleine Bruguiere is coming out from New York to bring suit for divorce against her husband, Pedar Bruguiere. The business has reached the stage where a well known attorney is working on the complaint and Mrs. Bruguiere is packing her trunks in readiness to sign it and offer in our divorce court what personal testimony she can to support it. Since she and Jane Plunkett abandoned the Harry Corson Clarke company in such a tempestuous fashion she has been living with influential friends in New York. The time was varied by occasional attendance at society functions and periodical appearances on the stage. The last was about a month ago at Buffalo in a stock company. The engagement was dropped for the forthcoming western trip and the contest for divorce. When Mrs. Bruguiere left for the East to enter her stage career it was almost settled at a family conference that young Bruguiere should begin suit and begin to straighten out his matrimonial tangle. That was what his ambitious father most hoped for but difficulties cropped up in the way of settlements.

Since then the elder Bruguiere has died and now Judge McKisick, the father of the young wife, insists that the matter has been delayed long enough and must be settled. The friends of the couple have given up all hope and the divorce court will be the final setting where Madeleine Bruguiere will play the last act of her own matrimonial misadventure.

The Race Track Controversy

Some time ago when Supervisor Joe Tobin appeared to be in doubt as to whether he was for or against racing I suspected him of being an invertebrate, but I find that I was mistaken. The reformers of the pulpit have failed to strike terror to the heart of Mr. Tobin. He has had the temerity to introduce an ordinance providing for the opening of the Ingleside track for a limited period, and there is now a fair prospect of that superb plant being in operation once more. There is nothing more absurd than for the authorities of this city to pretend that they object to the opening of Ingleside because they have scruples against racing, for they know that the sport is being conducted in adjoining counties within easy reach of the people of this city. It is unfortunate that the squabbles over Ingleside should have precipitated the race-war which is now being waged. I believe that when Ingleside is opened there will follow a res-

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN
V. V. O.
Scotch Whisky
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toration of the entente cordiale and that both jockey clubs will once more work in harmony as they did prior to the unfortunate misunderstanding which was responsible for the present complications. I have no doubt that both Mr. Williams and Prince Poniatowski have the best interests of the sport at heart, and I believe that they will come together and agree upon a limited racing season.

Return of Elsie Tallant

Miss Elsie Tallant, a granddaughter of the banker and the pet of the Tallant family, is just returned from a round of sight-seeing in Europe. She is a tall, handsome girl and is bound to be a favorite in society when she makes her debut.

Miss Estelle Rodust left for Port Costa last Monday to be absent for several weeks, visiting her friends.

Colonel Ferris Forman

A notable character in the history of this state passed away in Stockton last Monday morning, when Colonel Ferris Forman breathed his last. He was ninety-four years of age. He was a native of New York and was a descendant of Miles Standish and a cousin of Senator Thomas Platt. Colonel Forman was educated for the bar and served as a United States District Attorney in Illinois under President Van Buren. He organized a regiment for the Mexican war and won distinction in the field in several engagements. He came to this state in 1849 and was among the first settlers of Sacramento. He was the first Postmaster of Sacramento, and he served as Secretary of State under Governor Weller. For nearly twenty years he has lived with his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Peters of Stockton. Sands Forman, the veteran newspaper man and writer of this city is a son of the deceased.

Miss Marie Messer has been very ill for a month past, and her convalescence is so slow as to cause her relatives and friends much anxiety.

Mose Had Such a Headache

Last Saturday night several prominent horsemen and autocrats of the turf were gathered in a Market street saloon, discussing the subject of the race-track war. Mose Gunst, the capitalist who is a prominent stockholder of the California Jockey club, was one of the number, and he took occasion to question an Eastern official as to the cost of one of the race-track wars in Chicago.

"It cost one million dollars," was the reply.

Mr. Gunst leaned over the bar, asked for a glass of bromo-seltzer, and then remarked:

"I have such a headache!"

And he appeared to be blissfully ignorant of the cause of the smile that went round.

$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

The Duke's Quarry

Not satisfied with capturing Millionaire Zimmerman's daughter, the Duke of Manchester has succeeded in interesting his wealthy father-in-law in a granite quarry on his estates in England. Shortly after his arrival here Millionaire Zimmerman told some friends that the Duke had told him that he had been offered sixty-thousand dollars a year by an English syndicate for the privilege of working the quarry.

"If it's worth that to the syndicate," said Zimmerman, "I don't see why I shouldn't take a chance."

And now it is suggested that perhaps Manchester may next attempt to unload a little oil stock on his father-in-law.

"Who were those elegantly dressed people who left after the third act?" asked a woman of her husband at the premier of "L'Aiglon."

"Oh, I guess they were Oaklanders," he said, "and had to catch the last boat."

Then he looked at his watch:

"Or, no," he added, "they are trying to make it for breakfast."

Farewell to Trevelyen

Francis Trevelyen, the well-known turf-writer and authority in matters pertaining to the sport of kings and king of sports, has gone back to New York to resume work on the *Journal*. Mr. Trevelyen is the highest priced turf-writer in the country. During his brief stay here he made many friends and on the eve of his departure he was given a farewell dinner at the flat of Dan Mills of the Philadelphia *Press*. There were present Mr. Benjamin of the *Chronicle*, Mr. Baggerly of the *Bulletin*, Ed Cole of the New York *Telegraph*, who is one of the judges at Tanforan, and Dick Dwyer, the starter.

Mrs. Guy Scott, Leila Voorhies that was, is visiting her sister Kathryn, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, in Washington, D. C.

A Gentleman's Beverage!

KEYSTONE

Monogram

Whiskey

Old and Pure with an Exquisite Flavor

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

212-214 Market Street **AGENTS**

The Umbrella Fiend

Editor Town Talk: Talk about the woman on the car platform. She simply isn't in it with the woman with the umbrella. Consideration of the rights and comforts of fellow-travelers, whether pedestrians or otherwise, is not a distinguishing feature of the female sex, and when damp weather affords her the opportunity of spreading herself she does so to the limit. So long as her own frizzles and features are preserved, she cares not a rap what destruction may follow in her wake. Head down, she charges madly ahead like an unmanageable trolley car, or she holds her umbrella just high enough to protect her own hat, and at the same time, rake the headgear from every unfortunate who passes within range. On a rainy day every doorway is pre-empted by a band of the sisterhood, who hold the fort and refuse to be moved by anything short of physical force. Woe betide the unwary one of either sex who attempts to leave or enter if baleful glares and glances had power to injure. If one desires to leave or enter a street car, there is sure to be a procession of draggle-tailed women with umbrellas to manage, and did any one ever see a woman's umbrella which was ready for action? A furled umbrella in the hands of a woman is as dangerous as a gun with a small boy. Under ordinary circumstances there is no necessity for carrying one at all. A woman who *must* be out in rainy weather can adopt a moderately short skirt of some water-proof material and wear a plain felt hat without flowers or feathers. She can have both hands free then, whether she has packages to carry or not. She will look trim and ship-shape, and more than all, be comfortable. Then there would be no excuse for an umbrella but the fear of spotting an artificial complexion. —*A Victim.*

California Was Cold to Him

Professor E. E. Barnard, who arrived in town this week with the party of astronomers bound for Sumatra to view the eclipse, can have no very pleasing memories of his sojourn in this state. When Barnard was one of the assistants in the Mt. Hamilton observatory, he made himself rather famous by discovering a comet and some other little things in that line. He was talked about in the world of science, and his ideas were discussed even in Europe. This sort of publicity was not pleasing to the head of the observatory, who objected to holding second place. Barnard began to find the atmosphere on the top of the mountain becoming more frigid than the snow would warrant. Finally he was asked to accept charge of the Yerkes observatory by the Chicago university authorities, and he accepted the place. He is one of the most quoted authorities on astronomy.

Post-Prandial Talk

The Lotus club of New York has decided to follow the example of the Bohemian club of this city by publishing a book of the best after-dinner speeches that have been made in the clubhouse. Every distinguished after-dinner speaker who has visited New York in recent years has at some time been a guest at a Lotus club dinner. These speeches have been reported in shorthand and preserved by the club. Some of the club's literary sharps have gone through the records of speeches, selected the best, and arranged them for publication in book form. The result will be a unique volume filled with good stories and much eloquence.

A Stage Ringer

Great Scott
Tell me not
That that's Sayree
Of gay
Paree.
Do you s'pose
I'm in a dose?
That I don't know
What's what
Or who's who?
Am I
A Rube?
I guess not.
Don't I know a ringer
At sight?
Watch me
And see,
If I ain't right.
No, sirree,
That's not Sayree
Doin' her second time on earth.
Why, gee whiz
You must have a sizz
Aboard.
Smoke up,
Start your pipe,
Taboo the overripe
Tamale.
Let me see—
Why she
Was doin' stunts
An' other things
In Paree
When my old friend Nap
Was toying with the map
Of Europe.
Say!
Her past
Was far from young
When Byron sung
Of Waterloo.
With Dumas pere
She flirted,
And called him chere
Till he fell off his chair
In a swoon.
With the bong gaarsong
Of the Boulevard
She'd many
An affair
Dammoor.
But she meant no wrong
And she never got hurt.
Not she.
So,
Don't tell me
That that's Sayree.
I'm
No
Lobster.
See? —*The Historian.*

A "Tess" Problem Unsolved

"Don't bring on any of your half-baked stuff for my delectation," said Harold, as his hostess suggested projecting him bodily into a bevy of buds that graced a corner of the room.

"I shall see that you are not bored," she answered, with a satirical smile.

It was so hard to get dancing men to come to one's parties, and this season men were harder than ever to manage. They insisted, if they accepted an invitation to a reception, that they should be exempt from introductions to buds—"half-baked stuff," as Harold called them.

Still with that satirical note in her voice, the hostess of the evening remarked:

"Perhaps you'd better make your own choice."

"Take a grab, eh?" suggested Harold, laughing and looking more closely through his pince-nez at the group of pretty girls his hostess indicated.

" 'I guess I'll take the prettiest one,' " he quoted, "a la the roving duck. Present me to that girl in white crepe, the one with the slim throat."

"You'll not regret your choice," said his hostess; "that is Tessie Earle, and she is as clever as she is beautiful."

"And cold," added Harold.

For the chill of absolute innocence lay about the girl to whom he was presently introduced, an encircling frigidity like the rain halo about the moon. Tessie Earle looked absurdly young to Harold, though she was twenty-four. They deux-temped a few turns and by that time felt themselves acquainted, as ball acquaintanceships go.

* * * * * * * *

"It is only because they have not the courage," said Harold; and then he wondered why he had said it.

They were sitting in a corner of the ball-room waiting for the musicians to strike up the strains of the next valse. It was a queer subject for Harold to be talking about, between dances, to a young woman he had just met. Still, it was Tessie who had broached the subject—the inequality of the sexes. She knew all about it, of course. Was she not fresh from college, and the possessor of a B.A.?

"Not exactly that," she answered, "but women are naturally celibates. Boys are brought up under quite different conditions, you know."

She spoke so seriously, and looked so sweet and innocent. Harold, however, who had flitted from flower to flower ever since he learned how to win the way to a woman's heart, noted the glow half hidden in the depths of the blue irises. He feasted his eyes upon the virginal curves in her white throat. She was twenty-four, and fresh from the college campus. Theories—oh, she was rich in theories! Experience was something to come.

"Of course, I am guided by my inclinations," she said. "I am not bound down by conventions. Life is brief, and one should not waste time bothering with traditions." She shrugged one pretty shoulder.

"But I am like most women who have higher ideals. We have studied, you see, and we know too much to love. We want gods. Men are not great enough for us."

She smiled, and Harold made a mental note of the fact that her teeth were even, her lips bewitchingly bowed. He could scarcely curb the craving that rose within him to kiss her.

Nevertheless, he waited.

It was near midnight when he kissed her, in the conservatory, humid with the perfume of many tropical plants. She lay, white and limp, within his arms, and she did not respond to the ardent pressure of his lips upon hers. But she did not resist—and those kisses were very sweet.

"Not till Love comes in all his strength and terror
Can we read others' hearts; not till then know
A wide compassion for all human error,
Or sound the quivering depths of mortal woe.

* * * * * * * *

"Not till we walk with him on lofty mountains
Can we quite measure heights. And, oh, sad truth!
When once we drink from his immortal fountains,
We bid farewell to the light heart of youth."

* * * * * * * *

"I want to introduce you to the loveliest girl in the world," said Mrs. Martin, Percy Jackson's young hostess, "we took a B.A. at Berkeley the same year."

And then Percy met Tessie Earle. She was changed from the Tessie of four years ago. Four twelvemonths had passed since she had met Harold Jackson. The years had added brilliancy to the woman's mind, experience had given her tact and sympathy and added force to her character. Four years can knock holes in the hardest of board fences, and tear to tatters the most tenable of theories.

Though her figure was still slender, her face still sweet and girlish in expression, Tessie Earle had, in four years, become a woman of the world. Percy, who was twenty-six himself, thought Miss Earle the jolliest, most cordial and fascinating girl he had ever met, and he lost no time in getting into her good graces.

Two months later they announced their engagement.

* * * * * * * *

The day before the wedding a caller walked in unannounced upon Tessie as she sat writing a note to the bride-groom-elect.

He had always come in unannounced.

"What is this I hear about you and my little cousin, Tess?"

The speaker was Harold Jackson.

"What? What did you say?"

"I hear that you are going to marry my cousin."

Harold had just returned from New York, and the news greeted him upon his arrival.

"You must break it off immediately," he went on.

"Why, Harold, why? What is the matter?"

"Don't ask me."

"But I love him," was her defense. "Do you remember when I first met you, that I told you the girls of my class wanted gods, not men, to love? Well, Percy is my god."

He winced as he said:

"You loved a man once."

"Oh, no, that was not love. I know now. That—just happened. You were so strong, and I so foolishly ignorant of everything except books and theories."

"It cannot be."

"But Harold—do you think Percy has no past? Do you imagine he has never —loved—or sinned?"

"Oh, nonsense! That is a different thing."

"But why should it be? You did not say so—once."

"Break it off."

"I will not."

"Then I shall tell Percy all."

"No," she said with marked positiveness in her tone, "you'll not do that and you have no intention of doing it. That sort of thing has been done on the stage many times, but not in real life—at least, not by sane men. If you were to tell Percy, the world would denounce you as a contemptible cad."

"I care not for the opinion of the world, I shall be guided only by what I conceive to be my duty to my cousin."

This brought a cynical smile to her lips.

"Well," she said, "if you conceive it to be your duty to disillusion your cousin, wreck my happiness and proclaim yourself a cad, you have a most extraordinary conscience. But before you proceed further, let me suggest to you the possibility of your cousin being his own keeper and devoid of illusions. I have longed for a god, but perhaps he may be satisfied with a little less than an angel."

And then a flood of light appeared to break in on Harold.

He concluded that it was time for him to go, and Tess kissed him farewell, just to revive fond recollection.

—*The Boulevardier.*

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound of imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—La Divine Sarah and M. Coquelin in "L'Aiglon"—superb.

CALIFORNIA—Last week of Mrs. Fiske in her two great creations.

ALCAZAR—"A Night Off"—amusing.

TIVOLI—"Nell Gwynne"—second edition.

ORPHEUM—The Best Bill in Weeks.

The Play of the Week

The first two acts, and two-thirds of the third, of "L'Aiglon," are dull to an English-speaking audience. They are "talky" and the action is but spasmodic. Toward the end of the third act, where the game of soldiers is played, and the mirror episode occurs, the interest becomes absorbing and continues to the end of the play. The life of the poor little son of Napoleon the Great is a succession of pathetic incidents. The poor little Louis, last Dauphin of France, was scarcely more to be pitied than the unhappy scion of a lost dynasty. Rostand has woven the character into a beautiful dramatic poem. The only play that could match it in sombreness is Hugo's "Ruy Blas," which the ill-fated Alessandro Salvini acted for us years ago. These blank verse plays are vehicles for remarkable declamation. In "L'Aiglon" many enthusiasm-provoking bursts of eloquence fall from the lips of the little Duke and from Flambeau. Madame Bernhardt does not look the role of the puny eaglet. Her Duc de Reichstadt is not an impersonation of the character, but rather an idea of what she—Sarah Bernhardt—would have been as the King of Rome. Her impersonation is characterized by the bounds and singularities of her personality. In figure, Bernhardt is too robust—what a change from the old days, of the fragile Sarah!—to bring the picture before the eye, of a feeble, delicate boy. In the mirror scene, where Metternich (impersonated by M. Desjardin) dilates upon the Duke's fragile frame the illusion is not perfect. One involuntarily pictures Maude Adams in the role.

But the declamation—ah! there La Bernhardt is in her own field, with no possible imitators. That wonderful voice has not hoarsened or weakened since its owner was last here. That exquisitely clean-cut diction has never been equaled by Sarah's rivals. To hear the Duc's recapitulation of the lesson recited for him by Fanny Ellsler, to hear his exhortation to the imaginary grenadiers in the Battle of Wagram, in the fifth act—this is to hear declamation that identifies Bernhardt as a great artist. In the second act there is also a fine bit of recitation, the sarcastic speech of the little Duke with reference to the attendants constantly about him, who restrict his liberty. The death scene at the end is simply too realistic, though perhaps a fitting close to one of the saddest dramas ever written.

Flambeau is played by M. Coquelin with convincing earnestness and simplicity. It is a subordinate part and the art of the actor keeps it in its proper place. Nothing less conspicuous than Flambeau's death could possibly be imagined. Its very lack of parade makes its art the more apparent. I could fancy a lesser actor plunging the dagger into his breast with far more ceremony than Coquelin accords the performance. The company is as artistic as the principals, acting simply and naturally and omitting no detail that could contribute to a perfect ensemble. The scenery is a surprise, from a French company, as it is the best that one could possibly wish. The ball scene is superb.

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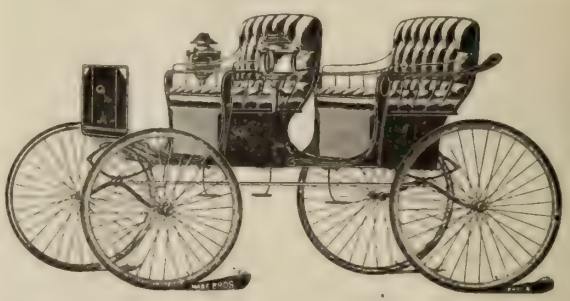

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A Young Manager

Selby C. Oppenheimer, who, having bought out the interest of S. H. Friedlander in the California, is now sole manager of that theatre, is probably the youngest manager of a first-class playhouse in the world. Mr. Friedlander was very well liked here, when he was associated with the Columbia and later with the California management, and the illness that forces him to resign from the theatrical field is to be regretted. But "vive le roi!" Mr. Oppenheimer has won a host of friends through his unvarying courtesy and fair dealings, among the profession and the laiety, since he took up his present position. He has one of the handsomest theatres in the city, around which cluster the most interesting memories, and he has booked a lot of fine attractions for the new season, so auspiciously opened by Mrs. Fiske.

George Hammersmith has gone East to begin his professional career. He will open at Keith's, and will tour the vaudeville circuit. Mr. Hammersmith's benefit entertainment was a big success. His own part in the program consisted of a burlesque Gaiety dance, a burlesque "Sapho" and songs and recitations.

A Lecture on the Drama

On Saturday, February ninth, an appreciative audience listened to Mr. Leo Cooper's lecture on "Modern English Drama and the Technique of Playwriting." The lecturer is a thoroughly competent critic of the drama, both from the literary and the theatrical standpoint, and his discourse was replete with valuable suggestions. He discussed the subject of dramatic writing in a wide and liberal spirit, showing that the literary element must emanate from the personality of the writer, yet if this element be too pronounced at the expense of the technical side, it is an element against the success and vitality of the play. Mr. Cooper dwelt on the drama as an exponent of manners versus the romantic drama, and called attention to the great success of Rostand and the reaction from the realism of Ibsen. We are accustomed to hear the terms realism and truth to nature glibly employed in dramatic criticism, yet from the limitations of the playwright's art itself no play can be true to life. The short time in which the action of necessity take place and the rapidity of the climaxes effectually hinder the personages in a drama from doing exactly as they would do in real life. The lecturer dwelt for a time upon the devices of the playwright, entrances and exits, monologue and pantomime. His remarks on these points were valuable, not only to would-be play-writers, but to all who can appreciate the structure of written or acted drama. Mr. Cooper closed an interesting hour with recitative illustrations, among them being a scene from Oscar Wilde's "Guido Ferranti" and a dainty sketch entitled "Come Here."

There are two dramatic versions of "The Virginians" ready for presentation in the East, one of which makes George Washington a prominent stage character. Doubtless the inspiration was found in the success which has greeted Langdon Mitchell's "Becky Sharp." Since the craze for dramatized novels has assumed such proportions, there are a good many of the older novels which will better repay the dramatist than the later products. There were characters as well as incidents in the early days of the last century. I should like to see a good presentation of "Armadale."

The life of the Florentine monk, Savonarola, has been again chosen as the subject of a play. W. J. Dawson, the author, presents a new standpoint from which to make an estimate of the character of the religious enthusiast. He would have us believe that it was a disappointment in love which made Fra Girolamo elect to become a monk.

MODISTE MADAM KLOSE recently from New York, has opened Dressmaking Parlors at Room 25, 1019 Market St., San Francisco, System used that took the prize at Paris Exposition. German spoken.

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Under the direction of Mr. Maurice Grau

This Afternoon and Evening Last Performances of

"L'AIGLON,"

Tomorrow Evening, "Phedre" and "Les Precieuses Ridicules" Monday Evening, La Tosca. Tuesday Evening, and Wednesday Matinee, La Dame Aux Camelias; Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Evenings, Cyrano de Bergerac; Saturday Matinee, Phedre and Les Precieuses Ridicules; Saturday Evening Farewell, Third Act of Cyrano de Bergerac, Third Act of La Tosca, Monologue by M. Coquelin, Last two acts of La Dame Aux Camelias.

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Next—THE VILLAGE PARSON

Attractions Next Week

The advance sale of seats for Mrs. Leslie Carter's engagement at the Columbia, opening February twenty-fifth, will begin next Thursday morning. "Zaza" will be the opening bill. We have heard much of this play here, but have seen only burlesque imitations of the chief character.

The Alcazar has been doing a good business with "A Night Off," which will have its last production tomorrow. night. On Monday will be presented "What Happened to Jones," the farce by George Broadhurst in which Harry Corson Clarke first appeared as a star. The Alcazar management promises a strong cast.

That old favorite "Wizard of the Nile," one of the Tivoli's record-breakers, will be put on next Monday night. Alf Wheelan will receive a warm welcome; he returns here to fill the role of King of Egypt. Ferris Hartman will have his old part, and the cast of characters will be well distributed. "The Wizard" will have a rousing opening night.

The Orpheum management offers for next week the Dumonds, direct from Paris, who have an act which promises decided novelty. They will give a minstrel show according to French ideas. They are all clever musicians, the violinist in particular; they can all sing; they have a good selection of new songs and should make a hit. A. L. Guille, the tiny tenor, needs no introduction in San Francisco. The Kelcey sisters are three San Francisco girls who were compelled to go abroad before receiving recognition in vaudeville. They are now three big stars, and with their three sweet voices and six nimble feet have acquired success and wealth. Johnnie Johns is a black-face monologist with a good reputation, and Al. and Mamie Anderson are considered the best of vaudeville's colored performers. Among the hold-overs will be Dorothy Studebaker, in the last week of her engagement; Idalene Cotton, assisted by Nick Long in some new imitations; George Austin Martin and the biograph. There will be a special matinee performance on February twenty-second, Washington's Birthday.

The Bernhardt-Coquelin company will appear this afternoon and tonight in "L'Aiglon," tomorrow evening appearing in "Phedre" and "Les Precieuses Redicules." Their repertory for next week includes "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Coquelin in his original creation of the long-nosed hero; "La Tosca," one of Bernhardt's most wonderful interpretations, and "Camille," the ever favorite emotional drama. On the last night of the engagement a magnificent bill will be presented: acts from "La Tosca," "Camille," and "Cyrano," and a monologue by Coquelin. The presence of these great artists in our midst is a noteworthy one, and this is their farewell tour of this country.

When the French company departs from the Grand, the new stock season will begin with Howard Hall as leading man of the company. The opening play will be one of Mr. Hall's own, "A Husband's Honor," in which the hero enters a den of lions and rescues a glove at the risk of his life.

It is with tears that one bids good-bye to Mrs. Fiske, Becky Sharp and Tess. Tonight will be the last performance of the company, which has given such pleasure for four weeks. The next attraction at the California will be "The Waifs of New York," a sterling melodrama. The California's popular prices will be resumed with "The Waifs." "The Village Parson," will follow.

Ernest Hastings is playing in Clyde Fitch's latest success, "Lover's Lane," at the Manhattan, New York.

The Playgoer.

RACING IN OAKLAND.

Society and the sporting world will be well represented today at the Oakland racetrack. The great event will be the Burns handicap, $10,000, but the lesser events will all be interesting. The track is in splendid condition. Tickets should be bought for Shell Mound.

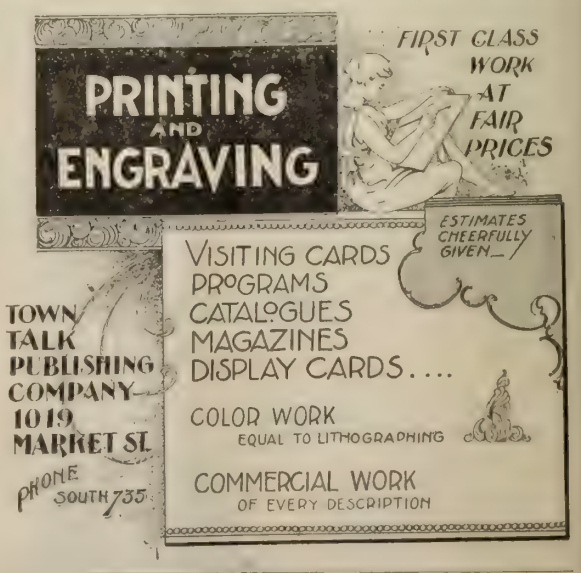
AT TANFORAN.

The San Francisco handicap, $10,000 added, is the star event to be decided at Tanforan today. The races will be witnessed by a large crowd.

"Honi Soit qui mal y Pense"

Lo, silken garter—
Clasp her leg
Just above the knee
A peg.
Nor let the dainty hose
Slip down
To cause upon her brow
A frown
But hold the stocking
Smoooth and tight
From tip of toe to
Out of sight.

—*C. J. Roberts.*



Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

Dr. H. W. Hunsaker has removed his offices to Parrott (Emporium) Building, rooms 515 and 516, fifth floor. Elevator west entrance, 855 Market

The Automobile

The Mobile Company of America is to become a very prominent factor in the motor vehicle business of the Pacific coast. This much was definitely settled during the past week by the company establishing a branch in this city at 316 Post street. John Brisbane Walker, Jr., son of the President of the company, is here to personally direct the opening of the establishment, and with him H. T. McKnight, one of the most expert operators in the United States. The latter is to be manager of the San Francisco branch, Walker returning East next week, when all of the details of the Pacific coast move have been settled.

The Mobile people have been keeping very quiet regarding the opening of this branch, and within the past few weeks all kinds of speculation has been caused as to their intentions regarding San Francisco, but now that everything has been arranged there is no longer any mystery concerning their movements. They are acting with a vigor that bodes no good for their competitors in this field. The location of this branch is unquestionably the best in the city for an automobile business. With the Pacific-Union club above them, the Bohemian and Olympic clubs one block on either side, and the Hotel Savoy less than half a block away, the company has established itself right in the midst of the very class of people it will be most likely to do business with. This in itself is a point that puts the new company in the fore-running from the start-off, and reflects much credit upon the careful judgment of Mr. Walker. The second point he has scored was in bringing here such a clever operator as McKnight. The latter has done more in the past few days to show the absolute control with which an automobile can be handled than has been done out here since motor vehicles first came into notice. His performance on Tuesday of driving his machine backwards up Post street at full speed is but one of the many feats with which he has opened our eyes.

There are twenty vehicles already at the Mobile branch, with two more carloads en route, among which is a steam wagonette to hold nine passengers. The mobile is propelled by steam power and the vehicles are extremely well built and very neat in appearance. —*The Automobiler.*

What They Thought of the Play

Colonel Trumbo: C'est divine (after the first act). Je suis fatigue (after the second act). Allons (after the third act).

Harry Veuve: Ah, la charmante Sarah. She is incomparable. And the embonpoint—c'est tres becoming, n'est-ce-pas?

Henry Heyman: Le petit Duc would not have been so melancholy had he owned a violin. Why did not his keepers think of that?

Miss Mary Scott: Poor little fellow—he should have let himself be betrothed—one is so happy then.

Hermann Oelrichs: The Duc must have had a poor chef. I'll wager, otherwise, he'd not have been so blue.

Walter Dean: Want to see it out? (after the second act).

Billy Bogen, Jr.: Les murailles ont des oreilles—the boy ought not to have talked so much.

Judge W. P. Lawlor: I don't know what she's talking about, but I'll sit it out if it kills me.

Ned Hamilton: The play is all right, but I like Sarah's French better. —*The Usher.*

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The Volunteer's Vision

Apropos of the Mustering-out of the 37th U. S. Volunteers.

On old Presidio's camping ground
The regiment lies sleeping:
A sentry walks the hills around,
His lonely vigil keeping.
He thinks of sunny Tennessee—
The mountains of his homeland,
And seems, through some strange fantasy,
Transported to his own land.

Once more he's at his cottage door—
Two years since he departed,
His life to give, to end a war
That never should have started.
He's home again on native soil,
Old friends are flocking round him:
To welcome him, brave son of toil,
His own dear ones surround him.

He's telling stories of the war,
His tales are full of wonder—
Hair-breadth escapes—bloodshed galore—
And Astor Batt'ry thunder.
He tells them how they used to "hike'
Before they got their horses,
O'er many a marshy rice-field dyke,
Inflicting heavy losses.

And there's one yarn he *must* relate
Before the fun commences—
The fog-horn at the Golden Gate
Now calls him to his senses.
In mute surprise he rubs his eyes,
The scene has added lustre—
Welcome the dawn—the red sunrise!
Tomorrow will be muster.

Charles N. Schweitzer.

Presidio, February 14th, 1901.

A Group of Ideas

The Sunday Sups are repeating their past triumphs so frequently of late that I fear there is a stagnation in the subjects pool. Therefore, I herewith submit several novel and sensational ideas for their approval:

The Kind of a Mother-in-Law I Should Like to Have; interviews with prominent society bachelors; central design, aged dame surrounded with bags of dough; also speechless old ladies and angels.

The kind of a Dog I shall Give my Fiancee for a Betrothal Present.

A Day with a Go-Cart; interview with Policeman, who describes his perambulations with a nursemaid and her charge.

When I heard Bernhardt first; reminiscences of an octogenarian.

Are Three Meals a Day Degenerating to the Intellect? Interviews with some swagger dyspeptics.

Some of San Francisco's Most Prominent People with Pasts; illustrated by photos and personal views of some of our swells on elopements, divorces, etc.

The Evils of wearing Plug Hats; interviews with a Prominent Turf Man, and poses by the same.

Why I believe in Free Expectorating, by Bill Bradbury.

These are but a few of many new and yellow schemes I can furnish to revive the public's interest in the Sunday Sup. —*The Special Writer.*

Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Elsie Peterson, Plaintiff, vs. Benjamin Peterson, Defendant. } Action Brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to:

BENJAMIN PETERSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion, willful neglect, cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL)

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased } Department No. 10.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Helen Flinn, Administratrix of the estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said Deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to said Administratrix at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Attorney for said Administratrix, at rooms 20 and 21, 7th Floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HELEN FLINN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bridget Kennedy, Deceased.

San Francisco, January 28, 1901

Charles Wesley Reed
Attorney for said administratrix

Knox Spring Styles now open.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

Music World

The Henschels

Truly the Henschels have the power to charm. Rarely does one have the opportunity to hear so pure a method and such finesse in phrasing and color. Mrs. Henschel is a fascinating little body and both artists have a peculiar way of looking out at the audience that makes one certain he alone is singled out of the mass of people and is being sung to individually. It was a rare program that was given on Saturday afternoon of last week and the Temple was filled with an audience not alone appreciative since most of our foremost musicians were present, but it was also distinctly swell. The program was made of selections from Paisello, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven. Liszt, Weber, Schubert, Dvorak, Loewe, Henschel, Brahms, Schumann, Ambroise, Thomas, Massenet, Boildieu and old French songs. Mrs. Henschel's daintiest number was the Weber Lullaby and never child was born who could have resisted the soothing drowsiness of that soft little melody so daintily given that one had to hold one's very breath to hear the last soothing notes of the song where the baby must perforce sail away into the land of nod. She is as fine in her French songs as in English and German and her interpretation of Mr. Henschel's Scotch songs was simply charming. Mr. Henschel is a wonder. Entirely without notes he plays the most intricate and difficult accompaniments with artistic finish and at the same time sings magnificently. His "Two Grenadiers" brought down the house; it was so finely rendered. What wonder the French revolutionists lost their heads entirely if the grand old Marseillaise was sung to them with the same force and expression that Mr. Henschel gives it where it occurs in this old favorite. The arias from "Alexander's Feast" (Handel) were colossal on account of the difficulty to be encountered not alone in the vocal part, but the piano part in itself, which is full of intricacies constantly going counter to the voice; yet Mr. Henschel played and sang unembarrassed by what would have been a difficult situation for any one else, and both were the work of an artist. The duet work was most enjoyable, the two singers so entirely understand each other, and they have the most delightful way of seeming to take you into their confidence that robs the situation of the formality usual at the ordinary run of concerts. It is deeply to be regretted that we are losing these accomplished musicians. To hear them is not alone a musical treat, but it is education and one can only hope California will prove attractive enough to make them sometime in the not too distant future, change their minds and return to us again.

The Godowsky Recitals

Though Leopold Godowsky paid his visit to San Francisco at rather a bad time, considering the host of rival attractions, quite an enthusiasm was created by his playing. He is one of those brilliant pianists who smash to smithereens all preconceived ideas in relation to piano-playing. He snaps his fingers at conventionalities, and makes his effects in an original manner. In next week's paper I shall give my impressions of Godowsky in a more extended criticism.

Dorothy Studebaker McKeown's turn at the Orpheum is marked by an absence of all affectation or striving after dramatic effect. Mrs. McKeown reminds one in a manner of Camille d'Arville. There is no more reason for her being included in an Orpheum program than there would be for any other good concert singer to be thus singled out; but the fact that her songs are so well received speaks well for the increase in local musical culture.

Sousa is drawing his usual enthusiastic audiences, and his new vocalist and violinist have been well received. It is the real Sousa numbers, however, the marches, that rouse the most enthusiasm.

If you wish to know the force of human genius, you should read Shakspere; if you wish any information concerning styles of men's wear, you should call at Lewison's, the Leaders Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street bet. 5th and 6th Sts.

The Leonora Jackson Recitals

Miss Leonora Jackson will appear in two concerts at the California theatre next week on Monday and Wednesday afternoons. Among Miss Jackson's most prized possessions is a jeweled star given her by the late Queen of England. The star bears the crown and the royal monogram in its device.

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SPECIAL.—The 2 p. m. is for the convenience of those not wishing to reach the track in time for the first race.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary.

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Mandolins and Gvitars

On Thursday evening, a delightful concert was given by the Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar club, under the direction of Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. The members of the club are: Mandolins, Mrs. A. Bowers, Misses Alice Gardner, Mabel K. Hopkins, Jessie McDonald Jamieson, Dagmar A. Johnson, Helen Powell, Hazel Pitcher, Edna and Hazel Montgomery; Guitars, Misses Gertrude Mae Billings, Grace Foulds, Edna Healy and Catherine M. Johnson, Mrs. J. F. McGauley, Miss Grace E. Morey, Miss Q. Eugenie Montgomery, and Mrs. Geo. W. Rosekrans. They were assisted by Mrs. Susie Hert Mark, soprano, the Elks quartet—Will M. Ogilvie, first tenor, John H. O'Brien, second tenor, Robert Lloyd, baritone, Ray B. Kay, bass—Miss Julia J. Heffernan, accompanist, Sig. S. Martinez, pianist. The program was: Selection, The Singing Girl, Herbert, Neapolitan club; piano solo, Rhapsodie No. 16, Listz, Sig. Martinez; vocal solo from Carmen, Bizet, Mrs. Mark; mandolin and guitar duet, Mignon, Thomas, The Misses Sherwood; quartet, Sunset and Night, Werner; Farewell Symphonie (Finale) Haydn, Neapolitan club; vocal solo, A May Morning, Denza, Mrs. Mark; piano solo, Wedding Day, Grieg, Sig. Martinez; quartet, In Absence, Buck; waltz, One Sweet Dream, Eilenberg, Club. Apropos of the Haydn symphony, played by the club, the following story is told: When Haydn was capellmeister to Prince Nicholas, Emperor of Hungary and Austria, the members of the orchestra became weary of the separation from their families, caused by the long stay of the royal household at Esterhaz, the prince's favorite, though isolated, summer home. Haydn therefore wrote the "Farewell Symphony,' and as each musician blew out his candle and walked out, the hint was unmistakable. Finally the Prince exclaimed, "If all go, we may as well go, too—tomorrow we will all be off."

To have the chance of hearing the Henschels at popular prices is an unexpected treat and in reply to many requests the charming singers have consented to give a concert tomorrow night at Metropolitan Temple at which all popular numbers will be rendered. The scale of prices will range from fifty cents to one dollar, thus affording every one a chance to hear the singers.

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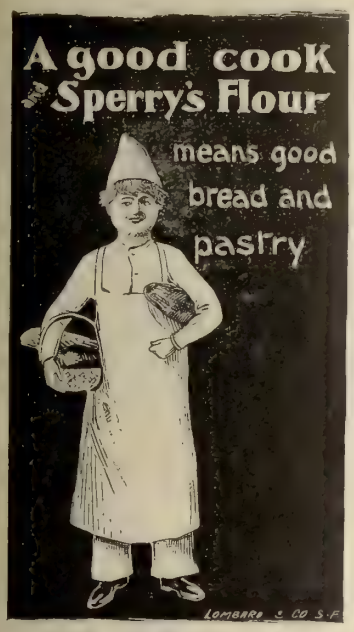

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The New Philharmonic

I hear that the old Philharmonic Society has been resurrected, a large body of the old members having united to form a new society under A. Rodemann's direction. The Philharmonic always ranked as one of our finest amateur musical organizations. Under Hermann Brandt's direction, and later, under Fritz Scheel, it did splendid work. Mr. Rodemann, who came here as first flutist in Scheel's orchestra, is said to possess excellent qualities as a leader.

James Hamilton Howe, director of the new Wagner Society, has been identified with matters musical here for many years. He has been choir director of various churches here, which reminds me that when Mr. Howe retired from the choir directorship of St. Paul's he was presented with an elegant silver service as a token of appreciation of his services. Dr. James M. Gassoway, the retiring treasurer of the church, made the presentation.

An organist recently died in Sweden who has held the position of choir master in the same church for seventy-two years without missing a service. The position had been filled by himself and his immediate ancestors for 200 years.

The special musical services at St. Dominic's tomorrow evening will be very interesting. The choir—Miss Roeder, Miss McCloskey, Mr. Veaco and Mr. Webb—with a large chorus under Dr. Franklin Palmer's direction, will render selections from Rossini, St. Saens, Dethier, Randegger, and others.

New Music.

Among some new things just issued by the Windsor Music Company is a "Castanet Dance" by C. J. Wolcott. It is of medium difficulty and very bright and melodious. Another instrumental piece is "L'Azora" march and two-step, by Hans Line. "Maggie O'Shea," by Will Fieldhouse, is like dozens of others in the same line. A new song by Estren and Brymn, "Night was Made for Coons," is not so good as previous efforts by the same team, and lacks originality. A sacred song by Hans Line, "In the Shadow of the Cross," while quite pretty, after a fashion, is rather too much like the famous "Palms," and has something of a smacking of the equally well known "Calvary." Shapiro Bernstein and von Lilzer have issued a new sacred song by Harry von Lilzer with words by Leontine Stanfield, which, under the title of "Excelsior," is said by the publishers to be winning as great favor as "The Holy City." Certain it is that the song bears so strong a resemblance to the latter named composition, which has justly won fame for itself, that the most unobservant would recognize passages that have been "borrowed" bodily. Aside from this the song has a certain degree of merit which will probably win a place for it, and its very resemblance to the "Holy City" may be its best recommendation.

—The Music Critic.

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World of Letters

The Race of the Books

"Janice Meredith," on a summer's day,
Chased the hours with "David Ha
Rum," who had raced, the critics tell,
Just neck and neck with "Dick Carvel."
Over the counters "Red Pottage" sped,
"Children of the Mist" not far ahead:
"Peter Stirling," with hop, skip and
jump,
Stayed in the race though it made him
"hump,"
And each one tried "To Have and To
Hold"
The public eye, with their covers bold.
And the people gazed with distended
eye
As the gay procession skurried by.
Then they said: "We must follow where
they lead,
We must get them all and read, *read*,
READ—
So they started after the hurrying
books
That skipped through the months and
called from their nooks,
And raced and ran as fast as they could,
But in spite of their haste the swift
books would
Keep far in the lead. Or, if by speed
They ran one down and stopped to
read
A new lot just released from the press
Would gallop by with such maddening
stress
That the panting people shrieked as
they fled:
"There's another batch—have you read,
read, READ?"

* * * * * *

So I give it up. They may all go
speed,
While I'll give thanks, with power,
There were not so many new books to
read
"When Knighthood Was in Flower."

A Course in Water Color, for the first eight years in school, with illustrative plates in color and in black and white, has been issued by the Prang Educational Company to accompany its "Three-Color Box No. 1." The course of instruction in water color is intended to present a consecutive series of exercises, designed to develop growth in the power to observe and to express color in nature, in objects as well as growth in the appreciation of color harmony, in nature, in historic art, and the power to express color harmony in simple compositions and designs. The book itself is an exquisite creation of the art preservative—heavy paper, clear type, beautiful plates, and will be equally valuable for the teacher, for the mother directing the paint-box play of her children, or the adult student, striving to acquire a color sense. [Payot, Upham & Co.]

There can be no excuse for remaining in ignorance of the great worthies of history or of the story of the leading nations of the earth when the American Book Company have issued a series of fascinating books in the course called "Eclectic School Readings." Many of these books have been writ-

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ten by H. A. Gueber, who possesses a clear, dramatic style and a logical array of facts. He is never tedious, tiresome, or obscure. The personal element in history has been brought to the front. As he says: "It has been my intention to write books that will give children pleasure to read, thus counteracting the impression that history is uninteresting." Emphasis is laid on the fact that too many of our children leave school with no knowledge of any country's history save that of the United States. The use of such books as these as supplemental readers in our public schools will give children a connected idea of what has happened in the lands across the seas and in eras other than our own. The books, "The Story of the Great Republic" and "The Story of the Thirteen Colonies," will be received with delight by our San Francisco teachers who desire a fresh, vital presentation of the life and achievements of Columbus—or who long to make the vague voyages of the Norsemen real happenings instead of shadowy, misty myths in the mind of the child; to say nothing of later events.

The Reign of Law

The comment and controversy which have been called forth by James Lane Allen's novel, "The Reign of Law," would fill a good-sized volume. Opinions range all the way from denouncing it as a deliberate effort to "degrade Christianity," to lauding it as a "profoundly religious book." The chief controversialists are, of course, clergymen, who are rarely ever able to take an unbiased view of any subject, and it is not surprising therefore that they see, in Mr. Allen's denunciation of narrowness, bigotry and intolerance, an attack upon Christianity itself. It is in the nature of things that, when the pulpit critics took up the theme, they could not confine themselves to the book, but had to take their whack at Mr. Allen himself and it goes without saying that the experiences and opinions which are attributed to David, the hero of the story, are credited to the author who is represented as having taken this opportunity of airing a private grievance which he has been nursing since his schooldays. The Macmillan Company, the publishers of "The Reign of Law," have collected a number of the critical articles, including Professor McGarvey's attack and Mr. Allen's reply into a neat pamphlet. The impression which many of the articles leave is that the authors skimmed hastily and superficially with a view to discovering something to find fault with.

A Prize Sonnet

Some months ago the Book World offered a prize of ten dollars for the best sonnet on "America: her destiny as a world power, a leader of the nations in teaching truth, the arbiter of right and the proclaimer of peace." The honors all went to the west, the prize winner being Mr. C. H. Woodward of Dallas, Texas, with honorable mention given to William Carey Campbell of Prescott, Arizona, and Margaret J. Hale of San Jose, California. The poetry is not worse than the average run

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of made-to-order verse. In the strict sense of the word, no one of the three is a sonnet, the only condition fulfilled being that the verse contains the necesary fourteen lines. The prize winner, besides indulging in other vagaries, varies the length of his lines from two to six feet, and his measures are a job-lot. Properly speaking, the sonnet is subject to certain fixed rules of rhyme, but some of our late writers appear to be ignorant of any such restrictions, and call any fourteen-line affair a sonnet. The sonnet is not an especially successful form of English verse, owing to our paucity of rhymes; particularly flowing ones. Its true vehicle of expression is the liquid and plastic Italian. In this particular prize contest, either of the other so-called sonnets which the *Book World* prints more nearly fulfills the conditions of a sonnet, to say nothing of poetry.

At the urgent request of a Norwegian publisher Johannes Reimers is translating his novel, "Unto the Heights of Simplicity," in his native language. The book was very well received by critics in the United States and should meet with an equally kindly reception in that country. It will be remembered that the scene of the first half is laid in Norway, while the latter half relates to California.

I have received from the Macmillan Company a partial price list of the books mentioned in the course of study for the use of teachers. I have had the curiosity to figure up their cost and I find it to be sixteen dollars and forty cents. As the list contains but a fraction of the books which a teacher is required to purchase and consult it will be seen that a professional library of the pedagogical kind is not to be sneezed at in these days.

Joaquin Miller's book of True Bear Stories is beautifully illustrated by Beringer. If, as one critic remarked, "it must be hard times when Joaquin gets down to telling the truth about anything," this will be one more instance of "the pictures saving the book," which is insured a further measure of popularity by the introductory notes of Professor David Starr Jordan.

Frederic Burk, Ph.D., at the head of our San Francisco Normal school, is an authority on many educational topics. His "Study of the Kindergarten Problem," published by the Whitaker & Ray Co., is a report upon one year's work in a kindergarten system in which we have felt free to break somewhat from tradition. Its suggestions are tentative, and will be highly appreciated by progressive kindergartners who are willing to apply to the kindergarten in a practical way some of the products of common sense experience and some of the suggestions of child psychology. The book is dedicated to G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark university.

—*The Bookworm.*

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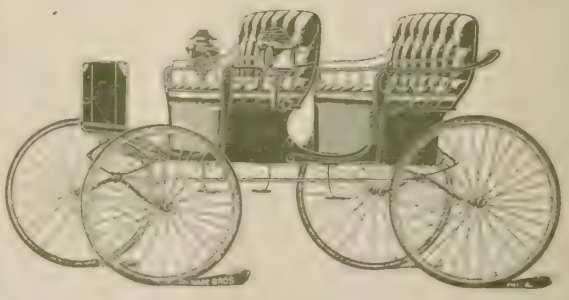

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 23, 1901

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor
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OUR OPINION

Newspaper Influence

"How can the influence of the press be increased?", is the question which was propounded by the Correspondence club of New York, last week, to men of prominence in the professions and in commercial affairs. It was almost unanimously agreed that the press could increase its influence by a strict adherence to truth. Evidently it is the opinion of many wise men that the weakness of the press lies in its indifference to the truth. There is no doubt that the belief is growing more widespread every day that the newspapers are not only indifferent to the truth but that they purposely indulge in misrepresentation to deceive and delude their readers. This is most unfortunate. When papers were merely regarded as unreliable because of their inability to differentiate between truth and fiction, it was bad enough. Newspapers tried to build up a reputation for reliability and the unreliable reporter was regarded as a dangerous man in a newspaper office. The successful newspapers were those that enjoyed a reputation for reliability and nothing more serious could befall a paper than the suspicion that it was advocating a proposition which it knew to be wrong. Those were the days when journalists were wedded to their profession. Their interests were those of their paper. They were not anxious to be king-makers for the favors to come by way of compensation. They did not seek to crush business enterprises through motives of revenge. The news was not distorted to support the policy of the editor. There were no doubt exceptions, for journalism was never without its faults and its vices, but it was never quite so reckless in its attempt to exercise an arbitrary influence as at present. And strange it is, that despite this recklessness and indifference to truth, the press does still wield a great influence. It is an influence, however, due to fear rather than to reason. The newspapers are proceeding on the theory that they can coerce people into doing as they wish, but newspaper coercion cannot go a long way. In this city we see them fighting among themselves, and as a consequence the news is being presented from two different standpoints. What purports to be the news of an event in one paper is diametrically opposed to a report of the same event in another. You read both accounts and take your choice, or else buy a third paper which does not happen to be interested in that particular matter, and when you have exhausted all means of seeking the truth you find yourself in doubt. And so insensible have our dailies become to their duties to the public that they have not considered it beneath their dignity to distort the truth in the interest of one faction in a race-track war. Two of the morning dailies credit the Oakland track with getting the bulk of the patronage and the third represents that the crowds at Tanforan are larger than those in attendance at the rival course. Think of a race-track war resolving itself into a newspaper controversy! How much respect or confidence can newspapers expect to command when they make it apparent that their influence can be invoked by one side or the other in a fight between race-tracks, and that they are willing to publish false statements in support of the cause which they have espoused? A reputation for veracity is certainly essential to wholesome newspaper influence, but it is also important that newspaper proprietors should hold themselves aloof from petty squabbles between individuals. They may delude themselves into the notion that they can conduct a newspaper as a personal organ in the interest of cliques and factions without arousing the suspicion of the public, but they are bound to discover that they cannot fool all the people all the time.

Our Wonderful Critics

Dramatic criticism exists elsewhere, but it flourishes only in San Francisco. Here it is indigenous and reaches perfection. Actors who have withstood the apprentice critics of Paris, London and New York, find themselves quite defenseless and forlorn when they are transfixed by the cold and relentless pencil of San Francisco criticism. Now here are Coquelin and Bernhardt, garnished with a European reputation and spared by the callow critics of the East, but they come to California not as artists, but as mere fugitives from justice, to find that their portraits are in the dramatic rogues gallery, and they are identified and roasted brown before they have had time to count the receipts of their first house. Professor Syle has excelled all other critics in the severity and justice of his judgment. He finds one virtue in Coquelin, that he speaks French, and the comedian should carry this back to Paris with him as an answer to all doubters who fail to make him out. Of course Rostand made a mistake in writing "L'Aiglon." This was never discovered before. The play is of interest only to rabid Bonapartists. See how Shakespeare threw away his time and talents! His several Henrys and Gloster

are of interest only to the respective adherents of York and Lancaster, and they are dead. Rostand also made the mistake of misplacing the acts of the play, and it is intimated by the Professor that the whole work would have been strengthened by having the hero die in the first act. Such as it is the drama loses interest in its performance by Coquelin and Bernhardt. Professor Syle proves that they violate the traditions of the house of Moliere by rising from the dead to answer curtain calls. This premature resurrection destroys the whole illusion of the play. When people die on the stage they should stay dead, which sends the audience home in a proper frame of mind. If a curtain call is persistent, in order not to dispel the belief that a death has occurred on the stage, the curtain should rise to slow music, and disclose the stage whereon embalmers are at work on the dead, and a neighbor is telephoning the health office for a burial permit, while the family discusses a list of pall bearers by the flickering light of a tallow candle. In this way the traditions of Moliere may be kept inviolate. After all, seen with the keen vision of Professor Syle, anything that will make this French man and woman stay dead is a gain for true art. The Professor sees only a petticoat under the top boots and coat of "L'Aiglon" and is justly severe on Sarah for taking the part, which might better be assumed by Sandow or Sharkey, since it is a male and not a female role. It is pleasant to know that local taste is under so true and tasteful guardianship, though we fear it is hardly just to permit these people to travel all the way from Paris just to get done up on this far coast. It would be only fair to warn actors and dramatists to keep out of reach of this criticism which can stand on one leg and show them they are not worth the price of admission.

The Pastoral Visit

The case of Thomas G. Barker who recently shot the eye out of the Reverend John Keller, a prominent divine of New Jersey, has excited a great deal of interest all over the country. Barker riddled his victim with bullets and it was at first thought that the minister had been fatally wounded but he is now recovering. Shortly after his arrest Barker explained that he did the shooting because his wife had informed him that Keller had outraged her upon one of his "pastoral visits." She did not tell her husband of the crime until a year after its occurrence, and Barker deliberated for over twelve hours before starting out to wreak revenge. Keller denies having assaulted the woman, and he has many sympathizers who believe him. On the other hand Barker has many friends who believe that his act was justified. So the questions of wifely honor and priestly purity have started a great controversy and the probability is that the trial of the would-be murderer will be one of the most sensational of recent years. Incidentally the case has directed attention to the subject of "pastoral visits." Many people have rushed into print to denounce the practice of pastors of calling upon the married women of their flocks in the absence of the husbands. They assert that it has been responsible for much scandal, and that the affections of wives have frequently been alienated by clergymen while visiting the members of their congregation. Even clergymen are of the opinion that the practice should be abolished. They say that it is the survival of a custom which under other social conditions was unquestionably most valuable, but under the conditious of social life today is practically worthless. Yet, if a rector does not visit his people at their homes he is deemed to be disinterested. His duties are two-fold, ministerial and pastoral and if he cannot be trusted in the performance of the one he is unfit for the other. It takes two to make a bargain and one bad clergyman cannot disrupt a home. If a wife's affections are susceptible to alienation by her pastor, it would be hard for the husband to safeguard his home against spoliation.

The Plague and the Scoffers

The scientific gentlemen sent out by the Washington authorities to ascertain if there was bubonic plague in this city have finished their investigations. They found the germs of the disease and have reported that deaths from bubonic plague have occurred in San Francisco. TOWN TALK has contended all along that the germs of the disease had got into the city, but that the plague was not epidemic, that it could be wiped out by proper sanitary measures and that there was no occasion for alarm. These are facts which should never have been disputed. They were supported by a preponderance of reputable medical and scientific authority. When the local health authorities discovered the plague, they should have been urged to take every reasonable sanitary precaution to prevent its spread. If they had been so urged instead of being abused and denounced the plague scare would long since have been a thing of the past. Long after the first case occurred in this city, the plague broke out in Glasgow and with some degree of violence. Nobody attempted to conceal the fact of its existence there and in a short time the city was given a clean bill of health. But while they were fighting the plague in Glasgow we were doing small politics in San Francisco. Governor Gage took a hand and gathering around him a few doctors of the Jinslow Wanderson type, played to the gallery by pretending to be much concerned over the commercial interests of California, and after a brief investigation boldly declared that there was no plague here and intimated that the doctors of the local Board of Health were disreputable fakers who were willing to jeopardize the whole State for their own selfish ends. Then he reorganized the State Board of Health and gave Jinslow Wanderson a job. Meanwhile the city has been under a cloud of suspicion, and now, owing to the cowardly tactics that have been pursued we may suffer irreparable injury. It is a most unfortunate state of affairs for which the press

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of San Francisco is largely responsible. The newspapers pursued a policy in this plague matter of which they should be ashamed. Primarily they were influenced by a desire to protect the city and to that end they were willing to blast the reputations of several scientific gentlemen who stood high in their profession, and whose motives had never previously been questioned. That they pursued a false policy is now apparent, but this is not a time for criticism. We have provoked distrust abroad by our tactics, and we should not continue to hurl abuse by way of argument. The Federal Government can have no desire to injure San Francisco and the authorities at Washington should be prevailed upon to give wide publicity to the fact that though plague is here, we have had only sporadic cases and have confined the disease to the Orientals of a single small district. New York is facing a much more serious problem with small-pox raging in that city, than we of San Francisco are compelled to confront by reason of the plague in Chinatown. The disease is confined to the Chinese, and there are more of them dying from old age than from the plague. This circumstance was used in support of the theory that the disease was not the genuine plague, but people who are familiar with the history of the bubonic plague are not influenced by such argument. There are varieties of the bubonic plague and we are inflicted with the least virulent, but if we give it headway by neglecting to fight it, it will not refrain forever from becoming epidemic.

The Saunterer

The Withrow Girls

"Apropos of Pine street society" writes a constant reader of TOWN TALK, "I wonder that you failed to mention the name of Withrow. The social historian could fill a large volume with the story of the social career of the 'Withrow girls' of ye olden day. For instances of pluck and perseverance the Withrow girls were certainly corkers. Miss Marie, the elder of the twain, was the first to exhibit that quality of push that wins success. She was permitted by the Board of Education to interest the school children in a grand farewell concert in the Mechanics' Pavilion for her benefit, for she was going to Europe to perfect herself in her art. With the proceeds the Withrow girls and their mother invaded the art centres. They returned about the time that the St. Cecilia choir was holding rehearsals. Who can forget their advent in Pine street society!

"Miss Marie began her voice-building career shortly after her return, and Eva was ever on the alert to paint people who would sit for their portraits. And she would dash off little things that sold for twenty-five dollars or so. Eva was also a musician and between the two every stream was made to turn a wheel. They trained a vested choir of boys for St. Luke's and Eva painted Dr. Stebbins' portrait which was purchased by the ladies of the Unitarian church. And when Eva became betrothed to Lesley Martin it was regarded as a good business stroke. Martin was a pianist of the bang school, and an art and musical critic for a local weekly. This was a triangular combination that had lots of profit. Martin gave piano lessons and the Withrow girls sent him pupils. He reciprocated by sending Miss Marie aspirants for vocal honors. In time the Withrows struck out for wider fields and went abroad to live."

My correspondent fails to mention the fact that the Withrow sisters are very prominent in art and music circles of London. They have resided there now for some years. A rumor was lately going the rounds that Miss Marie Withrow was intending to return here shortly on a visit to her old home.

Hall a Horseman

Ho Yow is not the only foreign consul who is devoting his leisure moments to the sport of kings. George Hall, the official representative of Turkey, has become a horse-owner, too. Some weeks ago he went to Tanforan with Prince Poniatowski. He won a small bet and he was so filled with delight that he went off and bought a horse called Periwig. But being a modest chap, the Turkish consul does not run the horse in his own name. He carries the colors of a fictitious Abou Stamboul.

Jones in Paris

Poor Webster Jones!—the dailies have told us of his ludicrous experience in Paris from advertising for a woman to give him "lessons." Though he did not say what kind of lessons he wanted his hotel was besieged by hundreds of French women eager to earn a little American money. What does Webster Jones expect to learn thus late in life? When Webster Jones was at school, it was believed he didn't have brains enough to learn anything. He still holds the record for staying qualities in the junior class of the Boys' High school. He stayed there through several terms and was then pushed along to get him out of the way. Jones is probaby making his way by easy stages to Berlin where his ex-wife, who is now the Countess Artsimovitch, has become prominent in diplomatic circles. Jones was on the high seas when she married the Count, who was once his friend, and he has never had an opportunity to extend his congratulations.

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JOHN CAFFREY Pacific Coast Representative

A Remarkable Family

The grandson of Rear Admiral Selfridge Sr., was appointed to the Naval Academy by the president, the other day. The Selfridge family is remarkable in our naval history. The young man's grandfather is the oldest Rear Admiral on the retired list. He is in his ninety-fifth year. His son, Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., was retired as a Rear Admiral several years ago after a distinguished career in the navy. At the time of his retirement it was remarked that no other navy in the world had a father and son on the retired list with the rank of Rear Admiral. J. Russell Selfridge, an uncle of the young cadet, is now a commander in the navy. During the Spanish war he was an executive officer on the monitor *Puritan*. Several other members of the family have served in the navy.

Church-Hoffman

Miss Edna Church, whose engagement to a wealthy Knickerbocker of New York was announced in Sunday's despatches, is a daughter of Mrs. Thomas W. Church by the latter's first husband. Mrs. Church is a prominent member of the California Ceramic club and her porcelain paintings are said to rank among the finest done by that clever club's members. Her steins, decorated with friar's faces and figures, have gained for their originator more than local fame. Mrs. Church is one of the charming Corbell sisters, of whom Sue married "Joe" Tracy, so well known in yachting circles, and Jennie became the wife of Will Kirketerp. The young girl whose betrothal has just been made known inherits the winning manner that made pretty Kittie Corbell always such a favorite. Mr. Allan Curtis Hoffman, who has won the heart of Miss Church, and the promise of her hand in the near future, is on the business staff of *Outing*.

The Walker Divorce

My New York correspondent writes me that the Walker divorce suit is still agitating society at White Plains. The local despatches contained very meagre mention of this case, which is of general interest because of the prominence of the defendant's father, John Brisben Walker of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, in the literary world. Mrs. Walker brings the suit, naming a Mrs. Moore of Boston as the co-respondent, and Mr. Walker says he will fight the suit to the bitter end. Both of the parties to the suit are of the inner circle of that aristocratic centre, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, familiar to Sunday Sup. readers as the location of Miss Helen Gould's magnificent country place. Young Walker is an enthusiastic golf-player, usually disporting himself on the Ardsley Casino links.

Mrs. Walker was Isobel Brandt, her father being Carl Brandt, the artist. She was but twenty-one when she married John Brisben Walker Jr., and the bridegroom was but a year older. It was a runaway match, the parents not objecting to a betrothal but putting the veto on an early marriage. This was less than six years ago, and now Mrs. Walker asks for an absolute divorce, the privilege to resume her maiden name and that her husband allow her a sufficient sum to support herself and her little daughter, and to grant her the custody of the child.

Loyal to Her Husband

When Baron Von Schroeder was engaged in defending his name and the fame of his hotel against the charges of immorality made by the Call, there was some little curiosity in society as to what the Baroness would say when she heard the stories about midnight orgies with married women, the suppers at Pastori's and the wildwood scenes of the Balzac flavor. It was predicted that she would shut off the Baron's allowauce and that they would never live together again. There was also a rumor current that Von Schroeder's persistency in pressing his suit for exoneration was due to the fact that his wife had declared that if he did not disprove the charges it would be all off between them. Those reports, predictions and rumors were all wrong. From a Californian in Europe who recently met Baroness Von Schroeder comes the story to me that her confidence in her husband has never been shaken for a moment. As soon as the scandal broke over his head he wrote to her telling her that the stories were all infamous lies and she believed him. She firmly believes that he is the victim of a malicious persecution.

Among the passengers on the *Oceanic*, sailing on Thursday of last week for Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney were Mr. John D. Spreckels and Miss Grace Spreckels, E. C. Macfarlane, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen and Fred Belasco.

The friends of Ex-State Senator Gillette, among the legislators at Sacramento, are wiring their congratulations to Eureka. The reason of this wholesale telegraphing is that the home of the Senator was last week brightened by the advent of a little son. Mrs. Gillette has a host of friends in San Francisco, which was her home up to the time of her marriage. She is a sister of Mrs. Frank Johnson of San Rafael.

Is There a Bug In It?

The China Basin lease appears to have stimulated the Harbor Commissioners to unusual activity. It may be all right for the commissioners to be anxious to surrender a large tract of State property for a period of fifty years, but it seems strange that they should be more anxious in the matter than the corporation upon which they desire to bestow the valuable lease. I should like to know why it would not be better to advertise the lease for bids and award to the party offering the largest rent for the shortest term.

THE "OLD English" style of engraving is used not only for visiting cards, but Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are now also engraving wedding and reception invitations in the same style.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Up at Sacramento, I hear, the China Basin case is causing a great deal of speculation. Somebody started the report that Colonel Mazuma was shortly to arrive with a barrel filled with glittering arguments in favor of the scheme, and several statesmen have been on the qui vive ever since. In this connection a story is told that Assemblyman Brady, late of the tenderloin, remarked the other night in front of the Golden Eagle—what a splendid and fitting name for the headquarters of our statesmen!—that he should like to know what Colonel Mazuma looked like.

"Well, this particular Colonel Mazuma," said Senator Bettman, "is a dead ringer for Mr. Pillsbury, the attorney.

Another inquisitive statesman wanted to know why Mr. Holmes, the chief engineer of the Harbor commissioners, was spending so much time in Sacramento arguing in favor of the lease. He was asked if he would be very much surprised to learn that Mr. Holmes was the consulting engineer of the Santa Fe Railroad company. All of which goes to show the character of the idle gossip that occupies the attention of people at Sacramento at present.

Harney to Go

While on the subject of the Harbor commissioners I am reminded of the fact that Major Harney's term is soon to expire, and that there is a hot fight on for his job. He has about one month more to serve. His is an excellent record to which he may point with pride. Prominent among those who are anxious to succeed him is State Senator Bettman, the friend of Colonel Burns and of Governor Gage.

"Well, thank goodness! Mrs. Club Woman's claims to culture have been exposed at last. She will never dare mention the word again."

"Why?"

"She did not attend M. Coquelin's lecture."

Without Blare of Trumpets

The preliminary advertising that was given Dorothy McKeown insured her attention from the critics, which would otherwise not have been given her. For Mrs. McKeown, though she sings well in a tiny, parlor voice, and makes a respectable stage appearance, is not otherwise calculated to set the vaudeville stage ablaze. But at one of the minor theatres in this city, there made her debut this week a young woman whose claims to consideration are fully as great as those of the wife of the spendthrift Scott McKeown. This was Miss Caroline Shindler, who is a niece of Mrs. Dan Burns and who is just starting out on her vaudeville career. When Miss Shindler returned from Paris, some six years ago, after studying with the best Parisian masters, she made her first bow to the San Francisco public at an afternoon recital. She began a career of teaching and concertizing, which was not however financially successful. Then she went to Portland, later returning to this city. Her specialty is French songs which she sings with charming chic.

Dr. H. W. Hunsaker has removed his offices to Parrott (Emporium) Building, rooms 515 and 516, fifth floor. Elevator west entrance, 855 Market.

In spite of the fact that Mrs. Constance Drexel Biddle lately set the professional world by the ears, by stating to an Eastern reporter that there are "no ladies on the stage," society women continue to swell the ranks of vaudeville artists. Scarcely does Mrs. McKeown shake the dust of the Orpheum from her shapely feet when the stage is again occupied by another ex-society queen. This is Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, Kitty Spencer that was, of San Diego. Mrs. Bloodgood possesses that requisite to stage success, a past including a divorce suit, and with this go beauty, a recherche style in dress, and a splendid voice. The divorce was not a sensational one. Mr. Bloodgood objected to having a wife who sang in public, though that public was never anything worse than a church congregation or a concert audience. Mrs. Bloodgood preferred a quiet separation, disliking the notoriety that would come through dragging the affair into the divorce court. She is very fond of her one child, and disliked having its early life darkened by such a circumstance as its parents' legal separation. But Bloodgood insisted upon bringing the suit for divorce.

Some of Her Classmates

Mrs. Constance Biddle, who leaves dramatic life to become again a bride, and who has succeeded in getting herself talked about by her statements anent stage manners and morals, is a Californian. She is from Los Angeles and her name was Constance Morris. At the age of seventeen she went East, entering Dion Boucicault's dramatic school. Nanette Comstock, Maxine Elliott, Louise Thorndike and Nannie Craddock were her classmates. Her professional debut was made with Effie Ellsler's company and she retired from the stage when she married Dr. Clement Drexel Biddle, U. S. N., one of *the* Biddles, the aristocratic family into which Miss Murphy of this city also married. Dr. Biddle's divorce from Mrs. Biddle has its sequel in her immediate re-entrance into wedded life with Ferdinand Yznaga as her second choice. Yznaga has been twice divorced, his first wife having been a sister of Mrs. Oliver Belmont, and his second Mabel Wright, the present Countess Zichy. He is a brother of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. Mrs. Biddle's sister is Mrs. J. B. Studebaker of Chicago.

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

Why it was Expurgated

One of the boldest statements that I have seen in print in a long time appears in a book containing a translation of Octave Mirbeau's "A Chambermaid's Diary" published in New York by the translator, Benjamin R. Tucker. In a prefatory address to the author he apologizes for mutilating the work by expurgation. This is his explanation:

> Perhaps you, who live in a land that enjoys greater freedom of the press than we know in the United States, will wonder why I was forced to do this. Let me, then, explain to you that the men whose ugly souls your Celestine does not hesitate to lay bear are types, to a greater or less extent, of most of the men whom we place in our halls of legislation to make our laws, in our halls of administration to execute them, and in our halls of so-called justice to interpret and enforce them, and that among the laws which they have made are some, aimed ostensibly at the suppression of obscene literature, that are really intended to protect from exposure their own obscene lives and those of others of their ilk.

I believe this is the first time it has been charged that our statesmen, our judges and our executive officers have conspired to place limitations on the press, so that they shall be undisturbed in the pursuit of carnal pleasures. It would be interesting to know upon what this charge is founded. Surely the liberty of the press is not seriously restricted when Mr. Tucker is permitted to spread broadcast such vicious assertions.

Apres Ash Wednesday

Lent is upon us, and only le bon Dieu knows what society will do with itself during the forty days of fast. It is quite the proper thing to attend vesper services every day, in a modish gray frock and hat of quaker hue. It is also considered good form by all except the ultra-devote to attend the theatre, and to enjoy a quiet dinner or supper with not too large a party. Those worthy dames who possess hospitable desires and fat bank accounts, and who cherish no pretentions to shining in the inner circle of swelldom, will not keep Lent with rigor. Invitations are out for several card parties and teas, and they will likely be as well attended as if Ash Wednesday had not ushered in Lent.

"Jones is losing more time than any man I know."

"How is that? I have always heard he was the most punctual man of our set."

"That's the reason. He always gets there at the hour mentioned, and loses time waiting for the other fellow to keep his appointment."

Gems of Oratory

Mayor Phelan has turned publisher. He has issued a volume containing a collection of the speeches delivered by himself and his guests at the banquet given to the officials of the city at the Palace hotel on the evening of January twelfth. The speeches were taken down by a stenographer, for Mayor Phelan desires to perpetuate the thoughts that scintillated over the banquet board. I find from the official report of the Mayor's own speech that he took more than one smash at the press. This was one of his bold thrusts:

It is interesting to know from the mouths of the men who were makers of their several departments, directing the policy and carrying out the work, what they have done, because in the confusion of the journalistic type, which is ordinarily "pied" as soon as it touches a municipal question, even we, in the city government, unless we follow it very closely, do not actually know what is going on.

The Courts Jolted

But the press was not the only institution that the Mayor took a smash at. Judge Sloss having remarked that he had not yet been overruled by the Supreme court, the Mayor said:

> The learned judge shows how ingenuous he is by betraying the toastmaster's secrets, and by saying that he has been on the bench six days and has not yet been reversed by the Supreme court. Why, the Supreme court does not work as rapidly as that! (Laughter.)

But the man that gave the courts a hard smash, as I stated some weeks ago, was J. Richard Freud of the Civil Service Commission. He declared that if it were not for the Mayor the entire civil service system would be blocked by legal orders and technicalities. "Unfortunately," he exclaimed, "judges have been found who are ready and willing to tie up, yes, to sew up—a lawfully organized department of the city government, on a merecomplaint of a single taxpayer." Think of that for an outrage! How fortunate it was that Chief Justice Beatty did not attend that banquet!

He. Why that up-tilted chin? I thought the Gibson pose was out of date.

She. Gibson, indeed! This is the very latest Mrs Fiske head poise!

Which perhaps explains why so many of our smart women are going about with their heads in the air.

Those Martin Boys

Anent the Scott-Martin engagement the tea-tabbies after long discussion have come to the conclusion that the momentous question wasn't popped at the Lester ball. The irrepressible Walter had been quietly but persistently rushing his game for at least two weeks before that. Trust a Martin boy to be up to such sport without anyone suspecting his object. It was all done cleverly, adroitly and in the most Martinesque fashion. For instance everybody in the set recalls now that at that time Mary Scott was daily in receipt of a cluster of the rarest orchids. None of

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er most intimate friends passed the stage of wonder-
ng who sent them. A few thought "admiration"
urked in their gorgeous petals but certainly no one
uspected "engagement;" most certainly not an en-
agement with Walter Martin. Several of those who
aw these lovely flowers coming day after day asked
n a roundabout way who the donor was but Mary
cott in the same roundabout way adroitly turned the
nswer. And what about that famous toast that young
lartin made to her at the dinner tendered them very
hortly after the engagement was announced— "If at
irst you don't succeed, try, try again"?

Peter Martin is invited to all the weddings now
ith a constancy and persistency that seems to in-
icate that society believes that the Martin boys are
n the matrimonial express with no return ticket.
eter takes all this warm-hearted solicitude with his
sual easy frankness. For instance when the bene-
icts are marshaled, he winks a canny eye and calls
hem "lobsters." When he heard that his beloved
Valter was in his jocular fish-net under such a title,
e struck his heart with both hands, rolled his eyes to
eaven and cried:

"Et tu Brute! Oh, lobsterissimo."

But the prophets are out with a forecast that the
rankish Peter will be in the kettle next just the same
nd, oh, the jokes, jests and gibes that will be flung in
fter to flavor the stew for him!

Miss Scott is generally called Elsie by all her
iends. What perplexes Walter most now is by what
tle he shall address her—and this from one who has
lled her Elsie so long.

Though the Scott–Martin engagement was an-
ounced almost immediately it is now very well known
hat Lawrence Scott and Caro Crockett had made up
heir minds to take the eventful step some three
onths before the public got an inkling of the fact.

The Bourn Party

Quite the cleverest of the valentine parties was
hat of the Willie Bourns. The novelties that specially
elighted the large number of guests were the tableaux
llustrating the contents of a well known magazine
nd the "hits" in the "wants," "lost," and "personal"
olumns on well known people in society. For
nstance among the "For Sales" was: Old fashioned
lide trombone with case and book of instruction.
Will exchange for Patti's Home Culture for the Voice.
eply to Edgar Mills, University club.

Lost—Twenty-six pounds avoirdupois by a gentle-
han not needing same. Please call at University
lub and take away Vichy bottles.

Personal—Refined and exceptionally good look-
ng young gentleman desires position in San Fran-
isco as moral reformer.

For Sale—Eighty-six second-hand copies of
rench edition of Rostand's L'Aiglon. Covers first
ages much worn from street car reading: otherwise as
ood as new.

Personal—Refined, elderly Christian gentleman of ample means, desires to form acquaintance with young brunette, vivacious widow lady without religious prejudices: object, conversion.

Personal—Will the lady with large picture hat and Persian lamb coat please meet gentleman on Van Ness avenue and return automobile which she thoughtlessly carried away. Reply, C. A. Baldwin.

Caution—A little widow is a dangerous thing. *C?*

Lost—A pedigreed Belgian hare, answers to the name of Bunny Hug. Address La Jeunesse.

Miss Eells, as "a New Century girl after an Old Century painting," illustrated the first article in the magazine. The others were equally ingeniously expressed, especially St. Valentine's greeting by Miss Chase, and under the head of "Old Rhymes with New Faces," Miss Kittle and Mr. Clarence Carrigan gave the pantomime of "The Passionate Shepherd" and Miss Cora Smedberg and Mr. Sam Boardman rendered "Where are you going my Pretty Maid?" Mrs. McGavin and Edgar Mills furnished the music back of the scenes. Under the title, "Wild Animals I Have Never Known," Francis Michael made the hit of his life. The last number was headed "Mrs B's Theatricals" and gave Mrs. Bourn, Mrs. Eells, Mrs. Casserly, Mr. Bourn, Mr. Eells, Mr. Deering and Mr. Ames an opportunity of displaying their clever histrionic ability. Mr. B. G. Lathrop, Miss Ames and Mrs. J. B. Casserly interpreted a charming musical number.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs will not come to California this summer, but is said to be looking for a new country place in some state adjoining New York. And Mr. Hermann Oelrichs is not going to New York.

Los Angeles Gossip

The members of a Los Angeles family who made a great splurge for awhile recently packed their goods and chattels and departed for an Eastern city where they are to take up their residence. The financial collapse of this family occasioned a deal of surprise and gossip in Los Angeles, and now it is said that some of the money that was spent so lavishly came from the bounteous hand of young McKeown whose wife is now the darling of the chappies at the Orpheum.

She Favored Windsor

A contemporary expresses surprise that Queen Victoria was buried at Windsor instead of Westminster Abbey. It has been common knowledge for years that the Queen intended to be laid to rest by the side of her beloved husband. The very inscription over the Mausoleum entrance, which was written by the Queen, expressed her purpose:

> His mourning widow, Victoria the Queen, directed all that is mortal of Prince Albert to be placed on this sepulchre, A. D. 1862. Farewell beloved; here at last will I rest with thee: with thee in Christ I will rise again.

And, by the way, of the thirty-seven monarchs of England since Edward the Confessor only fifteen were buried at Westminster Abbey. The Queen makes the eighth buried at Windsor.

Markham's Generous Offer

Before Edwin Markham went East to write poetry to order he had some photographs taken by Arnold Genthe. These he distributed with a lavish hand, and some weeks ago he wrote to Genthe offering to exchange for more of the photos a book of his poems containing his autograph, and to write a short poem for the photographer. The offer was accepted and now Genthe is wondering whether it was worth while to exchange good photos for bad poetry.

The George Crockers, accompanied by the Misses Rutherford, left New York on Wednesday, in their private car, bound for San Francisco.

"Why did you let your husband sit in that awful draught?" asked Mrs. Pacific Heights, at Mrs. Nob Hill's tea.

"Oh, I wanted him to catch cold," answered Mrs. Ashbury street.

"What?"

"Yes, I wished him to cough up four dollars for the Bernhardt matinee."

Those Terrible Friars

In view of the oft repeated assertion that the enormous church holdings in the Philippines beggared and enslaved the natives, the report of the Taft commission contains some interesting statements. After nearly three hundred and fifty years of occupancy, and with the Spanish government to back them, it appears that the rapacious friars have come into possession of some four hundred thousand acres of land of which the annual income is less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—about four bits an acre—and the total, sale value, about ten million dollars. One might be accused of malice if one were to institute a comparison between the missionaries of the Sandwich islands and the wicked friars, and perhaps it is not altogether kind to compare the accumulations of these same grasping fraternities with the wealth of the Trinity church corporation of New York. "Comparisons," as a local Mrs. Malaprop puts it, "are odoriferous."

"So they are celebrating my birthday again," said George Washington to Paul Jones, "I ought to be highly gratified at the honor."

"And aren't you?"

"I'm only half satisfied. Nobody has yet made me the sole hero of an historical novel."

The Borels

A rumor has reached me to the effect that the Antoine Borels are about to return from Switzerland, and again take up their abode in California. The Borels were very popular in the smart set as well as in the French colony, and it was with regret that society bade them adieu on their departure for the continent. They then expected to live abroad and sold out their old home in Stockton street near Grace church. Their present plans, I hear, embrace a residence in San Mateo. Young Borel is very well liked in the Burlingame set, and is a clever golfist. There are several pretty girls in the Borel family, who will be heartily welcomed back to San Francisco.

Why Oaklanders Were Surprised

The marriage of Julia Noy and John Albert McNear is now some weeks old but it is still the subject of gossip in Oakland, the home of Dame Grundy. The fact is, though none of the dailies mentioned it, that the good people of Oakland were greatly surprised when they learned that a McNear was betrothed to Miss Noy. The McNears, be it known, are of the haughtiest and most exclusive set in Oakland, and the family of the wheat king ranks among the haughtiest of the haughty. Hence the surprise of the people of Oakland over the report of the engagement. And their surprise was intensified when they learned that the engagement met with the approbation of the parents of the young man.

Her Father in Trade

All this surprise was due to the circumstance of the humble birth of Miss Noy. She is the daughter of an Alameda butcher, Mr. William H. Noy. Now, Mr. Noy is an estimable citizen, but nevertheless a butcher, and he wears an apron, which of course is not to his discredit. But it was remarked that when the society reporters were exploiting the virtues of the McNears anent the marriage of their son John Albert, they mentioned as Mr. Noy's sole claim to distinction the fact that he was once a candidate for the Assembly. Though he is not so prosperous as the wheat king, still to me there appears to be no great distinction, so far as social prestige goes, between the man that sells wheat and the one that deals in meat, and I should rather be known as an honest butcher who gives full weight than a candidate for the Assembly. When the time came for young McNear to break the news of his engagement to his parents, he was not free from trepidation. He met Miss Noy in Paris during the Exposition, having run over from Liverpool where he represents his father's firm. He came all the way to Oakland to get the approbation of his parents and Miss Noy remained in New York pending the decision. The McNears hesitated for a time but the young man was determined and as a consequence Oakland was vouchsafed a fashionable wedding, and the wheat king obtained a charming and cultured daughter-in-law.

The J. J. Pfister Knitting Co. will remove to their new and elegant store, No. 60 Geary street on or about March 10th.

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retty Chefs in Petticoats

The amateur chefs in society, who started in with Welsh rarebits and creamed oysters on chafing-dishes, ave gone in so seriously for cooking that it has be-ome more than a fad. Miss Kate E. Whitaker's ooking demonstrations are growing more popular very day. They are held every Tuesday afternoon at alf-past two o'clock in the Gas Company's building n Post street, the large upper hall being arranged as kitchen. It is all in white, clearly lighted, furnished ith gas ranges, and ventilated with an electric fan. Iiss Whitaker and her three white-capped, aproned ssistants complete the tidy whole. The lectures were egun last May, as an experiment, success warranting heir continuance, nearly two hundred women attend-ng every one. They are invitational, but any woman ould be glad to pay for the privilege of benefiting by Iiss Whitaker's instructions. She gives her best ecipes, and interest in the cooking-class is constantly ncreasing. On Tuesday afternoon oyster cocktails, reamed shrimps and other evening party delicacies ere the subjects discussed. Among those present as noticed a bride of last season; *her* husband, at ast, will not be able to fling that old sarcasm at her out the nice things "mother used to make." His ife will make better ones. From four to five dishes e described and cooked, and the auditors given a ste of each, at every lecture. "Bread and Rolls" ill be the next subject treated.

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enied Ball Tickets

Last Tuesday afternoon Mr. James W. Byrne, the resident of the Pacific-Union club, who managed the ardi Gras ball, received a telephone message from a an named Van Praeg who was at the Palace hotel, questing two tickets for "two friends from the East."

"Send in their names to the Art Association," as the reply, "and if they are all right they will be rmitted to purchase the tickets."

Later on when Mr. Byrne was at the University ub, where he was giving a dinner, he was called up the telephone by the Art Association committee lling him that the names of the two strangers from e East had been received.

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Byrne.

"Tod Sloan and Ed Purser," was the reply.

Now Mr. Sloan is the premier jockey of America, d he has hob-nobbed with His Majesty Edward VII, ted in love's tournament with Lillian Russell d shot tired birds at the traps of the Olympic Gun ub, but despite his various hall-marks of distinction was deemed ineligible to entree to the Mardi Gras ll at the Hopkins Institute, As for Mr. Ed Purser, is a plunger of national repute, and has been enter-ined by fair matrons of Blingum. A wave of his nd is good for anything from five hundred to n thousand dollars with any book maker on the ck at Tanforan or Oakland. He has never elched" nor gone through insolvency but he could t get a ticket for the Mardi Gras ball. He was the ball two years ago, but last year he could not t a ticket, and this year he was turned down again.

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you will save 25 per cent of what you would have to pay to others.

A Paris Landmark To Go

From an occasional correspondent abroad I learn that Paris will soon have lost one of her greatest and best known land-marks. The old Temple Market, the "Marche du Temple" is about to be destroyed. Its round towers that once imprisoned kings and held untold wealth are about to fall. Unclean ragpickers and foul-smelling denizens of the slums have thronged the halls once animated by plumed knights and gay women.. Its association with French history is indeed intimate. It was founded in 1150 by the Knights of the Temple or Knights Templars whose chapters are now scattered far and wide. Louis VIII made them a grant of land and they erected upon it an impregnable stronghold. When King Henry III visited France in 1254 he had the choice of living at the Louvre or at the Temple. He chose the Temple. Some years later Philippe de Bel ordered the society of Templars ended, and the Knights were slaughtered. The Temple was ransacked and the loot was turned over to the Knights of Malta. In the beginning of the last century, when Napoleon ordered the destruction of the tower in which Marie Antoinette suffered her long captivity, it was called the Palais Royal. Shortly afterwards it became the headquarters of second-hand dealers and was known as the Temple Market. Since then it has been going from bad to worse and now no one wants it.

A Noble Charity

It is a pleasure to direct attention to the affairs of the Youths' Directory, for there is no more deserving charitable institution on this coast. It should receive the sympathy and support of all people who are interested in the welfare of friendless and destitute boys. Father D. O. Crowley, the founder of the institution, has just made his fifteenth annual report showing that during the year 1900 six hundred and twenty-five boys of all creeds have come under his care. Of that number he secured homes for three hundred and twenty-one. Since the Youths' Directory was founded seven thousand, six hundred and twenty-five boys were received and provided for. Many of them have reached their majority and are giving a good account of themselves in different spheres of life. Father Crowley is now projecting a plan for the establishment of a school for the training of boys in the theory and practice of farming. In this he should be given encouragement. It is to be hoped that some charitable citizen will donate a tract of land near th city to serve as a site for the home.

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The Carnival Octet

Caro Crockett, Helen Taylor, Therese Morgan, Ella Morgan, Alice and Ethyl Hager, Mollie Thomas and Mary Scott—did you see them on Tuesday night before the Hagers changed their costumes? Was their ever such an octet? Aunt Jemimas, every one of them—fancy such a character for such girls! But there at least was the true carnival spirit for you and that happily selected octet did more to contribute to the affair the measure of success it had than any combination of odds, ends and centres that ever captured a football game for Stanford. Of course no one ever suspected their identity under such guise and of course they had no end of larks and clean fun. Plenty of Carmens, Princesses, Spanish Ladies, Gypsies, Oriental Queens and plain dominos there were to grace the garish scene but the gem of the lot for the gay King Carnival spirit was the roving Aunt Jemima octet. For years the managers of the Mardi Gras have been using the very best double-ply, steel riveted Teddy Roosevelt "strenuous effort" to get society girls to attend the affair in costume and make really, truly merry as they did in good King Carnival's reign. But never till those eight Jemimas danced upon the floor did the managers really succeed.

Their two hearts in unison beat
Despite Dame Fashion's leer.
'Tis true her father sold meat,
While his dealt solely in wheat,
Yet their two hearts in unison beat
And she is now a McNear.
'Twas thus that Wheat gave way to Meat
Despite Dame Fashion's leer.

The Pope's Health

A few days ago another rumor of the Pope's ill-health was wired over the world. In the past few years that rumor has been started on an average of once a month. The Pecci are a long-lived race. The Pope's grandfather died at ninety-six and it is said that Leo XIII believes he is destined to attain the same age. I recently learned of an interview between the Pope and a French Cardinal:

"Yes," said Leo, "yes, you rightly remark, I am well. My health is excellent. My people say that every year I live makes me a month younger. It is pretty of them to say so. But the Pecci almost invariably die suddenly, so every morning I prepare. And when the visitor who will not be denied knocks at the door he will not find me heedless."

During the Pope's illness a month or so ago, the doctors thought it was their duty to prohibit his snuff-taking. This was a serious thing indeed and it was a happy day when the embargo was removed. In olden times tobacco was counted the eighth deadly sin at the Papal court. But Leo has been an inveterate snuff-taker. He likes his snuff almost as much as his goats-milk. He gets this milk, by the way, from a flock of goats which was sent to him years ago by the people of Carpiento, the ancient town in the Volscian Hills where he was born.

Vox Populi etc.

The theory that the voice of the people is the voice of God is the one which has influenced the daily papers on several occasions when engaged in trying to influence legislative bodies upon questions affecting the public weal. They have sent popular protests weighing tons to Washington to defeat measures for refunding the railroad debt, and they have sent petitions miles long to the Board of Supervisors, but when their example is emulated by others they lose confidence in their theory. For instance, the owners of the Ingleside track have sent the supervisors a petition for the opening of that track. It has been signed by many thousand citizens and by nearly all the leading business firms of San Francisco, and yet the dailies expect the supervisors to ignore the voice of the people on the ground that it is the voice of the devil.

Miss Leonora Jackson has been petted a deal by local club women, who always take every opportunity to entertain visiting feminines of distinction. A luncheon was given in the young violinist's honor at the University club on Tuesday, and both the Century and California clubs gave receptions complimentary to Miss Jackson.

Somewhat Inaccurate

A somewhat remarkable biography of General S. B. Young appeared in a recent issue of the Kansas City *Star*. He is described as the hero of the day at San Juan during the fighting of July first. The biographer relates that he stood on a knoll, the target of Spanish sharpshooters, and though bullets were whizzing near him he was never struck. A shell explodod near him killing an orderly who was hurrying to him with a message. It was a hot place and he was lost in a cloud of smoke. Fearing for his safety an adjutant spurred his horse forward and to his "utter astonishment" discovered the General reading the despatch taken from the hand of the dead orderly. It is a thrilling biography but somewhat inaccurate, for General Young was not at San Juan. He no doubt would have been were it not that he was stricken with malarial fever at Guasimas. He was invalided home from there.

A Rumored Attachment

Those who keep their ears awake to catch the first tones of Cupid's trumpet aver that the next engagement to surprise society will be that of Knox Maddox and Elena Robinson. Though Miss Robinson only came out this year she has been one of the most entertained buds. Both are extremely popular in their set.

An Eastern Fiancee?

The report that Clarence Follis had left his heart in safe-keeping in the East is fast passing the rumor stage. There was a time when he had a great crush on Therese Morgan, but that is over now and since his return from the East—well, he acts altogether different. Then the letters he receives; but he knows most about

them and he is the last man in the world to breathe a word of their contents.

What Barnes Thought

Proceeding upon the theory that news is news till it is published, I shall relate the story of General Barnes' bon mot at the expense of A. P. Van Duzer, though I am informed that the incident took place some years ago. Mr. Van Duzer is a well known attorney and Republican stump speaker, and his appearance is that of a man over-due on a shave and other things. One day when he was arguing a case in the Supreme court, he delayed proceedings by opening a big valise and rummaging through it. Barnes was the opposing counsel in the case and becoming impatient he suddenly demanded:

"What are you looking for ? "

"I'm looking for my authorities," was the reply.

"Oh, I thought you were looking for a clean shirt," said Barnes.

Why They Didn't Start Friday

People who have superstitious scruples against starting a journey on a Friday should find food for reflection in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Bissinger who were killed in the Southern Pacific railroad wreck last Sunday. From relatives of the Bissingers I learn that they had first intended to start on their Eastern trip last Friday. It suddenly occurred to Mrs. Bissinger that Friday was a day associated with hoodoos and all sorts of bad luck, and in consequence of her protest they waited for the Saturday train, which was wrecked.

The McKinley Kiss

Mrs. McKinley kissed Mrs. Daniel Manning at a White House reception the other day and the incident was considered of sufficient importance to describe under a freak-head. It was sent over the longest leased wire in the world. This is the way the reporter described it:

> Mrs. McKinley reached up to Mrs. Manning, pulled her down to her, and placing in her hands a bouquet of lilies of the valley, kissed her old friend who had come to make her adieu as President of the D. A. R.

And the Washington correspondent tells us that this kiss "was a mark of distinction never before accorded in public to any one by Mrs. McKinley."

Now wouldn't that jar you ?

So Mrs. McKinley, because she happens to be the wife of the President, is capable of bestowing a mark of distinction by kissing a friend. That sort of stuff reads like a paragraph from one of the court journals of England, where people hang on Princes' favors, and where there are women who would deem it an honor to be the mistress of the King.

Dr. Wilson's Thunder

The Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, who has been exploiting oratorical fireworks from his pulpit for a long time is, according to the *Bulletin*, a mere political preacher, who could have been tamed with a job for his son. I have frequently taken occasion to call attention to Dr. Wilson in his infinite variety. Since coming to this city from Los Angeles he has evinced a fondness for pyrotechnics and has done many original things. He was responsible for the coming of Mrs. Maryland Bartlett Sheppard or Sheppard Bartlett, that beautiful creature who followed the profession of organizing charitable institutions. One day he jolted another preacher on the jaw, and at a young girl's bier he intimated that if she were his daughter he would kill the man that ruined her. And lately he has been talking of the advisability of organizing a committee of vigilantes to reform the town. He leads a strenuous life, does the Rev. Dr. Wilson, but now having learned that he wanted a political job for his son, I am inclined to class his thunder with that variety that is manufactured behind the scenes at the theatres.

A reception is to be given in Century hall next Monday afternoon by the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, as a compliment to Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster. There will be a program, consisting of an address by Mrs. Eyster, songs by Mrs. John Sibley and recitations by Mrs. James Gamble.

A Life's Romance

Everyone does not perhaps remember that Mrs. Tait, who died this week, had for her first husband Louis C. Bresse, one of the trustees of the Fair estate. Emilia Andrade was a fascinating Spanish girl, the daughter of Guillermo Andrade. Her relatives still live in this city. They are of the true Spanish type, devoutly religious, and have a private sanctuary where they worship, The life of the Bresses was very happy. They had two beautiful boys, a comfortable home and all that wealth could bring. Then the young husband's health failed, and a trip to Mexico was suggested as a restorer. Dr. Dudley Tait accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Bresse on their southern trip, which was not however successful in its object, for the young husband died in Mexico. The marriage of the physician and the youthful widow followed, some time after. It was a pure love match; alas! that their happiness should so soon have been shattered. Mrs. Tait died from the after effects of a surgical operation.

Mrs. Florence Jenckes

MANAGER OF ARTISTS

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Prior to the departure of Theodore Wores for the Orient, he is giving a farewell view of his collection of pictures, at the Kennedy–Rabjohn gallery. The exhibition opened on Thursday and will continue until March second.

The Mardi Gras Ball

Again the men wore their own faces at the Mardi Gras ball. Once more was the punch bowl filled with circus lemonade and again was the carnival spirit of the feigned and fake quality. It was just such a tame affair as the ball of a year ago. The setting was artistic and picturesque, the pageant impressive and the atmosphere all that could be desired, but the carnival spirit—that rollicking, dashing exuberance of soul that betokens a reckless, rubescent hilarity—was not there. The women were gorgeously gowned and whirled into the grand march as though they were on merry mischief bent, but the task of stimulating the bare-faced men in black claw-hammers and immaculate shirt-bosoms was a task beyond their powers of persuasion. If the carnival spirit were there it was repressed, and all the conventions of a conventional society were punctiliously regarded.

Charlie Dickman was a merry Prince Carnival and opened the festivities in a manner calculated to thaw out the most frigid assemblage. Surrounded by his jesters, his ballet-dancers and his musicians, he started the stately and refined revel with a bang and a whoop full of promise. The music, conducted by Wallace Sabin, was of a blood-tingling quality that on a less Puritanical occasion would inspire the most sober-spirited with enthusiasm. But as soon as the opening ceremonies were over and the signal for on with the dance was given, the revelers settled down to a night of polite pleasure.

In the Supper Room

For a time in the supper room, after midnight, it seemed as though the fun was about to be unconfined. The corks popped, and Horace Platt threw off a laugh that actually reverberated, and from then on everybody appeared to feel more like making a mad revel of it. Charlie Wheeler, the caterer of the occasion, was made happy by the number of wine orders that flowed in, and Hopkins, Rickard and the other jolly singers started a rollicking chorus that made the old castle rock. At one of the tables, with a crowd of gay Bohemians, was a bevy of society belles who didn't care whether they ever went home, but they constituted an exceptional throng and it was not long before they adjourned to the ball-room to settle down to the stately dance once more.

Probably the most attractive of the fair maskers at the ball were the two Maries—Oge and Wells. They wore costumes suggestive in color of Tommy Atkins, but they looked like two vivandieres of the "Cigarette" type. Their air was quite rakish and they appeared to be the objects of constant pursuit, for they made a most pronounced hit with the fledglings. Miss Ethyl Hager looked immense in a costume that showed her many ounces of avoirdupois to good advantage. I heard it remarked that she was a crowd in herself. A striking figure at the ball was that of Mr. Buckley-Johnson, the tall Britisher who had a controversy with Mr. Herman Oelrichs. He wore a hunt coat to match his complexion. He is just out of mourning for the Queen. The hunt coats also served to make the Martin boys—Peter and Walter—conspicuous. Tony Hellman, the court jester of a year ago, was there in his own propria persona. He didn't look half so well as he did when he wore his face painted. Guy Barham, of Los Angeles, pronounced the ball as slow as a Pasadena tea-party.

More Chiffons

Mrs. Beverly McMonagle, who is so seldom seen nowadays at a public function, was at the ball, but not in fancy costume. She wore a black spangled evening gown. Mrs. William Irwin looked very handsome in a Pompadour costume. Miss Florence Deming, who is one of society's eligible heiresses and who has not yet formally made her debut, wore a dainty Duchess of Devonshire costume. Miss Mabel Craft's stately beauty was enhanced by her toilette of black Spanish lace. Mrs. E. Pratt, who accompanied her, was in pale pink crepe. Miss Anna Voorhies and her sister Marie were both there, the former in brocade of blue and pink roses on white, the latter in blue silk with gold trimmings. Mrs. Fremont Older's gown was of pink silk garnished with pink crush roses. Mrs. Jack Schroeder wore one of the most chic costumes on the floor. It represented a blackbird. Miss McKinstry's Watteau costume was much admired. As a whole there was little originality displayed in the maskers' attire. They were for the most part regulation ideas, and ordinary evening dress seemed to be favored.

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

A Gentleman's Beverage!

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Sergeant Brander's Loot

SERGEANT BRANDER always claimed that he was simply seeing the sights the time he so mysteriously disappeared while on special service from Taku to Ambassador Conger in Peking. In reality he had heard so much from the gabbling marines about the rich loot in the Imperial city that he thought it a lucky chance, while knocking about the vicinity of the Temple waiting for his return orders, to ascertain if there was any more loot to be picked up.

His superiors were no fools; they had suffered exaspera ting experiences with soldiers bent on looting. That is the reason Sergeant Brander's papers, under the proper dates, subsequently bore the endorsements:

"Missing," "Reported Killed by Boxers," "Reported for Duty," "Strongly Suspected of Looting," "Should be closely watched and his loot recovered."

But the vigilant officers at Taku never recovered Sergeant Brander's loot and this is the reason why.

The Senora Lola Perez, wife of a well to do fur trader, had been shut up comparatively alone in Peking for three months, most of that time being taken up by the dreadful siege of the legations. Now that it was over she was back in her own domicile under the distant wing of the wife of the Portuguese Consul. She had no company, no amusement, no recreation, for all the worn out legationers were busy with their own trifles and troubles.

All the Senora could find to do the livelong day was to give a few household orders now and then to the four faithful Christian coolies and wait for her husband to return from distant Taku, where he had been detained by the Boxer uprising.

The date of his return was exasperatingly uncertain. The consul had assured her it would be when the Peiho river was free for travel, probably about four weeks. Meanwhile the allied troops had the Peking Boxers well in hand so there was no immediate fear of any personal harm to her. And she passed the day adorning her pretty figure with the gay dresses that had lain idle so long, looking at her pretty face in the mirror and impatiently waiting and sighing and sighing and waiting—for what?

She did not know, except that the whole world appeared to be dreary, stupid and slow. Maybe it was because the nervous excitement of the siege was over.

From these doldrums she got up slowly from the settee, with a little impatient sigh, and gently tapped the gong for a mantilla. She had a vague idea of going over to the Consul's house and killing a dull hour with his fat wife. She was passing out of the portal of her house when her eyes caught the martial figure of Sergeant Brander coming down the narrow street. He was walking slowly along, his blue eyes roving over the facades of the houses, and mentally wondering where the loot lay that the marines had talked about so much.

Senora Perez regarded him curiously. It was not always prudent to go abroad when foreign soldiers were in the street. But this one was an American, she could see that by his uniform. Tall, athletic, bronzed, handsome, and with such a daring face, he must be brave. The Senora looked and thought and thought and looked and gradually the expression of ennui and languor drifted from her face and the light of roguishness danced into her eyes.

Sergeant Brander was not more than ten paces away when the Senora gave a little cry, caught the sides of her rounded bust with both hands and leaned heavily against the lintel of the door.

"What's the matter?" asked Sergeant Brander, springing forward.

"Oh, Senor, the Boxers. I—I just saw four murderous faces peering over the roof of that house. Here, Senor, come in here, quickly. They may shoot us and run, cowards that they are!"

Sergeant Brander was a man of action. No sooner had the door banged behind them than he braced his back against it and resolutely drew his revolver. The Senora sank nervously on a settee and trembled violently.

"Madre de dios, if they should fire on the house!" she exclaimed.

"Let 'em fire," said the sergeant cooly, "we can hold out till help comes. Besides if they open fire it will attract attention and we'll get help the sooner."

"True, Senor. Then you think we are safe? But they frightened me, oh, so much," and she began to tremble again.

"Sure," said the sergeant, "but I wish we had a lookout. Isn't there any place we can get a peep at the street and see how the land lays?"

"Of a certainty, Senor. Come I will show the way."

And she led him to the room overhead. Its window swept the street but no sign of Boxers could the keen eyes of the sergeant discover on the roofs around in the streets below, nor in the sky above.

"Which house did you see them on?" he asked.

Her plump little figure stood almost touching him while she pointed toward the house opposite.

"Oh," and she gave a little cry as she grasped his arm, "what was that?"

She let him go slowly and added:

"Excuse me, Senor, but—but I think I am still nervous. The sight was too much for me after the siege we have had," and she gave a little half hysterical laugh.

Sergeant Brander was beginning to feel a bit queer himself.

"Come," he suggested, "we'll make a dash for it. I can get you safely to the legation. Don't be afraid, trust me."

"Oh, I'm not afraid Senor. See?" and she smilingly laid a plump, warm hand confidingly in his broad bronze palm.

Sergeant Brander did not return to the legation compound that night. He wouldn't take a chance with the Boxers.

* * * * * * *

The next day, attired in a gold embroidered kimona with wonderful red dragons sprawling over it, Sergeant Brander stood next the window, an ardent, supple figure pressed tightly against his side. The two looked down with dancing eyes on a squad of blue uniformed soldiers beating the street and seeking information of Sergeant P. S. Brander, U. S. A., Missing.

"Help at last, Lolita," he said, grinning, as he pressed her more tightly, "now the Boxers can do their worst."

"Nay," was the roguish reply, "I fear these same soldiers are Boxers in disguise and will do us harm," and they closed the blinds and drew back into the darkened room.

* * * * * * *

Ten days later Sergeant Brander reported at legation headquarters. His excuse for absence without leave was that he had been penned up by murderous natives in a strange house near the purlieus of the city. He followed up this statement with graphic details of his thrilling escape by lowering himself from a window by spliced bamboo rods, but the inquiring officer pooh-poohed his story. Brander might have been given a chance to try and explain his absence to a court martial but official business was pushing that week in Peking, and the sergeant was summarily ordered back to Taku with his private papers endorsed, "Strongly suspected of looting: should be closely watched and loot recovered."

Three days later Senor Perez unexpectedly got into Peking on a German dromedary train. He found his plump little wife full of vivacity and not a bit cast down as he had fully expected. She greeted him with sparkling eyes and declared all her gay spirits arose from seeing him back home in safety.

The Senor, who continually bragged of her looks, always declared that his wife, unlike the others who had been penned up in the legations, always looked better after the nerve-racking siege than she did before it.

THE ADJUTANT.

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When a Woman Plays Cards

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Why He Became Ill

[illegible]

At the Mardi Gras Ball

[illegible]

Their Business After Office Hours

[illegible]

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Bernhardt and Coquelin in repertory; last week; crowded houses.

CALIFORNIA—"The Waifs of New York"; good melodrama.

ALCAZAR—"What Happened to Jones"; same farce but new people.

TIVOLI—"Wizard of the Nile"; beginning of a successful revival.

ORPHEUM—Guille but one of many stars.

Bernhardt-Coquelin

The second week of Bernhardt and Coquelin has proved more attractive to the general public than the first. "L'Aiglon" is not the style of drama that would appeal to the masses. Its poetry is lost upon the majority of its auditors, who better appreciate the melodrama of Sardou or the emotional scenes of Dumas. "La Tosca" had such a reception on Monday night that it is to be repeated at the matinee today, substituted for "Phedre," the first announcement. "Les Precieuses Redicules" will also be given. Tonight the great mixed bill will include a monologue by Coquelin and acts from "La Tosca," "Camille" and "Cyrano de Bergerac." Coquelin's Cyrano was the attraction on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

In W. A. Brady's revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that opens next week in New York at the Academy of Music, the cast will include Wilton Lackaye as Uncle Tom; Odell Williams as Phineas Fletcher; Theodore Roberts as Legree; L. R. Stockwell as Marks, a part he has played one thousand times; William Harcourt as George Harris; Emily Rigl as Cassie; Mrs. Annie Yeamans as Aunt Ophelia and Maude Raymond—wife of Gus Rogers—as Topsy.

Miss Virgina Calhoun, a sister of Eleanor Calhoun, will be the new leading lady at Morosco's.

Attractions Next Week

Mrs. Leslie Carter's engagement at the Columbia opens on Monday. Mrs. Carter was last seen here at the Baldwin in "The Heart of Maryland." "Zaza," the feature of her present season, is a play of quite a different style. It is salacious to a degree, as we are told by the Easterners who have seen it, and in its moral aspect goes rather beyond the warm tones of "Sapho." Mrs. Carter's conception of the character of Zaza is said to be remarkable. A crowded house will likely be present on her first night.

Katherine Bloodgood will be the bright particular feminine star on the Orpheum's bill next week, and Robert Hilliard will be the masculine constellation. Mr. Hilliard appears this season in "The Littlest Girl," dramatized from "Her First Appearance," one of Richard Harding Davis' first Van Bibber tales. Mrs. Bloodgood is a vocalist of high order, and has just closed an engagement in London. John Le Hay, ventriloquist, is another new feature on next week's bill.

"The Wizard of the Nile" has repeated its former triumphs at the Tivoli, and will run all next week.

AMUSEMENTS

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Reservations by 'phone, Main 1713
Beginning Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 24th
"The Village Parson"
The Greatest Scenic Production ever seen in San Francisco
Usual Popular Prices 75c, 50c, 25c.

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Tomorrow Sunday Evening Reopening of the Stock Season
Special Engagement of the FAVORITE ROMANTIC ACTOR
MR. HOWARD HALL
IN HIS OWN PLAY
"A HUSBAND'S HONOR"
First Time on Any Stage
During the progress of the drama Mr. Hall will enter a den of Lions in Defiance of a Challenge to Rescue a Glove
Usual Popular Prices—10c, 15c, 25c, and 50c.
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MARK THALL, Manager
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Beginning Monday Feb. 25th
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Second and last week of the pronounced success
"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES"
Endorsed by press and public as a refined merry treat
In preparation to follow "Countess Gucki"
Seats reserved six days in advance
Prices, 15, 25, 35,50c

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Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp.
SECOND WEEK — TREMENDOUS HIT
"It's a Wizard and no Mistake"
"WIZARD OF THE NILE"
By Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert
Alf C. Wheelan as the King
Evenings at 8
Matinee Saturday at 2
Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents
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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Feb. 24th
Robert Hilliard and Co. Katherine Bloodgood John Le Hay
Bard Brothers Dumonds Minstrels A. L. Guille
Johnnie Johns Kelcey Sisters Biograph
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Only appearances here of Mrs.
LESLIE CARTER
after her London Triumph as ZAZA in
David Belasco's play
(A version of Berton and Simon's drama)
Prices—$2, $1.50, $1, 75 and 50 cents.

Special designs in high grade silks made up in attractive stylish neckwear for gentlemen can always be had at Lewison's the Leaders, Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street between Fifth and Sixth streets.

Mrs. Leslie Carter as "Zaza" at the Columbia

Those matinee girls who form such a strong following of Howard Hall will flock to the Grand Opera House next week, when the actor-author's own play, "A Husband's Honor," will constitute the bill. Mr. Hall will have the role of the hero, who dashes into a den of raging lions to rescue a lady's glove—a la the old poem. The company supporting Mr. Hall, and constituting Morosco's new stock, is said to be an especially strong one.

"The Waifs of New York," the stirring melodrama at the California this week, goes for but two more performances. Tomorrow, "The Village Parson" will be presented, W.K. Nankeville's human interest play. Fine scenery and an admirable cast are features of the piece, which have won for it good will and large audience wherever it has been given

That charming comedy "Countess Gucki," once in the Daly repertory and later in the Frawleys', will be the Alcazar's next attraction. It is a perfect cameo, with a bright dialogue and some very clever situations. "What Happened to Jones," however, will go all next week.

Alf Wheelan had a rousing reception on Monday night in "The Wizard of the Nile." He received a perfect ovation of applause on his entrance. In response to the audience's desire, he made a little speech, but modestly disclaimed all claim to the applause, by drawing Ferris Hartman forward to receive some of it.

The Playgoer.

Fay & Foster, at the Grand Hotel Cafe, serve from 11 till 2 daily a commercial lunch to do credit to San Francisco as "the city of commercial lunches." It will save you a trip home.

Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. . . .

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to

JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph [illegible], Deputy Clerk

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased. Department No. 10.

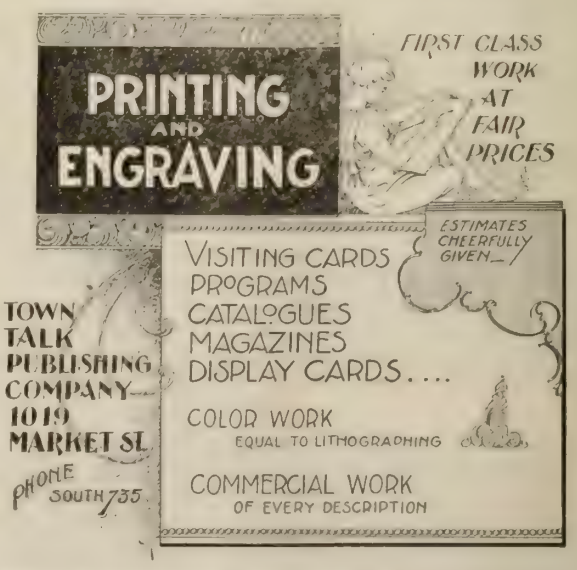
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Helen Flinn, Administratrix of the estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to said Administratrix at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Attorney for said Administratrix, at rooms 20 and 21, 7th Floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HELEN FLINN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bridget Kennedy, Deceased.

San Francisco, January 28, 1901

Charles Wesley Reed
Attorney for said administratrix



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Knox Spring Styles now open.
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A Farcico-Tragico-Comedy

Showing how one may be hit by Cupid's arrow without perceiving that one has been chosen for a target

I.

The Birth of Love.

There was a sound of revelry by night and the ball-room of a luxurious mansion was filled with beautiful women in brave frocks and brave men in beautiful white waistcoats.

There were so many beautiful women and so many brave frocks that young Millions' head was turned by the sight and exclaiming, "By George! that girl in white is the prettiest filly I've seen in a Blingum age," he fled to the punch-bowl that he might keep that between him and danger.

II.

The Fatal Sleep.

Like a somnambulist young Millions walked through the ball-room, which to his fevered fancy was peopled but by beautiful girls in brave frocks.

The sound of revelry did not disturb him. The sight of the brave men in beautiful white waistcoats did not come before his vision. He saw only women with gleaming white necks, rounded arms and busts, brilliant jewels and twinkling little feet.

Round and round he walked, and no one noticed that he was not awake.

"By Jove!" he said at last, aloud, "that girl in pink is the sweetest thing my eyes ever gazed upon."

And he went and sat by the punch-bowl in the conservatory, to meditate on the beauty of the girl in pink.

III.

The Ecstatic Dream.

Beside young Millions in the conservatory sat a beautiful girl in a brave blue frock.

Her round arms gleamed through the delicate chiffon sleeves like polished ivory, and her decollete bodice revealed more than it concealed of her lovely neck and bosom.

Filled with champagne, and inspired by the close proximity of such an angel, young Millions could not resist the impulse to clasp her in his arms and kiss her again and again.

"I adore you," he whispered, as she struggled in his grasp, "never on my life have I loved a woman till now."

She gave a little scream—several strayers from the ball-room were gazing at them, with covert smiles.

Young Millions took the girl in blue by the hand and led her back to her mamma.

Before five minutes had passed, the word had gone around the ball-room that the girl in blue and young Millions were engaged.

And a young girl in white told her brother that, if she were not barred from such a course by her social standing, she could sue young Millions for breach of promise.

And a mother mentally cast up her accounts for dinners, balls, gowns and theatre-parties, and sadly sighed, "All wasted," as she gazed on the girl in pink who was her daughter.

IV.

The Awakening.

The valet came in to tell his master that the bath was ready.

Young Millions, lying in bed still, though it was noonday, sat up on his pillows and yawned.

"What's in the papers, Jeems?" he asked.

"Nothing more important, sir, than your own engagement."

"Engagement—mine?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're giving me a josh, ain't you?"

"No sir, here it is, with your picture and hers, surrounded by cupids and true-lover's knots, and the whole story of how it happened at the ball."

A light dawned upon Jeems' master.

"Say Jeems, you must have had a look at some of the guests. What kind of a frock did my—er—fiancee wear?"

"Blue, sir, with chiffon sleeves, and garniture of pearls and torquoises."

With a sigh of relief young Millions rose from his couch.

"That's all right, then. I was afraid it might have been the one in white or pink."

As an afterthought, he called to Jeems again.

"Say Jeems, you don't mind telling me, do you, what name the paper gives—the girl in blue?"

—The Josher.

A Not Disinterested Petition

We're now in Lent;
Hence I repent
The pace I went,
The dough I spent,
Ere Tuesday's sun was set.

Till Easter day
I shall not stray
From narrow way
But humbly pray—
That I may not die yet.

I would live more
To see that sore
Jockey club war
Completely o'er
It surely will be, yet.

Till that bright spell,
I'll keep Lent well,
My cravings quell,
And my beads tell—
Till I can safely bet!

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Music World

Godowsky

That Leopold Godowsky is a great artist is an indisputable fact. That he is the greatest we have ever heard is even affirmed by some while others find decision a difficult matter. The palm lies between Paderewski and Godowsky and it is perhaps after all a matter of personal taste as to which is the greater. Godowsky's charm lies in his extreme originality. He produces effects that are new and very beautiful. He has not the personal magnetism of Paderewski. The moment his fingers touch the piano he and the instrument are one. The audience for him ceases to exist until the close of a number brings a storm of applause when he is forcibly reminded of its presence and gracefully acknowledges his recognition of that fact. Paderewski realized his own power to win an audience and often while playing, his eyes would roam from point to point throwing out a magnetism that could not fail to make itself felt. Godowsky on the other hand loses himself in his playing, and though a great man, is also extremely modest and unassuming. He held his audience enraptured from first to last at his closing matinee last Friday afternoon, and though the hall was crowded not a sound disturbed the stillness that gave the most flattering testimony to the artist's power as an interpreter. The number that pleased me most was the ballet music from "Alceste." The light and shade were so pronounced, so delicately handled, and his pianissimo effects so distinct and far-reaching, yet the forte passages given with such force and power, the effect was magnificent. His phrasing is very original and very beautiful. A note is struck. It goes floating out over the heads of the people, and subordinate to this one tone, that continues to sing as long as he wills it so, are woven in and out wondrous dainty harmonies that make one fairly exclaim with delight, His treatment of old subjects discloses beauties unheard before. His paraphrases on Chopin etudes are the Gradus ad Parassum of difficulties and while they excite admiration for the technical skill one feels that the etudes as Chopin wrote them are preferable. The A minor etude op. 10 No. 5, rendered as a tarantelle, was really more beautiful than Chopin's own "Tarantelle" but the etude was lost in the new rendition of it. In the overture to "Tannhauser," the Wagner-Liszt arrangement which he gave by request, the artist had a whole orchestra at his finger ends. There seemed to be no end to the magnitude of his attainments. The piano was his willing slave and his will seemed to be to produce a very enchantment of effects that would have been pronounced impossible. At the close of this last number, which alone would have been sufficient to exhaust all the nerve force he was possessed of, and he stood weary but triumphant bowing his acknowledgments, people stood in the aisles to applaud and recalled him again and again: even as they passed down the aisles they turned to send back one farewell wave of enthusiasm. It is a noteworthy fact that though Godowsky is a prolific composer and has published some very beautiful things, not one appeared on the program, and the paraphrases on Chopin etudes were the only thing produced that was from his own pen.

The special third Sunday musical service of St. Dominic's church choir, which took place last Sunday evening and attracted so large a congregation, deserves praise for the excellent manner in which the choruses were rendered. Rossini's "Stabat Mater," especially the difficult number "Quando Corpus" without organ and with a marked attention to shading and

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expression, concluding in the exact pitch, produced a good impression. The "Ave Maria", sung by Miss Ella McCloskey, was exquisitely rendered, her full round contralto notes filling every nook of the vast building and though the range was at times exceedingly high, the smooth finish left nothing to be desired. The soprano solo in English "Save me O Lord" by Miss Lily Roeder, was sung in a good clear voice and was most satisfactory. Great improvement is noticeable in this young singer's voice and she is destined ere long to hold a high place in our musical circles. Mr. Veaco was burdened with a great deal of the work, and while at times producing good results, did not as a whole quite come up to his usual standard. This was particularly noticeable in the "Cujus Animam," which he has rendered in better style before. The solo quartet "Sub Tuum" by Dethier was a pleasing number and well sung. Dr. Franklin Palmer, organist and director, is preparing the "Seven Last Words" by Dubois which will be given for the first time in this city by St. Dominic's choir on Good Friday evening, April fifth.

A Noted Artist

A newcomer in local musical circles, whose world-wide success as a voice-builder insures for her a hearty welcome, is Mrs. Florence Hyde-Jenckes. Mrs. Jenckes will henceforth make her home in this city, and has established a studio of voice-building at 607 Sutter street. Her object is not only to engage in the culture of the voice, but to organize a school of opera, such as the American School in New York. Mrs. Jenckes has a high reputation abroad, also in New York, Cleveland, Chicago and other large Eastern cities, as a singer, trainer of voices and manager of musical attractions. Her wide experience insures her operatic school success, for a singer and teacher who possesses executive ability as well is a rare combination. The fact that Mrs. Jenckes has decided to locate in San Francisco, and open such a school, speaks well for our city's reputation as a musical centre. Mrs. Jenckes is recognized as one of the favorite opera singers of America. She was soloist in St. Andrew's church, New York, for years. She is a charming woman of magnetic presence and gracious demeanor. She has studied under the best masters, and her high position socially gave her the opportunity of meeting people of the finest culture and ability, in her journeys abroad and in this country.

On Monday evening a pupils' recital will be given at the California Conservatory of Music, which is under the direction of Otto Bendix and Nathan Landsberger.

There will be a special musical service at Trinity church tomorrow evening when the following numbers will be rendered by the choir: Here by Babylon's Wave, Gounod; Bow down thine Ear, Attwood; Great is Jehovah, Schubert; Crossing the Bar, Stewart; Pro Peccatis (Stabat Mater) Rossini; Hear my Prayer, Mendelssohn. During the offertory Dr. H. J. Stewart will play the prelude in C sharp minor by Rachmaninoff, and Toccata in E flat by Capocci. The solos will be sung by Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. Eva Tenney, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham and W. R. Kneiss.

Helen Bertram's "Tarantelle," rendered in the second act of "Foxy Quiller," is spoken of as one of the most dramatic musical efforts heard in years. The motif of the composition is the old Corsican legend that one bitten by the tarantula will dance forever. In this song the dramatic

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action is accompanied by a ballet of twelve dancers dressed in black and yellow costumes.

A new series of popular recitals is announced by the Henschels. The first will be given tomorrow evening at Metropolitan Temple and succeeding ones on February twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth and March second. As no artists are better liked here than the Henschels, they will likely draw large and appreciative audiences. Prices for the recitals will be popular—fifty and seventy-five cents, and one dollar.

During Lent concerts will be in demand as amusements, and "foreigners" will find the city a paying field for classical recitals, either vocal or instrumental. Native talent, also, will doubtless be well received.

My London correspondent writes me that Mascagni's new opera, "Masks," has failed in almost everyone of the theatres where it was simultaneously given, excepting in Rome, where it has been well sung. It is thought that as in "Iris," the libretto spoils the music. The latter is full of Mascagni's best inspirations, but the libretto is only fit for a pantomime. The prologue, which pleased very little anywhere, is now quite off, even in Rome; and yet there were some beautiful pieces in it in Mozart style, purposely imitated by Mascagni. In the first act there are also imitations of the old master of music. The second act is the most interesting and the Pavane dance is the best thing in the opera. In the third act, a novelty is introduced in a quartet, in which the soprano sings on only one note like the Paganini G string theme. It is most effective. The whole opera is a mixture of old-fashioned, modern, and up-to-date music.

The second monthly concert of the Twentieth Century club will be given next Friday evening at Metropolitan Temple. The club will be assisted by Miss Flynn, Mr. Genss, Mr. Samuels, Mr. Weiss, and the Harmonic double quartet.

The Jackson Recitals

Miss Leonora Jackson's two recitals at the California were artistic successes in every sense of the term. The young violinist proved herself everything the European and Eastern critics had said of her. Her program at Monday's recital embraced Vieuxtemps, Tschaikowsky, Simonetti, Brahms and Bazzini, and her selections were well chosen to display her fine broad technic and perfect phrasing. Miss Jackson was assisted at both concerts by Miss Elburna, a very charming soprano singer, and Mr. Selden Pratt, the young pianist who was last here with Emma Nevada.

Little Albert L. Guille always seems like an old friend returned to us when he comes this way on the vaudeville circuit. He gets a big reception every night for his operatic arias and "The Palms." Little Guille's top note is not what it was ten years ago—when he could respond with impunity to an encore for his "Donna e Mobile" and give the high A twice—but his tenor is still sweet. I hope it will be many years before Guille decides to retire from public life.

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A Clever Little Pianist

On Wednesday evening of last week, at the studio of Mrs. Cecile von Seiberlich, a very interesting recital was given by Anne Bell Bailey, one of the former's piano pupils. Mrs. von Seiberlich did not put forth her little pupil as a prodigy, but simply as a bright, talented child who had studied hard and practiced diligently under her teachings, and had made rather remarkable progress during a short period. Little Anne Bell played several compositions of a varied nature in admirable style proving the possession of a good technic and a fine understanding of the composer's meaning. The piano numbers were varied by songs, by Mrs. von Seiberlich and Mr. Robert Dunphy. The program in full was: Piano duet, Ojos Criollos, Gottschalk, Mrs. von Seiberlich and Anne Bell Bailey; piano solo, a. Danse Rustique, Wm. Mason, op. 16, b. Dream of Spring, E. Rohde, op. 122, No. 2; vocal solo, Asthore, H. Trotere, Mr. Dunphy; piano solos, a. Mazurka, op. 38, No. 3, b. Berceuse, op. 38, No. 2, M. Moszkowski; vocal solos, a. A May Morning, L. Denza, b. Ritournelle, Chaminade, Mrs. von Seiberlich; piano duet, Zehn Madchen und kein Mann, F. von Suppe; vocal solo, Mine Always, H. Houseley, Mr. Dunphy; piano solo, Scherzino, C. Mayer op. 330 No. 7. The recital was in the nature of a farewell, as little Miss Bailey will shortly move to Arizona, to reside permanently.

In the February issue of The Cadenza is continued Mr. Samuel Adelstein's interesting article on the mandolin.

Dr. Hanslick relates in his memoirs that when he once visited Mme. Patti at her castle in Wales, M. Nicolini brought him a list of pieces after dinner, begging him to choose one. The critic naturally expected that the prima donna would sing for him, so he chose a piece, whereupon Nicolini called the servant and said, "John, No. 26." A moment later the number was begun by—an orchestrion, "an excellent, very expensive instrument, which we imported from Germany,," as Nicolini explained.

The Voice Student

It is reported that Mr. Georg Henschel claims to have dissuaded five hundred amateurs from cultivating their voices with the view of becoming professional singers. Nothing in the world is more difficult than to persuade the amateur in music, art or literature, that he, and especially she, is not a genius for whom the world is waiting. If Mr. Henschel has really succeeded in convincing even one hundred that they had not the first element of success—that is a voice to cultivate—he has performed a wonderful task. But the probabilities are that he has sent them away from his own studio only to apply elsewhere and receive the encouragement which they were seeking. There are always enough unscrupulous teachers many of them incompetent and little better than mountebanks, who will flatter every prospective pupil who gives any indication of being able to pay for lessons. They argue that once the idea

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has gained lodgment in the brain of the would-be artist, nothing short of complete public failure will have any effect. The money is sure to be spent and they may as well have their share. How many prodigies have come before the public in even the last ten years, children who were to take the world by storm if only some angel would appear to send them to Europe for instruction in instrumental music, girls with voices which were to make Patti and Melba screech owls in comparison, and how many have ever again been heard of!

The Comeallye

There is a style of ballad sold on the street and at first in Ireland which is popularly known as the "Comeallye," which title is derived from the similarity of the opening lines. It makes no difference whether the theme is religious, patriotic, pathetic or joyful, the invocation is invariably, "Come all ye — " Naturally these lyrics have little if any literary value, and in fact, they rank in about the same category as our own" popular songs, "Daisy Bell," "She was Born in Old Kentucky," and the like.

—*The Music Critic.*

"How to Succeed" is the title of a book by Austin Bierbower. There is no lack of books on the subject, all excellent in theory. If the essential element of success could be learned like the multiplication table there would be precious few failures. Theories which are very perfect as theories, often fail in the one small but essential particular, that when put into practice they "don't work." With success, as with other fish, one must have not only the right kind of bait and the right kind of line, but one must know how to fish. No man ever succeeded by reading about it.

Batterman Lindsay, who has just published, through a Chicago firm, a book of tales entitled Derelicts of Destiny, is a resident of one of the Sound cities. She was at one time a frequent contributor to the *Overland Monthly*, and her choice of subject, method of treatment and grasp of language, taken in connection with the non-committal character of her name gave to a considerable number of her appreciative readers the impresion that she belonged to the other sex.

Brander Matthews, in his article entitled "Americanisms Once More" in the January number of the *Cosmopolitan* says: "Ranch," while it is itself a contribution to the language, has usages in which it is an Americanism merely, as in the Californian hen ranch,' for example." Now I should like to ask Mr. Matthews, where in California the term hen ranch' is used as an equivalent for the more esthetic eastern "poultry farm"? The expression "hen ranch" is common enough, but as far as my observations and inquiries have led me it is a colloquialism, a bit of slang, or a vulgarism, if he pleases, descriptive of a household made up of females only.

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World of Letters

Love Letters of Bismarck

Herbert Bismarck is engaged in editing his father's love letters for publication and of course the volume will be grasped at as soon as it is off the press. There is something ghoulish and indecent in this very modern fashion of giving publicity to private correspondence, especially of this character and one would naturally expect that filial reverence would, act as a deterrent, but $ $, are too precious for mere sentiment to count for anything. During the embalmed beef scandal at the close of the Spanish war one of the big packers counseled his associates to use the telephone whenever possible, in preference to other methods of communication, as there were no records to be resurrected at inconvenient times. The advice is worthy the attention of authors, politician and other people of more or less prominence who may have scruples about having their souls turned inside out for the benefit of the curious.

An Irish Author

Seumas MacManus appears to be having a lively time since his return to his native Donegal. The authorities have tried several times to have him imprisoned, but the charges in each case were too flimsy to satisfy even the pro-British magistrates. Says MacManus: "My chief offense is that I have always endeavored to make the young people national-spirited and independent. The authorities are so fond of me that they would like to keep me with them all the time." Mr Mac Manus has dedicated his recently published book of "Donegal Fairy Stories" to "those Gaelic Schanachies who have kept alive—through love of country and love of story telling only — the fine, ancient stories of the Irish race." The tales are akin to Jack the Giant Killer, Little Red Riding Hood and other "real" fairy stories. That they have lived so long without the aid of print proves their vitality.

The Pay of a Hack

The "Confessions of a Literary Hack" which created something of a sensation when the paper made its appearance in the Forum several years ago, is now for the first time acknowledged by its author John Gilmer Speed, who was laid under suspicion from the first. The tone of the article was decidedly discouraging and pessimistic, — at least, it was intended to be so, but the majority of those contemplating entering upon literature, or perhaps one should say writing, as a means of livelihood, were far from taking Mr Speed's view of the hardships of the occupation. I have forgotten now, what sums he named as the average and the maximum to be expected but the usual comment upon his plaint of poverty was, "Hell, what has he got to kick about?" And instead of a warning to trespassers, his screed actually encouraged many who were wavering.

The customs of observing holidays and birthdays of eminent men is growing. It promotes patriotism and inculcates a love of good literature, and a fondness for biography. Through the courtesy of the New England Publishing Co, a neat little book has come to hand entitled "How to Celebrate." Among the exercises are selections in prose and in verse — for Washington's Birthday, Labor Day Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Christmas, and the birthday of authors and other noted men.

"Cat and Cherub's" Author.

In the Feruary Century, Chester Bailey Fernald gives us another of the chronicles of Clarence O'Shea. Poor, good natured, soft hearted, credulous Clarence this time falls a victom to a literal following of " The Laimigan

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System with Girls," and as usual, comes to grief. The scene of the the brief tale is laid in the San Joaquin Valley, and any one who has ever sojourned at the back of God-speed cannot but acknowledge that there are Missouri Pikes in embryo to be met with in those regions. The bluejacket ashore is naturally out of his element and Clarence, as his shipmate, Laimigan, bluntly tells him "don't speak the female language," and the result of all his efforts in that direction is grief. If Mr Fernald has done anything better than these tales it has not been my fortune to run across it.

Apropos of "L'Aiglon's" Author

Edmond Rostand has entirely recovered his health and is at work on three different undertakings. One is an adaptation of "Romeo and Juliet" which has never been done into French with any degree of satisfaction. The second is a dramatization of the much dramatized "Quo Vadis" or rather a dramatization which he has agreed to look over and overhaul, if necessary, in order to make it a success. The third and most important is a great play with a long list of characters, which is provisionally called "Le Theatre." The "Quo Vadis" is for Coquelin who is to play the part of Petronius. As a book "L'Aiglon" is more successful than "Cyrano." Within a few weeks of its appearance one hundred and sixty-five thousand copies were sold in Paris.

Maurice Hewlett's next novel, it is understood, will be "The Tuscan Crown." The story will deal with Florence at the height of her greatness—a period with which Mr. Hewlett has already shown unusual acquaintance. Both Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Austin Dobson are connected with the Board of Trade.

It should be gratifying to the friends and admirers of Dan O'Connell to know that his volume of poems "Songs from Bohemia" recently published by A. M, Robertson, is locally one of the best selling books.

A New Novel

The title of Mr. Townsend's novel was changed at the eleventh hour and though is is said that he was unwilling, it must be admitted that his second choice is decidedly the better one for a work of fiction. The original title was "Incomes" with the sub-title "A Novel of Today's Morals and Manners," but the Harpers, who are the publishers, concluded that nothing would prevent the impression that "Incomes" was a work on economics. The second choice, "Days Like These" was suggested by the lines of "Locksley Hall":

> "What is that which I should turn to
> Lighting upon days like these?
> Every door is barred with gold
> And opens but to golden keys."

The change necessitated the partial recasting of two hundred and twenty-two plates, since the title headed every other page. The book is sure to make a sensation, since it deals with the machine politics of New York.

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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

VOL. 9—NO. 444 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 2, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

MONTEZUMA COPPER STOCKS

COPPER is the best mining proposition in the world today, for the following reasons:

1. The growing demand for copper occasioned by the advance in electrical construction.
2. The depletion of copper deposits, upon which the trade has hitherto largely depended.
3. The immense bodies of low-grade ore in favored localities, enabling companies with large capital to make their properties dividend-payers almost from the beginning.
4. Better than gold, because "gold is where you find it," and, considering the large number of gold mines, is rarely found in paying quantities, huge bodies of copper ore carry uniform values and don't "peter out."
5. Better than oil, because of the numerous wild-cat companies.

Washington Copper Mines

Perhaps the largest copper deposits in the world lie in the state of Washington; they were discovered and development work begun in some sections only a few years ago; the oldest of these mines are great producers today and are making fortunes for the holders of the stock.

The Montezuma Mining Company

This newest and at the same time the largest of copper companies in Washington offers precisely the same opportunities that thousands of people have grasped to their profit. It has twenty-four fine properties in the famous Carbon River and Tahoma districts at the base of Mount Rainier, fifty-two miles from Tacoma, one of the most favored mining regions in the world, by reason of the large bodies of low-grade ore, its proximity to rail and water transportation, and the abundance of timber and water on the properties themselves. This and adjacent regions have already produced values amounting to $100,000,000, and the output has already commenced.

The company is capitalized at $10,000,000, of which $8,000,000 is treasury stock, non assessable under the laws of Washington.

The Montezuma's Properties

The four properties of the "Tacoma" group are destined to become one of the most productive mines on the Pacific coast. These alone, when developed, will bring the company's stock to par. The ore is shown in a vein thirty feet wide, which is traceable on the surface the whole width of the company's holdings. The Tacoma tunnel has been driven over one hundred feet in solid ore, running over $60 per ton. There are fifteen distinct veins of minerals in the company's properties, and it is not unreasonable to expect that as many more will come to light as the properties are developed.

The Assays

The following is the result of ten assays taken from samples of ore in the tunnel of the Tacoma mine of the Montezuma company:

Per cent Copper.	Ounces Gold.	Ounces Silver.	Total Values.
38	12-100	5	$134.60
20	12-100	3	75.68
15	24-100	3	54.35
15	60c	4.50 48 in. 30 in.	33 35
16	40c	3.36 48 in. 16 in.	56.81
5	20c	.56 48 in. 2 in.	17.76
13.32	4-100	2 02	28.24
24.26	3 100	4.02	85.46
29.41	6-100	8.02	105.99
5.88	Trace	Trace	20.00

Average, $61.22 per ton.

High Percentages of Copper

"The high percentages of copper in these Northern deposits are what will attract the attention of the mining world. It is nothing unusual for them to run from 25 to 75 per cent of copper. What these high percentages mean will be better understood when it is known that the Calumet and Hecla mine of Michigan is paying dividends this year (1900) of $40,000,000 from ore carrying only 4 per cent copper."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Examination of the Properties

Investors have only to see the properties to appreciate their worth. With a view to encourage subscriptions to the stock in a large way we will give intending investors every opportunity to examine the mines where 200,000 or more shares are contemplated on a cash basis. We will be glad to arrange with such for sharing the expense of examination.

Dividends

All moneys received from the profits of the Montezuma mines will be paid in dividends to the shareholders. Such funds cannot be reinvested in the company. The opening of the mines and all expenses incident thereto must be provided for out of the sale of shares until returns are obtainable from the properties. Stockholders will remember that in purchasing shares in this company they at once become interested in all the properties owned by them.

The Value of Good Management

The success of a mining property depends in a large measure upon the integrity and knowledge of its management.

C. W. Thompson, president, is also president of the Washington Co-Operative Syndicate (a dividend payer), was manager of the Northern Pacific Railway Company's mining interests for five years in Dakota, Idaho and Washington

Thomas Carroll, trustee and vice-president, Judge of the Superior Court of Pierce county.

Clark Davis, trustee; register of the University of Washington.

E. M. Shelton, trustee; late instructor in agriculture to the government of Queensland, Australia.

J. M Williamson, trustee; Judge of Superior court of Pierce county.

J D. McIntyre, consulting engineer, was for years chief engineer of the Homestake mine, South Dakota.

Co-Operation and Consolidation

Co-operation and consolidation are the watchwords of the business world today. The enterprises which make money for their owners are those which are operated in the largest possible way and with the greatest economy of management. The Montezuma Mining Company has been organized with these great facts of modern business life fully in view. It owns and controls twenty-four (24) mining properties, and expects soon to acquire others. This policy is pursued because business experience has taught that only by thus consolidating interests can be had the most efficient management combined with the lowest operating expenses, and, consequently, the largest profit. Instead of a dozen or more of feeble, struggling companies, each having its official and technical staff, the Montezuma operates an entire group of mines with its single, highly trained and efficient management. Investors will not be slow to perceive that this policy of consolidation and co-operation means for them a concentration of values in the stock of the company. Every single share really represents all that is back of many shares in smaller companies.

The "Ground Floor" Man

The time to make an investment is while the enterprise is shaping itself—not after it has reached its perfected form. The men who make the big money in every great enterprise are those who come in at the beginning, as history proves. When the "Republic" mine in Washington was organized the "ground-floor" men paid 8c per share for their stock; one man who put in $2800 sold his stock for $260,000 and built a brick block in Seattle with the proceeds. When the "Le Roy" was organized in Spokane four years ago a poor lawyer exchanged his legal services and a few hundred dollars cash for stock at the "ground-floor" price. He has realized over a million dollars and has some stock left. A Spokane stenographer put all her earnings, $500, into "Le Roy" and later sold out for $40,000. "Granite Mountain" first sold on the St. Louis market for 10c; in six months it rose to $10 a share, and in two years to $75. It made a hundred vast fortunes for stockholders, and has paid more than $13,000,000 in dividends. There are hundreds of like instances; "Union Consolidated" advanced from 9c to $10, and "Consolidated Virginia," from 11c to $65. Two years ago there was not a dividend payer in Washington; today there are fifteen. A thousand holders of stock in the "Index" district in Washington will receive next year the first installment of the fortunes that are coming to them; but remember that every one of these fortunate persons bought at a time when a small amount of money would secure a large block of stock.

Summary

The Montezuma company is absolutely out of debt.

Its stock is non-assessable under the laws of the state of Washington.

Its management represents the highest business character of the state of Washington.

The company controls 24 valuable properties.

The mines are permanent fissure veins.

Nowhere in the world can copper be produced more cheaply for three reasons:

(a) Properties are worked through drainage tunnels; thus no expensive hoisting or pumping machinery is needed.

(b) Timber, coal, water and lime in unlimited quantities

(c) Only fifty miles by rail from sea navigation, railroads can never bleed the shipper by excessive rates.

Mines known to contain fifteen distinct veins of ore from $20 to $70 per ton.

Ores are simply pyritic; hence easily smelted and concentrated.

The greatest smelter on the coast is only fifty miles from the company's mines, and another in process of construction at Fairfax only a few miles away. In addition, the company plans the erection of its own smelting plant in the immediate future.

Every developed copper mine is a dividend payer. The Montezuma properties will soon be fully developed.

Large mining companies succeed; small ones, as a rule go to the wall, since they generally own and operate a single property, and if this proves unprofitable all is at an end. The Montezuma has 24 mines, and a single one of them will when fully developed, pay dividends on all the stock.

Price of the Stock

The par value of the Montezuma stock is $1 per share. It is offered during March at 8 cents cash, or 9 cents paid in ten equal monthly installments. These prices are far below the real value, but the company wishes to carry out its co-operative idea of making its shares acceptable to a wide range of customers. The stock will rapidly advance, and the prudent investor will buy it now. Call or send for prospectus.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 2, 1901

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OUR OPINION

After the Trusts

The fight against the Syndicate and the Trust must soon begin in earnest. Already the Democratic National Committee is preparing to make it the paramount issue of the next campaign, and shrewd Republican politicians in Congress are already anticipating the plans of the Democracy. The consolidation of the iron, steel and tin interests brought Representative Babcock to the front with a bill for the repeal of certain sections of the Dingley tariff law relating to metals and manufactures. And now many Republicans who disputed Bryan's theory that the power of the trusts to stifle competition should be curbed by putting their products on the free list have warmly endorsed the Babcock bill. When it is suggested that the bill embodies a Democratic policy they declare that it is the policy of the Republican party to be progressive, and to meet new conditions; that when the Democracy was advocating free trade, a protective tariff was absolutely necessary to the growth of the struggling industries of the country, These industries have grown and developed and are no longer in need of protection. If such is the sense of the Republican party today, its representatives should proceed to repeal many sections of the Dingley bill. Very little can now be accomplished by repealing the tariff on iron and steel, but what is believed to be good for the Steel Trust should be believed to be as effective in counteracting the harmful growth of dozens of other trade monopolies. The big Morgan syndicate built up under the fostering influences of the Republican party is now so powerful that it cannot be embarrassed by the repeal of the customs duties on iron and steel. The cheapness of coal and iron ore, the efficiency of American labor, the facilities for domestic transportation and the inexhaustible home market are advantages which the foreign competitors of the Morgan trust can never hope to enjoy. The iron men of England and Germany can never bother the American Steel Trust. That Trust has already invaded European territory, but if Representative Babcock is in earnest it is not too late to deal with the other combinations of capital and it can do no harm to put his present bill through Congress.

Idiotic Legislation

Anyone that watches the antics of our law makers would find no cause for astonishment if some cow-county delegate were to introduce a bill declaring that water shall run up hill or that two and two shall make five, with a board of commissioners and a force of clerks to see that its provisions are not evaded. One of the fool measures brought up before the present session of the legislature looks toward the regulation of the little busy bee. The author of this wise act probably desires to have the insects branded on the sting with the owner's name or device, stray bees impounded or shot, and action for trespass brought against those careless ranchers who permit their bees to roam at large and disregard their neighbor's boundary fences in their search for sweet juices. Would he decapitate the bee which unlawfully and feloniously inserted its sting into the cuticle of some over curious and incautious investigator of the hive, or would he like the owner sentenced to a term of imprisonment? Would he like the crime of bee-stealing placed on a level with horse-stealing in frontier settlements, and what special laws would he suggest for conducting or capturing a swarm? Should we have a force of detectives employed to run down the illicit apiaries and capture the lawless honey? There are two ways of accounting for these freak schemes, which serve no other purpose than to kill time. Either they are pure foolishness intended for no other purpose than to delude the author's constituents into the belief that their representative is earning his per diem, or they are devised with one eye on a fat sinecure as commissioner or clerk. In either case the idiot who introduces them should be forthwith confined to an insane asylum for life.

Reform School Methods

That was a naive admission made recently by Ex-Superintendent Hirschberg of the Ione reform school, that he would have favored the restoration of a certain boy to the custody of his parents, but for the fact that there were so few inmates remaining in the institution that in his opinion it would be injudicious to further reduce the attendance. There seems to be but one interpretation to be made of the statement, and that is that practically the object of the reform school is to furnish fat offices for people with pull, and that it is more to the purpose to make a showing that will keep a large force of attendants and instructors "busy" than to consider the welfare of the waifs. As to the youth whose case appears to have precipitated the investigation, one of the officers would have sent him home if he could be spared, while the other would move heaven and earth to land him in the penitentiary. Two such

widely differing opinions concerning the same boy give room for ample conjecture. Evidently the superintendent has mistaken his mission. The Ione school is designed for boys who have not proved amenable to home discipline. They are not model youths, members of a Bible class nor are they overgrown Fauntleroys. They are taken from their homes, if they are fortunate enough to have any, and set apart partly because it appears to be the best plan for working out their own reformation, and partly to remove their evil example from the contemplation of other boys. Most, if not all, have committed crimes which would merit a term in State Prison if it were not for the youth of the culprits. Men who essay the superintendency of an institution filled with such should not expect to find a soft job, with nothing to do but draw a good salary. On the contrary, even at the best they must expect to have their hands full. There will be no miracles performed for them. Boys who have never, perhaps, in the whole course of their lives been subject to discipline, will not "be good" at a mere bidding. Those who have never known restraint will not obey at a mere say so. The man who expects to govern a reform institution on the plan of "touching the button," and who tries to ease his responsibilities by shifting his bad boys on to the State Prison is unfit for the position. On the other hand, it would be well for the public to bear in mind that the pupils of juvenile reformatories are incorrigibles who have been proved unmanageable by ordinary discipline and instead of taking fire at every report of cruelty they should remember that it requires stern measures to keep them in check.

England's Poet Laureate

The profound and widespread sorrow caused by the death of Queen Victoria would have been in a great measure assuaged if it had been tantamount to an assurance that there would be a change in the Poet Laureateship of England. But Alfie Austin is still the singer of the Crown, and the chances are that he will hold the job till he dies. It is to be feared that the Proclamation of the King in which Government officers were asked to continue in their places applies to the Laureate. But there are many influential people in England who are intent upon having Austin removed, and they may succeed in convincing the King that the official odesmith is a constant reminder of the degeneracy of literature in England. Among them is Henry Labouchere, who recently published these remarks:

"I have read carefully most of the tributes in the press to the late Queen. I have also read the Ode by Mr. Alfred Austin. On the whole, I think the Pressmen have done more justice to the occasion than the Poet. There is a good deal of poetry in the prose, and still more prose in the poetry; and of the two the former seems less out of place. By the way, is the office of Poet Laureate one of those of which the tenancy has been confirmed by Royal Proclamation? Many had hoped, with me, that the demise of the Crown might involve the demise of the laurel wreath. But the appearance of the official elegiac seems to nip this hope in the bud, and deepens the national gloom."

If Austin could be prevailed upon to grind out more verse his removal might soon be accomplished, for he has within him the stuff that provokes popular uprisings. King Edward respects the popular will, and a few indignation meetings held to protest against Austin would lead to the poet's downfall. But, perhaps, the Laureate has sense enough to refrain from inciting public indignation.

The Clergy and Chinatown

Our clerical brethren have had a busy time of late petitioning the legislature, demanding of the Board of Supervisors and passing resolutions that the slave trade in the Chinese quarter be suppressed. They have been making discoveries which they characterize as "appalling," "outrageous," and generally superlatively wicked—all of which is very true, and unfortunately *not* very new to the rest of the community. It is very largely owing to the preachers that Chinatown had the chance of becoming what it is. A quarter of a century ago, when the agitation for a law restricting the immigration of Chinese was at its height, the clerical agitators of California were its strongest opponents. The pioneers of California were not all New England farmers, nor emigrants from the starving communities of Europe. There were amongst them many who had traveled extensively in sailing ships and knew from their own observation what the coolies were like in their own homes. They had seen the Chinese colony grow from its inception until it had become a menace to the health and peace of the community and they knew that in crossing the Pacific the Orientals had left neither their laws nor their customs at home. But when these men attempted to give their views and to tell what they knew they were cried down by the pious humbugs who instituted most favorable comparisons between the meek, faithful, sober, thrifty and industrious John who pined for an opportunity to become a "Christian," and the impudent, lazy and extravagant and drunken Irishman who longed to persecute him. One popular preacher actually had the hardihood to stand up before mass-meetings and advocate the inter-marriage of white women with the Chinese, claiming that it would be to the advantage of Bridget and Norah as individuals, and to the coming race as well. Today the missionary associations are appealing to the courts to step in and remove the Chino-Caucasian children from the custody of their parents who, in their estimation, are not suitable guardians for their own offspring. When these advocates of unrestricted immigration were told that honesty and chastity were not Oriental virtues—that chattel slavery and the barter of females was legitimate amongst them, that opium and samshu were in common use, and many more wholesome truths, they refused to accept the information, and

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wasted little circumlocution in characterizing the statements as falsehoods. Chinatown, as Kipling graphically describes it, is a ward of Canton set down amongst us. There is no doubt in any sane mind that if the "Powers that Rule" really and seriously meant to bring the law breakers to book they could materially improve matters, but it will take more than a course of sensational sermons and resolutions to accomplish any permanent reform.

The Ross Case Again

If Professor Ross, late of Palo Alto, and his friends are given a little more rope they will soon succeed in supplying sufficient material for a side-splitting farce comedy. Professor Ross was dismissed from Stanford University because he violated the ethics of his profession as dictated by common sense and politeness. He posed as a martyr and got a lot of free advertising, but when he was questioned by a committee of the college alumni he made admissions which were conclusive as to the justification of President Jordan's action in forcing him to resign. Then he went East in search of a job, and he found that it was necessary to obtain a coat of whitewash. He applied to the American Economic Association but the gentlemen of that body declined to take up his case for investigation. They had probably read the professor's own version of the affair, and were satisfied that he was dismissed from Stanford for good and sufficient reason. Then he enlisted the sympathy of a few friends who happen to be members of the Economic Association, and they proceeded to try and acquit him. Of course their verdict carries no weight. The greatest rogue or the greatest fool on earth would have no trouble in getting a verdict acquitting him of dishonesty or asserting his possession of the most perfect mental faculty, by first impaneling a jury of his friends. The members of the committee that investigated and whitewashed Ross are his friends. If they were not they would not have interested themselves in his behalf after the Association of which they are members and in which they constitute a minority declined to take up his case.

The Saunterer

Now That the Season's Dead

With the arrival of Ash Wednesday, the expected happened. Society was plunged into profound—well, not exactly despair, but a dead quiet. Those card parties, receptions and small affairs that have ruffled the atmosphere have been given by the women's clubs, or by such socially inclined women who do not worship at the Catholic or Episcopalian sanctuaries. The entertainers of the ante-Lenten season may rest upon their laurels, knowing that though there was nothing brilliant about their functions, they did their best to make them so and at least gave enjoyment to their circle. A few functions will be remembered in social annals, as affairs out of the common. These were the Mardi Gras, the Lester ball, the Bourns' valentine party and the Ames' vaudeville. Nothing else that I can remember was of an especially original character.

One of the Season's Entertainers

Mrs. Eleanor Martin as usual took the lead in munificent entertaining, seconded by her sons, Walter and Peter, who inherit her hospitable disposition. The dinner dance was Mrs. Martin's favorite mode of entertainment, her house on Broadway being beautifully adapted for that sort of function. Mrs. Martin was very liberal to the buds of the season, her particular pet being Miss Elena Robinson. She also had the Cole girls frequently at her dinners, and it was at one of these that the formal announcement of Margaret Cole's engagement to Lieutenant Crimmins was made.

Those Who Did, and Didn't

The Joseph Sadoc Tobins were expected to do a lot of entertaining when they rented the Blair house, but as Joe's family was in mourning, a few small dinners were all that could with propriety be given. The Whittiers, also, gave dinners with an occasional theatre-party as their contribution to the whirl. Mrs. Sam Buckbee has been uncommonly quiet all winter, and now that her mother's death has plunged the Crocker family into deep mourning, there will be no more gayeties of any sort with Mrs. Buckbee as hostess. Mrs. James Follis and Mrs. James L. Flood each gave a few dinners, and Mrs. Augustus Taylor was hostess at several luncheons, dinners and receptions. When the Prestons came up from Redwood and took the Clark residence in Van Ness avenue for the season society immediately built castles revolving about the Preston girls and their calling-list. But after Isabel's marriage, mamma went abroad and took Edith and Norma, and the castles fell to earth with a crash. The John D. Spreckels', also, never gave the ball that was projected early in the winter, but went off abroad instead. Oh, yes, there was a huge batch of disappointments last season in the social line.

Some Who Did Not Disappoint

Mrs. William Willis, flanked by an array of exquisite gowns, returned shortly before Christmas from New York, with her niece, Miss Scott. Mrs. Willis immediately set her California street house in order, and proceeded to entertain. Mrs. Willis excels at dinner giving, and this form of function is her favor-

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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ite. Mrs. Isidore Lowenberg's elegant home in Van Ness avenue was thrown open to her club friends on several occasions, state breakfasts being the favored functions. Mrs. J. H. Jewett opened her season with a tea to the Gerrit Wilders, and later gave a new century ball, also several little dinners and receptions at her Bush street home. Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, who is at the Pleasanton this winter, gave a New Year's eve party. Card parties have been given ad lib., and euchre and whist still continue the popular games in spite of the growing fancy for poker.

The Summing Up

Taking it all and all,though,'twas a dull winter—and it promised to be so lively! Lent could scarcely be more lack-lustre than its forerunner, the mis-called "gay season," If it had not been for the grand opera, Mrs. Fiske and Bernhardt, there would have been no chance for the owners of smart frocks to show them to admiring multitudes. Let us then thank Heaven for the theatre and the opera.

Ah, the joys of routs and balls she never tasted!
And the elegant new gowns that all were wasted—
Those sweet frocks that bore the cachet of Paree!
—They weren't just the things to wear to minor matters—
How she wishes every one was torn to tatters,
'Cause the season was not one of gayety!

Now her only hope is in the coming summer,
Which she confidently thinks will be a hummer,
So she's anxious for the passing of the spring.
With a trunk piled high with hats and chiffons pretty,
She preparing for a flitting from the city
Likewise for the chap she'll have upon a string!

Was She Insane?

The people of Stockton are now talking about what they believe to be another Fraser case. It is the case of Miss Ida Beede, a sister of Dr. W. M. S. Beede, a practicing physician of the swell set. A correspondent has informed me that friends of Miss Beede recently effected her liberation from the Napa Insane Asylum, and that they believe her commitment, which was made by a Superior Judge of this city, was somewhat irregular. In other words, they suspect that she was railroaded to the asylum in the same manner as was Mary Fraser. I have looked up the matter in the records of the local Lunacy Commission, and as far as I have been able to ascertain there was nothing irregular in the proceedings leading to Miss Beede's incarceration in the asylum, but of course it is not impossible to commit some people to an Insane Asylum in strict compliance to the forms of law. Indeed the methods of lunacy commissioners throughout the State are decidedly loose. If they were not, Miss Fraser would never have been committed to the Stockton asylum.

Committed by Judge Cook

In the case of Miss Beede, it appears that she was brought before the commissioners by her brother with whom she formerly lived in Stockton. That was before his marriage to a Miss Aldrich, a niece of Mrs. Stewart, wife of United States Senator Stewart. After his marriage Dr. Beede separated from his sister, and went over to China to accept a position under the late consul Rounseville Wildman. During her brother's absence Miss Beede had a hard struggle for existence, and he did not see much of her after his return until she called on him in Stockton. He shortly afterwards accompanied her to this city and to the rooms of the commissioners of lunacy where he testified that she was demented and had been confined in a private sanitarium. He said that her hallucination was that she was being pursued by detectives and that people were talking about her. In the record-book it is recited that the commissioners questioned her and found that she was the victim of an hallucination, and upon their testimony Judge Cook sent her to Napa.

A Doctor's Statement

Upon reaching the asylum Miss Beede protested against being kept there. She declared that she was sane and demanded that she be permitted to communicate with her friends. She was permitted to do so and she soon enlisted the sympathy of friends in Stockton who went to Napa and demanded her release. The asylum authorities quickly set her at liberty, and one of the physicians declared that she had been under his observation and that he was certain she was not insane and that she should never have been committed. Whatever the facts may be it is certain that something should be done to safeguard people against commitment to insane asylums. Though the law guarantees everybody the right of trial by jury, there is not one person in a thousand who is led before the Commissioners of Lunacy, who knows that he or she may have a trial by jury for the asking. The commissioners usually accept the testimony of the person or persons who are seeking the order of commitment, and upon their testimony recommend to the court that the order be signed. The whole proceedings are extremely loose.

The Benefit of Mourning

An occasional correspondent from London writes me that though there will be a lot of "complimentary mourning" worn for the next year, society women are not worrying about it particularly. They know that there is nothing so becoming as an all black evening costume and so the milliners and dressmakers are besieged with orders for black toilettes with no colors to detract from miladi's lovely white arms and shoulders. This wholesale mourning is a godsend to the stage people, who can get society's new colored gowns for practically nothing.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

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THE WORLD OVER.

Cow-County Justice

A somewhat remarkable decision was rendered by the Supreme court the other day, in the case of Ramon Tapia, an Indian, who was convicted of the murder of a white man in San Diego and sentenced to life imprisonment. The opinion of the court which was written by Justice McFarland, and concurred in by all but Temple, is interesting because it brings to light a unique sample of cow-county justice, and shows that there are occasions on which the Supreme court is compelled to stretch the law in order that justice may be done. Indeed Justice McFarland admits that he had to do so in this case. Tapia was convicted of the murder of a white man whose house was burned down and whose dead body was found in the ruins. Judge Hughes tried the case, and in denying a motion for a new trial, discussed the evidence showing that it was insufficient. The principal evidence was supplied by an Indian named Francisco, who was an enemy of the defendant of whom the trial judge said he did not see how anybody could believe him. "I do not give it a particle of credence," said the learned judge, and then he proceeded to discuss the unreliability of all the circumstantial evidence, and to show that it was not sufficient to warrant the verdict. But not having the backbone to grant a new trial he "passed the buck" to the higher court saying "I shall let the Supreme court pass on these questions."

What the Supreme Court Said

But, as Justice McFarland said, the Supreme court has no jurisdiction over questions of fact. It has jurisdiction on questions of law alone. Continuing he said that while he had no right to consider the opinion of the lower court, the reasoning of the latter being no part of the record, still with that opinion before him, he could not avoid the strong impression that a man had been "wrongfully convicted of the high crime of murder," and therefore he proceeded to search for some error in law upon which the court could reasonably base a reversal. And as he was intent upon finding error of some kind he found it. He found that the court erred in refusing to instruct the jury that they should not consider alleged admissions of the defendant to establish any necessary element in the commission of the crime, until it had been proved beyond a reasonable doubt that a crime had been committed. Upon this technicality the defendant was granted a new trial. The opinion ends with the following paragraph:

"In conclusion we desire to say that this decision is based upon the very peculiar features of this case as above shown; and that in many cases the errors above noticed would not call for a reversal."

The Wreck of the Rio

The wreck of the Rio de Janeiro was one of those disasters that result from failure to exercise the utmost caution. No ship should come into this port in a heavy fog, but ships enter in every fog that envelops the Golden Gate. No man should walk under a painter's ladder but thousands of men are doing so every day. People should not risk their own or other people's lives but they are doing so every hour in the day. Captain Ward was undoubtedly anxious to get into port. He was overdue and every hour that he staid outside meant an hour off his stay on land. The pilot, too, was anxious to bring the Rio in, and the element of danger appeared no greater than it ordinarily is, for the fog seemed to be melting away, but the current was swifter than usual, and they did not realize how rapidly it was bearing the vessel to destruction. Perhaps under all the circumstances no one connected with the ship was seriously to blame for having failed to guard against the ocean's whims but somebody is to blame for the appalling loss of life. I never had much confidence in our life-saving service and I have less now than ever. If our ocean front had been properly patrolled comparatively few lives would have been lost Our life-savers appear to be more picturesque than useful.

Mrs. S. Henry Cheda (Albertina Wahle), one of the season's brides, has sent out cards for first and second Tuesdays, at 1026 Pine street.

He Denied Her Sympathy

From Paris comes a spicy letter containing the moving tale of a California girl's violent attachment for a famous French author. He was quite unconscious of this honor until in the vehemence of her emotions she called upon him one day and threw herself at his feet. He remained impassive, so she called again and kept on calling for she is a girl who has always had her own way and is not used to being denied anything, even in Cupid's court. But this particular author is a Joseph with the spirit of Octavius Cæsar. He would not occupy his enviable position in literature and society if he frittered away his time and talents on rich and hysterically sentimental demoiselles. To cut short her unconventional and flagrant advances, which were beginning to compromise her, he summoned two high officials who were gentlemen and who knew how to handle such a case and the love consumed girl was driven to a Maison de Sante, where she was vigorously treated for neurasthenia, or something of that kind. Eventually she was sent in her right mind to close friends of the family who had a villa on the Riviera for the season. The amusing part of the letter is the criticism of the middle aged writer on the action taken in the affair by the author. She called him an "unfeeling brute" and declares he never could have felt the "tender passion."

"'How could such a cold man,' she wails, 'ever depict love as he does in his novels?' To my mind his action proves conclusively that he cannot put any feeling in his writing; he must grind them out like a senseless machine. He ought to have received the poor girl with sympathy; all she wanted was a little sympathy, just one little sign of consolation, instead of which he took her to a madhouse. The unfeeling brute!"

All of which goes to show—but it shows so many things that it is hard for me to comment.

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Why does Oom Paul Kruger wear Rubber Boots? To keep De Wett from the feet (defeat). Why do the public buy Shoes of Lippitt & Fisher, 945 Market street? Because they obtain the best for the least price.

Albert Edward a Reformer

Newspaper correspondents are now commenting upon the change of front assumed by genial Albert Edward since ascending the throne of England. They declare that he has been giving the glassy eye to some of his old associates and that he threatens to become an ascetic monarch. A gentleman who lived for years in London and who was in the swim informs me that newspaper correspondents have created a false impression of Albert Edward. He declares that the English people are indebted to him for many reforms brought about by him in his role of social arbitre. It was through his influence that hard drinking and coarseness of language went out of fashion in court circles. When he was a boy it was considered bad form for a gentleman to retire to rest sober, while almost every phrase spoken was embellished with appalling blasphemy. It is due to him also that the ill feeling toward the Jewish race has disappeared, and that Hebrews who in the earlier days of the Victorian era were not even admitted to the full rights and privileges of ordinary citizenship, are now to be found occupying seats in the House of Lords, and in the front rank of smart society. To him also is due the credit for having introduced many Americans into London society. At one time, indeed, there was something very much akin to an incipient revolt against his authority as the arbitre of society, aroused by what was declared to be his intolerable predilection for the society of Americans. His London residence was nicknamed the "White House," but he remained firm to Americans and bore down opposition.

About the Wine Business

A correspondent whom I suspect of being in the wine business requests me to "roast" the managers of the Mardi Gras ball for excluding all wines from the banquet except Mumm, which is sold by Ned Greenway. As all other wines were not excluded I would be in error if I criticised the managers of the ball for having permitted the Mumm brand only to be sold. Harry Veuve, of the Pacific-Union club, who sells Monopole wine, took special care to have his brand in the hands of the caterer, but unfortunately the first three bottles that were opened proved to be "dead," and as a consequence not another bottle was sold. If a wine agent desires to have his wine sold at the Mardi Gras ball he should join either the Pacific-Union or the Bohemian clubs. I can scarcely give credence to the story that the wine agents that are already members of those clubs are permitted to exercise sufficient influence to keep rivals out.

Elks at Eureka

Forty members of the Elks' lodge of this city journeyed all the way to Eureka, Humboldt county last week to initiate a new lodge of the order and install the officers. They were given a royal reception by the people of Eureka, and were entertained in a sumptuous manner. No town in this state of the size of Eureka ever extended its hospitality on such a lavish scale. Not only was the freedom of the town vouchsafed the visitors, but they were treated as the guests of each citizen. After the initiative ceremonies a banquet was served in the town pavilion, the decoration of which was superb. Charley Wheeler of this city was the caterer, the banquet being an imported feast, even the waiters having been transported from San Francisco for the occasion. The menu card was a unique feature. A redwood shingle served for that purpose and upon one side was an elk's head burned into the wood. Judge William P. Lawlor of this city was the toastmaster.

Markham's Latest

Edwin Markham has never missed a chance since his hoe poem pitchforked him into public view. There is scarcely a periodical in the land to which he is not ready to contribute and no subject is so profound or so insignificant that he has not an opinion ready on tap. The Putnams are preparing to issue a work on "Historic Towns of the Western States," and Markham is selected to "do" San Francisco. It is only a question of time when his endorsement of toilet soaps and patent medicines will oust those of the popular footlight favorites. The contemplated Putnam publication is of course mere hackwork and Markham is quite capable of performing the task, but for a work of any serious historical interest or importance I doubt if he is capable of filling the bill.

"Grace Notes" in Poetry

A professor at Berkeley has taken up the cudgels in defence of Markham's limping verse. He confesses that the metre of the hoe-poet is out of joint, but he contends that the extra feet in his lines are what are known as "grace notes." This literary critic's argument has suggested the following:

An academic idiot, from the halls
Of Berkeley, hath discovered that each line
Of Markham's, more of music doth confine,
Whene'er it limps, or falters, halts, or crawls.

"Grace notes" is what the yokel's champion calls
The "extra feet" that through the verses whine:—
Poor fool! the hurried hoofs of frightened kine
Were rhythmic to the raucous runes he bawls.

As well presume to say the palsied limbs,
Of the poor cripple, are as swift and strong
As the trained athlete's; that the dismal screech
Of some discordant bird of night out-hymns
The impassioned plaint of Philomela's song,
As such poetic heresy to preach.

MODISTE MADAM KLOSE recently from New York has opened Dressmaking Parlors at Room 25, 1019 Market St. San Francisco. System used that took the prize at Paris Exposition. German spoken.
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A Battle Royal

The race-track war which has been raging for several weeks at a considerable cost to both sides may yet be carried into the innermost circles of high society. The Pacific-Union club is already divided, and various social complications have been threatened. The war has really developed into a serious affair, and I shall not be surprised if somebody gets hurt before it is over. Prince Poniatowski has scored the first knockdown, and now appears to be in the fight firmly resolved to go the distance. The Prince has proved himself to be a game fellow. I have been told that there has been more than one attempt to bluff him but that he has called his man every time. In one instance he notified a newspaper proprietor that he would hold him "bodily responsible" for false statements.

On Monday last before the Supervisors passed the resolution opening Ingleside Prince Poniatowski and Tom Williams held a conference and a proposition was made by the latter to purchase both the Ingleside and Tanforan tracks. The proposition was rejected. The discussion then wandered off to other topics bearing upon the main issue and the conference became quite stormy. It ended without an agreement being reached. How long the war will continue no one can predict. Meanwhile the king of sports is being conducted at a great loss to the racing associations. Each is evidently hopeful of driving the other to the wall.

In Re Theatre Parties

There is little blushing modesty about our golden youth. The Columbia was packed with theatre parties on Monday night, and on Tuesday the younger set seemed to be there in a body. On Monday night it was the mammas and papas, and older matrons who attended, but on Tuesday night there were young men and maidens galore. The Joe Tobins had a box full of friends and the Chauncey Winslows were there en duo. Probably because it is Lent, the theatre-party is having such a vogue, and that is why Mrs. Leslie Carter is being so rushed. Mr. Belasco's play seems to be enjoying a success with our public. I do not know why it should, since its morals are so uncertain, but I fancy its popularity is assured. Olga Nethersole is ill, and has returned to London, so we are not to see the famous patented Nethersole kiss. But we are to have some more opera soon, Mr. Alfred Bouvier says. Marcella Sembrich is on her way here.

"Did you accompany your fiance to 'Zaza' on Monday night?"

"No," answered Maud, "I was afraid I might applaud in the right place."

Genung-Jones

The Sacramento and San Francisco friends of Miss Theda Genung were rather surprised the other day when the marriage was announced of Miss Genung and Mr. Weber Jones. The announcement was surprising inasmuch as the marriage occurred on June ninth of last year, and has only just been made known. The young people went on a trip to Vallejo last June, and while there concluded to get married. The ceremony was performed at the home of a friend of the family, Judge Brown. When the fact was divulged to the bride's mother, she insisted that they were altogether too young to be married, and must not think of such a thing for at least a twelvemonth. As neither bride nor bridegroom was yet twenty-one, they decided to obey her mandate, separate, and not announce their rash act for at least a year. But finally through some Vallejo friends, the fact leaked out, and Mr. and Mrs. Weber Jones are now receiving congratulations. They are residing at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. W. Jones. Mrs. Weber Jones is continuing her art studies, for her husband has no desire to place any obstacle in the brilliant career that is undoubtedly before this young artist.

Knox Spring Styles now open.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

In the Garden City

San Jose nearly had another sensation recently, and if it had got into the papers a divorce suit would have been the consequence. A prominent merchant of the garden city, a bachelor, handsome and of French extraction and proclivities, was dining at La Molle with a charming matron. When dinner was over, of course each left the place separately for in a small town like San Jose one has to observe caution when enjoying parties à deux. The bachelor started out first, and at the door of the restaurant whom should he run against but the lady's husband. The latter had arrived home unexpectedly. Naturally the merchant wished to protect the late companion of his feast, so was on the qui vive for an opportunity to warn her. He kept his eye closely on the husband, and sent off message after message at intervals, that the lady might understand how events were progressand when it would be safe for her to emerge.

Messenger boys were kept busy carrying notes to the unwilling prisoner. Finally the coast became clear, and her incarceration was terminated by her husband's departure. But the gay merchant lived hours during the short time between his dinner's conclusion and the release of his companion from her misery. While she received such a shock to her nerves that it sent her home a sadder, and it is possible, a wiser woman.

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A Sensational Oil Deal

A story that reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights is behind a Sacramento lawsuit involving some valuable oil stock. In September 1899 William Sesnon, formerly County Clerk of this city and now the Secretary of the Railroad Commission, contracted the oil fever, and induced several of his friends to join with him in the purchase of one hundred and sixty acres of land in Kern county. They contributed two hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents each, securing the land for twenty-four hundred dollars, or at fifteen dollars an acre. The men that joined Sesnon in the deal were Colonel Jack Wright, Division Superintendent of the Southern Pacific company at Sacramento. James S. Gillis, State Librarian. Daniel Carmichael, the Democratic politician of Sacramento. Clark & Booth, the undertakers of that city, Samuel & Knowles, the oil-brokers, and B. F. Porter, of Aptos. About the time of the purchase Wright and Gillis secured for Clark the nomination for Mayor of Sacramento and he was elected. They then had a falling out with him over the appointment of a Chief of Police, and he and his partner decided to withdraw from the oil combination. They sold out their interest to their partners at the rate of one hundred dollars an acre, receiving thirty-five hundred dollars, being a profit of six hundred per cent.

The sale occurred on January 4, 1900, and two days later the combine began boring for oil. On January 26th oil was discovered and since then sixty-six of the one hundred and sixty acres have been sold for a quarter of a million dollars. The remainder of the land is now worth forty-five hundred dollars an acre, so that from an investment of twenty-four hundred dollars it is possible for them to realize over half a million dollars without developing the oil wells, but they are now operating and selling oil in abundance. Clark and Booth were of course sore when they learned of the rich find of their ex-partners, and to make matters worse somebody told them that they were "good things," that the oil was discovered before they sold out. Hence they have sued to recover their interest in the corporation alleging, that they were defrauded.

The Unique Statesman

"Colonel" Martin Brady, member of the Assembly from the Tenderloin District of San Francisco, is one of the most unique characters that ever graced (?) a seat in the halls of legislation in this or any other State. His unconventional personality attracted the attention of the newspaper correspondents and cartoonists as soon as the legislature opened, and as a consequence he was surprised to find himself famous within forty-eight hours after he became a statesman. Owing to the prominence that he has attained by reason of his conspicuous exhibition of the qualities of the practical politician, and his freedom from that veneer of hypocrisy with which men of his stripe usually seek to gloss their acts he may be deemed of sufficient importance for a pen picture.

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The Portrait

Martin Brady approximates in mind, appearance and morals the average Tammany politician with the metropolitan air. He is possessed of keenness and capacity for grasping a situation which come from years of association with men about town of high and low degree. Always well groomed and neatly attired he might be taken for a stockbroker, a horse-owner or a prosperous saloon-keeper. In his time he has played many parts. Among other occupations he has followed those of detective and superintendent of a poker game. He has spent much time on the cocktail route and he has enjoyed the companionship of men in all stations of life for he is somewhat of a wit, loves a good dinner and knows when a bird has been properly cooked, and what should be the proper temperature of a small bot.

Where He Got His Title

The story of the meeting between "Colonel" Martin Brady and Colonel Harry Brady, of the Bohemian club, serves to illustrate the ready wit of the tenderloin statesman. Upon being presented to his dignified namesake Martin Brady addressed the Bohemian club man in this manner:

"If the question is not an impertinent one, Colonel, would you mind telling me where you obtained your title?"

"Certainly not," replied Colonel Harry Brady, "I obtained my title on the field of Fredericksburg. Would you mind telling me, Colonel, where you obtained your title?"

"Certainly not," said Martin Brady, who prides himself upon his familiarity with brewery nomenclature, "I obtained mine, sir, on the field of Anheuser Busch."

How The Colonel was Shocked

A story that serves to illustrate the "Colonel's" frankness comes from Sacramento. He tells it himself. It is the story of how he was shocked. This is about the way he tells it: "Before coming to Sacramento I had heard a great deal about Colonel Mazuma but had never met that gentleman. Indeed, I knew very little of the manner in which he conducted his business, but I knew it wouldn't take me long to get wise. Shortly after the opening of the legislature a gentleman came to my seat, tapped me on the shoulder and told me he would like to see me upstairs. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'this is where they put me through the chairs ofthe grand lodge, but I was a little surprised, for I thought it queer that they should do business right in the capital. I had supposed they took a fellow down town. But I followed my man upstairs two flights and he pulled out a key and unlocked a door.' 'Well,' said I to myself, 'I guess this guy isn't all right; maybe he doesn't know what he is doin' with his little private key,' I followed him into the room, and there I saw a big steel vault. Then I was sure he was on to his job. He went over and monkeyed with the combination and looked cautiously around like a safe-cracker in a Morosco melodrama. I stopped breathing until he opened the vault. Then he took out a bottle of whisky and invited me to have a drink. I wanted to drop dead.

The J. J. Pfister Knitting Co. will remove to their new and elegant store, No. 60 Geary street on or about March 10th.

The shock was so great I didn't enjoy the drink. It was the worst deal I ever got."

How Byrne Won a Wife

Some two thousand years ago the wisest man of his time said: "There be four things which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." Were that very wise man living now I wonder would he alter his last line to fit the twentieth century girl and make it read, "the way of a maid with a man"? Verily this may all seem twaddle but it serves to point a moral and adorn the following very up-to-date tale anent a very sophisticated man and a very unsophisticated maid. Most of you remember Walter Byrne, mining man and stock promoter. Some six years ago he was a resident of this city. Hale fellow well met, he was popular with everybody both in society and round about all its fringes. He was very wealthy and could afford to gratify all his tastes, but he pampered them with such taste and judgment that bohemians, bon vivants, boulevardiers and the dilletanti recognized in him an epicurean in life and in living. Walter Byrne cut his wisdom teeth very early and all the men and women sharpers who tried, by bunco arts and displays of ingenious wit to flim-flam him out of any of his wealth, never gleaned anything better for their pains than a glimpse of his smiling incisors. In short Walter was rated in the Blue Book and Bradstreet's as an uncommonly clever man.

The Meeting

Time and again there were reports that he was engaged to the rich Miss This and the beautiful Miss That of local society, but he went East without a stopover at any altar. Some years ago he went East to become the angel of a theatrical manager who was producing musical skits in New York and this manager knew his business, as his books show. One day, in order to amuse Byrne, he sent around to him a bunch of pretty chorus girls who had applied for positions in a new opera. Byrne handled them like an old time impresario. Among the bevy was a striking blonde beauty. She possessed coloring, carriage and that calm self-possessed air, the hall-mark of fine breeding. Any one could see at a glance that she was never cut out for the chorus but rather to adorn some superior position. When her turn came to confer with Byrne she pleaded with him in a gentle manner to give her a position in the chorus. She readily admitted she had never been on the stage but necessity had suddenly forced her to earn her own livelihood. Byrne promptly booked her for a place and declared she should appear if every one else had to be cut out. He felt kindly disposed toward her on account of her evident distress and went out of his way to ask a few questions about herself. She said her name was Castleman and that she was a half-sister of Kate Castleman, the famous Kentucky beauty, whose pictures went the rounds of the Sunday supplements about four years ago.

The Entanglement

Three nights later Byrne was in a stage box to see this strange beauty make her first appearance in the chorus. She did not appear. Byrne hastened behind the scenes only to learn that she had not reported that night. Next day she came to his office with a strained face and an explanation.

"It was the tights, Mr. Byrne," she said, "I never thought of them when I asked you for a position in the chorus. Oh, I never could wear them, never! never! never! I'm so sorry to trouble you so: but couldn't you get me something else to do where there are no tights?"

Byrne was in a hurry at the time and just going out to luncheon.

"Can't you lunch with me," he suggested, "then we'll have a chance to talk it over at our leisure. Of course there must be some bill you can fill."

So she went along to lunch with him in a swell up-town New York establishment where the initiated may dine a deux. It was the usual lunch, arrayed in the usual way by a master craftsman and it ended in the usual manner.

The Consequence

Some months later a big financial scheme called Byrne to London and kept him tied up there longer than he had figured. One day a letter came that startled him. It fixed upon a responsibility that he did not relish. The next letter spoke of preparing a better home and of needing more money for the extra expenses—and more money followed a bunch of such bills across the wide ocean. The third letter suggested marriage as a reparation and then followed tear stained papers reciting the story of her dishonor and her struggle against a suicidal desire. She declared she never could again face a human being till he had made her his wife. Byrne wrote back "no," arranged his affairs and followed his letter.

He found her in tears. He asked to see his child. She said it was with her sister: she was afraid that he might steal it and she vowed that she would never give up the child no matter what he did to her. Again she begged him to marry her. He declared bluntly he would not and she fell moaning to the floor when he left her.

In her extremity she resolved by a desperate stroke to save her child's name. She went to Byrne's sister and told her frankly the story of her weakness and begged her to use her influence with her brother to right this great wrong. The sister was impressed and promised her help. Later Byrne was taken in hand by his sister; his marriage to the woman followed. A little later he took his bride on a trip with him to Chicago. One day a man burst into their apartments in the Auditorium and declared he was the beautiful bride's original husband; that there wasn't any Byrne baby and that her name never had been Miss Castleman.

Byrne, for a time, was flabbergasted: he of all men to be caught by such a trick! He has brought suit against her for bigamy but like her he doesn't mention "the baby" any more. He has quit trying to figure out how many more husbands and babies this gentle beauty, who shuddered at the mention of tights, has entertained and now he is engaged in trying to pen a temperate volume on "What I Don't Know About Women."

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Variety is always a feature of the menu at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh.

Not Good Form

An authority on form bids me tell my readers that it is not the proper thing to perform the hair-dressing act in public. At the theatre, since it has become the fashion to remove the gloves as well as the hat, one is apt to see a succession of white fingers, heavily jeweled, pinning up refractory locks of hair, or adjusting slipping pompadours. My informant, who seems to be au courant with all the latest wrinkles in propriety, tells me that no woman should raise her arms at any time above the breast line. "To lift the arm is bad form," she says, "and even to show off her jewels no woman should touch her hand to her hair when seated in a public place." How arbitrary is good form's oracle!

"I went to see "Zaza" so I could find out how to bring Willie Millions to the point," said Flossie Bud.

"And did you succeed?" asked Edithe.

"No—for Willie is so refined he would be shocked to death if I tried any of those wiles on him."

Phelan and White

Mayor Phelan knows how to do the graceful thing at the right time. As soon as it was suggested that a monument be erected to the memory of the late Stephen M. White, who was undoubtedly the best beloved man ever identified with the political history of this State, Mayor Phelan announced that he would contribute twenty-five hundred dollars. And when the Mayor had a chance to orate at the Iroquois club banquet the other night, he took occasion to eulogize the dead statesman in glowing terms. But now the cynics are out with their hammers as usual. They are questioning the sincerity of the Mayor, and pointing out that only a year ago he was doing his utmost to prevent the representatives of his organization at Sacramento from giving poor Steve White a complimentary vote. They say that at that time Steve White was dying and that the effort to deny him a complimentary vote, in view of his services to the State and to his party, was the unkindest thrust that had been dealt him in all his political career. And now the enemies of the Mayor characterize his donation for the erection of a monument as a contribution to the Phelan conscience fund.

A Grave Blunder

All of which shows how easy it is for a man in politics to have his motives misconstrued. Mr. Phelan's friends undoubtedly erred in seeking to prevent Steve White from receiving that complimentary vote, but I can scarcely believe that Mr. Phelan realized what his friends were doing. He must have known that it was impossible to withhold that vote. Mr. White had too many loyal friends—friends that were held by hooks of steel and not of gold—to be deprived of that compliment. But of course it was a political blunder, and one that cannot be offset by a contribution to a monument fund. Mr. Phelan was an admirer of Steve White, and I have no doubt that in the fulness of his admiration he would be willing to defray the entire cost of the proposed monument.

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White's Estate

The friends of Steve White are glad to know that he left an estate of sufficient size to safeguard his family against want. The estate is valued at about a hundred thousand dollars, a comparatively small sum when the extent of his legal practice is considered. He was the foremost lawyer of the southern section of the State, and during his career at the bar he received many large fees, but like most lawyers his business capacity was not large. It is a singular fact that few lawyers,even among those whose commercial practice is large, have any business ability. There are few Reuben Lloyds at the local bar. Lloyd is believed to be a millionaire but he is an exception. T. I. Bergin is very rich, but he was never a spendthrift. His partner Hall McAllister, who won large estates by day, lost fortunes at the poker table at night. Tom Bishop is very rich in lands, but he is kept busy earning enough money to pay his tax bills. His greatest burden is the Glen Annie ranch in Santa Barbara county which he obtained as a contingent fee in a suit against the Hollisters. Richard Mesick received many a fat fee from the Bonanza Kings but died comparatively poor. D. M. Delmas has had a lucrative practice but he is far from wealthy. Some idea of his business capacity may be gathered from the circumstance that he has been known to draw checks against his account in the bank when he didn't have a cent on deposit. Sam Wilson, the father of Russell Wilson, was one of the few old-time lawyers who invested money to advantage, and Charley Wheeler is one of the successful young practitioners of the day who has no use for money except to spend it. He has a baronial castle off in the mountains that costs a fortune to maintain, but then he has hopes of breaking the trust clause in the late James G. Fair's will.

Pets of the President

President McKinley's pets have been getting some very hard knocks of late. But in almost every instance they have none but themselves to blame for the bruises they have received. When Admiral Sampson was raised over the heads of half a dozen superior officers to be given command of the Atlantic fleet, it was explained that his elevation was due to the rare judgment which he possessed. The quality of the rare judgment has been demonstrated by a letter written by the admiral in which he inadvertently proclaims himself a cad. Another one of McKinley's pets is

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General Otis who was sent to Manila to pacify the Filipinos and who came back with a doubtful reputation for that executive ability which he was said to possess to a high degree. And now comes to my ears, a story which, I hear, has already leaked out in official circles in Washington and which threatens to provoke a storm of hot criticism.

How Lawton Might Have Been Saved

It is a story that has been told by way of the smallness of the Otis character, and it has been in circulation in army circles for some time. It appears that when General Otis was in Manila he was not on friendly terms with the late General Lawton. It was believed that Otis was somewhat jealous of Lawton who at that time held the rank of Colonel and whose friends at Washington were urging his promotion. General Otis received the despatch containing the official notice of Lawton's promotion the day before the latter was killed. That night Lawton visited the Major-General's headquarters and held a conference with his superior officer, but was not informed of his promotion. If he had received the information he would not have gone to the front that night and would, perhaps, be alive today. Otis' motive in withholding the information is now questioned, though he explained to General Lawton's widow that he wanted to give Lawton a big surprise at a more fitting time. When he made that statement Mrs. Lawton said, "Well, General, if you had told him that night you would have saved my husband's life."

Dewey's victory is still a subject of discussion in naval circles. The Admiral's confreres in the navy regard the affair which won so much renown for the Admiral as the most gigantic joke in all history. They say that if the Spaniards had given Dewey a good fight the result would have been the same, but that the glory of his feat has been greatly magnified. They have ascertained that there never were any guns on one of the islands in the mouth of the harbor which was reported to have thundered dreadfully when the fleet of war-ships entered. The land battery which worked so furiously consisted of several antiquated guns one of which broke down under the weight of a man who stood upon it after the capture of Manila. And as for the story of the probability of torpedos being in the channel, that is flouted for the reason that it was well known that the entrance to the harbor was so deep that it could not be mined, And finally, it is said, that one cruiser was sufficient to destroy the entire Spanish fleet.

Madeleine Is Back

Madeleine McKisick Bruguiere has just arrived in town from the East, the sole object of her trip here being to get that long disputed divorce. She looks much better than she did when she made her debut at the Columbia theatre about a year ago with the Modjeska company. According to her plans she will visit her friends, get her, decree and hie back to her engagements in the East,all in about nine weeks time. The complaint was all drawn up and ready for her to sign when she arrived here five days ago. It is pretty well understood among the friends of both sides that Pedar Bruguiere does not care to fight the suit; the only question at issue is that everlasting stand-by in the divorce court—the question of alimony.

Mrs. Joseph Belleau Coryell—Mabel Lloyd Jessup that was—is domiciled at the Palace hotel, where she receives on Mondays.

Merit Recognized

Tom Sullivan is no longer the star reporter of the *Call*. He has been promoted to the position of News Editor. Tom Sullivan is one of the Berkeley boys who have won success in the field journalistic. He served his apprenticeship on the *Chronicle* under Tom Garrett who initiated him into the mysteries of the business, and when the latter went to the *Examiner* Sullivan went with him. He has been on the *Call* staff about two years. He was recognized as an exceptionally bright reporter, combining the qualities of the "news-digger" with those of the facile writer. Some of his best work was done on the Durrant case.

The Engagement of the Week

Miss Lottie Cunningham, whose engagement to Lieutenant Percy Kessler, U. S. A., was announced on Thursday, has always been very popular in the Presidio set. During the late war, when every society girl was going in heart and hand for Red Cross work, Miss Cunningham was one of the most enthusiastic laborers for the cause. It was out of the question that a civilian would have had a chance to win the favor of a girl like Miss Cunningham, all of whose people are either in the army or navy, and the beaux of the smart set tried in vain to storm the fortress of her heart. The happy bridegroom-elect is in the cavalry.

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Stephen M. White

(EULOGY DELIVERED BY D. M. DELMAS, FEB. 25, 1901)

The day set apart and dedicated to the commemoration of the birth of Washington has been for now more than a century a day of praise and rejoicing throughout the land. Yet, as we observe it as this moment—at an hour deferred—we can not be unmindful of the fact that the day itself was spent by the Democracy of the State in mourning and in tears. On that day, the most illustrious of her champions had been stricken down in the meridian of his career, and all of him that was mortal was fast vanishing into the shadow of the dark house and the long sleep which await all the sons of men. In the presence of a death so mournful, a loss so irreparable, it would be doing violence to our own feelings not to turn a while from the special observances appropriate to this occasion, to give some expression, however inadequate, to our sorrow, and to voice, however feebly, our sense of bereavement.

It is eminently appropriate that this mournful tribute should be paid here, and now; for, though in a broad sense our dead leader belonged to the whole State, yet, by a nearer and more especial title, may the Democracy of California claim him as her own. By origin, instinct and lifelong devotion he was hers. Hers by ties as close and indissoluble as those which bind the mother to her child. Hers by the reciprocal bond of affection, finding outward and visible manifestation in the great rewards, the ample honors and the exalted offices which it had been her delight and her pride with prodigal hand to shower upon him. If Democracy means today what it meant in the days of its great founder—if it still represents the equality of men—if it still stands the opponent of all class distinctions—if it still clings to the doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none—if it still holds as a fundamental truth the right and the duty and the power of the people to govern themsslves—then, well may the country be challenged to show a purer embodiment of Democracy than that which in him God had vouchsafed to our eyes.

Sprung from the people, his life, true to its origin, was devoted to one continuous service of the people. To promote their cause were all his aspirations cherished; and his dearest ambition sought no other gratification than such as it was in the people's power to bestow. In this age of gold, when wealth is in the estimation of so many the synonym of worth, he never bent the knee before the power of money. At a time when capital has by aggregation and concentration acquired such an ascendancy as not only to dwarf the individual man but to overshadow the government of the Republic itself, he courted not its favor and never sought its support. Others might bend their necks to the yoke, and seek political honors at the sacrifice of independence. His were loftier aims. From that hour in his boyhood, when the first glimmer of a seat in the highest house of the Nation's Councils dawned upon him, he resolved that his ambition should be satisfied without the sacrifice of manhood, without the taint of corruption, without the loss of individual and absolute freedom of thought and action. The annals of our state contain no brighter page than that which records the fulfillment of that pledge. Laws may decay and Constitutions may perish, but as long as a vestige of the true spirit of Democracy is left, his example will remain to inspire, elevate and purify the aspirations of the youth of the State. The future historian will write his name as that of one who, without compromise with wrong, attained the highest honors which the State could confer; one whose lofty purpose and sublime declaration—let the chronicler blazon the sentence in letters of gold—it was that he intended "to make it possible for a man to aspire to the Senatorship on his merits alone."

Entering the Senate of the United States while still a young man, he took his place the peer in character, attainments, eloquence and statesmanship of the oldest and most honored of those with whom in official station he stood upon an equal plane. If it be true that that once august body has degenerated into an assemblage of representatives and servants of money—if, to use the current phrase, it has become a mere millionaire's club—the contamination of his surroundings never touched the Senator from California. Others might fall with servile idolatry before false idols; his faith remained uncorrupted. Others might abdicate their lofty mandate to become the tools of capital; he served but one master—the people and the whole people. Others might degenerate into mere pawns upon the chess-board which the spirit of commercialism manipulates at will in the sordid game of money making; he surrendered to no one his independence or his conscience. The blandishments of wealth were powerless to allure him; and the hired audacity of corruption stood awed and abashed in the presence of his integrity. Poor in purse, he possessed a treasure beyond the might of gold to buy—he owned himself.

By those who did not know him it might be imagined that a character so exalted, a fidelity to duty so unswerving were accompanied with an austerity of temperament and a repellency of manner calculated to isolate him from his fellowmen. But we who knew him know that it was not so. His nature was so broad and catholic, his charity toward all so unaffected and generous, his considerateness for the feelings of others so tender and unfailing that, in the breasts of those who were brought in contact with him, admiration and respect ever shaded off into personal affection. His commanding ability engendered no envy. His assumption of leadership excited no jealousy. It seemed to all a pleasure to further his cause and a privilege to do him honor.

And what shall be said of those intellectual gifts now buried in the darkness of the tomb? What of that eloquence, now silenced forever, to which popular assemblies, courts and senates, entranced by the combined spell of splendid imagery, convincing logic and resistless conviction, have so often listened? Not this the occasion fitly to describe or estimate them. This much, however, it may be permitted to say. The imagination of the orator never hurried him beyond the limits of good taste or good sense. His powers of reasoning were never employed in the furtherance of a dishonest or an unjust cause. The intensity of his convictions and the consciousness of his own rectitude never carried him to the length of impugning the sincerity or assailing the motives of an antagonist. The current of his speech flowed like a placid stream into whose limpid waters his soul was mirrored; and if at times, under the sway of deep emotions aroused by enterprises of great weight and moment its tide rose and swept onward like a torrent swollen by the storms of winter, it never overflowed its banks spreading ruin and desolation in its path.

One trait of his character we recall today with an especial fondness. He was a Californian—in the highest and best sense of the word, intensely a Californian. Born here, he had never crossed beyond the boundaries of the State until after he had passed the thirty-second year of his life. And the California of his affection was not the State that recent agitators have schemed for—not a California rent in twain, halved between the North and the South, shattering into fragments the broad allegiance of her sons—but the California of today, and of the days of the Argonauts—California dowered with the integrity and grandeur of her original domain, extending the majestic sweep of her imperial boundaries from Oregon to Mexico and from the Sierras to the Pacific, gathering within her ample lap all the varied productions of her soil and clime, from the gold of the placers washed by the melting snows of Shasta to the orange and citron which perfume the fragrant groves of San Diego—California, the land, one and indivisible, which her sons wandering in foreign climes dream of in slumbers, and, waking, long for, yearning for the hour of return.

But this is not the occasion to pronounce the eulogy of our dead friend. Our loss is too recent, our sense of bereavement too poignant to permit justice to his character, his accomplishments and his public services to be done now. At no distant day, we feel assured, a fitter opportunity will come. When time shall have assuaged our sorrow, and the light of our reason shall no longer be dimmed with tears, as the monument which a grateful people have projected to perpetuate his memory stands unveiled, that hour will be at hand. I seem to see that monument erected in some public place of the City which has been the home of his youth and manhood, and in which his ashes repose. I see it as loving hearts would ordain it, as loving hands would mould and fashion it. Let enduring bronze transmit to generations yet unborn the lineaments of that face and the proportions of that form which it was our privilege to see in the flesh, but which in the flesh mortal eye shall see never more. Upon each side

of its square and granite base let bas-reliefs typify the great epochs of his career. In the first, let him be represented as a boy upon his father's farm, holding the plow paused in mid-furrow while his imagination is dazzled by the visions which the veil of futurity rent by his young ambition displays before his eyes; in the second, let him appear in the full maturity of his manhood and in the meridian of his intellectual power arguing before the Supreme Court of the United States the constitutionality of the Chinese Exclusion Act; in the third, let him be seen, his face radiant and his frame dilated with the realization of his boyhood's aspirations as he receives from the Legislature of California, in joint convention assembled, the announcement that he is the State's chosen Senator; in the fourth, let him be figured at the Chairman's desk, quelling with outstretched hand the stormy waves, of the National Democratic Presidential Convention assembled at Chicago. Upon such a pedestal let there be raised a commanding statue representing him as he stood in his place in the Senate of the United States, on that fateful day of April, 1898, when breasting misguided public clamor, and with prophetic eye foreseeing the dangers with which the lust of empire menaced our institutions, he uttered, in words of inspired eloquence, his protest against the declaration of war with Spain. Then, as the veil falls from the monument and the glad acclaims of the assembled multitude die upon the air, let some friend worthy to perform the task recount the life, commemorate the triumphs, and voice the praises of Stephen M. White.

Gaga

Or the Secrets of the Other Side of Town revealed: a free Adaptation for the Stage from the Italian of Madame Leslie Belascona Carterini

---

Scene: Dressing room of Gaga, a lightning change artist; time, about 11 p. m., during the intermission.

Characters: Gaga, her partner, her maid, a chappie, actor and actresses.

Gaga (to chappie): I'm stuck on your friend, the coon in the swell togs in the front row. Bring him in, will you, after my turn.?

[Exit Chappie.[

Gaga goes out and does her turn and returns to her dressing-room.

Gaga (to the others): Get out of here. I want to entertain the swell alone.

A deposed Favorite (sneering): Think you're some punkins, don't you? But *I* have had kings in *my* dressing-room.

Gaga: Bah! the king of clubs, perhaps.

[Enter Chappie and his friend Barney; exit the others.]

Gaga (to Chappie with a wink): I don't need a chaperon.

[Exit Chappie with duplicate wink].

Gaga (holding up her foot): Unlace my shoe, please.

Barney: You mistake me—I am not a valet.

Gaga (laughing): What wit! Come and sit by my side (puts two chairs close together)—did you ever see a lightning change artist at such close range before?

Barney (nervously consulting his watch): I believe I must be going.

Gaga (beginning to unfasten her bodice): Give me a lift, please. My maid is not anywhere around, and I'm simpfy stifling.

Barney unhooks bodice, and then turns his back, modestly.

Gaga: Oh, you prude! How do you like this petticoat? I revel in lace. (stands in front of him and lays her head on his shoulder) Lord! how good that feels!

Barney (brushing powder off his lapel): Get away:

Gaga (putting her face close to his): Kiss me.

Curtain falls on the two in each other's arms.

Act II The Discovery.

Scene: Room in flat of Gaga and Barney.

Gaga (entering): I have found it all out (weeps and tears her hair). I know why he still cherishes an affection for his wife.

The Partner: Why ?

Gaga: Barney has a secret passion for onions. *I* can't abide them. He loves my kisses, my embraces, and these he would have to forego if he indulged in his pet legume. Well, I tracked him to his other house—where Madame lives—and saw him eating—onions. He enjoyed them, too, the beast! And now I shall not see him for a day or so—he would not dare, you understand, to come here after eating *those*. But wait—I will give him onions, also.

Chorus: How ?

Gaga (smiling): I shall cook them myself.

Her partner: And be a murderess—oh! that I should live to see the day.

Gaga: You all get out of here. I'm going to cook.

Several hours are supposed to elapse:

Enter Barney, highly perfumed and regaling himself with musk losenges.

Barney: Gaga! Gaga! my angel, my own, my love!

Gaga (with very red eyes and tired air): Here, Barney—but wait, no kisses till dinner is served.

Cook places dinner on table, and Gaga with great pride uncovers one dish.

Gaga: There, my sweet! A surprise for you—I cooked it myself.

Barney (sniffing): Creamed onions!

Gaga: Yes, dear, I have discovered your secret. I—

Gaga: Yes, I saw *her*—your wife—and saw you eating your favorite dish.

Barney: Vile spy!

Gaga (winding her arms around his neck): No, mon ange, I am only your poor little Gaga. And now, you will no longer have to go home for your onions. I will cook them for you.

Barney: You—cook? (bursts into loud laughter)

Gaga (shrieking with rage): Yes *cook*—for you, ingrate, (takes dish and smashes it on hearth, its contents being spilled on the rug). See these red eyes—tears from peeling onions for you. Oh, mon Dieu!

And you will still go there? Are *her* kisses as warm as mine? Does she understand the arts of love as *I* do ? (throws herself on couch, and kicks the pillows about in her wild frenzy).

Barney: Fool ! Do you think I value you in the same degree with *her*? Why, you poor miserable low creature that I took from the gutter, where could *you* expect to learn to cook? You make me tired.

Gaga: Ah-h ! and you loved me once ! (tears table-cloth to pieces, throws dishes at Barney, smashes keys of piano, whirls round and round the room screaming all the while, and finally sinks down exhausted on rug before fireplace, panting from her exertions).

—*The Realist.*

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"Zaza"—warm, fierce and outspoken.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"A Husband's Honor"—leonine.
ALCAZAR—"What Happened to Jones"—second week.
TIVOLI—"The Wizard of the Nile"—second week.
ORPHEUM—Good variety.

The Play of the Week

The only excuse for "Zaza" is Mrs. Carter. The moral sense must have become sadly perverted that can witness such a play and not be shocked by its realism. Gautier in the preface to his "Mademoiselle de Maupin" remarked that it was not the most useful place in the house that poets and artists chose as subjects for their verses and pictures, or words to that effect. Nor would the average playwright write a drama about a scavenger's wagon or a dung-heap. But "Zaza" is worse. It is foul. It is nauseating. Yet it is fascinating. And this very fascination of the play shows a depraved taste in the auditor. We are all moral backsliders. The world sneaked in to see "The Black Crook" once upon a time. It walks into the theatre boldly, and rapturously applauds "Zaza." Lord, lord! what are we coming to? Purity is no longer a praiseworthy possession. With the casting off of the veil of modesty, we have become too open in our vices. Zola's "Nana" was vile, but no dramatic version of it has ever degraded the American stage. "Sapho" was evil only in suggestion. "Zaza" is outspoken, coarse, vulgar. There is no moral problem in it; an immoral one, if you like, but one better left untold. "Zaza" should be labeled "for men only." It is too brazenly brutal a picture to be gazed at even by women of the type it depicts.

The Star

But, as I said, the excuse for the play is Mrs. Carter. In "The Heart of Maryland" she was super-melodramatic. In "Zaza," she is wild, intense, realistically coarse, everything the character demands. The effrontery of the undressing scene in the first act is not rendered one whit less offensive by the principal character than its author intended. The blandishments Zaza uses to win Dufresne's admiration are of the grossest nature. There is not an ounce of refinement in the part and Mrs. Carter acts the role to the letter. There is little in the second and third acts to command attention. They simply carry on the story, Zaza's discovery that Bernard has a wife, and her visit to his home, where his child's sweet prattle softens her heart and disarms her of her intention to inform his wife of his baseness. It is in the fourth act that Mrs. Carter displays her wonderful emotional qualities. What a difference here from the quiet intensity and reposeful poise of Mrs. Fiske in the murder scene of "Tess"! There, was that emotion implied rather than expressed; here, is the emotion that reveals itself in action. The passions of jealousy, anger, grief, and despair are simulated by Mrs. Carter in a manner that is soul-harrowing. The climax, where she falls against the mantel exhausted by her own outbreak, is where her art reaches its height.

The Others In The Cast

As is usual in a one-star play, the other members are chosen with a view to general excellence. Mr. Stevenson is a satisfactory Bernard Dufresne; the character is an insipid one and the wonder of the auditors is what Zaza could have seen in such a man to waste all that emotion on. Mr. Howard does a good bit of character work as the Duc de Brisac. Mark Smith as the singing partner of Zaza is effective. Hugo Toland has grown thiner than when he was here last; he has the part of Dufresne's friend, which is just in his line. But may I ask, Mr. Toland, if you think Jacques Rigault would not have removed his hat as he entered Zaza's dressing-room? Rigault was presumably a gentlemen, and though in the presence of a woman of Zaza's status, do you think he would have retained his hat? Marie Bates, of "Chimmie

Fay & Foster at the Grand Hotel Cafe, serve from 11 till 2 daily a commercial lunch to do credit to San Francisco as "the city of commercial lunches." It will save you a trip home.

Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased. Department No. 10.

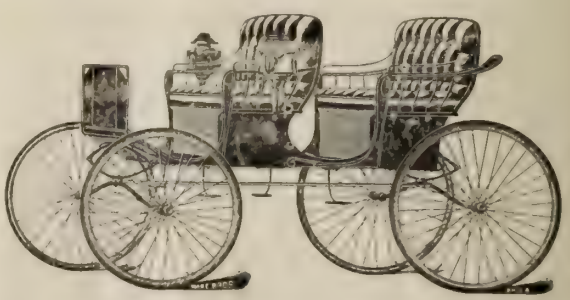
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Helen Flinn, Administratrix of the estate of BRIDGET KENNEDY, Deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said Deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to said Administratrix at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Attorney for said Administratrix, at rooms 20 and 21, 7th Floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HELEN FLINN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bridget Kennedy, Deceased.

San Francisco, January 28, 1901

Charles Wesley Reed
Attorney for said administratrix



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L. F. WEAVER, Manager.

Fadden" fame, has a somewhat similar part in "Zaza" to that she had in the former piece. As Zaza's drinking old aunt, she is a success. Helen Robertson puts considerable color into her part of Florianne, an ex-favorite who grudges Zaza her popularity with the public. Maude Winter is quietly convincing as Alice Morel. Nina Lyn, as the wife of Dufresne, rather overdoes the part. It strikes one, from her conception, that Madame Dufresne would not have been greatly disturbed by Zaza's communication, had it been delivered according to the latter's first design.

Apropos the Play

The public likes to be admitted behind the scenes; to see stage people au naturel, en deshabille or otherwise; to see how stage thunder and lightning are made, how cues are given and the rest of it. That is where Belasco's art as a playwright shows itself, in giving us the first act of "Zaza." The last act is the one refined feature of the play, and redeems much that went before, though in this very delicacy the act seems incongruous. Such a change as two years made in Zaza's personality appears impossible. The scenery in this act is beautiful, the exterior of the concert garden at night, with colored electric lights gleaming over the gates and from the building. The stage settings are admirable throughout but I wish to draw the property man's attention to an absurdity in the furnishings of Dufresne's home. Though the room is the private apartment of people of wealth and refinement, they permit a huge placard to disfigure their piano, proclaiming the maker of the instrument. No such glaring fault is observed in Zaza's modest menage.

Attractions Next Week

Another grand opera season is to delight San Francisco's music-hungry people. On March eighteenth, under the local management of Mr. Alfred Bouvier, Madame Marcella Sembrich and a splendid company of artists will appear for a season of performances at the Grand Opera House, the repertory including "The Barber of Seville," "Rigoletto," "Don Pasquale," "La Traviata," "I Pagliacci," "Lucia" and "Faust." There will be no repetitions. The season sale of seats will open at the Grand next Wednesday morning. Sembrich's tour is managed by Mr. C. L. Graff.

Packed houses have seen "Zaza" this week, and the sale for next week is so large that another week of crowded houses is assured. The only matinee next week will be on Saturday. Following "Zaza" will come "The Highwayman," Smith and De Koven's jolly comic opera. Foxy Quiller, the detective, is the leading character of this opera.

I know of no comedy more charming than "Countess Gucki," which is to be the Alcazar's bill next week. It is clean, bright and breezy. "The Last Word," another Daly comedy, will follow "Countess Gucki."

Howard Hall and Adgie's lions in "A Husband's Honor" have drawn enthusiastic audiences all the week at the Grand, but there will be but two more performances of this melodrama. Next week that old favorite "Around the World in Eighty Days" will be given. It is long since this play was given here, and its revival is interesting. Mr. Hall will be Phineas Fogg and Virginia Calhoun, Nina Morris and Helen Hargreaves will all have good roles.

"The Wizard of the Nile" is good for several weeks to come at the Tivoli and will be followed by a superb production of the great comic opera, "The Wedding Day," by Stange and Edwards, in which Russell, Della Fox and Jeff D'Angelis starred.

Papinta, queen of danseuses, will be on the Orpheum's bill next week, and Wilson and Waring, English eccentric vocalists, will be novelties. The Oriskany trio, equilibrists, are said to be great in their line. Robert Hilliard, who has been so well received in "The Littlest Girl" this week, will remain with his clever company, also Katherine Bloodgood, whose magnificent vocalism has pleased both gallery and orchestra to the extent of a rousing encore every night. The French minstrels, John L. Hay, Bard brothers and the biograph will stay on the bill.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Next Monday Last Six Nights
Matinee Saturday only
Mrs.
LESLIE CARTER
as ZAZA in
David Belasco's play
March 11—Smith and De Koven's merry, musical comic opera success "The Highwayman"
Prices—$2, $1.50, $1, 75 and 50 cents.

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Mar. 3d
Papinta Wilson and Waring Oriskany Trio
Robert Hilliard and Co. Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood Dumond's Minstrels
John Le Hay Bard Brothers Biograph
Reserved Seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c.
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Pack the house at every performance of the Operatic Sensation
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Ferris Hartman as the Wizard
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Next Production—THE WEDDING DAY
Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2
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Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c

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Beginning Sunday Afternoon, Mar. 3rd One Week Only
Lewis Morrison in His Incomparable Production of
"FAUST"
Next—"THE TELEPHONE GIRL"
Popular Prices 25c, to $1.00

THE "Old English" style of engraving is used not only for visiting cards, but Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, are now also engraving wedding and reception invitations in the same style.

To-morrow night the California starts out on its new policy of only playing first-class attractions in the future and with a fixed schedule of prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar. The first attraction under the new order of things is Lewis Morrison's elaborate and unrivaled production of "Faust" which opens at the California to-morrow night for one week only, the company and every minute detail of the magnificent presentation coming here direct from New York. Nothing greater in the way of settings and startling mechanical and electrical effects has ever been put on the stage than Morrison has devised for this season's production of "Faust." The new Brocken scene this season is undoubtedly the greatest bit of mechanical ingenuity that has yet been displayed in stage craft. The effect of the sumptuous setting is heightened by the introduction of most intricate and weird effects, rivaling those produced by the most adept magicians. The hooting and screeching of owls, the flight of hobgoblins, witches and fairy creatures through space, the dazzling lightning flashes in midair, together with the grandeur and picturesqueness of the scenic setting, all contribute to make this a never to be forgotten scene. "Faust" will be followed by the great New York Casino success "The Telephone Girl" a musical comedy which has made a big hit everywhere.

The Playgoer.

The Automobile

Unless there is a complete change in the present regime, I am afraid the Automobile Club of California will be an organization in name only in the very near future. Those who have the best interests of the new sport at heart have been very lenient with the officers of this club thus far, preferring to give them every opportunity to show their good intentions than to take any arbitrary measures otherwise. The time has come when there must be something done and as the officials of the Automobile Club of California do not seem inclined to exert themselves in any way, they should either tender their resignations and give way to more active workers or else the members of the club should demand a new election. It took the present board of officers nine months to prepare a constitution and by-laws and from the dilatory tactics they are adopting at present, it will be another nine months before anything further is done. The successful automobile run which was held last Sunday should have been handled by the club but they allowed the affair to be handled by outsiders. Out of the twenty carriages that participated not one was owned or controlled by a club member. The only representative of the Automobile Club of California upon this, the initial motor vehicle run held in this portion of the state, was B. L. Ryder, who accompanied the run as a guest of one of the participants. A fine club, for a fact.

From the very first I have strongly opposed any attempt to form a rival organization, believing that when the officers of the present club found out the feeling that has existed for some time among the outsiders, they would speedily change their tactics and set the club right in the eyes of the public. But they have not done so and I for one am finally compelled to throw up my hands in disgust. Anything in the shape of a good, live, active automobile club will be welcomed from this time on. No matter whether it is the California Touring Club or the Automobile Road Club so long as there is a board of officers with sufficient energy to cope with the many important details that need immediate attention.

One prominent official of the Automobile Club of California was very indignant that any outsider should have enough presumption to undertake the legitimate work of the club in organizing last Sunday's run.

"The club should have handled that run," said he to L'Hommedieu, the offender in question, "that is part of our work."

"Then why didn't you," rejoined L'Hommedieu, "I have no desire to interfere with the work of the club but you were so slow that we simply could not stand it any longer."

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The White Sewing Machine Company will be a very prominent factor in automobile trade circles in the very near future. Manager Hawkins of the local branch says the factory is now turning out some of the best steam vehicles on the market, the engines of which he says will unquestionably create a sensation when they are first seen out here. Manager Hawkins has just received instructions to secure a lease of the entire store under the Pacific-Union club, part of which the company now occupies, as well as the whole basement. The latter will be used for the assembling, repairing and storing of the company's vehicles.

If the Electric Vehicle Company desires to effectually close up operations out here all that will be necessary to do is to send another of their vice-presidents to San Francisco. The recent visit of Second vice-President Johnson was upon such a farcical order that I think another oue would make us all throw up our hands. Before the advent of Mr. Johnson we had some hopes of shortly becoming an up-to-date city, in possessing a well equipped electric cab service. In fact three weeks ago the parties interested had all the money raised with which to float the venture, but now they declare it is all off and that they will have nothing whatever to do with electric cabs or any other cabs for that matter. Mr. Johnson came here for the express purpose of straightening out things automobilly but his only accomplishment seems to have been to place the situation in a far worse condition than ever before.

Mr. Johnson came as second vice-president of the newly consolidated Electric Vehicle Company of New York, which absorbed the Riker and Columbia factories. Before the consolidation Johnson was a member of the Columbia forces, When the cab project was first formulated here the parties interested, after careful investigation of the different electric vehicles on the market, decided to contract for the Rikers, Everything was progressing favorably until the arrival of Mr. Johnson, who immediately commenced to boost Columbia vehicles to the cab people and to ridicule their selection of the Riker. As a result they became disgusted and abandoned the project altogether. From my point of view Mr. Johnson as an official of the consolidated company should have been satisfied to allow matters to remain as they were and fill the order with Riker vehicles. The new company would not make any more profit out of the one than the other and as they had the order for Riker's the attempt to substitute Columbias strikes me as a very peculiar business although it may have been that Johnson's former partiality asserted itself too strongly to be resisted after he got away from the influence of the eastern office.

With the blowing away of the electric cab vision which has been floating so alluringly before our eyes for the past several months, it has just called to mind the condition of electrical vehicles in this city. The advocates of this style of motor vehicle have now had nearly a year in which to work of business, yet they have accomplished nothing to speak of. Gunst & Co. bought or hired a delivery wagon several months ago. An electric stanhope was sold last June to Mrs. William Ede and recently Charles Fair purchased an electric victoria in the east, which sale may or may not have been effected by a local agent. This is certainly a fine showing for the advocates of electricity. The Locomobile company in six months has sold over seventy steam rigs and the Mobile company, whose branch was opened a week ago, has sold four machines already. —*The Automobiler.*

All next week will be on sale genuine maple bedroom suites market price $75. our price $45. it is a snap. Buyers of furniture should remember this price holds good for next week only at the Pattosien Co., corner 16th and Mission.

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Knox Spring Styles now open.
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Music World

Carreno is Coming

Teresa Carreno, the great pianist, who created such a furore when last heard here, will give three recitals at Sherman-Clay hall on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, March twelfth and sixteenth, and Thursday evening, March fourteenth. She is now making the longest tour of her career. Beginning February eleventh she gave four concerts in Cuba and then jumped directly to the City of Mexico, whence she comes here. Teresa Carreno is a remarkable linguist, speaking nearly every modern language. She has, however, her limitations, as is shown by the following story, one of her favorites. Upon one occasion she had gone to Stockholm, by appointment, to thank King Oscar for the decoration with the medal of "Arts and Letters." The King addressed her in French, to which she replied in the same language. He then spoke to her in Italian and she as promptly answered in that tongue, then followed Spanish, German, English and Russian. He being himself such a great linguist was much amused that so young a woman could speak so many tongues, and complimented her on speaking all the languages. She always adds, with a laugh, though, that it was fortunate that he didn't address her in Swedish, which she did not speak at that time. She has since then, however, added this to her other equipments. Mr. Philip Hastings will have charge of the local recitals and seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's next Thursday morning.

Their Last Recitals

The Henschels have made more friends than ever during their present visit. They have been busy with pupils, as well as giving their recitals. This week recitals were given on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday. The last will be given this afternoon at a quarter after three o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give the most charming songs in their delightful repertory. It is a chance no one should miss, who has failed to attend the others of the series.

A Pupils' Recital

The pupils' recital given by the California Conservatory of Music last Monday night drew a crowded house. The program rendered was excellent and the manner of its rendition creditable to the instructors. Indeed there was instrumental work done of so high character it fell little short of the professional mark. Miss Lydia Reinstein and Miss Josie Cronan of the younger pupils did remarkably well and gave their piano numbers with correctness of technic and good expression. There were two piano duos with Otto Bendix at second piano —"The Wanderer Fantasie" (Schubert), by Miss Alice Toklas, and a Grieg concerto by Miss Lily Hansen. Miss Toklas did some excellent work and received an encouraging burst of applause at the close of her number. She plays with finish and ease of execution that show conclusively the careful, conscientious student, and the result is most flattering. Miss Hansen's work was splendid. She has a strong wrist and a fine grasp of difficult situations that gives her playing a masculine character, and her handling of octave passages is clear and strong even in the most rapid tempo. Miss Clara Hirschfeld in a Schumann sonata for piano and violin, with Nathan Landsberger, in part first of the program, did fine work at the piano, as did also Mrs. Inman in the Rubinstein sonata which finished part second. Of the violin pupils Mr. Harry Factor, a mere youth, shows most talent and his De Beriot "Sixth Air Varies" was given with a remarkable degree of expression in one so young. He is markedly talented and plays with a strong yet flexible wrist, and already handles his bow in a manner which would do much credit to a far more advanced student. Miss Stella Leszynski was the violin in a very pleasing "Romance" (Oberthen) for violin and harp, and Mrs. Nathan Landsberger played a beautiful harp accompaniment. Mrs. S. R. Lion won much applause by her rendering of a Wieniawski mazurka and Sarasate "Spanish Dance." Her execution was excellent. Altogether the work all through was most commendable and enjoyable. Of Mr. Landsberger's solo work words are not needed, he is so well known. It is always a pleasure to hear him and his performance on this occasion was quite up to the mark and made a delightful break in the program. Mrs. Landsberger was accompanist for the evening.

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

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Receptions to Artists

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Florence Jenckes, the noted singer and teacher of New York, who has lately located here, was the guest of honor at a reception given at the Wenban by Dr. Alice Gott and Mrs. Emmons. The affair was also complimentary to Miss Harden-Hickey of Paris. The function was a thoroughly enjoyable one, a musical program being rendered in which both Mrs. Jenckes and Miss Hickey were heard in songs. The artistic accompaniments were played by Mr. Fred Maurer.

A reception in honor of Mademosielle Trebelli-Dolores, who left San Francisco last Saturday on her tour around the world, was given by Mr. and Mrs. Xavier Rolker at their residence, 910 Sutter street, on Friday evening of last week. The pupils and their escorts alone were invited. A musical program was contributed by the Misses Simons, Pohlman, Freda Ohlandt, Lena Rehfisch and M. A. Fritschi, all of whom received words of praise and encouragement from the great singer. The evening's enjoyment was crowned when Mademosielle Trebelli arose and sang several songs.

Mrs. A. T. King, the *Musical Courier's* Boston representative, is at the Occidental. Mrs. King is visiting the Coast on special business.

A Coming Event

Next Thursday the Musicians' club will give an evening of chamber music in Sherman-Clay hall. The affair is invitational, and the program arranged is a remarkably interesting one. The chamber music evenings of the Musicians' club are educational events, the selections given being those that are really produced. Besides songs by Mrs. Birmingham, the clarinet quintet by Mozart, Rubinstein's B flat major trio (Troisieme trio), a splendid flute sonata by Haendel, and an andante for the flute by Frederick the Great will be performed. The trio was first brought before the world by Hans Von Bulow somewhere about 1859 and became very popular. The selections for the flute have never been heard here and the quintet, not for years.

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Praise for Abramoff

When Edouard de Reszke was out here, he renewed his acquaintance with several of his old operatic friends, many of whom have settled in this city. Among these was Signor Abramoff, who used to sing in grand opera with the genial De Reszke the elder. And recently, the operatic basso who now teaches the vocal art in San Francisco was surprised to receive the following note from M. de Reszke:

"Gilsey House
"Jan. 28th 901.

"Signor Abramoff
'San Francisco

"Dear Mr Abramoff
"I have great pleasure in certifying that during my recent stay in San Francisco I have heard some of your pupils and that in consequence I can recommend your method as a professor of singing.
"The results you have obtained are most satisfactory and I can express you my best congratulations.
"I am
"Yours very truly,
"EDOUARD DE RESZKE"

Which speaks excellently for Sig. Abramoff in the role of instructor.

The Elks Quartet

The Elks quartet contributed not a little to the pleasure of the San Francisco Lodge's excursion to Eureka last week. On Sunday the quartet sang in the Congregational church at Eureka. The members of the quartet are: Will M. Oglivie, first tenor, John H. O'Brien, second tenor, Robert Lloyd, baritone, Roy B. Kay, bass; Mr. Lloyd is also the director. The quartet has an excellent repertory and the voices are in fine harmony.

The Children's Club

That little choral of children's voices, that is progressing so successfully under Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel's direction, gave its regular musicale on Saturday last. The affair was given at the home of Mrs. John J. Mahoney, at the corner of Fulton and Scott streets, a large number of invited guests enjoying the program. The little girls and boys sing uncommonly well; they range in age from five years to thirteen. The program in full was: Adieu Marie, Adams, Jerry Mahoney; The Holy City, Adams, Gertrude Caldwell; Oh Promise Me, de Koven, Richard Mahoney; Stride la Vampa, (Il Trovatore) Verdi, Maria Roeckel; The Bugle Calls, Kane, Jerry O'Connor; Baby Pulled the Pussy's Tail, Fannie Whitaker; Norah McGee, Mrs. E. I. Bronson, Elena May O'Connor; Di quella Pira (Il Trovatore) Verdi, Harry Maurer; Thee I Think of Margarita, Helmund, Edith Fleming; The Daily Question, Helmund, Mario Roeckel; Love's Old Sweet Song, Molloy, Jerry Mahoney; duet, Nearest and Dearest, Caracciolo, Edith Fleming and Harry Maurer; piano solo, The Nightingale, Lizst, Romana Mulqueen.

Miss Millicent Levenburg is studying diligently in New York, and her voice master predicts a great future for her. Miss Levenburg makes her home with Mrs. George W. Root.

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memorial service in 1892, and which was on the special program given at Trinity church yesterday, seemed singularly appropriate taken in connection with the passing of the ill-fated *City of Rio de Janeiro* in our harbor on Washington's Birthday. The music was written around Tennyson's words:

Sunset ! And evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep;
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight! And evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I when I embark;
For tho' from out the bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—*The Music Critic.*

World of Letters

Sonnets to a Wife

The St. Louis *Mirror* last year began the publication of a series of "Sonnets to a Wife." As the name of the poet did not appear with the verses, considerable speculation was engendered in regard to the author's identity. With the appearance of the final sonnet, however, Editor Reedy divulged the name of the mysterious poet. As many fancied, it was Ernest McGaffey. The sonnets are exquisite, and when they appear in book form will likely have a wide sale, as well as add to the fame of their author. The following are not perhaps the greatest of the sonnets, but are among the most beautiful and tender in sentiment:

LOST DAYS

The tapestry of shadows—ghosts of dreams
That flickered through the silence and were gone,
Lost days that we together leaned upon
Have faded; and the recollection seems
As dim as sunken starlight in the streams,
When, on a Summer night, reflections wan
From cloudy heights to watery depths are drawn.
To glimmer in the current's under gleams.

Lost days but cherished; mirrored in a haze
Of threadbare seasons, Winter, Autumn, Spring
And Summer, with her moss-bedirdled ways,
And flash and flutter of a bird's soft wing:
But who shall pierce the labyrinthian maze
To tell us where their shades are wandering?

YOUTH

Age is not always given with gray hair,
Nor youth encompassed in the fewest years;
Since doubt and pain with their attendant tears
Are dauntless etchers of the lines of care;
Youth is most present in the joys we share—
As swift or slow the season disappears,—
The verve, the gladness which puts by all fears,
The hope we nourish, and the smiles we wear.

I think of you always as being young
Untouched by Sorrow and unworn by Time,
Spring's blossoms opening in your tender smile:
Like her of whom the elder Bards have sung,
Chanting her praise in many a noble rhyme—
Like Cleopatra by Egyptian Nile.

HERO WORSHIP

To every man some doting woman lends
A halo of enchantment; in her eyes
He is most noble, loving, brave and wise;
This worship like to incense pure ascends
And with her dreams in painted glamour blends
Like rainbow melting in the western skies;
His lightest word is something dear to prize
His chance caress, for sorrow full amends.

Oh! mystery, that women cannot see
Her own superiority to man,
Which soars on high like eagle's wing above;
Just as it was, has been—will ever be—
Because ordained by God's primeval plan:
Her greater faith, fidelity and love.

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The expected and inevitable consequence of the enormous issue of cheap editions has come to pass. An eastern merchant now presents a book as a premium with purchases instead of the usual piece of cheap china or glassware. It is in order for the various brands of baking powder to line up and vie with each other extolling not only the superiority of their merchandise, but of their literary hand-me-downs. Incidentally the vexed question of the most popular book might be settled by the fluctuations of the baking powder market, and even the servant girl problem might be solved by a simple agreement between mistress and maid as to who should have the final word in the selection of the "lagniappe." Several months ago, when a select coterie of authors was invited to autograph a limited edition of their books to be sold at advanced rates, *Munsey's* literary man satirically remarked that the next move would be to include a book with a bargain package of tea at the Saturday night sales. Was it prophecy or suggestion? Did *Munsey* forsee what was coming, or is it another instance of the wise injunction to the children to "be sure and not poke beans up your noses?"

The Bread Line

No one who has read that excellent tale of Albert Bigelow Paine, "The Bread Line," which formed one of the complete novels published in *Lippincott's*, can feel that the appreciation which it is meeting with in book form is not all deserved. Newspaper men and literary workers appear to relish the recital of the experience of the founders of "The Whole Family," and yet, I wonder how many will bear it in mind when the madness seizes upon them and they believe they too, can found a magazine, bigger, better and cheaper than any that has ever been published?

Apres the 19th

There was considerable speculation in literary circles as to what the title of the *Nineteenth* Century would be when the close of the year 1900 left the old designation no longer appropriate. Mr. Knowles gave no indication of his intention, but it was rather expected that he would thereafter call his publication the *Twentieth Century*. If he had had any intention of so-doing, the ground was cut from beneath his feet by the establishment of a new periodical with that tftle. But the January issue of the old magazine solved the puzzle in a neat and ingenious manner when the title page announced *The Nineteenth Century and After*, with a Janus head drawn by Sir Edward Poynter; one part representing in aged face and hair the hundred years that are gone, and the other the face of a young girl representing the one hundred years to come, with the Roman numerals XIX on the left and XX on the right.

Those Love Letters

The murder is out. Laurence Hausman has confessed to the authorship of the Englishwoman's Love Letters, and there is now a storm of indignation about to break over the head of the publisher, Murray, although he never gave his personal endorsement of their authenticity. Barry Pain began in the January *Black and White* the publication of the "Love-Letters of Another Englishwoman", and those who are familiar with Barry Pain will know what to expect from his pen. Here is a specimen:

My jujube, my toy lamb, my prize tomato: And so she was a left-all-alone little girl, and she hadn't got no one to play with, and was all sobby wobby. But he will come back to his teeny-weeny-pussy-woosy-woosy, just as soon as the naughty pe ple let him."

And really, now, is that so much worse than the "originals" which the reading world has gone "all sobby-

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nobby" over? Mr. Hausman has simply been having a little fun at the expense of the people who, under the pretense of culture, have been gratifying their morbid curiosity over the private details of other people's lives, and perhaps some of the comments passed upon the "desecration of the sacred feelings" of the author of the imaginary letters may strike home upon what passes for the consciences of those who fall heirs to the "literary remains" of people of note or notability. Any way, the disclosure will put an end to the gush. I should imagine, from this, that the companion volume, the replies to the woman's letters, has been abandoned.

Educational

"Thinking and Learning to Think," by N. C. Schaeffer Ph. D. LL. D. Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of Pennsylvania is the initial volume of Lippincott's Educational series, edited by M. G. Brumbaugh, A. M. Ph. D. of University of Pennsylvania and Commissioner of Education for Puerto Rico. The closing years of the last century were marked by marvelous progress of educational thought, which called for standard treatises upon the fundamental problems of education. The Lippincott series of educational treatises is projected to give inquiring minds the best thought of our present professional life. The teachers of San Francisco will indorse the statement that "We have been living a life of educational expedients," and also that "The first step in all true teaching is the step that makes clear to the pupil the thing he is to think." The book abounds in sense—practical suggestion and epigrammatic presentation of the truth. In view of the recent absurd crusade against "Home study in our public schools" this will be appreciated. "The evils which result from childrens' parties, from church sociables for young boys and girls," and he might have said theatre-going as well, are all ascribed to the school curriculum. The pupils who are born with a sound mind in a sound body, who get healthful diet, enough sleep and treatment from their elders which is not calculated to make them nervous or unhappy, show none of the illness from overwork, the dulness of brain from fatigue and the exhaustion of nervous energy which are made to furnish the narrow basis of fact for vague and broad generalizations."

The Macmillan Company has issued its spring announcement of new books. Under the head of fiction are "The Crisis" by Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel;" "Jock O'Dreams," by Robert Herrick; "Robert Annys" by Annie Nathan Meyer, and of local interest, "The Heritage of Unrest," a novel by Gwendolen Overton, whose short stories have appeared in the San Francisco weeklies. One of the most notable books of the year promises to be Hamilton W. Mabie's Shakespeare with its profuse illustrations. "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" bids fair to rival "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Eighteenth Century Color Prints by Julia Frankan ought to be a valuable work upon an interesting subject. The scientific and professional divisions of the catalogue are unusually full.

—*The Bookworm.*

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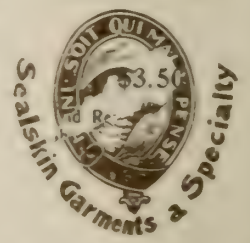

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OUR OPINION

The Sampson Sentiment

Admiral Sampson is destined to be remembered as the author of an absurd letter rather than as one of the commanders of the American navy. He decreed over his own signature that an impossible gulf yawns between gunroom and wardroom. As an arbitre elegantiarum of Neptune's realm he asserts that in time of peace men of refinement are required by the navy to represent the country abroad, and that therefore the man behind the gun should be kept at his station and not be expected to make the social conquests which are in the routine of a naval officer's duties. Admiral Sampson's letter caused a storm of dissent, and to judge from the criticisms provoked is to conclude that the sentiment which he expressed is novel. Yet the opinion of the Admiral is shared by many of the graduates of Annapolis who are now holding commissions in the Navy. As we are proud of our Navy it is natural that we should be reluctant to admit that we frequently educate snobs in our training school at Annapolis, but the fact is that the atmosphere of the army and navy training schools is in a measure conducive to the development of a spirit of snobbishness. The environment is such as to inspire with a false notion of importance. The young naval officer feels that he is in a class by himself, and he acquires the habit of looking upon the civilian and the officer who is a non-graduate as inferior persons. He is seldom to the manner born and his sudden elevation to a high social sphere affects him the same as it does the parvenu whose acquisition of wealth has given him the entree to circles above the station to which he was born. Admiral Sampson is a fair sample of the American naval officer. He is of the humblest origin notwithstanding his aristocratic ideas. His father was a day laborer and he himself did odd jobs before he went to Annapolis. He received his polish in four years at the naval school, and then found himself eligible to association with the leaders of the smart set. In a brief course of training the peasant was transformed into an aristocrat. It is not strange that under the circumstances the gentleman thus evolved should lack some of the instincts which are popularly supposed to come from fine breeding. Blood does not always tell but neither does education. A course of training at West Point or Annapolis does not necessarily produce a cad. Everything depends upon the character of the man but the character must be exceedingly strong to resist the influence which while tending to instil a pride in one of the military branches of the government at the same time imparts an exaggerated notion of the importance of the individual. And yet it would be difficult to suggest an improved method of military education. We cannot perfect human nature. After all, it is perhaps fortunate that though peasants are transformed into aristocrats in four years, the fighting qualities of the man are not deteriorated. The professional pride of the soldier, while it frequently makes him absurd, stimulates his courage and impels him to heroic deeds. We should perhaps congratulate ourselves that all the Sampsons of our Army and Navy are not addicted to the letter-writing habit.

Why the Battle Was Lost

In a recent lecture—one of the Isaac Bromley series—delivered before the students of Yale, by Whitelaw Reid, on the subject of "The Influence of the Press," the speaker declared that when the press is united its influence is great, but that when the newspapers are divided their influence is weak. If Mr. Reid had postponed his lecture he could have cited, by way of illustration, the failure of two of San Francisco's great dailies to restrain the Supervisors of this city from opening the Ingleside race track. Those two dailies interposed a strong protest against the opening of the track, and induced many clergymen to co-operate with them in what purported to be a great moral crusade, but the press was divided and the backing of the clergy was of little consequence. And strange as it may appear, the reform measure was beaten by the kid-glove element of the municipal legislature. The Supervisors that voted for the opening of the race track are men of exceptionally fine calibre. Even the newspapers that sought to scare them into voting against the measure which provided for the opening of the track would not dare hint, even vaguely, that influence of an improper character had been exercised to secure their votes. The failure of this moral crusade should promote reflection on the part of the beaten journalists. Every battle lost is a serious blow to the newspaper that waged it. And the influence of the press generally is weakened by those newspapers that betray insincerity in the prosecution of reforms. If the newspapers that tried to keep Ingleside closed were sincere they would have

tried to create a sentiment against racing all over the state instead of addressing themselves exclusively to issues in San Francisco. They would have appealed to the legislature to close all tracks instead of confining their appeals to the Supervisors. They knew that if the people of this city were not permitted to gamble at Ingleside, they would gamble across the bay and yet they uttered not one word of protest against the Oakland track. There was therefore no doubt of their insincerity, and the Supervisors were too manly and independent to be influenced by a press which was manifestly more deeply interested in the success of a private enterprise than in the morals of the community. It is all right enough for individuals to fight for their friends even though their friends be wrong, but newspapers that affect to voice public sentiment cannot do so with credit to themselves or without injury to their reputation. TOWN TALK has no interest in the race track war but it is interested in the profession of journalism and it views with deep regret the course of a great newspaper which tends to destroy the confidence of the public.

Good Form in Society

The latest contribution to the literature of polite society is an elaborately bound and illustrated volume from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co. of New York, which we have just received for review. It is entitled "Encyclopedia of Etiquette—What to Write, What to Wear, What to Say, What to Do, A Book of Manners for Everybody's Use," and the author, who arrogates to herself a knowledge of all that is worth knowing about the amenities of social intercourse and the rules which should safeguard people against those "bad breaks" that are the hall-mark of commonplace breeding, is Emily Holt. Emily is probably the Ward McAllister of her time and town, but how and when she qualified herself for social arbitre we do not know. There is no doubt, however, that there will be a large demand for her book, for in this age of lightning changes in the social status of individuals, the scrubwoman of today is leader of ton tomorrow, and a book which informs people upon the subject of elegant manners thereby protecting them from the sneers of their servants surely fills a pressing want. If a Mrs. Salisbury finds that training the parvenue in the ways of the elect is a lucrative occupation, certainly there must be a demand for text-books on etiquette. Some people flatter themselves that they are naturally polite, and that their own good sense suggests a compliance with the proprieties on all occasions. They feel that so long as they refrain from indelicate or offensive actions, or from conduct that is not refined, and are cognizant of the customs of polite society and the ordinary obligations suggested by a keen sense of the social amenities, a book such as the one written by Emily Holt is unworthy of their attention. But by reading the book they would be surprised to find how little they knew. How many a well bred hostess knows how to lie gracefully and politely when she receives from friends requests for invitations for strangers? This is the way Emily does the trick:

> I am so sorry but my one of my invitations has so far been declined, and having already exceeded the bounds of comfortable accommodation in my house I do not feel that it would be a compliment, nor quite fair to those already invited, to add another guest

Emily instructs the hostess upon every conceivable subject, how to introduce people, how to invite them, how to handle them at all sorts of functions. She tells how by deft manœuvering the hostess may provide even the shyest, dullest, least attractive man and woman under her roof with a full share of the pleasures of the evening. She even suggests the stereotyped forms of expression to be used on all formal occasions. She decides the proper position in dancing and tells how to lead a cotillon. She tells how to conduct a wedding and declares that it is imperative for a bride at her second marriage to put off her engagement rings, and that a man at his second marriage should not give a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends. Even street car etiquette is discussed in the book, and it should please a great many men to know that Emily asserts that there is no rule compelling a man to resign his seat to a woman in a public conveyance unless she is elderly, or lame or burdened with a child or with parcels. "But," she adds, "polite and kindly men must be under a complete exhaustion or disablement themselves to continue to sit while a woman stands." So, the presumption is that when a man in sound, physical condition permits a woman to stand he is either unkindly or impolite. Nobody ever dealt more comprehensively with the subject of etiquette than the author of this encyclopedia, and as a guide to the punctilious person it is without a peer in the bookstalls.

The Protest Against Feathers

As the season for spring millinery has arrived, the various organizations of Bird Lovers, Bird Protectors, Audubon Societies etc. begin their annual protest against the wickedness of wearing birds in bonnets. Granting that primarily all feathers must be derived from birds, and that there is no logical reason why women should adorn their headgear with plumage, there is a great deal of hysterical nonsense both talked and written on the subject of bird destruction. As was successfully pointed out not long since, by an importing milliner, by far the greater part of so-called birds are skillfully constructed imitations in which the feathers of the barn-yard fowl chiefly enter, and anyone who has the curiosity to investigate the matter even so superficially as to casually glance at his next neighbor's hat in the street car will be ready to admit that the word *skillfully* might with propriety be omitted, for where else but on a woman's hat will one come upon a parrot's beak surmounting a pigeon's

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breast and a cock's tail, and where in creation will the combination of colors be found? The "eagle's quills," which were popular last year came from the wings of the plebeian goose. The egret has been the particular pet of the defense associations, who have given us endless screeds concerning the inhumanity of killing the brooding mothers in order to gratify feminine vanity. Now, however, comes a South American correspondent to the London *Times*, who pooh-poohs the sentimentalist. He says the birds are not killed for the sake of this solitary tuft of feathers but on the contrary, it is shed naturally by the *male* bird, and the collectors merely make note of the places frequented by them and pick up the discarded plumes. According to this authority the egret is too shy to be easily killed by shooting, and the effect of any such attempt would be to drive them away from their accustomed haunts. They are easily domesticated and are good vermin destroyers, so that, instead of being exterminated they are actually on the increase. In most farms there are to be found a few pairs, and in Venezuela the raising of egrets is a well defined industry. This correspondent professes to speak both from his own observation and from the testimony of those engaged in collecting the plumes and it begins to look as though the protest against feathers has little more to recommend it than a fight against artificial flowers and ribbons.

The Latest Woman's Club

A society of Philadelphia women has been organized under the title of the Victoria Foundation, the object of which is to keep before the women of the future the high ideal of womanliness and domestic virtue exemplified by the late Queen of England. Queen Victoria, we all admit was an excellent woman, but what was there so extraordinary about her "womanliness" and "domestic virtue?" She was neither the originator nor the sole possessor of these qualities, which are regarded as so much a matter of course amongst ordinary folk that it is only their absence which calls for comment. Surely the exemplary dames of the Quaker City do not want to send the impression abroad that the standard of female domestic morality in their community is in such need of bolstering. The fact is that the club idea has taken possession of the women, and they can no longer do, or not do anything whatever unless there is a club organized. The club fad at the present moment is an epidemic. It is as much "the thing" as the fad for collecting posters, or doing "hand painting" or a thousand other freaks. The Victorian Foundationers probably never gave a serious thought to the thing that they were doing. They wanted another club,and Victoria, at the moment, happened to be the prominent topic.

The Saunterer

The Major and the Duke

According to the despatches, when Major T. J. Atherton of the Royal Lancers brought suit against his wife for divorce the other day, naming the Duke of Westminster as co-respondent, King Edward and other influential persons proceeded to try to arrange a compromise. They tried to tempt the Major to quit with a bribe of two hundred thousand dollars. Is it possible that in the court circles of England the honor of a British army officer is regarded so lightly, that people near the throne do not hesitate to attempt to make it the subject of barter? Surely King Edward would rather that the Duke of Westminster were proved to be a seductive gallant than that the world should know that an officer of his crack cavalry regiment had not only worn the horns, but was willing to accept golden recompense for his dishonor.

Apropos of the sensational divorce suit, an incident of the recent wedding of the Duke of Westminster and Miss West is recalled. During the wedding feast the diamond tiara presented by the Duke to his bride was placed upon a chair, and the young nobleman absent-mindedly sat down on the chair,severely wounding himself. Nobody suspected the cause of his absent-mindedness at the time but when he was off on his honeymoon trip the story leaked out that the summons in the Atherton divorce suit was served on him just a few minutes before.

From the Nation's Capital

In a way, life in Washington is immense fun, writes my D. C. correspondent. People succeed each other and for the little period in which they pose on their tottering pedestals, they take themselves au serieux in a way that is interesting to the onlooker. The nouveaux riches find society easier of access than in New York, and bring hither their Lares and Penates—strangely enough always making their first successes with the diplomats, who do not trouble themselves about who or what they are provided they entertain well and, most important, assemble pretty and charming women within their gates. Then follows the administration society. After a time they *arrive*, as the French say, and become part and parcel of what is known as Washington society.

The musicales given by Mrs. Hearst have been a very unique feature in the society of this winter. Absolutely indifferent as to the claims of the smart set, she has shown individual taste and independence in assembling in her beautiful salons all that is refined, brilliant and intellectual in Washington society. One meets there an assemblage of ambassadors, senators, jurists, that is absolutely cosmopolitan. Mrs. Hearst has sounded a true note and should other hostesses be sufficiently wise to follow in her wake, one might hope to see a return of the fine society of other days before the vulgarity and ostentation of the money entertainers became so odiously the rule.

The Vice-President and Family

Mrs. Roosevelt and all the young Roosevelts are to return after the inauguration to their great house crowning Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, and will not

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take up their residence here until next fall, when they will occupy Bellamy Storer's house. Everyone hopes that Mrs. Roosevelt will enter with some enthusiasm into official public life and impart some zest into what is at present little more than a sort of more dead than alive affair. But even while they hope they feel it fallacious, for it is vain to expect that anyone in the present administration could revive the standard and splendid hospitality of the Hobarts and Mortons. Mrs. Roosevelt's domestic virtues are formidable, and her devotion to her family is phenomenal. People are beginning to wonder where they will attend church, as amusing reports come of the way they enter their home church. Teddy Jr. is said to march solemnly up the aisle and when he reaches the family pew, he stands in a Napoleon-like attitude with folded arms, while his brothers and sisters file past him. After they have walked up the aisle of the church, single file, and when the entire family is in the pew, and comfortably arranged, young Theodore seats himself.

An Incident of the Official Swim

An amusing anecdote is told of a young attache of the Belgian Legation, who came here from London announcing that during his stay he would speak only French, as having learned his English in London, he would not spoil it talking with Americans. One night, at a ball, much impressed by the beauty of one of the belles, he asked to be presented. To the gentleman making the request, the clever maid replied:

"Am sorry, but I learned my French in Paris and do not care to spoil it talking to a Belgian."

It Is All Off

Another absorbing topic in Washington is the ending of the engagement between Miss Paulding, niece of Senator Depew, and Lieutenant Edie. It is given forth as by mutual consent but not accepted, and I believe is now an open secret that this valiant son of Neptune had repeatedly declared that he knew the Senator meant to "cough up" to the turn of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to a furnished house. If this were not forthcoming, the lieutenant would withdraw, even at the last hour. When it became evident that his hopes were but as ropes of sand he announced that, so far as he was concerned, the engagement was ended. Unhappily, Miss Paulding was much attached to this provident sailor —some years her junior—and suffered more than her friends like to think of. All the preliminaries of the marriage had been arranged, and the trousseau had already been despatched from Paris.

"It is really a sensational and novel play," said the Dramatic Critic to his friend the Telegraph Editor upon returning from the initial performance of the latest drama.

"Indeed?" was the T. E's. sententious remark.

"Yes," said the critic, "the women actually love their own husbands, the husbands are content with their own wives, and there isn't a bedstead or a long drawn kiss in the whole play."

"It's worth a freak head," said the T. E.

The Facts of the Case

Apropos of Mayor Phelan's generous subscription to a White Monument Fund, I am requested to state that there never was any antagonism between the late Senator White and the Mayor. On the contrary, when Senator White's term expired, he told Phelan that he would not seek re-election, but would devote his time to his profession; that he had had the honor and could not afford the life in Washington. He urged Phelan to take up his work, and they were in full accord. But, certain "pestiferous politicians" tried to separate them by begging White when he was sick unto death to dispute the complimentary vote with Phelan. At the time, Phelan stated that he was seeking the vote because White did not want it and had urged him to get in line and he so told White's friends who understood the situation.

They Didn't Speak

An amusing incident of the last card party of the California club, though somewhat embarrassing to the principals that figured therein, was not without interest to a few of the players. Seated at the same euchre section throughout the evening were Joe Campbell, the heavy-weight attorney, and Dr. H. Isaac Jones, the eye, ear and nose specialist of Oakland, who never speak as they pass by. Both are members of the Bohemian club, and it was there that the coolness arose which has rendered each persona non grata to the other. Some time ago Dr. Jones was in the habit of joining a little party of friends at the club, not realizing that he was regarded as an intruder. To Joe Campbell was delegated the task of enlightening him on the subject and hence the coolness.

"I never thought he would propose to her."

"He didn't."

"Then how did she get him?"

"Well, he was slightly inebriated and she misconstrued his remarks. He asked her to tarry with him at the punch bowl and she thought he asked her to marry him. At any rate she accepted him, and he's too gallant to dispute her version of the affair."

The Whirligig of Time

Old Bohemia will hold forth next Saturday night, when the anniversary gathering of the old Sacramento street room survivors takes place. There are not many of the old Bohemians still in the land of the living but such as there are will gather around the banquet table and "with song and story live over again the loveliest days Bohemia has ever known." Thus reads the circular calling "brother Bohemians of long ago" to the feast. Letters from members now sojourning in distant lands will be read, and the occasion promises to be a memorable one in Bohemia.

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Queer Ways of Doing Penance

It's an odd way that our society people have taken to show their respect for the forty days of fasting and prayer. There is supposed to be nothing doing socially, so nobody dares talk of balls or parties. Last year, sewing classes were in vogue among the women who desired to emulate the example set by Mrs. Herman Oelrichs in New York. This year nobody cares a rap if the poor go unclothed, and the smart women who formerly plied their needles are now manipulating pasteboards instead. Cards are the Lenten dissipation and are considered quite the proper thing. I have noticed rather an increase, too, in the cocktail habit. At the Zinkand or the other cafes almost any afternoon one sees more than the usual number of "women one knows" indulging in Martinis or Manhattans, gin fizzes or cremes. Now I do not pretend to be a censor of public morals, but I do not believe that the observation of Lent was ever intended by the Holy Fathers to be carried on in this way.

And, another thing. Is "Zaza" the correct Lenten fare for the mind? I have heard of nobody having denied him or herself the delight of seeing this most salacious drama. Some have attended more than once. The first-night audience numbered many good Catholics and Episcopalians who may have, it is true, done penance afterward for their great sin in going in Lent to see such a shocking play. But why keep Lent at all? Why make any pretense of observing a penitential period which is so decidedly out of date?

Although terribly guyed, to keep Lent she tried,
But she found it was tres difficile;
There were good plays to see, and the opera—ah me!
She could not true penitence feel.
She wished to see "Zaza" but sadly she feared
Her soul would most certainly badly be seared,
Besides, she would risk being fearfully "queered"
In her church; but temptation was strong,
And she went though she knew it was wrong.

More Ancient History

A resident of this city who returned from the East the other day reports that Dr. Homer B.Sprague, formerly of this city, is now a well-established medico in New York. He has a big gold sign upon his office windows in a fashionable quarter of the city. All of which reminds me that Dr. Sprague was, in the long ago, a notable figure in local society. He was the famous man who was called upon to take charge of Mills College and a lively time he had with his presidency. At that time that wise old lady, Mrs. Mills, desired to turn her girls' boarding school into a college under the fostering care of the State University, and Dr. Sprague found that he was only nominally the head of the institution; that "Ma" Mills, as the girls denominated their preceptress, was still ruler over all. So he was literally frozen out.

The Soprano and the Doctor

But the Sprague star was far from setting, for was not the doctor's daughter the wife of the Reverend Willie Davis, whose rectorship at St. Luke's drifted over shoals, snags and rapids? It was not long before the little man had very rough sailing and all because he tried to steer by a new chart. Willie was a godly man but he lacked tact and he soon had all the different guilds of the church arrayed against him. The worst of it all was they preferred against him the grievous charge that he was ruled by his wife. In time he passed down and out, but meanwhile brother-in-law Sprague was making for himself a reputation, the chief item of which was his gallant attentions to the fair, fat singer of the choir whose dragon husband was too old to be interesting. It is an old story now—how she sang her offertories to the squatty doctor, how they conducted clandestine meetings et cetera—it was very exciting while it lasted. Today Dr. Sprague is in New York, the soprano singer, fair, fat and forty, is a fascinating divorcee and the others are scattered. California knows them no more.

Boss Hanna was not the whole show in Washington the other day, but he certainly divided the honors with William the Expansionist. There was a good deal of regal splendor about the reinauguration of His Majesty, the President, but it was not quite up to the mark set by Edward VII. But we are rapidly getting there. At our present gait we should be able in a few years to make the coronation of a European monarch look like thirty cents.

Lord Thurlow's Diversion

Lord Thurlow, the promoter, who is now at the Palace hotel, is not devoting all his attention to the big railroad deal which he has been projecting for some time. He can promote other things beside financial transactions and as he has lately been somewhat attentive to a very charming widow at the Palace, it is believed that, notwithstanding his white hair, his thoughts sometimes lightly turn to the tender passion. Mrs. Smith, formerly of Hongkong, is the lady who has received the attention of Lord Thurlow. She has been living at the Palace for several months, and it is reported that she is quite wealthy. Lord Thurlow is reported to have sunk eight hundred thousand dollars in a tin mine in Montana, recently, but it is represented that he still enjoys the confidence of some very prosperous syndicates in England. He recently visited Eureka where he informed the people that if they would subscribe half the cost of constructing a railroad to Redding he would dig up the other half in Lunnon.

Was it Delirium?

Some speculation was caused in that aristocratic section, the thirteen hundred block of Leavenworth street, on Wednesday night, by a singular happening. It was near the midnight hour when a carriage drove up to and stopped before one of the houses, and from it alighted three men who were half carrying an elegantly gowned woman. She was shrieking, tearing her hair and acting like a person insane, and her companions had some difficulty in supporting her up the stairs leading to the door. Such an occurrence being quite unusual in the refined atmosphere of that most conservative neighborhood it naturally aroused curiosity and speculative discussion.

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

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In the World of Artists

Theodore Wores' exhibition of paintings at a down-town gallery has attracted more than the usual number of visitors, but the "sold" sign does not appear so frequently as an adornment of the canvases as should be the case. Mr. Wores is one of the most original painter-men that have ever called San Francisco their home. While he is a perfect technician, he is not a slave to convention. "In Lotus Dream Land," which I consider the gem of his canvases in the present collection, shows that he possesses the poetic touch that so many of our artists lack. It will be a pity if this exquisite embodiment of Tennyson's lines is permitted to adorn an Eastern or foreign gallery. It is too good to be lost to San Francisco. Another charming and original idea is "A Bachelor's Christmas Dream," a beautiful nude woman half revealed, half concealed by the huge stocking that holds her in its grasp. "Beech Wood, Sussex, England," is a delightful bit of landscape. "Reflection," a study of firelight glow upon a girl's face and figure, is full of significance. The vartety of observation and intonation in the Japanese canvases makes these views of chrysanthemum land highly interesting. One that particularly strikes the attention, becanse of its delicate coloring, is "A Japanese Garden; Kioto." The much talked of portrait of Marie Wells I do not consider is up to Mr. Wores' standard. He has failed to transfer Miss Wells' beauty to his canvas. The flesh tints are unnatural, the pose stiff and the whole figure is expressionless.

The first public exhibition of Charley Peters' pictures in New York, my correspondent writes me, far exceeded the hopes of the artist in regard to favorable notice from the critics and general appreciation. The *Sun* devoted a quarter of a column to notice of the pictures, and among other things said:

> To an Easterner they involve at once the charm of novelty—glimpses of mission architecture, of white country residences with their appendage of grouped buildings, of low-browed cottages and broad verandas; a clear brilliance of light also, and colors rich and glowing; moonlights steeped in purple, wheat fields like molten gold, sunsets of blood and orange, dark-foliaged trees of pompon shape and fields vivid in the clear atmosphere. These are the phenomena that strike one with all the pleasure of surprise, and yet impress with a conviction of their truth. * * He has the poetic quality in marked degree, has felt the emotional significance of what he studies and, better still, can impart it to his canvases. Some of them are passionate in their fulness of feeling; in others the passion is suppressed and the calm which succeeds to it permeates the scene. Particularly is this appreciable in the nocturnes. One makes no apology for using a musical term, since these night scenes are not only true in value, but have the deep and subtle expressional influence of music. Moreover they involve an orchestrated use of color. It abounds in sensuous suggestion, is regulated with knowledge of the laws of light and color, can emulate the audaciousness of the improvisatore or depend for effectiveness upon the elaboration of nicely discriminated shades of tone. * * There is not a hint of a trick of expression discovered and duplicated; no suggestion of picture-making, but the evidence of a spirit, responsive to a long range of impressions, intent upon uttering itself.

Why Mr. Spreckels Left Home

All sorts of guesses have been made as to why John D. Spreckels recently left for Australia. And they have been wide of the mark. Mr. Spreckels has gone on business connected with the Oceanic Steamship company and thereby hangs a tale. Besides being president of the Oceanic Steamship company Mr. Spreckels is proprietor of the *Call* which, like nearly every other big daily in the country, has taken the Boer end of the conflict in far-away South Africa, and that little mix-up is responsible for Mr. Spreckels' going away. The *Call* has pleasantly patted the panting Boer on the back and given the exasperated Briton many a jolly whack. Local Britishers have noted the course of the paper and have been indignant. There was no evidence of bitterness in the *Call's* course but somebody has grossly exaggerated matters for the purpose of inciting a feeling against the President of the steamship company.

The *Call's* articles were carefully clipped by the angry Englishmen here and duly mailed with comments to those in Australia who have the most to do with giving out the subsidies for the big mail contracts. And now comes the day of reckoning according to the ideas of the chuckling and revengeful Englishmen resident here who planned this flank Anglo-Boer movement on John D. Spreckels, as proprietor of the *Call*. When the time of contract for carrying the Australian mail drew to a close Mr. Spreckels thought the Oceanic company would surely get the new one as usual. Not so. A tip came that the Colony had under favorable consideration a plan to give the contract to a Vancouver line of English steamers. That sounded patriotic and business-like till a little investigation disclosed the nigger-in-the-fence—the *Call's* position in the Boer war and the angry protest made against it by resident Englishmen to the Australian government. Of course Mr. Spreckels would regret losing the contract. It is believed, however, that he will be able to adjust matters satisfactorily upon his arrival in Australia. He will also probably learn who his enemies in this city are.

She is a Chappie Idol

Fatmah Diard, who will be at the Columbia next week with "The Highwayman," is no stranger to San Francisco. She paid her first visit here with the Bostonians, a good many years ago, alternating the prima soprano roles with Camille d'Arville. Miss Diard at once became the idol of the local chappies, who liked her slender, girlish beauty fully as well as the more matured charms of the beautiful D'Arville. Miss Diard is a Southerner and was a society girl before she went on the stage. She will receive a warm wel-

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come, no doubt, from her former admirers here, among whom were numbered the Bruguiere boys.

He is Now Married

Society in Los Angeles, writes my correspondent, has found a topic for gossip in the return of a German nobleman who spent some time in the citrus belt metropolis several years ago. Upon his previous visit to the coast he was accompanied by a chic young woman who was introduced to members of the smart set as his niece. He is now accompanied by his wife, and several people have noted a striking resemblance between the lady and the one that they formerly knew as his niece. Hence the gossip. The social plungers of Los Angeles dearly love a title, but it is doubtful whether they are prepared to take the hurdle which has been set for them by the nobleman.

A Delicate Gradation

In a recent issue of a London paper I found the following despatch:

BOMBAY, FEBRUARY 16.

The transport Sindia arrived last evening from Southampton with drafts numbering twenty-four officers, four *ladies*, five children, four warrant officers, nine *wives*, two children, six hundred and fifty-eight men, twenty-two *women* and twenty-three children.

The author of that report is deserving of high praise for his delicacy in distinguishing between the officers' wives and those of the common soldiers.

That ladilike gentleman, Mr. Richard Le Galliene, who writes so much like Ella Wheeler Wilcox, says "that Stevenson could tell certain stories and create certain characters is undeniable." Isn't that real sweet of Dickey Le Gallienne?

Is Mrs. Salisbury a Reporter?

Social gossip has become an important feature of the dailies and the social editors are as eager to scoop one another as are the most ambitious reporters, And as they have announced many important impending events almost as soon as they were thought of by their projectors there has been much speculation as to the source of their information. I have heard it said that Mrs. Monroe Salisbury is on the staff of one of the local dailies, but that her connection with the paper is a "dead secret." I can scarcely give credence to the story for once upon a time I offered that distinguished matron a job as social reporter and my offer was not accepted. That was before she had any designs on the waffle business, however, and since then her ideas of the indignity of labor may have changed. Society leaders have frequently added to their income by selling social news to the papers, but when they are caught they lose prestige, for some people object to entertaining as guests persons who are on the qui vive for a bit of gossip suitable for publication.

Imprisoned in Her Mansion

There was considerable commotion in the mansion of one of our millionaires the other day when it was discovered that madame was imprisoned in the elevator, up near the roof, and that she had been confined in the cage several hours. Though the millionaire and his wife have several children the old folks and three servants are the only occupants of the stately mansion. Madame has more confidence in herself than in any of her servants, and she always operates the elevator when she has occasion to use it. It became refractory the other day, as elevators sometimes do, and it shot up to the roof and staid there. The frightened occupant shouted for help but none of her servants responded. Four hours passed by before her predicament was discovered, and by that time she was in a condition bordering on nervous prostration. I believe the servants are now suspected of having known the embarrassing situation of their mistress and of having maliciously affected ignorance.

Van Tammer: She's a girl with considerable aplomb.
Delong Greene: Yes, but her father won't give up a cent till he dies and he's in pretty good health.

'Tis Said They are to Marry

An occasional correspondent writes me from Paris that the talk among art students is all about the approaching marriage of Miss Markham and Harry Gillig. Miss Markham is a Los Angeles girl, tall, brunette and stunning, and a fine dresser. She has been in Paris some years, studying music. And it was through her music that she met Mr. Gillig. They both take vocal lessons of Sbriglia, the master of De Reszke, Plancon and other stars and under whom Denis O'Sullivan is now studying. Miss Markham has always been a great favorite among the American students in Paris. She has some money of her own and lives in fine style, her apartments being most luxuriously furnished. She is unconventional in her ideas, and dares drive a high trap through the streets of Paris, which is considered an act of bravado for any but a demi-monde queen. Gillig has been devoted to Miss Markham ever since he went to Paris to have his voice cultivated. She would but express a wish and it was gratified. For instance, the citrus belt belle was very fond of tamales, and Gillig sent way across the ocean for this delicacy that his inamorata might have her wish.

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After an Heir and a Job

The secret of Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky's latest trip to Europe has leaked out. The colonel desires to represent this government at the Court of Leopold II King of Belgium, and he is in a fair way to secure the job. Unlike the average job chaser he has not relied upon home influence in the furtherance of his ambition. Four years ago when he was after a consulship, President McKinley told him that the protest of the Knockers' club in San Francisco was too strong. After the last election Kowalsky resolved to offset the protest of the Knockers with the pull of King Leopold II. He was personally acquainted with the king, for whom he purchased a handsome gold matchbox in this city and then started for Belgium. But being a thrifty fellow he did not confine his mission to job-chasing alone. The colonel is a natural born heir-hunter, and whenever there is an estate lying around loose and no able-bodied claimant in sight, Kowalsky is the man to nose out the next of kin. He can smell an illegitimate child afar off, and as for widows of in-the-dark variety, there appears to be a mysterious law of nature which forces them to gravitate toward his office.

He Found the Heir

Some months ago Julius Friedman died at the Palace hotel leaving a large estate which he bequeathed to charity because he thought he didn't have an heir in the world. When Kowalsky heard about it he felt that the deceased was mistaken, and when he started for Europe he decided to visit the birthplace of the dead capitalist and search for an heir. Of course his search was rewarded, and I understand that the colonel is now returning to this city to claim the estate. That he did not neglect his political fences during his absence is evident from a page in *The Successful American*, a New York magazine of recent date which presents a splendid half-tone portrait of the attorney and a sketch of his career.

The King's Friend

The caption of the article is somewhat striking:

COLONEL HENRY I. KOWALSKY

A Native New Yorker who has Risen to Fame on the Pacific Coast—a Friend of Leopold II, King of Belgium.

A few excerpts will suffice to show that Colonel Kowalsky is not without honor and fame outside of his own state.

As a postprandial orator, a bon vivant and political spellbinder he has made a unique and most creditable reputation. . . . He has steadfastly refused various flattering offers of political preferment including tenders of nomination for the judiciary. . . . His two brothers served with distinction in the Civil war, one of them yielding his life. . . . His deep and analytical knowledge of the law, his forensic supremacy, his integrity and his industry have made for him an eradicable record on the pages of California's judicial history.

What They'll Get

Ward McAllister—our Ward—has a sunny berth of six thousand dollars a year as attorney for the Pacific Mail Steamship company. He got it through his New York father, Ward McAllister of "400" fame, who was able through his position in New York society to do several important favors for Mrs. C. P. Huntington for which the great Collis P. was duly grateful. As attorney for the Pacific Mail, Ward McAllister cuts a big figure in the handling of the warm of damage suits that will be filed against that company by reason of the great loss of life and property in the wreck of the steamer *Rio Janeiro*. The other day he was met on the street by an intimate confrere of the bar. "Well, Ward," began the attorney, "you'll soon have your hands full answering damage suits in the Superior court on account of this wreck."

"Yes," replied McAllister, "I'm expecting them. That's why I've got in my office all they'll ever get out of it."

"What's that?"

"A piece of the wreck: it's a piece from one of the the cabin doors."

McAllister was right. According to the rulings of the United States courts a piece of the wreck is about all that the sufferers will ever be able to recover through successful damage suits. In such cases the steamship company's attorney goes into the United States courts and pleads the statute of "limitation for liability." Briefly that means that the only part of its property liable for payment in successful damage suits shall be "limited to whatever is saved from the wreck." The company argues that it did not try to lose the *Rio*, that it employed competent officers and ran her under the best marine rules and regulations. consequently it would not be just and fair to seize all its property for the particular loss suffered through the *Rio*. If such seizure of property were allowed one big wreck like the *Rio* might financially ruin a shipping firm. It was to protect steamship companies in just such emergencies that that life preserver was passed—the statute of limitation of liability.

The Yawl of the Chester 6

We have seen this law in operation in this port before. For instance, when the *City of Chester* was rammed and sunk in the bay by the big *Oceanic* the Pacific Mail at once pleaded "limited liability" to all the damage suits that were filed. All that the sufferers could levy on was the little property that was

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saved from the wreck. In that case it happened to be a yawl valued at about seventy-five dollars. This property was held by a receiver to satisfy any successful claims for damages against the company. The sufferers all saw the irony of the situation, dropped their suits and some six months later the seventy-five dollars was turned into the United States treasury. In the case of the *Julia*, the little steamer that blew up while in dock at Vallejo, some four hundred dollars worth of property was recovered. Again the sufferers by the wreck quit litigating when they learned how little there was to fight for and again the money, after lying in court some ten years, was turned into the United States treasury. In the case of the *Rio* all the property that has so far been recovered consists of the two life boats in which several survivors escaped. The boats are valued at less than two hundred dollars and that is all the property that those who win their damage suits will ever be able to get out of the company. The chances are that, like all other sufferers through wrecks, they will give up the fight in the courts and some ten years hence the value of those two life boats of the *Rio* will drift into the United States treasury. That is providing the company doesn't give a bond for the amount and save the money for its own coffers. Verily the statute of "limited liability" is a great thing for the steamship companies.

A Romance of the Rio

More than one romance lies buried in the wreck of the steamor *Rio de Janeiro*. When young Jaycock, the Oakland insurance agent, sank into the depths that foggy morning, there was only one person on earth who breathed a prayer for his soul. That person was his sweetheart. No other knew that he was among the passengers of the *Rio*. Jaycock had been attending to insurance business in the Hawaiian islands for several months, and he was expecting to return in a short time when he received a letter from his firm instructing him to go to China and Japan in quest of more business. The trip meant that he would not return home for at least a year. He thought of his sweetheart and resolved to see her again before taking the long voyage. Knowing that his employers would object to delay, he boarded the *Rio* as a steerage passenger, because he feared that if he made the trip in the cabin his name would be seen in the passenger list. When the list of the drowned was published the friends of Jaycock wondered why he had returned in the steerage.

May Hoffman Returning

The report is now current in New York that the Rev. James Le Baron Johnson, who sailed for Europe last December with May Hoffman, the Bellevue hospital nurse, formerly of this city, has abandoned the companion of his flight, and that she is on her way to this country. Thus ends the first chapter of the romance that stirred religious and social circles all over the country a few months ago. The Van Rensalaer family, of which Mrs. Johnson was a member, and the relatives of May Hoffman in this city were dreadfully shocked by that elopement. And so deeply did Mr. Johnson's sister, Charity, feel the blow that she resigned her position in Christ church Sunday school, in which she had taken a deep interest.

What Friends Say

The friends of May Hoffman in this city have never been able to account for her flagrant conduct. Some of her staunchest friends maintain that she was overworked in the hospital and that to brace herself up she resorted to the use of drugs which weakened her will power. They believe that the Rev. Johnson discovered her secret and took advantage of it. Though somewhat of a crank, and of a graceless personality he seemed to be able to exercise a remarkable influence over women. People were as much surprised when Miss Van Rensalaer consented to become his wife as they were when May Hoffman ran off with him. The news that Miss Hoffman is returning to this country will scarcely be given credence by those who knew her well. After they had read that bed and bath-tub despatch from Montreal which showed that the guilty couple had plunged enthusiastically into sensuous delights, they concluded that the cultured May Hoffman had been metamorphosed into a Princess Chimay. They predicted that after the lovers had fed their consuming desires they would part and suicide would be the end of the unfortunate nurse.

Al. Bouvier, San Francisco's star impresario, has been elected a director of the San Francisco Jockey club.

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Her Pekin Story

Mary Condit-Smith that was will not experience the "joys of authorship" so far as the publication of her journal of the seige of Pekin is concerned, for at last it appears to have dawned upon the comprehension of the government that it would be wise to suppress some of these documents. Those which have thus far been made public are creditable neither to the individuals who have produced them, the civilization of which they are exponents, nor the government which they officially or unofficially represent. Now that it is all over, it does not appear that the imprisoned legationers underwent any very great hardship. If the Boxer uprising had been anything like as important an affair as it was represented the relief expedition would have suffered untold hardships on their march to Pekin. As it was they underwent far more than the besieged and yet it never occurred to one of the latter to give a thought to the soldiers,others than the reiterated cry "Why are they so slow? Why do they not save us?" As soon as the immediate danger was over the looting began and the ladies started out on "experience expeditions"—something to turn to account—invading the Imperial palace, intruding into temples and pretty generally showing that the Boxers had at least a showing of justice on their side in the objection to the foreigners. It is not easy at this day to trace the beginning of this craze for publishing the personal impressions of nobody in particular, though the *Century's* series of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" and the later papers detailing the experiences of the Argonauts on their expeditions to California had much to do with encouraging such productions. The mischief which resulted from the wholesale printing of private letters written by soldiers during the Spanish war ought to have given the government a hint.

The California Camera club has decided to make "tea fights" a social feature of the organization and today will be given the first of these affairs, between the hours of four and six.

Coming of the Harrisons

Great preparations are being made to get the big Crocker mansion on the hill in shape to receive the last bride in the family, Mary Crocker-Harrison. It will be the first time the place has been opened since the George Crockers took their flight eastward to the New York mansion. It is the gray tint of the social season but rumor has it that a number of swagger informal affairs will be held, this being the young bride's first and greatest opportunity to welcome her friends in what she deems is a fitting fashion. Her visit here is part of the long ago promise made to her bosom friend, Mary Scott, that she would be present at her wedding. It was the youthful pledge of staunch chums, each was to be present at the other's wedding. Mary Scott carried out her end of the promise when she journeyed East to be a bridesmaid at Mary Crocker's wedding in New York. Accompanying her to this state are her husband, Francis Harrison, and his mother, Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author. The Harrisons, who are strangers to San Francisco, will take advantage of the visit to make the rounds of its famous watering resorts and sights.

Society is in a flutter over the advent of Mrs. Burton Harrison for it is pretty well understood that she will gather studies of characters and sketches of local color with a view to writing a society novel with California as a background. Gertrude Atherton is not to selfishly mine all the glory in that line. It is also rumored that Bishop Potter and other distinguished representatives of the Eastern ton are coming out to partake of Crocker hospitality.

Both Wanted to Play Delmas

What is this I hear about mock trials at the Century club? At a dinner the other night, in a vague sort of way it was suggested to me that I ought to get the story about the dual impersonation of Mr. D. M. Delmas in the Von Schroeder case. Two of the ladies, I believe, were seized with the same bright idea, and as a consequence both were prepared to assume the role of Delmas. It strikes me that the Von Schroeder case is a rather risque theme for the cultured club-women of the Century.

The Cat Club

The blue-blooded felines had their innings last week, at the residence of Mrs. George Law Smith in Jackson street. On Tuesday afternoon and evening the pedigreed cats held high carnival, as well as they could do so, caged as they were, and were admired by crowds of smart women and a sprinkling of men. The Pacific Cat club members are very enthusiastic over their pets, and take as much interest in their culture as if they were humans or canines. But the pacific tabbies and toms would show off much better, I believe, were they to be benched instead of caged. It is exceedingly hard to see the good points of animals that are caged, and since the cats are tame I respectfully submit that at the club's next exhibition they bench their darlings instead of placing them behind bars.

The home of the George Law Smiths, where the exhibition was held, has been the scene of many fine functions but none, I imagine, of such as a unique character as that of last week. The members of the Cat club formed the reception committee,and light refreshments were served during the exhibition's progress. Miss Maude M. Smith, the only daughter of Mrs. George Law Smith, is a member of the club. She belongs to no end of clubs, by the way, and is an executive of the Chaminade, an organization of musical amateurs.

Dr. H. W. Hunsaker has removed his offices to Parrott (Emporium) Building, rooms 515 and 516, fifth floor. Elevator west entrance, 855 Market.

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Envious Beauties

The selection of Edith Preston's photograph by Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor as typical of the most beautiful girl in California, has aroused as much feeling as did the famous decision of Paris when that gay boy awarded the golden apple to Venus. The recollection, though it delights the nearest and dearest friends of Miss Preston, only arouses the amusement, derision, ridicule and envy of the bevies of borderland beauties of society and the garish outlanders. However, they console themselves with the knowledge that the photographs submitted to the doctor were all taken from one gallery and that theirs was not among the bunch—else of course the result would have been different. As one envious, snapping black-eyed beauty put it:

"He judge of beauty! What does that old face carpenter know of good looks, anyway? He may be all right to iron out Bernhardt's wrinkles every morning and mix her rouge pots but who ever heard of any great beauty that he ever picked out?"

They do say that the Sunday paper that handled the story wanted the doctor to make the selection during the first week of Bernhardt's engagement. He flatly and firmly declined to let the judgment appear till the very last week of the company's stay so that he would have ample time to get clear of the town before the storm broke and the other indignant beauties could express their opinion of him and his opinion on good looks. If he ever comes to this city again he won't be so popular.

The tea tabbies are just now discussing a rumor of the engagement of Edith Preston and Willard Drown. Miss Preston is just now traveling around the world with her mother and sister. From the number of envelopes bearing foreign postage stamps that are left at his house weekly it is certain that young Drown is conducting a very important correspondence abroad. Such a match would be eminently pleasing to the senior Drowns. The elder son made a mesalliance and Bernie has been out for three seasons without any matrimonial results. There is a younger sister, also, who is nearly ready to make her debut.

Martin-Oelrichs?

If it be true that Peter Martin's fancy has located itself permanently in New York, there will be much bitter wailing, and gnashing of molars among belles in local society. Peter is beloved by no end of girls, who never objected to his attentions even in his more convivial moments. But until he met Herman Oelrichs' young niece, Miss Lily Oelrichs, Peter showed no signs of willingness to let himself become engaged a second time. His little experience with Miss McKenna may have caused him to be somewhat cautious. At any rate, he showed no haste to woo anybody else. He did not even, like so many of our golden youth, attach himself to the suite of some beautiful young matron. He simply went on the calm tenor of his bachelor way, and let himself be angled for with complacency by matchmaking mammas.

And now they say in New York that Peter is to become the bridegroom of Miss Lily Oelrichs. She is the daughter of Herman's brother Charles, and is of the most inner circle of swelldom, where the nouveau riche would never think of penetrating.

Cupid and Hymen

After wandering all over the globe and seeing the beauties of two continents, Jack Guggenheim's heart was finally captured by a San Francisco girl. Guggenheim is a member of one of the largest Oriental importing and exporting firms in the world; it has agencies in London and other European cities as well as in America and Asia. During a trip to San Francisco some months ago, he met at the home of Mrs. Galinger, in Jackson street, her pretty niece, Miss Ermine Hess. It was a case with Mr. Guggenheim of love at first sight. Its sequel is the marriage of Miss Hess and the Yokohama merchant, which will be celebrated tomorrow at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Hess, 9 Broderick street. Only about fifty relatives and intimate friends of the bride have been invited to the wedding. The drawing-room where the ceremony will be solemnized is beautifully decorated for the event, the scheme being Japanese, which is exceedingly appropriate as it is to Japan the bridegroom will take his bride after a short wedding tour through Southern California. Miss Hess is sure to be a favorite in the American and English colonies of Yokohama. She is decidedly the prettiest girl in her set, plays the guitar and piano and recites charmingly. Mr. Guggenheim has one of the prettiest houses in Yokohama, luxuriously and artistically furnished.

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A Father's Sacrifice

"Then you don't wish it, my son?"

"Father!"

And the young sailor gave his father a look of affection, that should have fully assured the Count de Neynes that his only son would have no objection to his contracting a second marriage. When the Count had written inviting him to assist at the ceremony, Henry had at once responded by taking the train for Paris.

Still M. de Neynes did not appear satisfied, and returned to the subject:

"You could hardly have expected *that* at my age?"

"Do you want me to pay you a compliment?"

"Henry!"

"I shall not, then. But really, no one would take you for more than forty."

"Ah! If you put five years to that——"

"Four, you mean. You were only twenty-two when I was born, and I am not yet twenty-three. Besides, what matters a year more or less when one has your appearance, not a wrinkle, not a gray hair, and a slight figure. Don't you ever consult your mirror?"

"Alas! yes."

"You consult it badly then. Now less than ever would you be taken for my father. How often we used to be taken for brothers when we roamed the country and the woods together,such comrades as we had ever been since my mother—"

"Oh, do not think her memory has ceased to be dear to me."

"Father, listen to me. After twenty years of widowhood, when the son whom you had hoped to keep always near you, left you, carried away by his passion for the sea, and for a career of arms, you were alone, quite alone. Had you not then the right to think of your own happiness? Why should you not form new ties, create a new family, especially since I had shown no desire to give you one? Who would dare to blame you? Who could?"

They clasped hands in silence—that expressive silence of loving hearts, freed from the necessity of spoken words, always insufficient to translate the infinite delicacies and thousand gradations of sentiment.

Then they entered the carriage, which carried them to the apartments in the Avenue of Messina, where Count George de Neynes was going to present his son to his fiancee, Collette de Hesnaut, who was just twenty years of age.

* * * * * * *

When the two men appeared in Madame de Hesnaut's salon, they found several of her relatives and friends awaiting them. If the bright face of Henry de Neynes made a good impression on the company, each one remarked that his father lost none of his advantages in finding himself placed beside his son. On the contrary, in the pride and pleasure of presenting Henry to his new relatives, he only appeared younger. Madame de Hesnaut introduced Henry in a languid voice to those who surrounded her. It was not till these ceremonies were over that she called, "Collette."

There was a rustle of silken draperies, and the charming figure of a young girl appeared. On perceiving the Count she uttered a little cry of pleasure, giving him not one but both her hands.

"I was still admiring your pearls—you spoil me too much, and——"

She did not finish, perceiving Henry, and cried gaily, though, perhaps with a touch of embarrassment:

"Your son—the baby—"

"Yes, mamma," replied the young man in the same tone.

They laughed again in shaking hands "a la camarade" and then found themselves embarrassed in the silence which fell on the party; a silence which ever reigns when the same thought imposes itself on all in a circle. For all those who were looking at the young people, could not avoid the thought that had these young people met earlier they would have chosen each other—and been happy.

Neither Collette nor Henry thought this. He thought her pretty and amusing, and was glad for his father's sake. On her part, she had imagined the young man to be younger, much younger, almost a child. And he appeared as much a man,almost more of a man than his young father. It did not annoy her, it did not trouble her in the least; she was only surprised.

* * * * * * *

After the first few days, Henry would have left his father and his fiancee to their courtship, but the Count would not permit Henry to leave them. About a fortnight before the marriage was to take place, Henry breakfasted with a friend, who tried in vain to persuade him to go and hunt in Brittany.

After the meal, as he strolled down the street so as not to arrive too soon at Madame de Hesnaut's, where he was invited to dinner, he was attracted by a display of jewelry. He decided to choose a wedding present for his father's fiancee. Entering the jeweler's, he made a purchase and hastened to take the present to Collette.

He found her alone in a dimly lighted room. She was reading or dreaming, her elbow resting on a small table. At the sound of his step, she started, stifled a cry of surprise, of fear, perhaps, and said just the word she did not wish to.

"Your father?"

"I thought he was here," replied Henry, astonished to find himself telling a falsehood, apparently without a motive.

"I thought you and he were never apart?"

"Today I had something to do which I preferred to do alone."

The words were not important or dangerous in themselves. That which rendered them so was the signification given them by the state of mind, conscious or unconscious, in which the young people found themselves. Collette trembled, she knew not why. Her agitation communicated itself to Henry. In order to rid himself of this inexplicable embarrassment, he placed the casket before her, murmuring:

"I thought, is it not so? that I had the right to offer you——"

At the sight of the stones, which sparkled most brilliantly, Collette could not restrain a cry of joy—the next moment she burst into tears. And he——

"What is it? I have not wounded you?"

No, he had not wounded her, she told him. Nevertheless something must have hurt her, for she began to cry afresh. Deeply affected by her grief, Henry approached, and took her hand. She repulsed him almost violently. The look of surprise they exchanged after that double movement showed them plainly what their hearts knew before, that their friendship was already more than friendship.

Presently the Count entered, and saw one thing only—that Collette had wept with pleasure at the attention of his son.

On the morrow Henry told his father that he intended to go hunting in Brittany. When the Count entreated him to remain, Henry became quite angry. Observing this, the Count started as though a new idea had struck him, and did not press him any more. They separated with a coldness they had never before shown each other.

* * * * * * *

On his return from Brittany, where he had passed eight days without restoring his peace of mind, Henry found his father smiling and happy. He was glad when Monsieur de Neynes said what great pleasure it would give him if they passed the evening, one of the last before his marriage, together. Of Collette, not a word.

The dinner was gay enough. Henry talked a great deal, and invented several hunting exploits which he had never performed. When it was over, and the father and son were alone beside the fire in the Count's study, they became very silent. The young man told himself that his father was suffering at being separated from his betrothed, and was cruelly jealous. At ten o'clock, he could bear it no longer, and making a pretext of the fatigue of the preceding days, he arose and shook hands with his father, who said kindly to him,

"Good night, my dear son, and——"

"What did you wish to say, father?"

"Nothing—I was only going to repeat what I used to say in bidding you good night when you were a child, 'dream only happy dreams.'"

Henry went to his room, feeling greatly disturbed. What if his father divined his secret! Why had he come to interfere with the marriage? Might he not have supposed his father's fiancee would please him when he and his father were

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so much alike in character? Then, he had not yet loved, and like all those who have never caught that burning fever, he had not feared it, he had even denied its existence. He would not see Collette again till she was married.

Full of remorse for having almost hated—waking, as well as sleeping—the father who had always been so good to him, Henry hastened, as soon as he arose, to embrace him. He knocked at the door of the apartment, and entering, saw that the bed had not been used. A terrible feeling of anguish oppressed him. His wandering eyes fell on a table where he saw a letter, placed in a conspicuous position. He seized it. It was addressed to him, and, as he opened it, another fell to the floor addressed to Madame de Hesnaut. He read his own:

"Pardon me, my dear son, if I ask you to do something for me which may lower me in your esteem. It is to give to Madame de Hesnaut the letter which I have written b gging her to release me from my engagement to her daughter. Before your return, when I was most happy when I deemed myself most determined on this marriage, I was not really happy. I repented, my life was poisoned by sudden quietudes. Do you remember what passed when I went to meet you at the station? How I insisted on the difference between Collette's age and my own? I thought you would understand my hesitation. I also thought that you would divine why I always wished you to be with us. I did not feel then so much the want of harmony between her gay young heart and my old one full of sadness. Truly I understood that difference only too well during your short, but, to me, long absence. If I fly, if I avoid her, it is not that I fear her, but that I fear for myself. I dread the change in my life—the tie. The memory of your mother revived by your presence, by your eyes so like hers, haunts me. Ah age is age—my friend. It is only young people of twenty like yourself who can offer a whole heart. Old people have only quarters of tenderness to give, and hearts scarred with old wounds. Ah, if I were you, or you were I! But I am not you. You young people have too many sympathies in common for one to hope that your friendship will not change into a tenderness which—I cannot, I will not urge you to offer the charming child a young husband in exchange for the old one who has withdrawn his troth. But I can ask you to be my advocate—not that I am worthy to be defended. Excuse me rather. Say I am a hypochondriac, who has long been a sufferer. Arrange everything as you think best. But do not seek to discover the place where I am hiding my shame and melancholy, for I do not wish to appear until I know that she is happy, and that you can both forgive me."

* * * * * * *

Henry would not see Collette. He forced himself to fulfill the mission to Madame de Hesnaut which his father had confided to him. The lady did not appear to take the rupture much to heart. As to himself, he could not profit by the sacrifice his father had made for his sake. Ah, if he could only see him, that dear father, and persuade him that he did not love, would no more love Collette. But the Count kept his word, and his son could not discover his retreat. He suffered so cruelly by this absence, and by the crime towards the father who had always been so entirely devoted to him, that, for a time, he imagined he had forgotten the young girl.

But he had not forgotten her. He could not resolve to quit Paris, and some attraction drew him toward the neighborhood of the Avenue de Messina, and near Madame Hesnaut's house. It was with greater difficulty that he restrained himself each day, ashamed of the hope which still agitated him. At last his leave had nearly expired. The sea would cure him, he told himself; borne away on the bosom of the ocean, his lacerated and repentant heart would be soothed.

On the eve of his departure, when he wholly despaired of seeing his father and Collette again, he received a letter from the former to say that he was awaiting him at the house of a mutual friend.

The apartment into which he was shown appeared dark to Henry coming from the bright sunshine. When he became accustomed to the light, the young man would have fled, for Collette was before him, trembling, yet resolute. She held out her hand, which he seized before rushing away, saying:

"My father, I cannot, I will not make him suffer——"

"And if he no longer suffers?" said a grave and unfaltering voice.

In a moment the son was in the arms of his father, who regarded him with such an air of profound tenderness that the poor lover could not read any trace of hidden pain.

"You desire it, father—you—"

"It is I who desire it, my children."

The next moment Collette and Henry were apart, united, absorbed in themselves, already forgetting the man who had given them each to the other. Then, then only, the Count carried his hand to his heart where he still felt the vibration of some pang; but he did not cease to smile, the melancholy smile of sacrifice, that only human joy, which, taking bitterness from the cup, leaves honey at the botton.

[Translated from the French of Charles Legrand by F. E. Hawson.]

The California Redwoods

Ere over Nilus' waking wave the strain
Of Memnon's morning melody was blown;
Ere Cheops from the quarries clove the stone,
And piled his pyramid on Egypt's plain;
And later—ere the God-projected Fane
Of Solomon had into grandeur grown;
Before the glory of the Greek was known,
Or Romulus the she-wolf's dugs did drain:—

We stood, in youth—where now in age, we stand,
Colossal types of life, that closer climb
To clasp the stars, than any living thing.
Ye cherish crumbling temples that were planned
In Delphian days, yet think it not a crime,
Our older glory in the dust to fling.

—Louis A. Robertson.

I Never Heard the Nightingale

I never heard the nightingale
Sing through the dusky hours,
Pouring her soul out on the night
To unawaking flowers.

And yet I know, since hearing thee,
What song the nightingale's may be.

—Irene Connell.

In Lenten Gray

As she to church was coming
In gray gown, so becoming
To its pretty little wearer,
I felt my heart go panting,
For she was quite enchanting—
One could wish no vision fairer.
When home her steps were tracing
I close beside was pacing—
Her humble missal-bearer.

—The Lover.

The Winter Songster

Dear little song bird with sweet notes of summer
Where have you hailed from this cold winter day?
Welcome, thrice welcome, my blithe early comer,
Rare are the notes of your mystical lay.

Bright like the sunshine your gay song so cheery,
Sweet like the spring flowers budding through snow,
Glad like the laughter of children so merry,
Dear like true friendship in seasons of woe.

Thanks for your lesson this winter day dreary,
Bonnie bright bird with your message of spring,
Brave hearts that sing when life has grown weary,
Bear us a blessing no others can bring.

Anna E. Samuel.

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"Zaza," a scarlet drama, and even in its second week instinct with life.

CALIFORNIA—"Faust"—bright red, particularly when Mephisto is on the stage.

ALCAZAR—"Countess Gucki"—pale pink; the daintiest of comedies.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Around the World in Eighty Days"—cardinal; touching all the points of the compass.

TIVOLI—"The Wizard of the Nile"—rose color; all in lively tints.

ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—in shaded reds; full of good blood.

Mrs. Atherton as a Dramatist

Gertrude Atherton is about to dramatize her novel "A Daughter of the Vine." She is also to write a play based upon "Senator North." The suggestion came from Olga Nethersole who was desirous of appearing in the character of Betty Madison. Mrs. Atherton declined to undertake the dramatization of "Senator North" notwithstanding Miss Nethersole's offer of assistance such as her knowledge of stage craft would enable her to give. She regarded "Senator North" as the least fitted of all her books for stage presentation owing to its analytical and introspective character, and finally brought Miss Nethersole to her point of view. It was agreed between them that "A Daughter of the Vine" should be dramatized instead. Miss Nethersole is preparing the scenario, while Mrs. Atherton is at work on the dialogue. By the terms of the contract the play is to be brought out in New York not later than January, 1902. The play which is to be based on "Senator North" will be practically a new work in which Miss Nethersole will not share. Mrs. Atherton was reluctant to undertake this work as she is about to write a life of Alexander Hamilton. The *Bookman* publishes a new portrait of the author; it is full time that the old one was retired from active service.

Aprovos the Uncle Tom Revival

F. Hopkinson Smith, civil engineer, artist and author, and eminent in all three occupations, seems to have stirred things up in his recent comments on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which he characterized as "the most vicious book that ever appeared—an appalling, awful, criminal mistake." It is somewhat difficult, in this later day, to understand how such a book could have created the excitement it did amongst our forbears. Mrs. Stowe simply collected all the evil that could possibly happen under the worst aspects of slavery and piled the work in one sensational heap. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is held by many to have precipated the war, but it has worse than that to answer for, for it was one of the largest factors in the production of the child actress. A writer in the *Atlanta Constitution* some time ago, took the ground that in another generation "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be looked upon as one of the strongest arguments in favor of slavery, for the Southern men were all gentlemen in direct contrast to the northern slave traders, and every lovable character in the book belongs south of the line. Indeed, for that matter, it is generally conceded that the harshest overseers and the most merciless of masters were transplanted from the north.

The Hamlet Ballet

Could anything be imagined more farfetched than a ballet of "Hamlet"? And yet the thing was actually attempted. A little over a century ago a Viennese dancing master produced "Hamlet, a tragic ballet by Franz Clerico, ballet master in actual service at the court theatre." The plot was as follows: Hamlet, king of Denmark, is poisoned by his brother Claudius

MODISTE MADAM KLOSE, recently from New York, has opened Dressmaking Parlors at Room 25, 1019 Market St., San Francisco. System used that took the prize at Paris Exposition. German spoken.

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Beautiful and fascinating Comedy
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A Moral Play in sunshine and shadow
Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c

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Monday March 11th—Fourth and Last Week
The Enormous Operatic Hit
"WIZARD OF THE NILE"
Last Chance to See the Sparkling Opera
Hartman as the Wiz. — Wheelan as the King
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and his wife Gertrude, who is in love with her brother-in-law and had resolved to place him on the throne and marry him. Gertrude's conscience becomes troublesome and she urges Claudius to retire in favor of young Hamlet, which he is the more willing to do because of the marriage arranged between the youthful heir and his own daughter Amelia. While the guests are celebrating the marriage, the festivity is interrupted by the Ghost who accuses his brother and urges Hamlet to avenge his murder. Claudius organized a conspiracy to put the young king out of the way. The principal incidents of the composition are the intercessions of Amelia to save her father, the efforts of the traitors to make way with Hamlet and the deaths of Claudius and Gertrude. The ballet was produced in Vienna in 1798 and the chronicler says, "It is pleasant to add that it was withdrawn after a few performances," so there is little likelihood that it will ever be resurrected.

Somebody wants to dramatize Theophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and is making inquiries in the literary journals as to pervious dramatizations, copyright, etc.

Attractions Next Week

At the Columbia theatre next week the attraction will be De Koven and Smith's comic opera "The Highwayman" and Loie Fuller in her latest dance creations. The Broadway theatre (New York) opera company will present the opera for the first time in this city. "The Highwayman" ran for over two hundred nights at the Broadway and the production in this city will be metropolitan in every respect. Among the leading members of the large company are Edward Stanley, H. W. Tre Denick and Miss Fatmah Diard. In her repertory of dances La Loie will introduce among others her latest creations, "The Tempest" and "Archangel."

The fine production of "Around the World in Eighty Days" at Morosco's Grand Opera House has resulted in such large and enthusiastic audiences that the management has wisely concluded to continue it all next week. There is no question but that the presentation is one of the most complete we have ever had here. The Oriental scenes are strikingly picturesque. The introduction of the elephant Princess contributes greatly to the general effect and the cast is an excellent one throughout. Howard Hall is particularly good as Phineas Fogg. T. J. McGrane furnishes the comedy element as Passpartout. Edwin Dudley adds considerably to his reputation as the detective and Nina Morris fully exhausts the opportunities afforded her as Aouda, while Virginia Calhoun is an attractive Ayeesha. An agreeable feature of the performance is the numerous ballets of pretty girls. "Around the World in Eighty Days" can be safely commended to the public as one of the most delightful spectacular entertainments ever presented and as furnishing a most fascinating evening's entertainment. There will be matinees today and tomorrow.

When "Countess Gucki" is taken off the Alcazar's boards at the close of Sunday evening's performance another Daly play will take its place—"The Last Word." This play is a society comedy in three acts all of which are laid in and around Washington, D. C. The play is not a new one, but it is always interesting. "The Last Word" will be mounted and dressed in good taste, and will be interpreted by a strong cast.

The Orpheum's new bill will be headed by Bunth and Rudd Co., one of the most popular combinations in vaudeville. They have an act which includes every form of variety entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy will present an Irish sketch in which they will introduce a number of songs of the Emerald Isle. Beatrice Moreland and Co.will appear in a little comedy by Michael Morton, "Taming a Shrew" and the Mascagnos come direct from Paris with a real French novelty. Mrs. Bloodgood has been retained for one more week and Papinta will put on some new spectacular dances. Holdovers will be Wilson and Waring, the Oriskanys and the biograph.

Good business is still the rule at the Tivoli opera house, where the Wizard still holds its nightly gambols, and delights the people who flock to see him. The piece will hold the boards all next week and everybody should not fail to see the jolly opera. After the Wizard, the house will put on "The Wedding Day," by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards,the piece in which the three stars, Lillian Russell, Della Fox and Jeff D'Angelis toured the country a few years ago with immense success, the production being the most elaborate ever seen in this country. Alf. C. Wheelan was in the original cast, and will assist in staging the piece at the local house.

The coming appearance of Madame Sembrich and her operatic organization has caused quite a pleasant flutter of excitement in musical circles. She is without doubt the greatest singer of the day and this will probably be the only time she will be heard in San Francisco. Her season begins Monday evening, March eighteenth at Morosco's Grand Opera House, and is limited to six performances. The following is the repertory and cast for the first week: Monday evening, March eighteenth, "The Barber of Seville"—Rosina, Madame Sembrich, Bertha, Madame Mattfeld, Figaro, Sig. Bensaude, Bartholo, Sig. Rossi, Basilio, Sig. Dado, Fiorello, Sig. Galazza, Sargente, Sig. Vanni, Almavivia, Sig. de Lara; Wednesday, March twentieth, "La Traviata"—Violetta, Madame Sembrich, Amina, Madame Mattfeld, Flora, Madame Varezzi, Germont, Sig. Bensaude, Gaston, Sig. Vanni, Le Baron, Sig. Dado, Docteur, Sig. Rossi, Marquis, Sig. Galazza, and Alfredo, Sig. Daubigne; Saturday matinee, "Faust"—Marguerite, Madame Sembrich, Martha, Madame Mattfeld, Siebel, Madame Varezzo, Valentine, Sig. Bensaude, Mephistopheles, Sig. Dado, Wagner, Sig. Galazzi, Faust, Sig. Daubigne—conductor, Signor Bevignani. Prices, season of six performances, no repititions—$25, $15, $10. Single nights—$5, $3, $2, $1. The repertory for the second week will consist of "Don Pasquale," "Lucia," "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," etc. *The Playgoer.*

.. SEMBRICH ..

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Direction of C. L. GRAFF

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, COMMENCING MARCH 18th

Two weeks, with performances on Monday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday afternoons.

Repertoire—"Barber of Seville," "Rigoletto," "Don Pasquale," "La Traviata," "Pagliacci," "Faust," "Lucia," etc.

Subscription seats—six performances—no repetitions—Orchestra and two front rows of dress circle, $25; balance of dress circle and back rows of orchestra $15; front rows of family circle, $10; single night seats, $5, $3, $2, $1.50; gallery, unreserved, $1. Season sale now open at box office; single night sale, Wednesday next. Applications for boxes should be made at once to Mr. Alfred Bouvier, Grand Opera-house.

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The Automobile

It was a graceful act on the part of the organizers of the automobile run last Sunday, to turn over the affair to the club officials when the vehicles were all lined up and ready to move. It was also graceful in these same officials to apologize, at the meeting held subsequently at the Cliff House, for their tardiness in fulfilling the duties entrusted to them and to promise better conduct for the remainder of their tenure of office. It was a regular love feast and everyone was fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm. There were twenty-seven vehicles in line, headed by President Rodgers and Treasurer Ridley in an electric carriage, more horseless vehicles than San Francisco has ever seen together at one time. Not a single hitch occurred from start to finish and when the Cliff House was reached the line was as unbroken as at the start. After enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Wilkins and participating in really the only full fledged meeting of automobilists that has yet been held here, those on the run separated and returned to the city on the go-as-you-please order.

Since this meeting the fifteen dollar initiation fee which has been adopted by the club has been most severely criticised in many quarters, the concensus of opinion being that it is exorbitant and has a tendency to greatly retard the growth of the organization. One prominent operator, in speaking with the writer on this subject, had the following to say: "Had the charter list been thrown open or a fee of even five dollars been charged, I believe everyone on the run last Sunday would have become a member of the club. It is not a question of expense entirely but there are many of us who do not feel inclined to pay out fifteen dollars to join an organization that has done so little to boom the sport as this club. In its present condition the club should realize that its only chance of success is in point of numbers and until the membership has reached a certain limit every inducement should be made for owners of automobiles to join the organization."

The Mobiles are certainly wonders at hill climbing. Opponents of steam vehicles have claimed that they were not satisfactory machines with which to encounter steep grades, basing their claim upon the alleged fact that these vehicles exhausted their steam too rapidly on hills and would be all out of "breath" when the top was reached. The writer had the pleasure of enjoying a ride in a Mobile this week, with Manager McKnight at the throttle. After various hair-raising demonstrations in Post street, we essayed the Powell street hills. These steep grades were successfully taken at a speed nearly four times greater than the cable cars, and the steam pressure, instead of diminishing, kept increasing all the way to the top. At the start the gauge registered one hundred and eighty pounds, and when California street was reached, at the extreme summit, a pressure of two hundred and forty pounds was shown on the dial. Steam vehicles have apparently almost an absolute control of the situation in California at present, with gasoline machines running a far-away second and electrics practically out of it.

Joseph Saxton has finally perfected his steam truck and within the next two weeks will commence to fill some of the orders he has secured. The first vehicle to be turned out will be a big coal wagon for the Beaver Hill Coal company. The second will be a fancy truck for Ghirardelli, the chocolate manufacturer. He also has contracts to furnish a couple of wagons to a local brewery and some coaches for a stage company in Kern county.

W. L. Elliott made a record breaking run to San Jose and back last Sunday in his gasoline wagon. The trip down was made in two hours and twenty-seven minutes and the return in two hours and fifteen minutes. This is pretty lively going over country roads.

W. H. Talbot is being mentioned quite generally for the office of President of the Automobile Club of California at the annual election which is to take place in a month or so. He is apparently the unanimous choice of a large majority of the members.

According to the advices that Fred Ward & Son have just received the Foster company, manufacturers of the Foster steam vehicles, will change their tactics entirely this season in the manufacture and disposal of automobiles. Instead of decreasing the price will be increased and a better wagon in every particular will be placed upon the market. It will be stronger, will have a greater radius, double capacity for water and boiler, seamless steel tanks for gasoline and air, 34-inch wheels, front and rear; and enclosed gears, running in oil.

Chief Sullivan is becoming interested in automobiles and will probably be operating one in the near future. During the past week McKnight of the Mobile company gave the chief a few demonstrations that opened his eyes slightly to the possibilities of a motor vehicle for service in the fire department. The first test was for speed and Market street was the course selected for the trial. Despite the crowded condition of that thoroughfare McKnight sent his machine at full speed for several blocks. A sharp turn was made into Montgomery street, then to California and up the steep grades of the latter street to Powell. Full speed was maintained all the way and at the conclusion the chief admitted that he had never before been taken around the city at such a rapid gait. The fast climb up the California hills aroused his greatest admiration for the horseless vehicle.

Dorville Libby Jr. has returned from his eastern trip and will shortly launch out as a full fledged dealer in automobiles. He has secured the Coast agency for the Century company's vehicles and next week will open quite an extensive establishment in Market street near Van Ness avenue. The Century company manufactures electric, steam and gasoline rigs and with these three lines Libby should be able to get his share of the business. Libby is president and manager of the Sunset Automobile company, which has been manufacturing steam rigs in Mission street.

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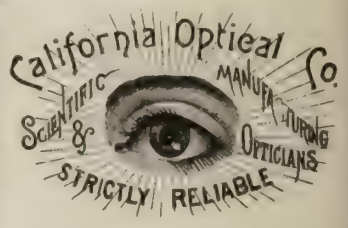

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Ninon: A Memory of All Souls' Day

Ninon, someone's singing our old favorite song,
While I sit apart from the crush and the throng;
And somehow, just now as the words ebb and flow,
I'm thinking of *you* and of our Long Ago.
As I saw you then, so I see you tonight;
You always were dressed in some gown that I liked.
I remember them all—in each you were sweet
From the curls on your head to the soles of your feet.

The jewels you wore; I remember them, too,
And how you did love your turquoises blue;
There's not one wee hour I've spent with you, dear,
I've ever forgotten throughout this long year.
The suppers we've had, the dim lights and the wine
Made rosy your cheeks, and your dear eyes shine
Far brighter than most jewels I see here, tonight,
No matter how clear or how bright in this light.

This song always brought such sad tears to your eyes;
I hated to see them or hear your deep sighs,
And used to reach out for your soft pretty hand
To press it and calm all your quivering fears; and
Then having found it, I'd stand by your chair
With an arm 'round your shoulders so snowy and fair.
I think the best moment of all that sad bliss,
Was when my lips bent to answer your kiss.

I can see thro' the door a vast sea of faces
All smiling and happy. There are numberless graces
Combined in these women and brave, loyal men;
Yet none seem so fair as *you* did to me, then
Your voice was so wooing, your laughter sincere,
Your heart seemed more constant than most of these
here
And all that you did seemed done but to please;
Ah Ninon, you witch—you knew how to tease!

There's Marie—*my* Marie—so sweet and so true;
Everyone loves her; she's beautiful too.
Yet now as I gaze on her lovely, fair face
And note all her movements of womanhood's grace,
I feel the deep peace of a satisfied life
That's filled with the love of a dear, little wife
I know she's the fairest of all in this throng,
Yet somehow *you* are—well, *you're* different, Ninon!

The song has just ended; there are tears in my eyes,
I'm almost ashamed—I *detest* men who cry!
Marie's voice is calling; it is time we were gone.
My cigarette's out; how cold the night's grown!
I only hope the fire at home is burning bright;
How *you* loved the warmth, the shadows and light!
I'll have one more smoke with a long "B and S"
While Marie and all have gone to their rest.

How my thoughts wander back to that Long Ago
When I first knew I loved you and then told you so!
Our heather has faded. In Death's valley again
It is Holy Day, Ninon! yet never again
For either of us will "All Souls' Day" return!
Yet somehow tonight my thoughts to *you* turn
And I'm living again old scenes past and gone
While thinking of *you*, Ninon—of *you* and the song!

February, 1901. —Caro Roma

Legal Notice

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

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Music World

The Henschels' Farewell

The farewell song recital of the Henschels' was held last Saturday afternoon and was attended by a large audience. The Henschels are true artists and have sung themselves into the very hearts of the San Francisco music lovers till it is fairly a pain to have to give them up. One cannot but feel that much in education has been gained by their sojourn in our midst, and for the student it has been a rare opportunity as the method used by these artists is of rare purity and excellence. The program was uncommonly well selected and tended to show the fine points of the singers from a new point of view in several instances. The program opened with a duet from Giannina and Bernadone (Cimarosa) which was followed by (a) Aria from "Semele" "Oh Sleep" (Handel), (b) Cavatina "Star vicino" (Salvator Rosa), (c) "Nymphs and Shepherds" (Purcell) Mrs. Henschel; (a) "Wait Thou Still" (1630) J. W. Frank, (b) Aria from "Samson" (Handel), (c) Aria from

Madame Teresa Carreno
Who will give Three Recitals here next week

Scaltra governatrice (1752) Cocchi, Mr. Henschel; Songs: (a) Die Loreley)Liszt), (b) Mondnacht (Schumann), (c) Das Maedchen sprieht (Brahms), Mrs. Henschel; Songs (a) Das Wandern, (b) Wohin, (c) Eifersucht und Stolz, from the Muellerlieder (Schubert), Mr. Henschel; (a) Connais tu (from Mignon) Ambrose Thomas, (b) Fair, Kind and True, (c) Spring, Mrs. Henschel; Ballad, "Archibald Douglas" (Loewe), Mr. Henschel. At the finish of the program Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang together the duet from Mignon, and to a rousing encore responded very appropriately with an "Adieu." Both singers were in their very best voice. Mr. Henschel's "Honor and Arms" was perhaps not the less enjoyable because of the number being a familiar one. The ballad "Archibald Douglas" was splendidly given yet I enjoyed "Wait Thou Still" quite as well as anything Mr. Henschel sang. It was given with such a depth of feeling that it went right to one's heart. Mrs. Henschel was, as always, in a happy mood. She is such a dainty, womanly little thing, and in her picture hat and green satin gown looked like a rare bit of Dresden China. I think the most enjoyable thing she sang was "Spring Sweet Spring" by Mr. Henschel, with words by Thomas Nash (1600):

"The fields breathe sweet
The daisies kiss our feet
Young lovers meet,
Old wives a-sunning sit
In every street
These tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, cuckoo
Jug, jug, jug, jug, pee-wee
To witta woo"

And the way she warbled out those bird notes was so perfectly delightful. Mr. Henschel himself was carried away with it and could not refrain from patting the little wife's shoulder in approval. It is with a sigh of regret that we remember it is the last, but surely time in its never ending revolutions will sometime return them to our midst. I think the hold they have on California hearts will prove a strong magnet to draw them to us again.

Dubois' "Seven Words of Christ" will be sung for the first time in San Francisco by the choir of St. Dominic's church, Sunday evening, March seventeenth. Theodore Dubois is director of the Paris conservatoire and organist of the Church of the Madeleine. He is a composer of note and this is perhaps the most beautiful work he has written for the church. The performance will be under the direction of Franklin Palmer. The soloists will be Miss Lilly Roeder, soprano, Miss E. V. McCloskey, contralto, Mr. J. F. Veaco, tenor, and Mr. Walton Webb, bass.

One of the most interesting contributions to the March *Century* is "Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms," by Georg Henschel. The article consists almost entirely of excerpts from Mr. Henschel's diary, "translated," as he tells us, "literally from the manuscript as it lies before me, written in pencil, and with no corrections whatever, thus indicating the absence at that time of any desire on my part to let them see the light of publicity." And it is just this quality of unstudied naturalness which gives the reminiscences their charm. The account, which is all too brief for the reader's satisfaction, abounds with anecdotes of the composer. Although unusually quotable it would be a pity to anticipate the reader's pleasure by picking out bits and scraps.

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Marino and Meany

A crowded house greeted Mr. Pietro Marino and Mr. R. Meany last Monday evening. Mr. Marino is a pupil of Ysaye and a graduate of the Brussels conservatory where he took a prize when only eighteen years of age. His rendering of the Rubinstein Sonata in G major at once convinced the audience of his ability as a violinist. The Wieniawski concerts No. 2 in D minor was rendered without notes, and aroused his hearers to a pitch of enthusiasm. Not a little of the rapturous applause which followed was a tribute to the pianist, Mr. Meany. In the andante Mr. Marino displayed a remarkable smoothness and suavity of bowing. The allegro was rendered with fire and brilliancy, and the Zingarella finale had to be repeated to satisfy the audience. Mr. Meany's piano solo consisted of Chopin's Ballade in A flat followed by Liszt's Rhapsodie No. XII. The Chopin number was a finished and dainty performance, its rippling movement being given with true poetic feeling. Signor Avedano was billed as the vocalist of the evening, but on account of indisposition was obliged to disappoint. As a special favor to Mr. Marino, Signor Pio Tacci consented to replace him. It is a thankless task to become a substitute for so distinguished a tenor as Signor Avedano, but Signor Tacci threw himself nobly into the breach, to the satisfaction of the audience, particularly in "Salve Dinorah," to a violin obligato by Mr. Marino and piano accompaniment by Mr. Meany. The concluding number "Legende" (Wieniawski) and "Willie We Have Missed You" (Vieuxtemps) served to show the sympathetic qualities of Mr. Marino's art.

Carreno

Madame Teresa Carreno, the greatest woman pianist before the public, and declared by many to be the greatest pianist now living, will give recitals at Sherman-Clay hall next Tuesday and Saturday afternoons at 3.15 and on Thursday night at 8.15. Few musicians can be brilliant in as many languages as Madame Carreno but somethimes this proficiency places her in embarrassing positions. Once in going to England to fulfill concert engagements she entered a railway carriage whose sole occupant was a big blond, generally distinguished in his appearance. Her brother was with her and they entered into an animated conversation in German. The distinguished blond gave no evidence of understanding a word they were saying. Madame Carreno, supposing herself secure, turned to her brother and said, quizzically:

"I suppose that man thinks I refused to get into any other carriage but this because I am in love with him. Men are so conceited."

When the train drew into the London station the big blond put his head out of the window and whistled to a theme from "Tristan and Isolde" which was greeted with a shout of welcome by friends standing on the platform.

"Who is the distinguished arrival ?" asked Madame Carreno of an acquaintance in waiting.

"Don't you know him ? That is Hans Richter."

"No, I don't know him," was Madame Carreno's answer, "but I know what I said about him, and that he understood it, and I have always wanted to make a good impression on him, too."

Madame Carreno's first program is as follows: Fantasie, Mozart; Sonata op. 31, No. 3, Beethoven; Nocturne, op. 62, No. 1, Etude in G flat, Barcarolle, Scherzo, op. 31, Chopin; Fantasie, op. 17, Schumann; Nocturne, Tschaikowsky, "If I were a Bird," Henselt; La Campanella, Paganini-Liszt.

Mr. Valentine Abt, the mandolinist, has dedicated to Mr. Samuel Adelstein a beautiful arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" as a mandolin duo. The duo style of mandolin playing is the most advanced phase of the art. It consists of the melody and accompaniment being played on the same instrument and makes the soloist entirely independent of the piano or guitar. It places the mandolin in a different light and opens up many possibilities undreamt of a few years ago. Mr. Adelstein has also received from Paris a Fantasie Brilliante on "Guillaume Tell" arranged for first and second mandolins, mandola, lute, cello, flute, guitar and piano by the celebrated Parisian composer Janvier Pietrapertosa. It is dedicated as follows: "Au distingue mandolinste Prof. Samuel Adelstein Directeur du Club Mandolinste de San Francisco."

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A New Musical Journal

Boston is the birthplace of the *Musical World*, whose first issue appeared this month. C. Deland, business manager for the Ditsons, and three of the best writers and critics on the musical subjects in America—Philip Hale, Louis Elten and Henry T. Finck—are on the staff. The publishers are in no sense trying to rival the *Courier* or the *Record*. The *World* is on entirely different lines, the publishers intending to make their one dollar a year magazine in the field of music what *Munsey*, *McClure* or the *Cosmopolitan* is in the general field of literature. The articles in the first number are all high class and interesting and several songs and instrumental pieces of classic music are given with the number. Mrs. Florence Jenckes is the representative of the *Musical World* here, and I have no doubt but that the magazine will soon become popular among musicians who like to keep in touch with all that is going on of interest to them.

An Enthusiastic Music-lover

It is through the influence of a wealthy San Franciscan, Mrs. G. M. Arnold, that Mr. D. Ffrangcon-Davies, the famed Welsh basso, is to come here in April. Ffrangcon-Davies is the greatest exponent of oratorio in the world, say the most eminent critics of both continents. His Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio is conceded to be a wonderful interpretation. He is also celebrated as a Wagnerian exponent. Mrs. Arnold, through whose persuasions the great singer has been induced to include San Francisco in his tour, is an enthusiastic music-lover. She lived in Berlin for many years and was the fonnder of the American Woman's club there, which does so much to aid students. She herself studied for the grand opera and made a successful debut but did not continue her stage career. Her whole heart and soul are wrapped up in the cause of music to which she consecrates her talents and her great wealth. The Arnolds have a magnificent home, newly erected, in Washington street overlooking the bay, and they entertain with the most generous hospitality. Mrs. Arnold's desire is to help place San Francisco among the most highly cultured music centres of the country. She wishes to see the best music brought here. One of her plans is to start a series of Sunday night sacred concerts, such as are in vogue in European cities and in New York.

A Pupil Concert

The invitational concert given on Tuesday evening by the pupils of Mr. H. B. Pasmore was very enjoyable. Those assisting were Miss Zueletta Geery and W. A. Sabin, accompanists, Elias M. Hecht, flutist, and Mary, Dorothy and Susan Pasmore. The pupils taking part in solo work were Miss Philomena Correa, Mrs. Charles C. Hughes Miss Beulah George, Robert Morrissey, Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Miss Adelaide Birchler, Miss Anna Moore, Miss Anne Obermuller, Mrs. Edith Scott Basford and Edward Cahill. The program was well chosen and numbered many works by Mr. Pasmore. "The Message" was given both as a solo and duet. It is one of Mr. Pasmore's finest compositions.

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The Twentieth Century Club

The second monthly concert of the Twentieth Century club was given last Friday evening, the program being under the direction of Professor Herman Genss. He was assisted by Miss Margarethe Bruntsch, who substituted for Miss Millie Flynn on account of the latter's sudden illness; Mr. Harry Samuels, violin; Mr. Arthur Weiss, violoncello and the Harmonie double quartet, which is composed of Emile Barrangon and A. Meyer, first tenors; Louis Roesch and J. Herbst, second tenors; John Plageman and G. H. Stiehl Jr., first bassos; S. Levy and F. Franz, second bassos. The audience was large and appreciative, consequently the applause was not stinted. Mr. Genss gave the Liszt rhapsodie No. 2 in fine style and responded to an urgent encore. The trios for piano, violin and 'cello were finely rendered and Mr. Samuels gave the Mendelssohn adagio and rondo for violin in his best style. Miss Bruntsch sang "Es fallt ein Stern herunter" (Genss) and "Liebestren" (Brahms) also the "Elegie" (Massenet) and sang them beautifully. She was in fine voice. The "Harmonie" was well received and tendered a hearty encore after each number. The stage was handsomely decorated for the occasion and the concert was from every point of view a success. If the programs keep to the high standard with which the series has started they are bound to be deservedly popular. The remaining concerts of the series will be held on the last Fridays of March, April and May.

The Von Meyerincks

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck for the opening concert at the new recital hall adjoining the school, 841 Fulton street. This hall is for the especial use of the Von Meyerinck school, and is beautifully adapted for musical and dramatic performances. A delightful program has been arranged for the opening concert in the new hall. The Valkyrie chorus is to be sung as the first number and there will be solos by Miss Fay, Miss Feldheim, Mrs. Cox, Mr. Friedlander and Mr. Hanna. Miss Boston will sing the Siebel aria from "Faust" in costume and scenes from "Hansel and Gretel" (Humperdinck) will be sung in costume by Miss Heath and Miss Cullen.

Among those who so generously assisted at the benefit entertainment tendered to the late Jacob Muller, last Sunday evening, was little Irene Palmer. The talented little pianiste, who has appeared several times before the public, was enthusiastically applauded. She rendered a "Dance Caprice" by Ph. Scharwenka; valse brillante "Des gouttes de rosee," a charming composition by her teacher, Joseph Beringer, and Gavotte op. 129 No. 3 by C. Reinecke.

Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel and Miss Elena Roeckel were most enthusiastically received on Saturday night, when they rendered duos at the Emporium concert, under Mr. John Marquardt's direction.

—*The Music Critic.*

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The Famous Beauties

Showing how a Clever Editor evolved a Sunday Sup story from Zero

Scene I. Office of Sarah Bernhardt's Beauty Doctor.

Enter Special Writer for a San Francisco Sunday Sup.

Special Writer: I come, Monsieur, to get your opinion as to who are the three most beautiful women in society here.

Beauty Doctor: Ah, but there *is* no society here, n'est-ce-pas! I haf seen but one Princesse—she has much embonpoint, vous comprenez. A Comtesse—ah, oui, and a Baronesse, who is in Charmanie a present. Helas! these ladies come not to my seances.

S. W.: I am not speaking of the Saint Germain push but of the swim of this city.

B. D.: Je ne pas comprends—c'est tres difficile. The sweem? Ah oui, I haf seen the bay, the ocean, but I haf no opeenion of them. I haf not been in a boat since we came.

S. W.: Oh, I'll get some pictures and show you.

(Special Writer departs, returning shortly with twenty photographs of San Francisco society women; explains to Beauty Doctor that he is to dictate to a stenographer his opinion of the three women he considers typical beauties.

Scene II. Office of Sunday Editor, a few days later. Enter Special Writer and stenographer, the former smiling at success of his task.

Stenographer elaborates and typewrites notes.

Sunday Editor (reading): "No. 1: Beauty evidently of Portuguese birth, even teeth show that her dentist is a thoroughbred; neatly penciled eyebrows betray possession of maid who is an adept at her art. Skillful way in which thin neck is disguised shows that her modiste is an artist.

"No. 2: Mon Dieu! it is rather hard to say anything about this one. She has one million in her own right? Oh, the blessed saints! She is the rarest beauty I ever saw. That long curved nose shows her Hebraic lineage beyond a doubt. If it were not that she is—a million, did you say? Oh, that slight squint in the eye adds piquancy to an otherwise cold expression.

"No. 3: Of Milesian birth, I should judge, from the decided droop to the lips and heavy lower jaw, giving an apish look to the mouth. Nose, a pug; eyes best feature."

S. E. (sharply): What in h— do you mean by letting him get off this rot?

S. W.: Oh, I just stepped out while he dictated to the stenographer.

S. E.: Go after him—catch him—get him to write new descriptions.

S. W.: Can't—he left for Australia yesterday.

S. E.: You were a blanked fool to take those pictures to him. Why didn't you pick out some pretty girls?

S. W. You said I must get *swells*.

But the Sunday Editor was a man of resources, and this is how the descriptions appeared when in print, over the Beauty Doctor's signature;

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Maud Edna Hall, once of Morosco's stock, is now leading lady of a New Jersey stock company. Her latest creation was the title role of "L'Aiglon." And Maud used to sing coon songs!

A very valued member of Mrs. Carter's company is Maude Winter, the pretty daughter of Mrs. Beaumont Packard.

Florence Roberts sailed on the *Mariposa* for Honolulu last week.

World of Letters

Books as Decorations

Time was when the value of a book was measured only by its intrinsic literary worth, and the author alone was held responsible for the praise or blame which was merited by the product of his pen. A cover was merely a cover—designed principally and primarily for the preservation of the printed pages. But modern progress has changed all this, and many a poor, not to say bad work has been saved from oblivion because of its superior illustrations, or, to quote a term from the book trade, "has sold on its cover." A beautiful cover will often do for a book what fine raiment does for the individual, in enabling each to make a better impression than sober facts would warrant, and there is no book lover and book buyer who has not secretly grudged the artistic bindings apparently wasted upon printed trash. Books have a recognized value as decorations, amongst a certain class, and there are few amongst us who cannot recall the enormous gilt-edged and illustrated family Bible which used to repose in solemn state on the marble-topped centre table, or the school prizes ranged in precise order astant the corners of the old-fashioned card table. We have all read countless jokes on the subject of the man who ordered nine cubic yards of books to fill the shelves of his newly acquired library, and the people who buy red books to match the rug, or green books to harmonize with the wall paper. A sewing machine company recently devised a new style of cabinet case which, when closed entirely concealed the fact that it contained anything so plebean and commonplace. The front of the case was fitted with a glass door behind which appeared rows of books, the works of a "favorite author"—mere dummy backs. These things are quite a matter of course amongst a certain class of people who may be summed up in the language of a tiny miss, who expressed her satisfaction at being obliged to wear spectacles—"Because now I shall look so literature." But a journal of letters recently made mention of a dinner given in London to a distinguished American in which books were used as decorations. John Cotton Dana, the librarian at Springfield, Massachusetts, recently made complaint of the inadequacy of criticism which gives no insight into the style of binding and general appearance of a volume, but it would be somewhat startling, if, books are to be used as "decorations" to have a volume of poems, for example, characterized as extirely lacking in literary merit, but bound in cream and gold—a suitable decoration for a bud luncheon, or an impossible novel, in "brilliant cardinal," would make a charming display for a bohemian dinner, etc. It has been suggested, in this connection, that heavy and dull books suitably brought out in brown covers might command a sale if advertised as suitable for pressing autumn leaves. One has even suggested that since the utilitarian side of

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literature is coming to the top, cargoes of unsalable books might be utilized as ballast for ships, with the understanding that only such copies as are sold for reading should pay royalties, the useful and decorative to be settled for at so much per pound.

Wilde and Black

Oscar Wilde, it was, who in the heydey of his glory, roasted the works of William Black, the English novelist, and it is a curious circumstance that at the very time that Wilde died expatriated in poverty and obscurity a memorial was being erected by popular subscription to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Black. The memorial is in the shape of a beacon light at Duart point, where one is badly needed, two wrecks having taken place there during the last winter. Lord Archibald Campbell, who was a prime mover in getting up the subscription, has written the following lines which will be inscribed thereon:

We fain would let thy memory dwell
Where rush the tide ways of the sea
Where storms will moan or calms will tell
To all the world our love for thee
Whom all men loved in this old land
And all men loved across the sea—
We may well clasp our brethren's hand
And light the Beacon light for thee.

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Home Appreciation of Books

To me there is no part of a literary magazine more interesting than that which chronicles the list of best selling books, or those most called for at the libraries in various parts of the country. From my observation of these lists I conclude that authors are not justified in complaining of lack of appreciation at home, since as a general thing books by local authors, or on subjects of local interest are in good demand, even though they attract but little attention elsewhere Matters of universal interest, such as the Boer War or the Boxer outbreak naturally create wide-spread attention, but it is not always safe to judge the intellectual trend of a community from the books most in demand. If a school board introduces some new topic into the course of study, or if some big, educational powwow is under way there will be a sudden demand for books on educational topics. It would not be wise to conclude that San Francisco was always worshiping at the shrine of Wagner, because books relating to the composer and his operas were in brisk demand during December and January, for there was the grand opera season to account for it. Just now there is a demand for information concerning hypnotism, and for books dealing with the question of a future life. The coming of a good theatrical company, or even a popular star, acting in plays of historic or literary interest, always stimulates the reading public, and very frequently some local happening will give an entirely new trend for awhile. With the close of the Exposition there is a general decline in the demand for books concerning Paris, and the death of Queen Victoria created a call for anything relating to the royal family of Great Britain. On the subject of fiction there is usually a surprising unanimity. Everyone appears to be interested in the latest success. There does not seem to be any way of accounting for the universal demand for a single book which goes through the whole country like an epidemic of measles through a country school, unless we accept the theory that it is in the air.

Authors' Names

An English reviewer has been complaining that the names of American poets are "depressing." He (she ?) probably thinks a name should be suggestive of a calling, and would counsel those afflicted with prosaic or commonplace cognomens to adapt some sweet pretty pen name more in keeping with the character. "The Lounger" in the *Critic* suggests that while English writers sport such names as Quiller-Couch, F. Burdett Money-Coutts, Eden Phillpotts and Knatchbull Hugessen, it would be in order for our British cousins to "sing small" on the subject.

An Interesting Novel

A novel which promises to attract more than ordinary attention is "The Forest Schoolmaster" by Peter Rosegger, translated for the *Critic* by Frances E. Skinner, and now appearing as a serial. "In the Early Forties," a series of articles by Sir George Murray Smith, detailing his recollections of famous authors with whom he came into contact both socially and as a publisher, will prove of unusual interest, both from the information contained therein and the manner of its relation. The January number of the *Critic* has an appreciative review of Lafcadio Hearn's latest book, "Shadowings" by Adachi Kinnosuke. It is brief, only two pages, but those two pages no admirer of either Mr. Hearn or his reviewers can afford to miss.

It was a happy inspiration of William S. Walsh (Literary Era) in writing of those small journals of revolt, the modern "chap book" of which the *Philistine* is the leader, to characterize them as "chappie books."

—*The Bookworm.*

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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

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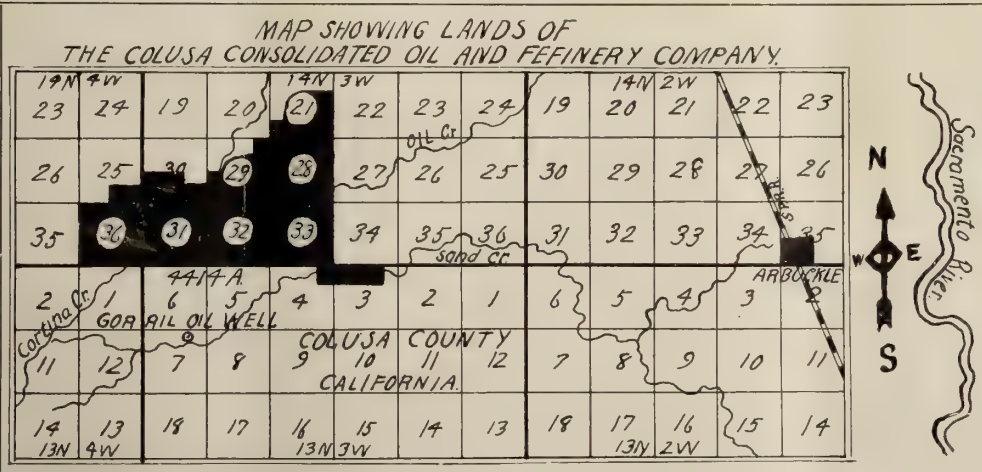

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San Francisco, March 16, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Where Boodle Is King

When the Legislature adjourns sine die a feeling of relief comes over the people of the State. The feeling is akin to that which soothes the occupant of the stage-coach who has given his light purse to the highwayman after having safely secreted his heavy wallet under the seat. As patriotic Americans we indignantly resent the criticisms made by foreigners on our government while acknowledging to ourselves that our State Legislature is a necessary evil which must be tolerated for a few months biennially. The complaisance of the patriotic American is remarkable. It is responsible for that grotesque legislative body which assembles for sandbagging purposes at Sacramento every two years. The merry footpad of the Legislature introduces his little cinch bill with the most charming sang froid, and cares not a tinker's imprecation who knows that his purpose is to lure Colonel Mazuma to the scene of the contemplated hold-up. The lawyer with a small practice becomes a statesman, and accepts fees to advocate or defeat legislation. He walks erect in public and shakes the hand of his fellow man without a blush. Nobody shuns him. Nobody points him out as an unscrupulous crook. The rogue of the Legislature who practices blackmail as though it were one of the legitimate professions, is received into clubs of eminent respectability and sits at the same table with the prominent corporation director who was compelled to contribute to a sack to save his company from adverse and unjust legislation. The occasional honest Senator who cannot be bribed votes to squander State funds for political expediency and prides himself on the superiority of his morals. When the Legislature is in session large business interests are uneasy. They never know what is going to happen but they are prepared for the worst. Yet we are proud of our government and are not seriously alarmed. Boodle is King at the State Capitol, the Upper House at Washington has become an exclusive club for millionaires, the big Trusts are consolidating to augment their power, the army is growing larger and the people are beginning to wonder where it is all going to end.

The Redoubtable Blakeney

TOWN TALK'S assertion that our Life Saving Service appears to be more picturesque than useful has been borne out by the testimony elicited by Major Blakeney, the head of the institution, at the investigation which he has been conducting. Major Blakeney is one of the most picturesque of the constituent parts of the service. Shortly after the wreck of the *Rio* he was told by the newspaper reporters that his men were guilty of gross negligence, and he became very indignant. His men told him that they were not negligent and he believed them. Then came the confession of a member of the Life Saving crew that he heard the *Rio's* whistle of distress but paid no attention to it and thereupon Major Blakeney talked about killing him. And now the major appears to be of the opinion that as he had bravely talked about killing somebody the honor of the service has been vindicated. The fact is that our Life Saving Service is suffering from an attack of dry rot. Wrecks have been so rare in this vicinity that the men have not kept their hands in. And Major Blakeney has been content to see them drill at regular intervals. If anybody had taken the trouble to test their vigilance at unexpected moments perhaps the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Rio* would have been saved.

The Real Fakers Exposed

The attention of the Governor is respectfully called to the fact that the bubonic plague exists in this city, and that the diagnoses made from time to time by the gentlemen of the local Board of Health were correct. Several months ago Governor Gage summoned a few handy doctors to his aid and secured from them a statement to the effect that the bubonic plague report of the local health authorities was a fake. At that time the leading physicians agreed that the plague was here; that it was in the bubonic and not the pneumonic form and that it was not epidemic. The health authorities proceeded to wipe it out by the enforcement of proper sanitary measures, and if they had been permitted to carry out their plans the city would not have suffered. But the Governor, affecting great concern for the business interests of the city and with his eye on the main political chance, deemed it advisable to dispute the judgment of the city officials. Then they were denounced on all sides as fakers and charlatans who were bent upon ruining the city, and the Governor posed as the Friend of the People. In his theatrical indignation he reorganized the State Board of Health, removing an eminent physician who declined to approve his conduct and substituting the spectacular Jinslow Wanderson who was loudly asserting that there was no plague here. And deaths from plague have been occurring at regular

intervals ever since, but meanwhile the dailies have maintained a discreet silence through fear of causing alarm and the Board of Health has been obliged to suffer under the imputation that it had mendaciously proclaimed the presence of the plague. Not satisfied with the injury done to those men the Governor revived the controversy in his message to the Legislature and reiterated the charge that the business of the state had suffered through gross misrepresentation. So persistent was he in trying to sustain his position that the authorities at Washington began to suspect that we were trying to conceal plague cases, and they sent a commission of scientists to this city to investigate. Those gentlemen made their report last week corroborating the local health authorities and proving that the real fakers were the Governor and his experts. Then for a time it was feared that the army transport service would be diverted from this port and a commission hurried on to Washington to beseech the President not to take such action. From the despatches of Monday it appears that the Federal authorities, knowing that the plague is not epidemic and that it exists in a very mild form, have no intention of diverting trade from California. But in view of all the facts surely an apology is due the doctors who were so cruelly maligned. If the Governor is not ashamed of his attitude throughout the unfortunate controversy he ought to be.

She Attacked the Clergy

Hatchet Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher of Kansas, has a warm admirer in Miss Marie C. Brehm, franchise superintendent of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Brehm made her appearance at the Third Congregational church last Sunday evening in an hysterical stunt which provoked a reply from Rev. William Rader, who pointed out the absurdity of the woman's statements as to the cowardice of clergymen in matters pertaining to the liquor question. She declared that "there are clergymen whose mouths are shut by big salaries, which would be taken away were the recipients to speak out for the abolition of the hellish trade of the saloon-keeper." Miss Brehm is a fair sample of the intemperate women that preach temperance for the Union. Dr. Rader informed her that we must accord to others the right of opinion. The members of the W. C. T. U. do not concede such a right. If they did, the prohibition laws of Kansas would never have been enacted and we should never have heard of Hatchet Carrie. Prohibition laws are passed in States whose inhabitants are not prohibitionists, by cowardly legislators who fear the influence of the women of the Union. The laws are not enforced because they have not the sanction of public opinion. Fortunately the W. C. T. U. is manufacturing public opinion against itself, and as a consequence the influence that it now exercises is destined to wane. When the Union secured the abolition of the army canteen it drew attention to the fact that it is composed of dangerous, meddlesome cranks. The result of the closing of the canteen has been disastrous. That was the prediction of the champions of the canteen, and it was closed by Congress for no other purpose than to prove to the W. C. T. U. that the effect would be contrary to that which was sought. In time the canteen will be restored and then the W. C. T. U. will no longer be taken seriously.

The Jury System

The criticism of the system of jury trials, made by Justice Brewer, has attracted wide-spread attention and comment. It is admitted that the jury system is clumsy, and by no means a perfect institution in other respects, yet the consensus of opinion seems to be that there is nothing better to be had. As to the manner of selecting a jury it has long been admitted that there is virtually a premium placed upon incompetence. A dozen men who, on their own confession have not a sufficient interest in the happenings of the community to read the papers and discuss their contents, are chosen hap-hazard. They have no knowledge of the law, and they have practically no experience or training in deciding mere questions of fact, yet in cases which are tried before a jury no final judgment can be had without the verdict of the jury. This, as Albert Stickney remarks, "leads to some remarkable results. We have the double tribunal of judge and jury made up of one man who knows the law and twelve men who do not know the law, to decide the cause, and the one man who does know it merely tells them what the law is. * * * This attempt to have one man decide a cause on another man's idea of law—to have twelve men think with another man's brains—is not fitted to give the best results." The fact that juries are composed of men inexperienced in the law leads to the endless and wearisome contests over the admission of evidence. The jury is impaneled for the express purpose of weighing testimony and yet the jurors cannot be trusted to perform their duty. The criminal has an abiding faith in a jury trial, and in truth the whole method of our criminal proceedings is especially adapted for the protection of criminals. "A judge for a good case, a jury for a poor one" is a recognized legal maxim. Instead of conducting a trial with the single point in view of reaching the truth, and therefore following the methods of scientific investigation, the counsel set themselves the task of winning the jury. Facts are distorted and motives attributed. The aged mother and the little child are introduced into the court room, and not infrequently instructed minutely in the roles they are to play. Family groups are arranged with a view to affecting the tender-hearted jury men, and every effort is made to introduce intangible evidence. The jury system is a failure, but the wise men of the bar who sneer at the shortcomings of every other profession, and who love to boast that for every wrong the law has a remedy, are unable to suggest anything better. The jury system is a failure because the lawyer with a poor case abhors an intelligent jury. If juries were impaneled by the court instead of by counsel for the litigants, justice would not so frequently go astray.

Should Women Taboo Journalism?

The *Ladies' Home Journal* discusses the question, "Is the Newspaper Office the Place for a Girl?" and decides negatively on the strength of answers returned

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in reply to the question addressed to one hundred editors: "If you had a young daughter desirous or forced to go into the outer world would you, from your experience as an editor or a newspaper woman, approve of her working in a daily newspaper office? If not, why not? And under what, if any circumstances or conditions would you sanction it?" Of the fifty women addressed, forty-two responded, thirty-nine in the negative. Thirty men responded, all in the negative, Q. E. D. But if Mr. Bok had addressed a similar inquiry to people engaged in any other occupation, his answers would be approximately the same. How many milliners, or dressmakers care to have their daughters follow the same trade under the same conditions? Housewives and mothers, under cross-examination, might say yes, but qualified by so many buts and ifs that it would practically be no. Saleswomen, factory hands, stenographers, typewriters, —all would advise their daughters to try something which would tax their strength and nerves less. And very few there would be who would not have the inevitable word upon the danger of "coarsening" influences. This is a practical world, and ours a most practical age. Notwithstanding all that is said of the golden age of the past, girls were never kept in glass cases away from moth and dust. The wheels of progress will not turn backward, and since men have first taken from women their home occupations by erecting factories, and then employing them at lower rates than they could get their own sex to accept, it is useless for them to set up bogies in the hope of scaring the girls back into their homes. No occupation is carried on under ideal conditions, and girls who are under the compulsion of earning their own living must accept conditions as they are, not as they "ought to be." A girl with a proper degree of dignity and self-respect will be none the worse for her occupation. A feather-brained fool would manage to get into mischief if she were immured in a convent cell. A girl who is interested in her work, not in how she looks while she is doing it, will not be interfered with, but the one who enters store, office or any other place with the idea of having a gay time and attracting the attention of her male co-workers, will have herself and not her work to blame for consequences. If the twenty married women and mothers who replied to Mr. Bok's inquiry had been asked whether they approved of a career for a married woman apart from her home life, what would their answer have been? If the men had been given the alternative of having their daughters earn a salary on their own account, or of paying them an equivalent allowance from their own pockets, how would it have affected the answers? The women of the twentieth century cannot live on pious advice. It takes dollars to pay for shoes and groceries.

The Saunterer

Haxton's Scoop

My paragraph of last week anent the rumor that Mrs. Monroe Salisbury had become a society reporter reminded an occasional contributor that some years ago the precedent was established by a member of the local smart set. That was in the days of H. R. Haxton of the *Examiner* staff, who was a contemporary of the eccentric Petey Bigelow. Haxton was a clever journalist who posed as an Englisman but who was said to be the wandering heir of a fine old New England family. He was a gay rogue, was Haxton, and his escapades at San Mateo and Belmont put an extra coat of verdigris on the family escutcheon. He was editor of the Sunday Supp. and about that time the smart set was astounded by the articles which appeared in the *Examiner's* columns, so intimate a knowledge did they betray of the affairs of the elect. So familiar a tone was adopted in speaking of the inner life of the innermost cult of the Four Hundred that scared eyes looked "who(?)" to eyes that accused again. It was felt that this information and that those old-time portraits were furnished by somebody in the swim, but it was not until Haxton took unto himself a wife that people began to wink knowingly.

Divorced and Married

Before the marriage it was necessary for Haxton to slough off a wife, for he was the husband of Agnes Thomas, an actress of the Rose Coghlan company. His second choice was a cultured woman, no longer young, who had sounded all the shoals and depths of the social sea. She was far from handsome, but she was a typical aristocrat of the ultra-Southern set. Her father was an early Californian, known and respected for many years as a notary public. Her mother was a dainty, pretty little woman, the intimate friend of the Haggins and the Tevis's. When Haxton met Miss Sallie Thibault—she it was that he wooed and won—she had passed into spinsterhood. She was considered one of the finest pianists ever heard in San Francisco—always in demand at the musicales and private theatricals that made merry the halls of the Taylor street mansions, about the time that Gordon Blanding was courting Miss Tevis, and the handsome Breckenridge was getting a divorce from another daughter of the house of the Express Company's president.

Into the cultured woman's life came Haxton and they were married. They went abroad, but Sallie Thibault's dream of love was of short duration. The erratic journalist was soon in pursuit of strange goddesses. For a time he was dangling in the train of Amy Crocker-Gillig, and now his wife, I learn from Madame La Bavarde of the *Bulletin*, who appears to get her social gossip ex cathedra, is making her home

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permanently in London with her little son. She is living in a musical atmosphere and appears to be content with her lot.

When a captain attempts to come into port in a fog and also in his pajamas with the chief engineer in bed nobody should be surprised if something happens.

The Cynical Carpenter

If somebody were to make a collection of the good things that have been said by Judge R. B. Carpenter he would have material enough for a very interesting book. Judge Carpenter is the elderly gentleman who is occasionally referred to in the newspapers by way of opprobrium, as a railroad attorney. To be a railroad attorney is the ambition of about nine-tenths of the lawyers in the State, and I don't think that Judge Carpenter ever regretted being on the pay-roll of the company or seriously objected to being denounced as a hireling of the corporation. He is a Southern gentleman,is Carpenter,and he points with pride to the fact that once upon a time—I think it was in 1867—he ran for Governor of South Carolina. If he had been elected, the contemporaneous Governor of North Carolina would not have complained about its being a long time between drinks.

Why He Won't Run For Governor

A short time ago Judge Carpenter was eating lunch with Billy Foote, Alex Vogelsang and other kindred spirits, and the subject of the probable candidates in the next gubernatorial campaign came up for discussion. It was suggested to Judge Carpenter that as he was from Los Angeles, to the soil of which Republican Governors are indigenous,he should seek the nomination.

"Well," he said, in the drawling style which is characteristic, "I'll never run for Governor of this State and I'll tell you why. I've noticed that though the Governors of California are elected by varying pluralities they invariably go out unanimously."

His Contempt of Court

One day Judge Carpenter was in the Supreme court listening to the examination of applicants for admission to the bar. During a lull in the proceedings he remarked to one of the justices:

"I'm glad I don't have to go through that ordeal again."

"Why?" asked the Justice, winking at one of his confreres, "Don't you think you could pass?"

"Well," was the reply, "if what you fellows are handing down in the opinions of this court, is law, then I'm damned sure I couldn't pass."

A Terrible Warning

Although ex-Attorney General Fitzgerald,who has been holding a State job almost ever since he came to California, is also a southern gentleman, he was not greatly admired by Judge Carpenter. They had a dispute once when Fitzgerald was attorney-general over the appointment of a deputy in the latter's office. Judge Carpenter was somewhat indignant and turning to Fitzgerald said:

"Say, if you don't change your methods like h— you'll make the administration of your predecessor, W. H. H. Hart, appear respectable."

Where John Lost His Keys

The manager of one of the largest shipping and commission houses in town was made the victim of a good joke the other day. One of his friends happened to get on the same wire with him, and learned that he was in connection with a house in the tenderloin where cold bots are sold for five dollars a pint and smiles are proportionately expensive. From the conversation it appeared that he had lost a bunch of keys the night before and was sure it could be found in one of the rooms. He earnestly requested that a search be made. Within an hour a dozen of his friends knew about his loss and he was very much annoyed every five minutes by having the query addressed him over the phone:

"Say, John, have you recovered your keys?"

Later on a mammoth ring to which were attached numerous old keys of all sizes and shapes was sent to his office. He is probably still curious to know who his friends were that were so anxious about his loss.

"Are you keeping Lent in the spirit as well as the letter?" questioned the rector of his confirmation class.

"My spirit is willing enough," answered Miss Pacific Heights, "but—well, my flesh is terribly weak."

But she did not ask him if it were necessary for her to do penance because she had been out to dinner, and to the theatre, with Cholly Clubboy the night before.

A Lenten Tea

A young matron gave what she called an "old fashioned tea-party" recently, but it was decidedly not the kind of a tea-party our great grandmothers presided over. The tea was poured from an antique silver tea-pot that had belonged to the mother of the hostess' husband, and all the cups and saucers were of rare old porcelain. But the beverage served in them was neither bohea nor orange pekoe, but something that harmonized with the "old" idea of the feast. It was old bourbon. The hostess' husband dropped in during the progress of the function, and expressed some surprise at the guests' happy spirits.

"I didn't know tea could make ladies so jolly," he said, "we'll have to introduce it at our club stags."

Then he commented on the absence of cream and sugar from the cups, as he politely declined a taste of the tea.

"My grandmother always took cream and sugar in her tea," he said, "but I suppose she wasn't old fashioned enough for you."

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

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THE WORLD OVER.

Said Lawrence to McKinley

Fred Lawrence is not a deserter from the Hearst journalistic plant. He left the *Examiner* to join the staff of the Denver *Post* but before he got away from town he received an offer from the *Chicago American* which he accepted. He has lately been piloting a party of Chicago school children who are guests of Mr. Hearst to points of interest in the East. In Washington the children were received by the President, and Mr. Lawrence did a spell-binding stunt. He said:

I desire to convey to you the gratitude of Mr. Hearst and the *Chicago American* for the honor you have conferred upon these little guests, the school children of Chicago, in affording them this opportunity to personally meet the President of the United States.

Mr. Hearst particularly desires me to express to you his prayer for a continuance of your present good health and his best wishes for the prosperity of the nation under your guidance.

A Clubman on the Stage

During the run of "Zaza" I heard a good many adverse criticisms of Charles A. Stevenson's impersonation of Bernard Dufresne. The carpists said he was "not dramatic enough." Now, Mr. Stevenson comes naturally by his calm demeanor—that of the blase man of clubs. Like Hugh Toland he also was once a mere society man. He was, in fact, an agent for a celebrated brand of champagne and he has been a warm friend of Mrs. Carter for many years. When Mrs. Carter found that she had every chance of succeeding in her stage career, and started in in earnest to climb the ladder of fame, it was not long before she induced Mr. Stevenson to come along with her. The ex-champagne agent has been an actor only for a short time, but his impersonation of Dufresne shows no signs of amateurishness.

Mrs. Culchaw: I said two or three good things at the club today but nobody seemed to appreciate them.

Mr. Culchaw: Perhaps your audience was not in a suitable frame of mind. Whenever you have a good thing to say always be sure that you are en rapport with your audience before you spring it.

Tidball-Toland

Hugo Toland does not deny the report that he is to marry Gertrude Tidball, so the wedding will likely come off as rumored. Miss Tidball is a very pretty San Francisco girl, and is a granddaughter of Mrs. R. G. Lewis, who was the oracle among modistes some years ago. The former appeared at the Alcazar in small roles for some time after she made her dramatic debut, and then went East to fulfill more elevated positions. When Hugo Toland appeared in "The First Born" and "The American Girl" Gertie Tidball was also of the company. His admiration for the young actress was even then town talk. But Hugo has been reported engaged before this, and to a stage favorite. That was during his mother's lifetime. It was said that Hugo was to marry May Irwin, the queen of farce comedy stars. However, May denied the story and said she was old enough to be her reputed fiance's mamma. No Californian society girl has ever been able to enchain Hugo Toland's fancy for an instant. His brother Charles, long since passed away, married twice. His first wife was Anne Buckley, and his second Trella Foltz.

She Has Gained Avoirdupois

Carrie Roma writes from England that she tips the scales at one hundred and sixty pounds, and that if she continues to gain flesh will have to take to banting. She says that if she appeared on the Tivoli stage, she doesn't believe anyone would recognize her. Roma used to be the slimmest prima donna that ever warbled an operatic aria. She worked so hard and was so ambitious that she had no chance to accumulate avoirdupois. She is just as ambitious now, and labors quite as hard, but the English climate seems to agree particularly well with her. She is prima donna of a fine grand opera company which, after a successful tour of the provinces, has settled down for a London season. She is getting out a new volume of songs and is altogether on the high road that leads to financial as well as artistic prosperity.

"I don't see that you are wearing sackcloth and ashes," said Mrs. Severely Godly to Miss Merry Bud.

"Great goodness! aren't these flat flower hats freakish enough?" responded the latter. "I never did believe in adopting extreme styles."

He Will Have to Wait

As he treads the board walk at Fort Mason, on his monotonous guard duty, perhaps Private Foley sometimes thinks he has made a mistake. Foley went to the Philippines from Massachusetts, when he was a student at Harvard, and he still has one year of his enlistment to serve. The other day a relative died and left him a tidy fortune. However, Foley will have to serve out his time before he can start out and spend that legacy as he would wish, in a large way not possible while one is an enlisted man. His father was quite a prominent man in his part of the world, and served in the Civil war.

In Gotham

My New York correspondent writes me that "Bob" Cutting's family have quite forgiven the sins of his past, and he is again sparkling in the social swim where before his marriage to Minnie Seligman he was such a shining light. His stage experience did no harm beyond enlarging his experience. It is rumored that Cutting's ex-wife and co-star is married to Dick Cole of St. Louis. Cole is the man whom Cutting

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charged with all sorts of sensational misdoings when he brought suit for divorce against the fair and false Minnie. He is the son of Nathan Cole, the millionaire commission man of St. Louis. The magnificent golden wedding anniversary ball given by the Coles last month at the Odeon is still talked about by the guests. Young Cole is a highroller and lately lost two thousand dollars in Joe Ullman's poolroom at Hot Springs, giving a draft on his father for the amount. The actress' new adorer is not known in San Francisco, so far as I can learn, but his successor, Robert Livingston Cutting, is still remembered here. He appeared at the California theatre shortly after his marriage to Minnie Seligman, as the Russian officer in Richard Henry Savage's "My Official Wife."

The Dove Dinner

Mrs. Chauncey Winslow did not set the fashion of the woman's dinner, but she may be said to have given the most successful function of that kind. Mrs. Winslow's dinner was a very recent happening and was exceedingly enjoyable both as to menu and mental entertainment. The woman's dinner is like the dove luncheon in that no men are invited or expected. Consequently there is no jealousy engendered, and everybody tries to be agreeable just for the sake of being pleasant and not to attract a masculine. Mrs. Winslow, Sallie Stetson that was, is a very good-natured hostess and so even-tempered that nothing ever jars her. And this, in spite of the color of her hair.

The Only Republican

Charles Bon of the Mont Rouge Vineyard was the only Republican councilman elected in Oakland the other day. Mr. Bon is not a politician, but he has the confidence of the people on the other side of the bay. Since his election his friends have been drinking his health in *Jurancon*.

Teresa the Saint

Santa Teresa, the alleged Yaqui Saint, having "worked" the big cities from here to New York, is now preparing to descend on the capitals of Europe. What a transformation twelve short months have brought into this half-breed Mexican woman's life! One year ago she was dressed in a flapping uncouth cotton gown eating frijoles and chili con carne with her fingers out of a greasy frying-pan, and knocking about between dirty Indian camps and squalid Mexican quarters. Today she is an up-to date Saint dressed in the latest cut gowns, enjoys a handsome salary for doing the "Saint business," travels in a Palace car and puts up at the best hotels. And the newspapers, the sensational dailies, did it all. A lurid space writer picked her up in her cotton gown on the Mexican border and realized that there were barrels of space money in her quiet semi-barbaric red-cross life if it could be magnified with the proper halo, glitter and romance.

He knew his business and cut himself loose. In a few weeks the Yaquis were astounded to find it rumored that they were led by another Joan of Arc; that she was a Saint as well and healed the sick and brought the dead to life after every battle. As for the desperate Mexicans, they were painted as being baffled, defeated and trying to rally for a last stand on the brink of perdition while this new St. Joan of Arc simply glanced at them and went on with her crocheting. Despite their lurid tales of her Saintship sent out by the special writer the Mexican soldiers continued to hammer the life out of the Yaquis till now their women are being transported for settlement in Yucatan, the fighting braves are preparing for the rally in the last ditch and their erstwhile Saint is bound for Europe at "so much per." It must seem like a pipe dream to Teresa. And the beauty of this topsy turvy yellow fake is that the newspapers are keeping up the gait of the original Martin Scriblerius who dubbed Teresa Urrea a Saint and started her on a career which she has turned so adroitly into dollars and cents.

In every city in which she has "appeared" on her way East the Sunday supplements have slopped over in describing her "mysterious powers, marvelous career and holy mission." And every city she has "worked" on similar lines, showing that the agent handling her is quite satisfied with the way the present plan brings in box office receipts. An alleged sick woman in the town picked for the next stand writes to the Teresa begging her to come on and cure her. The devoted Teresa answers the summons, of course, cures the woman, the newspapers get a tip through an astute Press Agent, interviews follow and pages about Santa Teresa beslobber the papers. The Press Agent seems to be as well satisfied with the way his flap-doodle work wins, for the same kind of information, incident and character of interview runs through the press from here to New York. He's a nailing good, unconscionable press agent too, for every photograph of her that appears he labels without a tremor:

"This is the first photograph of Santa Teresa ever published."

Verily Sir Harry Westwood Cooper ought to get on to himself, quit masquerading as a devil with the girls, and take a few pointers from that little half-breed Mexicana, Teresa Urrea—it's the Saintship that pays best nowadays: Saintship and a good Press Agent.

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The Colonel Wins Out

Senate Bill 392, confirming and ratifying the lease of China Basin, was passed by the Assembly this afternoon by a vote that swept the opposition away as if by an avalanche.—*Daily Paper.*

Mrs. Politics Hubbard used to go to the cupboard
To get the poor Public a bone
But Col. Mazuma—for so goes the rumor—
Could give tips to this fairy tale crone;
He called all the jays in
To look in a Basin,
And every hypnotized jack of them, down through the pack of them,
Saw a beautiful sack and they all took a whack
And found 'twas real mud
Regular Water-From-China-Basin-Mud.
But Col. Mazuma—for so goes the rumor—
Has been given a boost into ruling the roost
And the Public still goes it alone, with no bone,
Och hone!

Story of a Clever Rogue

Not content with assassinating good King Humbert some evil-minded person has, according to the despatches, been desecrating his tomb in the Pantheon. An occasional contributor informs me that robberies in the churches of Rome have been quite frequent of late, and he relates an amusing story of the capture of a thief who had stolen jewels from a Madonna in Milan. He was tried by a court of priests and in his defence he said: "I was starving, and as I have a particular devotion to this Madonna, I threw myself at her feet and implored her to help me. I prayed long and fervently till at last I saw her lips move, and I heard a voice say, 'Take all I have' and I took.' 'Miracle! Miracle!' cried the people in the court.

"The priests on the bench looked at one another, and as the people kept shouting 'Miracle! Miracle!' the chief judge arose and said: 'My son, you are indeed blessed to have heard the Mother of God's voice. And since she gave you all her precious offerings, keep them. We cannot take away what she gave. But henceforth let no man imagine he is to be equally blessed, for no miracle would again save him from punishment."

She Abhors Oglers

Miss Lizzie Dwyer is no longer a "guest" of General Warfield at the California hotel. The hospitable relationship was severed somewhat abruptly last week, and Miss Dwyer rode away proudly on the seat of an express-wagon which was freighted with her goods and chattels. Miss Dwyer is a school teacher by profession and a woman of great dignity with a keen sense of the courtesy due her sex. She appears to have nursed a pet aversion for oglers, and occasionally she suspected people of ogling who were entirely innocent. The employes of the hotel were careful to avoid her displeasure, but one day last week she caught a bell-boy rubber-necking into the dining room where she was seated. He was looking for one of the patrons of the hotel but Miss Dwyer suspected him of feasting his eyes on her, and she threw a glass full of toothpicks at him. Of course the incident created a large-sized sensation in the hotel. General Warfield was indignant at the attack on his bell-boy and after an interview with Miss Dwyer she proceeded to pack her trunk. It was an unusual sight, that of a woman riding away from the hotel on an express-wagon.

Where are the Reformers?

The cowardice of the spectacular clergy of San Francisco is very clearly demonstrated by the silence of those reverend gentlemen upon the subject of the crusade which our city officials have been making against the white lottery evil. The prevailing paranoia for reform is as intense as ever, but the devout gentlemen of the pulpit could not more completely overlook the battle against the fake lottery swindlers if they had been subsidized by the managers of the companies that are operating in this city. There is nothing cryptic, however, in the significance of their silence. The fight is against the newspapers that aid and abet the lottery companies for hire, and therefore the press refrains from exploiting the crusade. And as the spectacular clergy always take their cue from the newspapers when somebody or something is to be reformed they have refrained from an attack on the lottery gamblers. There is no greater incentive to ministerial activity than the prospect of having pictures published. The ministers know that if they attack the press their pictures will be turned toward the wall.

For the information of the reformers of the pulpit, all of whom read Town Talk faithfully, and so that they shall not plead ignorance, I take pleasure in notifying them that the Supervisors have under consideration an ordinance which provides that it shall be a crime for a newspaper to publish the winning numbers of a lottery drawing. The ordinance comes up for final action next Monday.

"They say he made a will two years ago leaving her all his property."

"But she took a much surer way of securing his fortune."

"What was that?"

"Helped him get rid of it during his lifetime."

Howell-Janes

The marriage of Miss Flora Howell and Mr. Louis M. Janes was solemnized on Thursday at the residence of the bride's parents in Washington street. It was a quiet affair, with but a few intimate friends present beside the immediate relatives. This was owing to the serious illness of the bride's father, General J. A. Howell. It was originally intended to have the marriage occur during Easter week, with an elaborate reception at which all the family friends were to be bidden. Mr. and Mrs. Janes have gone on a short tour to the South, and their future home will be in Mill Valley.

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The Prince of Emeryville

Incidents in the life of Tom Williams, Prince of Emeryville, have been moving with remarkable rapidity of late. First came the race-track war which abounds in exciting episodes; then came the news that Alice Nielsen, the prima donna to whom he had brought fame and fortune, had kicked over the traces, and now his impending marriage to Miss Beatrice Steele, a charming Oakland girl, is the subject of gossip in clubdom. The career of Tom Williams has been an eventful one. He is a man of striking individuality, and has seldom been beyond the range of the public eye. Though an aristocrat by birth, with the entree to the most exclusive social circles, he has preferred the abandon of a bohemian existence. Some years ago he was married to Susie McMullin but they were not well mated. Since their separation domestic life appeared to have no charms for Tom Williams and he has lived the life of a gay bachelor ever since.

The Williams temperament is that of the mercurial Kentuckian with a passionate devotion to family traditions and a romantic sense of the obligation due a friend while capable of cherishing the most bitter feelings of revenge toward an enemy. For many years he has been a most enthusiastic promoter of the sport of kings on this coast. He has built race tracks and bred horseflesh, and at the same time he has ever been an ardent admirer of feminine histrionic talent. But Tom Williams has never posed as a gay beau. When he was performing acts of gallantry toward May Yohe years ago, and a daily newspaper made reference to the matter, he soundly thrashed one of the owners of the paper by way of wholesome warning. He took an interest in Alice Nielsen, when that clever young woman was at the Tivoli, and believing that she had talent as well as ambition he resolved to aid her in the exploitation of beauty and voice. He secured an opera for her and staged it, and to him she is indebted for her success. Though she is reported to have left the company in a huff, it is not likely that she did so without an understanding with Mr. Williams to whom she owes so much. I have been told that she has a new backer in the person of a New York millionaire.

It Was Unexpected

The announcement of the engagement of Mr. Williams and Miss Steele came as a great surprise to his friends, who supposed that he was immune to the charms of domestic life. When Miss Nielsen was out here a few months ago there was no prospect of the rupture which is reported to have taken place. And only a short time ago the popular turfman was having bachelor apartments sumptuously furnished at the Pacific-Union club—but Dan Cupid is an eccentric rogue. Miss Steele is an heiress, I have been told, and the size of her dot is expressed in seven figures.

The Remillard Tragedy

Spiced with a little mystery was the tragedy at Delmonico's, and therefore the curiosity of the morbid was aroused. Yet there was no occasion for reticence on the part of the companions of Philip Remillard. If it be naughty for a congenial party to dine in one of the private apartments of a tenderloin restaurant then, perhaps, there should be reason for concealment, but the Remillard dinner was a function that could have been held with strict propriety in a private residence. It was given by way of compliment to a visitor from the East, but having ended in a sad tragedy, under circumstances extremely painful to all concerned, it would be cruel to give publicity to the names of the women who were the guests of the clubmen.

Scenting a Sensation

As soon as the news of the tragedy reached the offices of the dailies, the city editors were on the alert, for the affair had all the ear-marks of the romantic sensation which makes good reading after church on Sundays. The supposition was that behind the tragedy was a story of human interest, involving people of prominence who had been off on a gay lark. But the reporters were not long in learning that the affair had none of the elements of the sensational about it. Aside from the environment and the denouement there was nothing upon which to hang a spicy story. The circumstance of the dinner taking place on the second floor of the restaurant was sufficient to allay suspicion. The three men in the party are unmarried, and well known in club circles, and one of them—Jack Wilson—was home in bed when Remillard received his injuries. There were at least a dozen people in the restaurant who knew of the dinner party and who were acquainted with those in the apartment with Remillard and during the evening no effort was made to exclude mutual friends. The sad ending of a night of innocent merriment was of course deeply deplored, not only because of the tragic fate of young Remillard, but on account of the publicity which it entailed.

Why Delmonico's?

But the clubmen should not entirely escape criticism. Each had a reputation as an epicure which he risked by dining at Delmonico's. There is only one feature of that establishment which commends the place to the consideration of the man about town and that is not the cuisine. The feature I refer to is the carriage entrance which is the route to the private apartments usually taken by people who don't take the world into their confidence when they are intent upon filling clandestine engagements. You can drive to the rear of Delmonico's in a closed carriage, step into an elevator and shoot up into a private room without having any announcement of your journey

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posted on the bulletin boards. Such facilities for privacy are of course praiseworthy, but to tackle French cooking flavored in Germany—ugh!

Lottie Cunningham's Trousseau

Birdie Fair had an exquisite trousseau when she married Willie Vanderbilt, and Consuelo Vanderbilt's trousseau when she became the Duchess of Marlborough was a theme that delighted Sunday Supp. readers all over the country. When Helen Hopkins married "Gus" Taylor she had a superb array of gowns and silk and lace underwear. But Miss Charlotte Cunningham, I verily believe, will have the loveliest trousseau ever possessed by a bride beyond the fringe of royalty. In the first place there are three elegant cloth suits, one of blue, one of wine-color trimmed with French knots and black lace, and one of gray. The last is to be her going away costume and is simply made but perfect fitting. Every suit has shoes, hat, hose, corsets and silk petticoat en suite. Beside the blue cloth suit, she has a blue cloth ulster, very long and close fitting to the figure. Blue is the appropriate color, of course, for an army bride. Three dainty evening frocks are of a diaphanous Manila fabric, and originally belonged to Miss Cunningham's grandmother. Her grandfather was a naval officer and obtained the goods for his wife in the Philippines, long, long years ago, before the islands were numbered in the tourists' itinerary.

One of the frocks is pink, one blue and one yellow and all beautifully made. The exquisite cambric, silk and lace underwear is all in dozens. She has any number of negliges in white, pink and blue, all filmy lace and dainty ribbons. The silk stockings are of all patterns and hues. There are silk petticoats galore, corsets and shoes to match every costume. The wedding gown, not yet finished, will be a snowy dream.

Where She Will Live

The pity is that all this magnificence will be practically wasted. For when Lottie Cunningham plights her troth to Lieutenant Kessler, her future home will be at Fort Casey, way up in the north. It is only when she pays visits to her old home here, or to Victoria or Seattle, that she can wear her lovely gowns.

The invitations to the wedding are after the very latest style and form, old English lettering being used. They read:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barron Cunningham
request the honour of
[Guest's name written here]
presence at the marriage of their daughter
Charlotte van Oordt
with
Lieutenant Percy Myers Kessler
Artillery Corps, United States Army,
on the evening of Wednesday, the tenth of April
at half after eight o'clock
St. Luke's Church,
San Francisco.

What is nearest your heart? Your undershirt of course. Where do you buy them? At Lewison's the Leaders Gents Furnishers—953 Market St., where there is a good assortment of men's underwear and furnishing goods.

A reception will follow the ceremony, at the home of the bride's parents,1939 Clay street. This will be the first army wedding that has occurred here for a long time. I hear that the Navy is quite disappointed that Lottie Cunningham has chosen to wed into the Army, for all her ancestors and immediate relatives belong to the former service. However, the bride-elect's girl friends are satisfied with her choice, and are loading her with evidences of their good-will in the shape of tea cups.

"You must join the Sons of the American Revolution," said George Washington Smith, "surely you have an ancestor that fought in the Revolutionary War."

"Oh, yes," returned Albert Edward Brown, "my great grandfather was a captain in the war."

"Then you can join our chapter."

"You won't say so when I finish," said Brown—"my grandfather fought on the wrong side. He was in the King's army."

Lenten Opera

Nobody has said a thing about the propriety of attending the grand opera in Lent. Everybody is going. It is known to be a positive fact that Madame Sembrich's company is a gem, and nobody intends to miss any one of the six performances. As to the question of dress—well, one oracle with a large following says that full dress is improper in Lent and she for one intends to wear theatre costume. An arbitre with quite as large a following says that for her part she purposes to appear in the only correct costume for grand opera—decollete. Lent or no Lent, she avers, there is only one law of good form for grand opera.

Judge Lawlor In San Diego

Judge Lawlor is enjoying a much needed rest in San Diego, and he will be absent from the city for about ten days. Though Judge Lawlor is a comparatively young member of the judiciary, his fame as an exponent of criminal law has spread all over the State. He has disposed of a large number of criminal cases during the last few months, and was in need of a respite from court work.

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An International Alliance

The engagement was announced in London this week of Lady Sybil Cuffe, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Desart, to Mr. Bayard Cutting, secretary to Ambassador Choate. This is only the second instance on record where a plain American citizen has become betrothed to an Englishwoman of high degree. Lady Sybil is of the real British aristocracy, her maternal uncle being Lord Harewood. Her father, who was called "Ham" Cuffe before his accession to his present title which fell to him at his brother's death, is one of the best versed men of law in England. He was Solicitor to the Treasury at one time, and later Public Prosecutor. Mr. Cutting is a man of wealth and culture and has been prominent in the society of New York and Washington, D. C. He is in line for further diplomatic honors.

The other example of a titled Englishwoman wedding an untitled American was the marriage of Lady Mildred Bowes-Lyon, Lord Strathmore's daughter, and a Mr. Jessup.

Mr. Mills at Millbrae

D. O. Mills is ostensibly resting at his Millbrae home, but in reality he spends little time in rest. He comes to town every morning like an ordinary business man and returns on the five o'clock train. It was a disappointment to the San Francisco swim and to the Blingumites that Mrs. Ogden Mills and her charming young daughters did not come to the coast with the rest of the family. Those among us who had met the Mills twins in New York were hoping to have the pleasure of showing them what Californian hospitality is like. Instead of coming west, Mrs. Ogden Mills decided to take her girls to London, to visit her sister, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, who is in poor health.

On the occasion of D. O. Mills' annual visit, with the Whitelaw Reids, to his country-place, there is a good deal of quiet entertaining done at the big white house among the trees. The Mills place is one of the largest in San Mateo county, and the grounds are kept in fine order all the year round, though the owner only spends six weeks out of every twelve months there. At other times, the place is given over to the landscape gardener who is also its caretaker. He lives there with his family and draws a fat salary for the privilege. The adjoining property is the Easton place, where Mary Crocker spent so much of her childhood.

His First Engagement

Mark Murphy, the comedian now at the Orpheum, was a newsboy engaged in selling the *Post* in this city in the days of Henry George. He is a brother of ex-Senator "Paddy" Murphy, who was for many years a reporter on the *Post*. He relates that his first experience on the stage was with a road company of minstrels, organized in this city in 1876. It included the now famous minstrel, Lou Dockstadter, who was then known as Lou Clapp. The company disbanded in Reno, Nevada, and Murphy seized as his share of the assets, the snare-drum, the bass-drum and the cymbals which he sold to the town band to raise enough money to pay his fare home on a freight train.

Benjamin Harrison

By the death of Benjamin Harrison the nation lost a great statesman and an exceptional citizen. It was not until after he had finished his public service that the people at large began to appreciate his personal worth. The cartoonists and humorists of the country created the impression for a time that he relied on the reputation of his grandfather, but Benjamin Harrison will rank in history as one of the most gifted of our Presidents, and one of the country's most sincere patriots. Elevated to a brigadier-generalship at thirty-two, he was respected for his soldierly qualities, and in later years as a member of the bar, he established a world-wide reputation for his knowledge of the law. As counsel for Venezuela in the South American republic's dispute with England he received what was probably the largest fee ever paid to an attorney. I have been told that the amount was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

His Devotion to Justice

When Benjamin Harrison was President, his chief aim was to elevate the bench and maintain the integrity of the judiciary. In appointing men to the bench he was most careful in his selections and, I believe, he was the only Republican President that ever honored a Democrat with a judicial appointment. The man thus honored was Jackson of Tennessee. What a contrast is afforded in this respect by Major McKinley, who selected for the bench a man from Buffalo who sold a yacht to the government in time of war at an exorbitant figure. Indeed the whole record of McKinley affords a contrast of a similar nature. Harrison was not a politician. He was a thorough aristocrat and exhaled the spirit of true patriotism.

When He Cold-Shouldered Oakland

Behind his somewhat gelid demeanor was a warm heart, but his dignity was seldom relaxed. An old acquaintance of the ex-President told me some years age that a servant might work in the ex-President's household for a hundred years without ever being addressed by his employer. And yet he was a man of keen sympathy toward people in all stations of life. His trip to this coast will never be forgotten by the people of Oakland, to whom he gave the impression that he was the coldest of mortals. He was being junketed through towns in this vicinity, and his itinerary included a visit to Oakland, where a parade was arranged in his honor. I don't know whether it was because he heard that Warren English was to be the grand marshal, or whether he really had the cramps as he said, but at any rate he gave the people across the bay the cold shoulder and whirled on his way to the East without even an apology. Oakland has never forgiven Harrison.

An Anecdote

An anecdote that serves to illustrate General Harrison's contempt for the practical politician was told me a short time ago. One day, shortly after he became President, he was visited in the White House

MOVING TIME

This time of the year many families are changing homes, naturally new things are needed such as furniture, carpets, rugs, lace curtains, and draperies. Remember the Pattosien Co. is the headquarters for your needs, prices always the lowest, corner 16th and Mission streets.

by Matt Quay, the Pennsylvania boss who pays high prices for the toga. Quay was on a patronage mission, but the names he suggested were not well received. The discussion grew warm, and finally Quay demanded:

"Who do you think made you President?"

"I know that God made me President," was the reply and the interview closed.

Meeting Colonel Bob Ingersoll a few days later, Quay told of his interview with the President and about the latter's expressed indebtedness to his Creator.

"Well," said the great Agnostic, "I've said many things about God, but never have I made such a serious charge as that."

A Letter to Garber

One of the last acts of President Harrison before he fell ill, was to write a letter to Judge John Garber of this city with whom he was associated in the Santa Cruz bond case. Judge Garber knew General Harrison well. They first met in the California Irrigation bond case when they were on opposing sides. Harrison won the case. Judge Garber regarded Harrison as one of the greatest lawyers the country ever produced. Harrison's fee in the Santa Cruz bond case was five thousand dollars, and though he was not retained until after the appeal to the Supreme court where it is now pending, he received fifteen hundred on account, so that Santa Cruz is perhaps out that sum in addition to the loss of his counselship.

What Pillsbury Missed

The defeat of President Harrison when he was a candidate for re-election was a severe blow to a member of our own bar. I refer to Attorney E. S. Pillsbury, who expected to enter the cabinet as Attorney-General. I know that General Harrison felt deeply grateful to Mr. Pillsbury for a service rendered in the National Convention, and that it was pretty generally conceded that he would be the choice for Attorney-General. General Harrison was a friend of many Californians including the late Senator Stanford who paid him ten thousand dollars to deliver a course of lectures at the University of Palo Alto. And, by the way, I have heard it stated that when the distinguished lawyer delivered those lectures they were attended by a very small number of students. Football was too strong a counter attraction.

Where is de Bathe?

There is considerable speculation among Londoners as to what has become of Mrs. Langtry's young husband. The tiger-lily is disporting herself in the British provinces in "The Degenerates" but Hugo is nowhere to be seen. Lady Laura Troubridge has written for the Langtry a society comedy which the latter will produce next season. As it is called "A Great Lady" it is likely somewhat after the autobiographical order and probably refers, as does the principal character in "The Degenerates," to Mrs. de Bathe herself.

Public Spirited and Generous

The public-spirited residents of Hayes Valley organized an Improvement Club the other day. The owner of the hall in which they met addressed them on the necessity of securing better streets and better lights. He advised them to be public-spirited and to stand together and when he finished his speech he handed the secretary his bill for two dollars for hall hire. He was immediately suspected of being mercenary and when he was told that there were cheaper halls in the district he vouchsafed his fellow citizens a discount of twenty per cent.

Markham the Hero

Edwin Markham at Twenty-One has been chosen as the subject of illustration on the illuminated cover of the March number of *Success*, and we have the redoubtable Edwin, in full stage costume and setting, enacting the role of the village blacksmith for the edification of two or three kindergarten kids and a yellow dog. Robert Gray, whoever he may be, undertakes to set forth "The Romance of Edwin Markham's Success," which he succeeds in doing after a manner which must have called forth the admiring applause of his townsmen when he read his compositions on the last day of school.

"Who is this magician of the pen, this man of mystery—

"This handsome dreamer, whose eyes are softer than a fawns, and whose gray-tinted locks give an unwonted majesty to his mien——

"Out in the verdant Suisun valley, California, the poet, laborer, thinker and teacher passed the early years of his life.

"The story of his open fights with cattle thieves on their fleet-footed mustangs, whirling their treacherous *lariat* would pale the fabled tales of 'Fra Diavolo.'

"Hardly a month passed that he did not take his life in his own hands."

There are three columns of just such gush and exaggeration. The early explorers of the continent weren't in it with Edwin when he boldly rode a-horseback from Suisun valley to the Sacramento river and dared the dangers of flood and field and had daily encounters with "mountain lions," "mighty eagles," and even "an ugly rattler." There are many people who were familiar with the Solano plain of forty years ago, when those doughty deeds were supposed to have been enacted, and yet have no recollection of the fierce bands of outlaws and bandits. But Markham must be advertised just like any quack.

A Gentleman's Beverage!

Keystone Monogram Whiskey

If you want perfection in whisky ask for a glass of Keystone Monogram

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When Twain was a Reporter

In the early sixties Mark Twain was a reporter in this city. He worked on the *Call* and lost his job on account of his laziness. The city editor frequently found him asleep on the stairway leading to the editorial sanctum. Mark has been wide awake since those days, but he has never forgotten his experience as a newsgatherer. An incident of those days was recalled by one of his confreres some time ago. One morning he was assigned to the task of writing up the mysterious murder of a fallen woman in the Latin quarter. He wrote a tale that was thrilling enough for the most yellow of up-to-date journals. He represented among other things that he was the first person upon the scene after the murder and then he told of a theory that the murderer is sometimes reflected in the eye of his victim for a certain brief period and gradually fades away. He solemnly declared that he had examined the eyes of the dead woman, and saw reflected therein the image of a reporter on a morning contemporary. Mark Twain, though a humorist, is a lover of gruesome tales. In a speech at the annual meeting of the University Settlement Society in New York one night recently, he discussed pawnshops and told this story:

"I was a newspaper reporter in San Francisco years ago. I was willing to be again, but somehow other people didn't seem to take the same amount of interest in it that I did. The pawnbrokers had charge of nearly all of my portable property. I met another literary character there in the same situation. He was a poet. He was out of a job. I believe there was some little love romance about it, too. But I think I will spare your feelings about that part of it.

"Well, the poet came to me one day and said he thought his life was a failure, and asked me what I thought about it. I told him I thought it was. He spoke about suicide, and thought probably it was the best thing he could do. Now I knew that if I could get what the newspapers call a 'scoop,' I could probably get something to do. I did not discourage him in his suicide proposition. I kept it in his mind. He had his preference about the way suicide should be done. Most people have their preferences in suicide. I have. The poet wanted to shoot himself. But this meant a pistol. Now we could not afford a pistol. I told him we should always exercise a proper economy in all things, and that drowning would be economical. I kept close to him all these days. The drowning method seemed to have some attraction for him. But there was one drawback. He was a splendid swimmer. We thought, however, if he got out into the sea far enough we could manage that. So we went down to the shore. And as he stood there on the beach there came rolling in something from the broad Pacific. It was something that was on an errand. It may have been traveling on that errand for three thousand miles. But it got there, and it arrived on time, landing right at the poet's feet.

"It was a life-preserver. Of course he could live three weeks on a life-preserver if he had capital enough to provision himself for such a long cruise. Then we had an idea, which was unusual. It was I who had the idea. The poet never had any ideas. This applied particularly when he was writing poetry. But I had an idea, and it was that the life-preserver suggested a way to having a land suicide. We might pawn the life-preserver and get a pistol. So we took it to a pawnshop. It was not a very good life-preserver. It had been traveling a good while and showed the wear and tear. But we dickered with the pawnbroker and got a pistol for it. But just before he gave the pistol the pawnbroker said to me.

"'But say, what does he want a pistol for?'

"I took the pawnbroker into the back room and told him how things stood. As man to man I told him my situation and the advantages that would accrue to me from a scoop. Then I said to him plainly:

"'That man out there is a poet and he wants to commit suicide.'

"The pawnbroker fell in with my view that it would be a good thing, and we got the pistol. It was a derringer pistol—a single-barrel affair. It carried a bullet about the size of a hickory nut—not one of the largest hickory nuts, but one that would make a good, big, honest hole and cause a lot of trouble. The poet wanted me to go and see him commit suicide, but I argued with him that it hardly seemed right for me to assist in a suicide in which I had a selfish business interest. I told him that, on the contrary, I ought properly to dissuade. I argued with him in this way until I found I was unsettling him, and then I told him I would stick to him as a friend should, and go and see him get the thing through and off his hands. So he went out and put the pistol to his head, and, oh, what awful moments those were as he stood there pressing the muzzle to his temple! It seemed as though my heart beat and thumped until it could do so no more, and that then it stopped and that there was a vacuum where the heart ought to be. Finally my emotions could be controlled no longer, and I cried out to him: 'Why don't you pull the trigger?' Then he did pull the trigger. The ball went straight through his head and took all the gray matter with it. It made a new man of him. The bullet hit his poetic faculty square in the center and dragged it out the back door. And I am glad to say that that man is alive to this day, and that ever since that pistol-shot he has lived an upright, respectable and useful life."

The Listener.

A Prayer for Sun

I'm sick to death of winter weather
And wish the sun were hot as Hades;—
Till summer comes, I can't tell whether
The stock of goods I've got together
Will please the fancy of the ladies.

Oh, may the sun its beams keep torrid,
Until the very leaves are parched.
May it shine hot upon the forehead
Of damsels fair, and keep them florid
So that they'll yearn for goods all starched.

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A Woman's Heedless Way

"How to keep my Marquis now that he is captured."

La belle Marquise wrinkled her classic forehead into a network of frowns, and figured at her problem.

"The laughing stock of tout Paris"—that is the term she had heard applied to another belle Americaine who had landed a Parisian of high degree. Almost on the eve of the wedding-day, this compatriot's husband had been observed in the train of another beauty.

"To retain my husband's adoration," that was her problem, "and by keeping that to be sure of his eternal love."

"What is that bit from Shakespeare?" she cogitated, and going to her bookcase she abstracted therefrom the play of "Antony and Cleopatra."

"'If you find him sad, say I am dancing;'" she read aloud, "'if in mirth, report that I am sudden sick.' Then Charmion says, 'The way to please men is to give way—cross men in nothing,' to which Cleopatra replies, 'Thou teachest like a fool, the way to lose him.'"

She placed the book back upon its shelf.

"I wish I knew," she murmured, "I wish I knew."

She walked across the room and stood in front of the tall mirror. Yes, she was very pretty, as chic as a Parisienne, with a charming figure. Surely, the Marquis could never tire of *her*.

She ordered her carriage and drove out accompanied by her maid. In the Bois her vehicle encountered another—a high trap drawn by a magnificent blooded mare.

"Why," said the Marquise to her maid, "that looks like my Bonnie Madge—my dear mare that papa sent me over last month."

The maid was discreetly silent.

The mare was driven by a tall, slim woman plainly but elegantly tailored with "ready money" written all over her clothes. Beside the trap cantered—the Marquis.

La belle Marquise did not change color, but she set her lips, and said:

"Two can play at that game."

* * * *

The chic young Marquise, la belle Americaine, emerged from the reserve that had kept the gay Parisian swim from embracing her—their first impulse when her dollars had been wedded to one of their old nobility—and started in to show her husband's friends "how we do things at home."

She became the rage. People positively begged for invitations to her salons. Her bon-mots were quoted, her gowns copied, and she was wooed by all the beaux of the gay capital.

But she was not happy. The Marquis admired her, was attentive to her in public, but she felt that his love was not hers. Instead of trying to "retain" it, as she at first thought, she must try to *win* it first. Ah! but that other? Certainly that other was no more beautiful than herself, but she had perhaps been harder to win, and now when caught was more difficult to hold.

A divorce? Nonsense! When one buys a title, one does not let it go so easily. What a foolish Marquise it was that was not satisfied with her husband's name but must needs desire his heart also!

* * * *

A thought sprang into being, and la belle Marquise immediately acted upon it, by cable.

Two weeks later, from the United States via London there arrived a handsome youth of about twenty-three or four years of age, for whom the Marquise busied herself in finding a flat and whom she introduced to her husband and friends as:

"M. Georges, a fellow Americaine. We have known each other all our lives. Haven't we, Georges?"

Her question was answered by a reassuring smile and "yes" from M. Georges.

La belle Marquise now began to be gossiped about by the Parisian monde. Everywhere she went M. Georges accompanied her. He drove with her every day and they seemed to have no end of secrets to talk over, the way their two heads were put together. They appeared to have eyes for none but their two selves.

Tout le monde except le Marquis talked. As for him, his eyes were elsewhere.

* * * *

"Given—a man with a pretty wife of whom he is fond but whom he rather neglects for his club; another man who showers attentions upon the wife that the husband neglects—what will happen?"

The Marquis did not know he was propounding his own domestic problem. He had been reading a new novel, and something in its plot suggested his query.

Le Comte de Blois answered the other's question by another:

"Is the husband jealous?"

"I didn't figure on that," replied the Marquis, "perhaps he is. But I fancy he would be of a trustful nature, something like Caesar, you know—secure in his pride and possession."

Then he added:

"If I were the man, and found out that my wife deceived me, I should cast her aside like a broken toy."

"Et l' homme?"

"Ah-h!" the Marquis hissed through set teeth, "*him*—I would kill."

Then he laughed, disdainfully.

"Mais, bon Dieu!" he cried, "it is only in novels such things happen. We, of today, leave our good wives at home quite sure they will preserve our honor, and—"

"Find our duties and pleasures outside," laughed the Comte.

"Perhaps. But it is not every man who can be adored by two women—and one of them his wife."

The Marquis complacently twisted the ends of his moustache.

The Comte shrugged his shoulders and shook his head as his friend went off to play pool.

* * * *

The Marquis went home to dinner that night, an unusual occurrence with him. Something said to him over the billiard table had wounded his vanity. You could scarcely say it had touched his heart.

"That boy!" he said to himself, "bah! the Marquise would never compromise herself for such a fledgling."

But he stepped softly as he entered his dwelling, and his tread made no sound as he peeped through the portieres of his wife's boudoir.

She had a letter in her hand, and was weeping bitterly. Mingling his tears with hers—for her head rested on his shoulder—was M. Georges. As the Marquis looked and listened, his wife threw her arms around Georges' neck and cried:

"I cannot—cannot bear it! Oh, I must go back."

A fresh burst of tears accompanied her words. Georges gathered her in his arms and kissed her.

The Marquis was in a frenzy. When a man's vanity is wounded, 'tis a much sharper pain than when his heart is touched. Another preferred to him! His rage was terrific. But he restrained himself long enough to go to his room, and fetch therefrom a weapon.

* * * *

A shot reverberated through the house and the Marquise sank to the floor in horror, beside the body of her companion.

The frightened servants rushed to the room, and saw the Marquise with a revolver in his hand. He did not see anybody but his wife and the man he had shot.

"Why did you not shoot me, instead?" wailed the Marquise, vainly striving by her kisses to bring color back to the white face on the floor beside her.

"You are reserved for a better fate," sneered the Marquis.

"But it is all a mistake," she said.

"A mistake!" He laughed aloud at the thought.

"Our mother is dead," she said, holding the letter out to him which she still held in her tense fingers, "they did not cable us ——

"Oh, my husband," she shrieked, "don't you know that it was all a jest? Georges is my own little step-brother—my mother's child. And you have killed him."

Then she fainted.

The Tragedian.

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"The Highwayman"—public opinion of it? Well, "that is also my secret."

ALCAZAR—"The Last Word"—shows off the company to good advantage.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Around the World in Eighty Days"—second week.

TIVOLI—"The Wizard of the Nile"—last week.

ORPHEUM—Papinta the star.

A San Francisco "Girl"

From Chicago comes the news that Eleanor Barry, "a San Francisco girl" is to become Stuart Robson's leading lady in "She Stoops to Conquer." When, I should like to know, does an actress cease to be a "girl"? Eleanor Barry is not so old as Bernhardt, but several decades have passed since she was in short frocks. Eleanor Barry *was* a San Francisco girl in the sixties, and when she made her professional debut at the Alcazar in the days of Osborne and Stockwell, she was a married woman more then twenty-five years of age, and that was fifteen years ago. Ella Babcock was her maiden name, and the press notices never fail to mention that she is the daughter of General Babcock formerly Secretary of State of Nevada. She was a pretty woman when she was leading lady of the Alcazar, and she had many admirers. Her past includes a few divorce suits, but of late years she has devoted herself to her profession and has been very successful for she has talent as well as beauty. Since we saw her in those Alcazar days, when Jack Chretien, now of San Quentin, was her attorney, she has been leading lady for Mrs. Langtry and also for William H. Crane and in A. M. Palmer's "Trilby" company.

Will She Capture a Title?

Alice Nielsen's occiput was noticeably enlarged during her last visit here, and it seems to have increased in size since she left. She is one of the cleverest little opera singers on the stage, but as a star she developed no new qualities for favorable criticism. Now that she is no longer under her old management, having kicked the traces, the question is: Will she rise any higher in her profession? Her best work was done with the Bostonians. There was a certain curb upon her head-tossing placed upon her during her stay with that conservative organization, and her lively heels were kept somewhat under subjection, though she could never quite shake off the old Wigwam air. But when she started out as a star, she did just as she pleased. And she kept this up until her dependence even upon managers seems to have become irksome, judging from her latest move. It is generally believed that London will fall at Miss Nielsen's feet when she reaches the great metropolis, that city being her next destination. Alice is the jolly sort of a singer, less prima donna than soubrette, that the English chappies are bound to rave over. She is more chic than May Yohe, her voice is of the purest birdlike quality, and she is original in every move. I am willing to wager a chapeau that she will be besieged with matrimonial offers as soon as the curtain rings down on her first performance, and that she will not come back to us without the decoration of strawberry leaves added to her saucy head.

Apropos Hamlet

Relic and souvenir fiends have about demolished the canopy placed over Plymouth Rock. On this subject of relic vandalism Jacob I. Riis says: "I rather think that Elsinore has turned the tables on them. Hamlet being dead, there had to be a Hamlet grave, of course. The English tourists demanded it, and in due course of time there appeared a mound on the bluff, marked with the plain granite shaft marked with the name of the melancholy Dane. The relic hunters chipped it to pieces in one brief season. The hotel keepers provided another and it went the same way. When last I stood at Hamlet's grave I beheld it a mighty heap of stone and slag, several cartloads. My friend, one of the solid citizens of the town, nodded knowingly at my look of amazement. 'We caught up with them at last,' he said. 'We just

AMUSEMENTS

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In new and effective creations
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Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy Let Trois Mascagno
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Repertoire first week—Monday Evening, "The Barber of Seville"; Wednesday Evening, "La Traviata"; Saturday Afternoon, "Don Pasquale." Second week—"Faust," "Lucia," "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," etc.
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THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMAN PIANIST
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Steinway Piano Used On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's

have enough carted out from the glass works every year to fill up the holes they made the season before; then let them go ahead. Want to go and look at Ophelia's spring?'" It seems almost too bad to give away the little trick, but there is not much danger that the chronic relic hunter will read anything more than his guide book.

Daly at the Alcazar

The Frawleys gave us all Daly's adaptations from the German. Those that did not see the only Rehan in "Countess Gucki" and "The Last Word" saw Blanche Bates and were in a manner satisfied. And now those who did not see the Frawleys' versions of those pretty plays can see the Alcazar company in them. This is the benefit of stock companies; they permit the general public to see, at popular prices, plays that were originally confined to the repertories of Eastern and European stars. The Alcazar company has two especially clever members just now—Miss Convere and Mr. Kilgour. The former is exceedingly pretty and refined—an actress after the Maude Adams order. Mr. Kilgour is handsome, talented and versatile. Miss Rankin, while clever in her way, is not vivacious enough for a soubrette. She lacks lightness. Her forte seems to be, rather, the emotional. I wish they could have added little Pearl Landers to the Alcazar stock before Mr. Frawley snapped her up. I consider Pearl to be one of the coming soubrettes.

True To Nature

Clyde Fitch, the playwright, is a stickler on accuracy. When the autumn orchard scene in his latest hit, "Lover's Lane," was submitted to him the day of its production at the Manhattan theatre, he conceded that it was beautiful, but protested that it was not true to nature. There was too vivid a coloring to the fading foliage, he said. It suggested maples rather than apple trees. The scenic artist, whose color scheme had been followed by the property maker, put up a stiff argument. He had an apple tree in his back yard, he declared that turned to crimson and gold in the autumnal period. But Fitch was obdurate. The time was short and the orchard an elaborate affair, with four reproductions of real trees to be reconstructed. And that was why for hours, even until shortly before the rise of the curtain, the debonair young dramatist was to be seen perched in his apple tree branches helping discard the more vivid foliage and substitute the dull green and brown that were true to nature. Two wonderfully realistic stage settings are said to be afforded by this apple orchard.

What Ernest Was

A matinee girl wrote to the New York *Sun* to find out if Ernest Hastings, now playing the young village minister in "Lover's Lane" were formerly a clergyman. Mr. Hastings, upon being interviewed, said that he was not but that he was a Canadian barrister. After he finished his law studies he immediately seceded to the stage. Far from excelling in priestly virtues, he is one of the best amateur boxers in his old home —Toronto—and is one of the crack pool players of the Lambs' club, New York.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will have an article on "Rewards of Success on the Stage" in the April *Woman's Home Companion* describing the qualifications of mind and body and the necessary training that young women must possess in order to attain success in the histrionic field. Mrs. Carter was herself trained by David Belasco, and she says she owes all her success to his patient teachings.

Louis Morgenstern is going to New York in August to accept the position of treasurer of the Knickerbocker theatre. Mr. Morgenstern will be very much missed. There is probably no more experienced theatrical treasurer in the service. He was for years treasurer of the Baldwin, and is now holding the same position at the Alcazar.

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In Liebler & Co's production of "The Christian," E. J. Morgan plays John Storm and Katherine Gray is Glory Quayle. T. C. Hamilton and Jack Mason are also in the cast.

Attractions Next Week

The greatest attraction in the operatic line since the Grau season will be at the Grand Opera House next week, and the sale of seats promises well for crowded houses at all the ten performances of Madame Sembrich and her company. The repertory is a standard one, "Don Pasquale" being the novelty, and the casts are so distributed that there will be more than one star at each performance. "The Barber of Seville," which will be Monday's bill, will give opportunity to compare Sembrich's Rosina with that of Melba; and Bensaude, the Figaro, is said to possess a magnificent voice and stage presence. "La Traviata," another favorite opera, will be given on Wednesday night, with Sembrich as Violetta, and Mattfield, Varezzi, Bensaude, Vanni, Dado, Rossi and Galazza in the cast and Daubigne as Alfredo. "Faust" will be sung at the Saturday matinee with Sembrich as Marguerite. Nobody ever tires of "Faust." A new Marguerite, a new Mephisto or a new Faust always lends new interest to the old opera. During the second week of the season, "Don Pasquale," "Lucia," "Pagliacci" and "Rigoletto" will be given. It is particularly impressed upon the public that the performances will only be given on Monday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday afternoon of next week and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoon of the second week, also that they will be limited to six and that Madame Sembrich will appear at each one of them. C. L. Graff, who is managing the Sembrich tour, is well known in San Francisco, where he is a great favorite in club circles.

"The Highwayman" as the latest example of De Koven and Smith's talent, is filling the Columbia and will do so all next week. It has its star part in Foxy Quiller, and the cast as a whole is equal to the demands of the opera. Loie Fuller's new dances "The Tempest" and "Archangel," dispute interest with the opera. "The Highwayman" will go all next week. Columbia futures are "The Little Minister," Blanche Bates in "Under Two Flags," James K. Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico," Blanche Walsh in "More Than Queen," "Arizona," and Margaret Anglin in "Mrs. Dane's Defence."

There will be a big first night audience at the Tivoli next week when "The Wedding Day" will have its first presentation in this city. The opera is by Stange and Edwards and was tri-starred in the East by Della Fox, Lillian Russell and Jeff d'Angelis. The management has spared no expense in mounting the piece and it will be staged with magnificence. There is always sure to be a good orchestra at the Tivoli, fresh and pretty costumes and artistic scenery. I don't believe another opera company in the country contains such a set of chorus girls as those at the Tivoli, so young and pretty, shapely without padding, and with fresh, well-trained voices. Paul Steindorff will make his first appearance at the Tivoli as musical director. He was last here with the Nielsen company. Georgie Cooper will be in the cast.

The Orpheum has what should prove another good bill for next week. Smith and Campbell, comedians, and the inventors of the expression "hope you'll choke," head the bill. Techow's Cats should attract old and young. Coakley and Husted will present an original sketch. Miss Moreland will appear in "Poppy" the piece in which she made such a success in London a short time ago. Papinta will put on entirely new and original dances and the biograph will tell its ever popular tale of scenes from the field of recent stirring events.

The Alcazar will have a lively farce next week in "The Proper Caper." This is said to be one of that kind of plays in which considerable is said which is suggestive and still more enacted, still after the seventeen characters which animate the plot have passed in and out during the action of the play one is not licensed to condemn a single line. In "The Proper Caper" the rich hot blood of a billy goat is self-inoculated into his veins by an old man for the purpose of regaining wasting vitality, and the purport of the plot is to prove that by this infusion of young blood into a man of years that the bloom of youth will again appear. A pretty scenic background will be given to the piece and a clever cast of players has been faithfully rehearsed.

—*The Playgoer.*

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

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The Dawn of Knowledge

How the Unimaginative Professor Had His Eye Teeth Cut

Professor X. Notworth While was a man utterly without Imagination. He was a Professor of Mathematics, and Facts alone seemed to him worth Dealing in.

When they made him the Dramatic Critic of a Big Daily, he went into the Job with his eyes fast Closed to his Deficiency.

He handled Plays as if they were Mathematical Problems, and Actors and Actresses were to him but Algebraic Signs. He had a Rule for each Climax and a Formula by which stage Smiles and Kisses were measured. And he Wrestled hard with his Equations, for it Troubled him Terribly when the Dramatist persisted in Beginning his Plays in the Middle of a Situation, or when One of the Acts was Shorter than Another.

He argued that Camille had no Business to die in the Last Act when she was so Obviously Ill in the First. He persisted in calling the heroine of "East Lynne" a Poor Fool, and refusing to see any Pathos in her Deathbed. He said that Becky Sharp had no Reason to come out and Bow and Smile just when the curtain had Rung Down upon her in an attitude of Utter Despair. He said that nobody like the Prisoner of Zenda could Possibly have Lived in History.

And he always drew his Readers' attention to the fact that it was Red Paint and not Real Blood that Tess drew from Alec Stokes d'Urberville, and that Bill Sykes was not knocking Nancy about behind the Scenes but that the Supposed Murderous Sounds were caused by a stage hand hitting a Block of Wood.

In short he was hopelessly Minus that necessary quality in a Playgoer—Imagination.

One day he wrote an Article about Maeterlinck's latest drama, "Aglavaine and Selysette." All the beautiful Imageries of Maeterlinck's poetic soul, all the exquisite Figures of Speech, were cut to Pieces and each Bit carefully Dissected by Professor X. Notworth While. Of one of the passages of love between the hero and one of the heroines, a speech full of original Thoughts and charming Sentiments, he wrote:

> What do these phrases mean: "There where we love each other we are pure and beautiful:" "I kiss you on your soul:" "Our love lies far above ourselves?" Can real men and women talk this way and escape the Commissioners of Lunacy? Nowhere, let us hope, except perhaps, in Belgium.

Now, there were some Young Women in the Professor's mathematical class who read his Criticism, and it made them Absolutely Sick to think a man could Live and be so Ignorant of the Language of Love as to write what he did. They made up their Minds that they would give him a few Lessons that would be more Interesting to him than his Instructions in Mathematics were to them.

The Prettiest One was Detailed to put her Photograph on the Professor's Desk so that he would have to Look at It between Recitations. The Girl with the Best Figure was Told Off to ask his Opinion on the Straight Front Corset, and the Co-ed with the most shapely Foot was instructed to question him about the Evils or Otherwise of High Heels. When these Devices had succeeded to the Extent of making the Professor look at them with a real Seeing Gaze, they drew Lots as to which should ask him to take her to the Theatre next time he Went, that she might have the Benefit of his Critical Observations. The Lot fell to a Black-eyed Girl with Very Red Lips and a Fetching Smile.

The Professor fell into the Trap, and took the Student with him to see a Melodrama. And after the Show she told him that some friends of hers were going to give a Little Supper at her house and she asked him to Join them.

It was at this Supper that the Professor received his Lesson, for the Black-eyed Girl with the Ripe Red Lips dared him to Kiss her. And the Professor dropped before the Dare.

Sequel: The readers of the Professor's criticisms now wonder at the great Change that has come over the Spirit of his Writings. He dilates upon the Human Undercurrent of the dramatist's work, the Fidelity to Life of the Love Scenes and the Wonderful Portrayal of Passion. He no longer judges Plays by the Rule of Three. —The Prophet.

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Misunderstood

Her Soliloquy

He is tired of me. I can feel it, though he has never said so in words. How changed he is from the days when he was trying to win my love. Then, he was all devotion. My slightest wish was to him law. But now—sometimes I see him striving to suppress a yawn when I am suing for his caress. Oh God! how cruel is love, the tyrant. Why did I ever love? To think that one has given one's heart to a man, who is already wearied of one's caresses! What could be a more bitter fate? For women love but once. Men can change. * * * Ah! can it be that he loves another? My heart quakes at the thought. Perhaps she is younger than I, some pretty, sweet schoolgirl such as those he used to scoff at. Wretched thought! It will haunt me now. 'Twas hard enough to see that fatigued look in his eyes, to note the lessening ardor of his kisses. But to think that another has his fancy, while his heart was once mine—that were more bitter than death.

His Soliloquy

She acts so peculiarly lately that I begin to think she is going to leave me. For awhile her love burned warm and to insure its continuance, I feigned indifference. But now, all that has changed. When I kiss her, oftentimes she compresses her lips coldly. When I press her to my heart she shrinks from me. Again she throws her arms around my neck and sobs passionately upon my shoulder. I find her looking at me sometimes with a most heartrending gaze. Can she have something to confess? Verily, I believe she is deceiving me. Ah! if I thought another man had won her love and was feeding upon her kisses, I should kill her before his eyes. The Impressionist

MODISTE MADAM KLOSE, recently from New York, has opened Dressmaking Parlors at Room 25, 1019 Market St., San Francisco. System used that took the prize at Paris Exposition. German spoken.
LATEST STYLES PERFECT FIT

The Automobile

Peace and harmony reign once more in automobile circles. The Automobile Club of California held a meeting on Wednesday night at which the quietus was given to all this opposition talk that has been floating around so promiscuously of late. The energy with which the officials have at last taken hold of affairs has caused a change in the feeling that has been manifested against them in certain quarters and now all parties concerned have united for the general good of the sport. One prominent action that was taken Wednesday night, that was right in line with the opinions recently expressed in this department, was the raising of the initiation fee of fifteen dollars for a period of thirty days. As a result of this action fifty names were immediately added to the membership list, with a prospect of many more before the limit expires. Dr. Tillman, Charles C. Moore and P. F. Rockett constitute the committee that is to deal out the fate of all applicants for membership.

The club decided upon a proposition that is to be made to the Park Commissioners relative to the granting of permits to operate machines within the park confines. The club desires to be allowed to pass upon all applicants for permits in order to be positive that all who are given permission to operate in the park are capable and experienced drivers. In this way none can gain access to the "promised land" who can in any way injure the status that has finally been secured for owners and drivers of motor vehicles. It is with the idea of protecting its own interests that the club will make this request of the Park Commissioners. A committee, consisting of P. F. Rockett, George P. Moore, W. H. Talbot, A. E. Brooke Ridley and Dorville Libby was appointed to take the Park Commissioners out on a run next Tuesday, in the different kinds of automobiles, so that they may be able to more intelligently frame the rules that are to govern the operation of motor vehicles in the park hereafter. The first official run of the club, which will also mark the initial entry into the park, will be held Sunday, April seventh, starting from Golden Gate and Van Ness avenues at 11 A. M..

The California Automobile Company is at last prepared for business and it will manufacture motor vehicles in this city and not in San Rafael, as was first contemplated. The San Rafael people made very alluring promises of cash subsidies, donotions of land and all that sort of thing, but when the time finally came when the cash was to be placed in the bank the promised thousands failed to materialize.

The company has just completed the purchase of the two-story building at 346 McAllister street and a large force of workmen are now busily engaged in installing the machinery. This will probably take fully a week to complete and then the work of turning out vehicles will be actively commenced. Orders amounting to over $30,000 have already been secured. Gasoline vehicles will be manufactured exclusively.

The Locomobile Company of the Pacific still continues to do the principal share of the automobile business on the coast. The company sold eleven machines last week and is now awaiting another large shipment from the eastern factory. Four of these machines were sold in Sacramento, showing that the missionary work the company has been doing in the interior is bearing results. This makes about one hundred Locomobiles that have been sold here since the local branch was established.

Judge Spink, a circuit judge of British Columbia, who is spending the winter in Oakland, started on a trip to Del Monte on Thursday in a Locomobile. He has become an expert operator since coming here and will take one of these popular steam vehicles north with him upon his return.

The Electric Cab Company of Chicago failed a few days ago to the extent of nearly $150,000. The operating expenses and cost of repairs made way with the profits to such an extent that the stockholders were unable to stand the strain.

—The Automobiler

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS REPORTED FROM COLUSA COUNTY OIL FIELDS

The Colusa Consolidated Oil and Refinery Company is one of the strongest corporations organized for the development of the Northern California oil fields. It owns, by actual purchase 4414 acres in the centre of what is known as the "paraffine belt," ten miles west of Arbuckle, Colusa county, every acre of which land is patented and the title is perfect. This large body of land is one of the most attractive oil properties in the State. There is a well on the adjoining lands down 700 feet, and the showing at that depth is all that can be desired. To develop this land the Colusa Consolidated Oil and Refinery Company has been organized with 500,000 shares; par value $1 each.

When one considers the large amount of land owned, not leased; the small amount of the capitalization, only $500,000; the high grade of oil in the district, worth $5 or more per barrel and the accessibility to tide water, only eighteen miles on an easy down grade to the Sacramento river, it will be seen that the company presents a tempting opportunity for a sure investment. It will thus be seen that Colusa Consolidated stock at 50 cents per share is eliminated from the region of speculation and presents an opportunity for a most profitable investment, a fact which is rapidly being taken advantage of.

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Music World

Carreno

Carreno has certainly lost none of her old-time magnetism, fascination, genius and everything that goes to make her the most wonderful woman in the world. Her recital on Tuesday afternoon was a revelation to those who had never heard her before, and a renewal of former enjoyment to those who had. It strikes me more forcibly than ever that Carreno need take second place to none. In the "Berceuse" (Chopin) given as an encore after the Scherzo, the essential womanliness in her character came strongly to the surface. She played it as no one else ever did. It is the latent motherhood that is at the root of every woman's heart that showed in her playing of it. Not alone the night breezes, bird calls and other weird sounds of the night could be heard, but far away bells and their echo. Then as the baby ceases to be restless and finally falls asleep, one can see the mother quietly rising, hesitating for fear a false movement may awaken the little sleeper, and slowly and softly putting the little one to rest on its snowy pillow. It is the soul of the woman that breathes through her music and makes one see things, pictures, moods, visions, just as she sees them. The Paganini-Liszt Campanella was rapturously encored. Carreno's technic is faultless, her runs liquid melody—"a string of pearls," as Amy Fay says the perfect scale must be. For the rest, Carreno the woman is not the slave of her perfect technic, but the wondrous power over the instrument that she possesses is the means whereby she expresses her complete understanding of the composer's idea. The "Butterfly" Etude (Chopin) had to be repeated. On Thursday evening the program was: Sonata in B minor, Chopin; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann; Sonata, op. 109, Beethoven; Impromptu, op. 90, No. 2, Schubert, Marche Militaire, Schubert-Liszt. Another splendid program has been arranged for this afternoon. A large audience, chiefly of women, was present on Tuesday, and a still larger one on Thursday. Carreno is an immense favorite here.

A Club of Musicians

The Musicians club gave a most enjoyable evening entertainment on Thursday of last week. Every number was choice of its kind and out of the ordinary run of orchestral music, even of a classic order. The Mozart quartet performed by Messrs. Kent, Wismer, Savannah, Fuehrer and Weiss was a gem. The adagio from concerto No. 4, D major (Frederic the Great) was quaintly beautiful as also *b* of the same number, sonata for flute and piano (Haendel), with figured bass by Ferdinand David in which Mr. Rodemann's flute and Dr. Stewart's piano had equally difficult work to perform. Mrs. Birmingham was enthusiastically received, but her encore "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose" was really her best number and was given with charming effect. The other songs were "Widmung" (Schumann), "Der Asra" (Rubinstein) and "Die Mainacht" (Brahms). The last number was a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, B flat major op. 52 (Rubinstein) performed by Arthur Fickenscher at the piano, where, be it said, he did some exceedingly creditable work; Mr. Savannah, violin, and Arthur Weiss, 'cello. The allegro moderato was exquisitely rendered. Mr. Savannah was in an exceedingly happy mood and Mr. Weiss, as always, entered heart and soul into his work. It was a fine entertainment and was greatly appreciated by all who were privileged to be present.

The Von Meyerincks

Monday night last was a very auspicious occasion for the Von Meyerinck School of Music, inasmuch as it was the inaugural concert at the new recital hall adjoining the school. Great pains had been taken with the decorations, which were profuse and very tasteful. The program, too long to reproduce, was well chosen and well rendered without exception. The school is happy in having a very good scale of voices to choose from, and the pupils did their hard working and enthusiastic instructress all the credit she so well deserved. The solos were by Maude Fay, who gave "Elizabeth's Greeting" from "Tannhauser" (Wagner) splendidly and responded to an encore with "My Rosary" (Nevin), which she sang inimitably well. Miss Lulu Feldheim in the aria from "William of Orange" was very good and gave as an encore

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Legal Notice

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HYMAN CLINOWSKY also known as HYMAN CHINOWSKY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, administrator of the estate of Hyman Clinowsky, also known as Hyman Chinowsky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Hyman Clinowsky also known as Hyman Chinowsky, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 16, 1901

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for Administrator
308-10-12 Phelan Buildin

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.....

SUSAN BEATRICE NEWELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN R. NEWELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

John R. Newell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and intemperance also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

(SEAL)

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

Rubinstein's lovely "Romance," with much feeling. Miss Bud Friedlander's "Allmacht" (Schubert) was splendid. Mrs. Cecelia Decker Cox has a beautiful contralto, and sang "Ah mon fils" from "The Prophet" as well as I have ever heard it done, and her "Widmung" (Schubert), was equally well given. The octet from "Elijah" and the "Chorus of Valkyries" were the concerted numbers sung by Mrs. Cox, the Misses Fay, Feldheim, Friedlander, Gross, Heath and Messrs. Boronda, Denke, Grobe and Atthowe. In the absence of Miss Boston, "Lift Thine Eyes," from the "Elijah," was sung by Misses Heath and Fay and Mrs. Cox. Scenes from Acts I and II of the opera "Haensel and Gretel" (Humperdinck), were rendered in costume by Misses Helen Heath and Mae Cullen, and fell not far short of professional work; the fresh young voices and true dramatic talent displayed won them round after round of sincere applause at the close of the performance. In the absence of Miss Brinn, Mrs von Meyerinck sang the "Sandman" behind the scenes in the second scene. Congratulations were showered upon Mrs. von Meyerinck for the good work done. Arthur Fickenscher, who presided at the piano, deserves credit for the manner in which he carried the instrumental part of the program along to a successful and pleasing issue.

First Wagner Lecture

The first lecture of the Wagner Society, given by Mrs. Mary Fairweather, will occur next Thursday evening at eight o'clock in Union Square hall. The subject will be "The Flying Dutchman," slightly illustrated. As a large number have subscribed for these lectures, the charge for admission and reserves is very reasonable. The same series of lectures are charged at three to five dollars in club rates. A crowded house is anticipated. Apply for tickets at 131 Post street, the office of the Wagner Society. The rehearsals of the Choral Division are coming on finely, and new members added every week. A few more singers will be received before the limit of seventy-five is reached, at which time a waiting list will be formed.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo } ss
Lucas County }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

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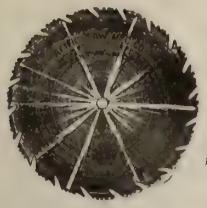

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the Mayor and Corporation with a request that they would not appear in the city; so Mrs. Langtry's acting manager promptly engaged the Windsor opera house, billed Detroit, raised the prices of the seats, packed the house and gave the performance under the British flag! But what is not generally known is that there were no dressing rooms at all in the Windsor opera house, so the caretaker gave them the use of his little frame dwelling. Mrs. Langtry had a tiny room to herself, but all the other ladies were crowded into the kitchen, and the men dressed and "made up" by the light of an oil lamp, in the caretaker's scullery! These details have only recently come to light." Windsor is just across the river from Detroit, on the Canadian side, a few minutes trip by boat.

World of Letters

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The Lewis Literary Syndicate of New York offers to read manuscripts and to find a market for them. The charges for reading vary from five dollars per act in the case of plays to one dollar for poems not exceeding forty lines in length. A commission of ten per cent is charged for sales of literary matter. I have no doubt that the syndicate will make money.

If one may judge by the opening chapters of "D'ri and I," Irving Bacheller's new novel will not fall behind "Eben Holden" in interest. D'ri—otherwise Darius-Hawkins is again the hired man, and "I" the son of his master. The family makes the journey to the West with oxteams, and over primitive roads. The time of the tale is set half a century earlier than "Eben Holden," during the war of 1812.

Henry James' English

At last someone has had courage to puncture the bubble of Henry James' reputation as a stylist. Richard Barton says: "Henry James' English, looked at in the piece, and not in spots, is abominable. It is so bad that it would amuse (and so be worth while), if it did not also, and to a greater degree irritate; since often the author's meaning is so suggestive and profound that his oblique, crabbed way of communicating it is all the more inexcusable. One bumps along the path of his prose as if the vehicle of conveyance were an Irish jaunting car." With reference to "The Two Magics," Mr. Burton says: "They are just fair examples of his current work. Sentence after sentence in them is of a sort to make the verbal vagaries of Carlyle seem as smooth as a copybook motto. They surpass the back-handed expressions of George Meredith at that Great Man's worst. And the deuce of it is that at least one of these tales (the first) is a very powerful and successful specimen of his peculiar gift, while both of them are too representatively attractive to be so vilely languaged!" Further on Mr. Burton says: "Shortly after Du Maurier's death a memorial estimate by James appeared in *Harper's*. I settled down to a half-hour's illumination, and got instead, not light, but darkness visible! I re-read the paragraph with knit brows. The paper was an astonishing example of word jugglery which carried meaning to the vanishing point." I am not familiar with the article in question but in the early days of the *Century*, Mr. James contributed an essay on the subject of Du Maurier and London society, wherein he goes on for four solid pages, describing the pleasure which a young child in New York experienced in contemplating the pictures in the London *Punch*, and about Leach and Doyle and *Punch* itself, before he mentioned Du Maurier at all. In spite of one's knowledge to the contrary, the irresistible im-

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pression which he conveys to the mind of the reader is that the child who is so absorbed in the pictures of London streets is George Du Maurier, not Henry James. A few years ago, when anything concerning the artist was good copy, I came across a number of sharp comments upon the ignorance of the penny-a-liners who represented him as of American birth, and I had my shrewd suspicion that busy space writers and journalists-on-the-jump had been browsing among Henry James' writings and had been misled by the beautiful clarity of his style.

Children in Books

"Helen's Babies" has made its way into France, where it is said to be the delight of French "bebes," who are also enjoying Mark Twain, through the medium of translations. One could hardly expect the children to understand the peculiarly American situations in his books but childhood is the same the world over and its langurge is universal. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" was introduced as an English reading book a few years ago. It is a pity that this generation of American boys is not more familiar with that work. Aldrich's boy was "not so very bad, either," and is not to be thought of in the same week as that farrago of vulgarity and indecency, of Peck's. There are a good many of the old books which should be brought to the attention of children of today—children's books about children. "Nympo's Troubles," by A. G. Plympton, ought to find its way into the hands of the girls, and there are a score of others which mothers and aunts, fathers and uncles could enumerate. We have plenty of animal stories; plenty of novelized history, biography which is largely fiction, and adventures real and imaginary. What the children of today need is good stories of child life in the home.

A "Century" Tale

"Fee," a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, which appears in the March *Century*, evidently looks to the anti-vivisection societies for the same booming that her other tale, "Loveliness" was treated to. According to Mrs. Phelps the genus tramp in New England exists for the sole purpose of stealing pet dogs in order that the Harvard undergraduate may be "amused" by seeing the creatures tortured. Fee, which is a toy spaniel, is handed over by his abductor to Miss Miranda Dawn, an exquisite old maid who cannot abide the "clutter" of even a canary bird, because the thief's tender heart overcame him at the last and he didn't want its death on his mind! Fee takes possession of mistress and maid, and finally after various other exhibitions of astonishing intelligence, he finally unites the long parted lovers, one of whom is the man from whom he was stolen, the other the women to whom he was given. "A light touch summoned their eyes. Fariel (Fay-Ariel) put one paw on the man's hand, and one on the woman's and stood still gazing at both." This kind of gush inspires me with the same feeling which prompted the men of one of our northern towns to lynch a pair of stage robbers who otherwise would have stood trial in regular legal course, because the women took to making heroes of the bandits. There is another dog story in the same magazine, "The Last Hunt of Doxax", Olive Huck. Doxax is a very different creature from the miserable, useless Fee. He is a man's dog—even a manly dog with all the faults of his good qualities. He falls into bad company and meets a fate which is not altogether undeserved, but which inspires a degree of sorrow and pity not forthcoming by the contemplation of a dozen Fees undergoing vivisection.

—The Bookworm.

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OUR OPINION

The Duel In France

What funny fellows those Frenchmen are! How easy it is to reduce the temperature of the hot Latin blood! A puny, feather-brained dandy walks into the sanctum of a robust editor, slaps his face several times, and then they bid each other adieu with the most profound courtesy, it being mutually understood that the insult shall be wiped out by what is known as a French duel. Now there is nothing which more clearly betrays the effeminacy of the up-to-date Parisian character than the French duel. The duel in France has degenerated. It has been adapted to the degenerate Frenchman of the boulevard and the clubs of Paris. Instead of being an affair of honor it is an affair arranged to give heroic aspect to men who have not the courage to impulsively resent an insult. A few months ago a duel expert testified in a court of France that duels are merely an exchange of courtesy between two men who feel aggrieved against each other. He said that if the rules are strictly complied with neither man can be seriously hurt. It is therefore essential that the seconds shall be experts, for upon them devolves the duty of seeing that the weapons and the conditions are such as to render the encounter harmless. The principals are supposed to take themselves seriously, and to behave as though they actually believe that one of them is to die, and therefore all the details are arranged with a view to the greatest dramatic and spectacular effect. The fatalities in this country resulting from sparring contests are more numerous than those occurring on the field of honor in France. And yet Frenchmen have no difficulty in maintaining their composure when grossly insulted, for an insult creates opportunity for an heroic pose. They write our funniest comedies, but they cannot appreciate the absurdity of the modern duel. The degeneracy of the duel is to be deplored, for it was too noble an institution to be permitted to decay and become ridiculous. If it is to be countenanced its character should be protected. In the days when men knew that slander and insult meant a fight to the death, politeness flourished and rowdyism was held in restraint. It long since became unpopular in this country but it was never held in contempt. And when we read of those informal duels that take place in Kentucky which result in the wounding of everybody but the principals we sometimes think it would be better if the old fashioned affair became the vogue again.

A Call For Religious Revival

An appeal has been issued by a committee of Protestant clergymen in New York urging that the opening of the new century be made memorable by special efforts to revive the Christian life. It is "a call to religion as the true source of ethical and philanthropic activity;" to "personal effort to take the truth of God to those whose lives are darkened and those whose souls are dying for the want of it." It is also, "a summons to deeper and more spiritual study of the Word of God." In other words it is an appeal designed to awaken interest in spiritual affairs. The clergymen of New York have been complaining of empty pews for a long time, and it is difficult to convince them that they are largely responsible for the prevailing apathy in spiritual affairs. Though they have issued a summons to a deeper study of the Word of God there appears to be considerable doubt in their own mind as to where the Word of God is to be found. If they had not expressed very grave doubts on the subject the churches of Protestantism would not be suffering from lack of patronage. In the old days when the theologians accepted the Scriptures as of divine authorship the faithful were quite numerous and it was easy to interest people in spiritual affairs. Protestantism is founded on the theory that the Bible is the one book of Divine inspiration, but a few years ago Biblical scholars began to indulge in the "higher criticism" and they soon destroyed faith in the Bible as the inspired Word of God. They insisted upon measuring the Bible by scientific standards, and as a consequence they found numerous inconsistencies which could not be accounted for except upon the theory that the stories therein contained were mere legends handed down from obscure sources. It was by higher criticism that the bottom was knocked out of religious faith, and the injury cannot be repaired by calls or appeals. People cannot be expected to bother about the reputed Word of God when they are told that, judging from scientific standards, it is purely legendary. And all this religious backsliding may be traced to the higher criticism of several centuries ago when the Christian church, which was then the Catholic church was found to be in need of reformation. Not satisfied with correcting abuses the higher critics proceeded to reform the teachings of the founders, and they advocated what is known as free interpretation of the Bible. The Bible has been very freely interpreted ever since, and now its authenticity

is in doubt. The wise men of the pulpit are quite willing to preach that the ways of Providence are inscrutable but when it comes to interpreting the Bible which was at one time popularly supposed to be the Word of God, they contend that as they cannot understand it in the light of science it must be something else than what it purports to be, and therefore they reject the theory of its Divine inspiration. Verily they have played sad havoc with religious faith.

Not a World Power

During the last year of his life ex-President Harrison took almost as lively an interest in the affairs of his country as he did during his term of office. He participated in all the important discussions of public policy presented by the magazines, and his opinions showed that he was influenced by the highest ideals, and that the nation's honor was deemed by him to be of greater importance than all the considerations of trade and commerce by which this Administration has been inspired. The current number of the *North American Review* contains the last contribution from his pen. It is a masterly discussion of the policy of universal meddling which was adopted some time ago by Mr. McKinley. He prefaced his discussion by defining the meaning of the term "World Power" as applied to the United States, declaring it to be a power having the purpose to take over so much of the world as it can by any means possess. He then takes up the proposition that we should join with Great Britain in the program of predatory civilization upon the theory that the Anglo-Saxon has a divine concession that covers the earth. In this connection he contends that we are hampered by our Declaration of Independence. The Briton has limited his charters of liberty to a declaration of his own rights, whereas we have written into ours "all men." General Harrison admitted that some people care nothing about the rights of others when those rights are opposed to their financial interests, but he believed it to be a "low view of popular thought" to attribute such sentiments to the people of the United States. He contended moreover that we were not irrevocably committed to evil ways; that we have not joined the wolves, but have still some of the care-taking instinct of the shepherd. He hoped that we would treat the Filipinos as we had promised. The concluding words of his article were:

> Let us not be a World Power, in any save the good old sense—that of a nation capable of protecting in all seas the just rights of its citizens, and incapable everywhere of a wanton infringement of the autonomy of other nations.

What It All Means

If there were no impending complications in Europe the foreign newspaper correspondents would have a hard time earning their salary. If all were peace and harmony they would have nothing to write about except French duels and royal scandals, and those things become dreadfully monotonous. Fortunately for the newspaper men the nations of Europe are constantly forming new alliances and breaking them. One day we are told that Germany and England have entered into a compact, and a few days later we learn that there is a secret understanding between the Germans and the Russians which may result in complications with England. France is entering into new combinations every few weeks, and little Japan is constantly under suspicion of contemplating the conquest of several countries. The newspaper correspondents know all about these things because they attend all the Cabinet meetings and are in the confidence of all the prominent diplomatists and statesmen. At present the journalists are watching with great anxiety prospective developments in Manchuria. They solemnly assert that the apprehension of the European nations over the situation in China is most intense. The apprehension is probably confined, however, to the newspaper offices, for it is more than likely that the nations thoroughly understand one another, as to their main purpose in dealing with China. If Russia wants Manchuria she will in all probability be permitted to take it, and then each of the other nations will proceed to appropriate a little territory. The work of changing the map of Asia is about to begin. And as we have lately given the Old World some fine object lessons in land grabbing it would not be in good taste for us to protest.

The World of Cranks

The lively little rumpuses which the total abstinence cranks have been kicking up all over the country lead to the question of whether abstention from alcoholic stimulants has a direct bearing on intemperance of language, and what more right these cranks have to demand that their peculiar views shall be enforced by legal enactments than have other unbalanced mental freaks. The immediate manifestation of an over indulgence in liquor is more distasteful to spectators, but it is a question whether the effect of drink upon the sot is any more injurious than the effect of food upon the glutton. There are food-cranks as well as drink-cranks—people who believe nothing should be cooked before being eaten; vegetarians, fruitarians, Edenic dietists, who will eat nothing that grows out of the sunlight, and there is even a coterie which believes that salvation of soul and body alike depends upon an exclusive diet of peanuts. Everyone of these has as good a right to demand that legislative enactments shall be passed in their favor. There are, doubtless, many cases of diseased digestive organs in which the sufferers benefit by exceptional foods, but they are the exceptions, not the rule, and when people who are differently constituted are led or persuaded into adopting an invalid diet, they are more than apt to become invalids. The total abstainer has the same right as the fruitarian or vegetarian—no other and no more. He may do as he pleases him-

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self and he may use as much force of persuasion on his friends as they will submit to, but he has no more right to demand that *no* one shall drink, than has the drinker to demand that everyone shall. It is, of course, a self-evident truth that if there were no liquor at all no one could become intoxicated, but it ought to be equally self-evident that people without decency or self-control enough to use moderation in this respect would simply turn their attention to some other form of vicious indulgence if there were no liquor to be obtained. Sweep away everything in the form of intoxicants as now understood, and the reformers would demand the abolition of tea and coffee. It would be only the old story of the inch and the ell. Temperance reform, like many other things, is coming as fast as the community is prepared for it. The League of the Cross, Boys' Brigade and other organizations which educate the boys in temperance principles are taking hold of the matter in the right way for the coming generation,but in the meanwhile it is to be remarked how seldom an intoxicated man is to be seen in the business or residence streets in daylight, unless in the lowest quarters—and how great a step forward has taken place in this respect even within the last ten years. The Prohibition element is wont to arrogate to itself a goodly share of the improvement which is only the natural result of the onward march of progress.

The Saunterer

Crocker's Cold Feet

Though Mayor Phelan's veto of the Ingleside race track ordinance hastened the end of the Jockey Club war,hostilities would not have been long continued even though his Honor had not put the quietus on the whole affair by his inexplicable conduct. The fact is, and this should be whispered low, that Mr. Will Crocker was afflicted with a case of gelidity of the lower extremities. Prince Poniatowski dearly loves a scrap, and there was no sign of his throwing up the sponge until his brother-in-law began to deprecate the situation and to plead for a settlement! Mr. Crocker does not like to lose his money, but there was something stronger than even financial considerations that influenced him, and now the story is being whispered in Blingum circles that his cold feet were largely responsible for the withdrawal of the Poniatowski interests.

Some Embarrassing Questions

The story, as I get it from a Blingumite, is that, the Crocker family held a conference over the situation, and decided that they could not afford to jeopardize their social standing by getting too deeply involved in a row between gamblers. They felt that in view of the coming of the Episcopal ministers to this city with Bishop Potter of the New York **400** at their head, the prominence of the Crocker family in the race track war was becoming decidedly embarrassing. Bishop Potter is to be a guest of the Crockers, along with the Burton Harrisons, and the Crockers are soon to hob-nob in this city with the Pierpont Morgans, and others of the elect from the East. How shocking it would be to risk their social prestige in a race-track war! What would Bishop Potter say ? Could he afford to accept their hospitality ? These were questions that caused great anxiety.

A Clever Business Stroke

And when Mayor Phelan threw his bombshell into their camp, Prince Poniatowski threw up his hands and succumbed to the Crocker pressure. But the Prince must be credited with having accomplished a brilliant financial deal. Tom Williams won his fight, as his friends predicted he would, but he paid a high price. And the Crocker-Woolworth bank is well satisfied with the result. The San Francisco Jockey club was heavily in debt, and the bank was in possession of the club's paper. By the deal, accomplished by Prince Poniatowski the stockholders are to receive two dollars for every dollar invested. Surely it was a good business stroke.

Jockey Club Charity

Where the money is coming from to complete the deal is a matter of considerable speculation, but I am assured by people who do not make reckless assertions that it will be forthcoming at the proper time. They assure me that Tom Williams has substantial backing. Up to date Mr. Williams has made no great profit out of his race-track plants. The California Jockey club has never paid a dividend. The affairs of the Jockey club have not been conducted on strictly business principles. It has given away immense sums in charity. It has numerous pensioners. Sentiment cuts a large figure in its salary roll. The California Jockey club is today educating in a convent two sisters of a jockey who was killed at the old Bay District track. An instance of the generosity of the President of the Jockey club may be found in the treatment which Starter Caldwell received at his hands. When the track-war opened, it was decided to secure the services of a new starter. He was wired for and when Caldwell heard that the new starter was

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coming he felt greatly distressed and humiliated. He was soon relieved by the assurance that he had not been discharged; that it was felt that he needed a rest and that he would be continued on the pay-roll at his regular salary of fifty dollars a day. Notwithstanding the great expense which the club has been under since the war was declared, Caldwell's salary was paid regularly.

Why Mose Gunst Quit

Now that the war is over and Mr. Williams is in the saddle, people are wondering whether Mose Gunst and Henry Ach are sorry that they sold their stock in the California Jockey club. I do not believe they are. Mr. Gunst has been associated with Mr. Williams ever since the old Bay District track was purchased, and his career as a turfite has been a most tempestuous one. He has been through battles with Corrigan and Adolph Spreckels and others, and he has been threatened with nervous prostration on more than one occasion and he is glad he is out of the business. Mr. Gunst is a strictly business man and he does not like to be involved in race-track wars. He is a great admirer of Tom Williams' nerve and of his contempt for money, but he prefers to be a disinterested admirer than to have his own money in jeopardy.

"Why," he exclaimed the other day, "Tom Williams doesn't think anything of losing a thousand a day. When the war was declared Henry Ach assured him that he could go into court and compel the Prince to abide by certain contracts which provided for an even distribution of dates. But Williams wouldn't stand for it. 'No injunction for me,' he said, 'I'll give him a battle.'"

Continuing Mose related that when it was decided to have a battle they proceeded to scrutinize the expense accounts with a view of curtailing expenses. But as they went down the list of items Williams wouldn't agree to the elimination of a single one. He seemed to think that there was not a superfluous employe on the track until finally they reached the fence-watchers. Twenty-six men were employed to keep people from stealing over the fences.

"We don't need them now," said Mose. "We want all the people on the track that we can induce to come in. Let them jump over the fence." So it was decided to discharge the fence-watchers.

Who She Is

I have a shrewd suspicion that the "Miss Doan" who is described in the March issue of a London magazine is none other than Viva Cummins, once of this city. The article says that her "unusual combination of gifts she inherited from her parents, viz., music from her mother, who was a composer, and skill in languages from her father, a philologist of repute." This would indicate Viva to a T, for her father was the late Adley H. Cummins, one of the finest linguists in this part of the world. Her mother, Ella Sterling Cummins (now Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels) is an experienced newspaper woman and writer, and has also composed several charming songs. Viva went to the Chicago World's Fair with her mother and thence they journeyed to New York. In the metropolis Viva met Augustus Chasey Doan, a young railroad man, and they were married. It was at the World's Fair that the clever little Californian girl conceived the idea which she later put into execution, of arranging a series of songs of nations, in costume, as a monologue entertainment. It is "Miss Doan" as a "polyglot chanteuse" who is minutely described in the London magazine, and I presume therefrom that she is about to appear at a London music hall.

Good Form said "Mufti"

The first night of the Sembrich grand opera season was not a "show" night. There was a much goodlier portion of the smart set there than was noted by the daily papers, but probably the society scribblers overlooked many swells who passed unrecognized in their plain clothes. Downstairs there was but a meagre sprinkling of bare necks; upstairs, I noticed a few more. As a whole, however, a Lenten rigor prevailed among the feminine toilettes, which was a pity since the night was a warm one and decollete bodices could have been donned without danger of catching diphtheria. All through the Grau season, rain and cold prevailed, yet full evening dress was en regle. Now that we have the opera again, high necks must be worn forsooth even though the weather is mild. Still, it is Lent; we must not forget that.

The Ghost of an Old Continental

The anvil upon which Fred Emerson Brooks, odesmith, hammered out his verses in the long ago has been silent for so many years that I concluded that the smithy had ridden his Pegasus to death, but I am informed that he has recently published a volume entitled "Old Ace and Other Poems." I haven't seen the book and I don't want to but I hope that it will fall into the hands of Ambrose Bierce. Mr. Bierce has been exceedingly kind to poets of late, for he has refrained from reviewing their works, but I know that if he hears of "Old Ace and Other Poems" he will read them if for no other purpose than to work himself up into one of his old-time fits of indignation.

A Correction

From several readers came letters during the week, calling my attention to the fact that I erred in stating that Charles A. Stevenson, leading man for Mrs. Carter, had been a short time on the stage. Mr. Stevenson played "leads" with his wife, Kate Claxton, many years ago when that actress was playing The "Two Orphans." It is a fact, however, that he was also the agent of a wine firm, and while I knew of him in that capacity it did not occur to me that he was also the husband of Kate Claxton. One correspondent, a James K. Masson who is evidently a New Yorker, informs me that Stevenson was in the wine

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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business as a "side issue," and he adds with a tinge of sarcasm: "As to clubs and his being a clubman, I fancy the Lambs and the Players are his only clubs. As to his being a society man, they may possibly admit champagne agents into society in San Francisco, but I am quite sure in New York they do not—at least not in my experience."

How About Sweet Harry?

What experience Mr. Masson has had in New York society I do not know, but I am of the opinion that it was not very extensive. Indeed I am forced to the conclusion that he has been out of society for a long time. Perhaps he has been on a desert island, or up at the North Pole. At any rate he has never heard of Mr.—otherwise known as "Miss"—Harry Lehr of New York, Newport and Baltimore. Harry Lehr is a wine agent with the label blown all over his person, and he is IT in the New York swim. He is the friend, philosopher and guide of Mrs. Astor, the Dowager of the elect. He is the favorite of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the protege of Mrs. Ollie Belmont, the champion german leader of the **400**. Where have you been, Mr. Masson?

Why He Did It

Mr. E. D. Beylard of Blingum astonished the polloi last Saturday by establishing a coach run from the Palace hotel to the Ingleside race-track, and selling seats in his vehicle at two dollars per. He was accused of being mercenary but he was merely emulating a swagger British custom. In England candidates for admission to the London Coaching Club are required to prove their ability in handling the ribbons by driving a coach for about sixty miles a day for several months. In order to get passengers to accompany them they advertise their runs and sell tickets for the ride. There is scarcely any rhyme or reason in Mr. Beylard's emulation of the British blood, but still it is not surprising. There are anglo-maniacs in this country that turn up their trowsers when it is raining in London.

Mrs. Nevill Castle in New York

The despatches from New York state that "Miss Mary Scott" made her debut at Keith's vaudeville theatre last Saturday in a one-act drama called "In Washington's Time." The number was not billed, but there happened to be a San Francisco man in the audience who recognized in the heroine of the little play no less a person than Mrs. Nevill Castle, whose stage appellation is Mary Scott. So Mrs. Castle has gone into vaudeville! This is an unusual essay for one of Mr. T Daniel Frawley's debutantes who usually keep on in the straight and narrow path of stock companies until they start out as full-fledged road stars. Mrs. Castle was probably dissatisfied with the slow but sure stock ladder to fame, and decided that vaudeville would bring the shekels along faster.

The despatches dub her "a former society belle of San Francisco," in which they err. For it was in San Jose that Mrs. Castle was socially prominent. It was during her appearance with the Frawleys, by the way, that the war of the Three Marys agitated local theatrical circles. The Three Marys, it will be remembered, were Mary Hampton, Mary Van Buren and Mary Scott. And now while Mrs. Castle is winning laurels in New York, her husband is engaged in law practice in Cape Nome.

A Santa Barbara Poet

The New York *Sun* has some very nice things to say about Dr. Alexander Blair Thaw's book of poems, lately issued by John Lane of the Bodley Head. As Dr. Thaw is a resident of California, the criticism is doubly interesting. The *Sun* says, among other things, of the poems:

> They tell something, often vaguely, as the poet's way is, still with abundant suggestiveness, with nice fancy, with skill and beauty of expression, with the touch that stirs the thought and the word that meets the heart.

Bits From the Volume

It is in the poem called "Love the Gardener" that the following lines appear:

Thy beauty was a bud of Love's true graft,
Flower-like of birth, as flooding all thy face
The quick blood rushed to meet his swift embrace
When to thy heart, deep even to the haft,
He sent his piercing blade. Oh, perfect craft!
That grievous wound hath added further grace
To beauty's self! And when he set that trace
Of tears in those deep eyes the great god laughed.

The heavenly gardener gazed into those eyes,
And in the look that lay there he hath known
His master touch, the life that is his own.
So, serving him, I too have looked where lies
Thy beauty's source, reaping, where Love hath sown,
The heavenly harvests from his wounds that rise.

* * * *

Love's net is made of divers colors blent:
Crimson the warp, with Love's deep passion pent,
And wrapped about with fine ethereal threads
Of mystic blue, from farthest heaven sent.

A double mesh! Ah, fast and sure it holds
Our hearts at last. Beneath its purple folds
The joy of life with love's strange sorrow weds,
And all our grief the joy of love beholds.

* * * *

From life's dull house though love's sweet joy doth fly,
Swift as the day, or fate, or flowers that die,
Love's hand still holds our hearts in that strange mesh
Which fate doth weave beneath the silent sky.

Though fate should turn our joy to mute despair,
And all the house of life grow dark and bare,
Still in the garden groweth ever fresh
That flower of love. Oh, let us seek it there!

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Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

Where the Thaws Live

Dr. Thaw's home is in El Montecito, the most beautiful suburb of Santa Barbara. The residence is set amid large grounds and its interior is furnished luxuriously and in charming taste. The poet is married to a lovely woman who is his intellectual mate. She is an artist of rare talent and a highly cultured woman. In spite of the fact that she belongs to several women's clubs, and reads erudite papers at their meetings, she is devoted to her home and her two children. The Thaws are wealthy and have traveled all over the world, their home being enriched with many souvenirs of their journeys. They entertain in magnificent style at their Montecito home and belong to the inner circle of Santa Barbara society.

Wanted—A Pest House

The San Francisco Pest House has been an eyesore and a disgrace for many years. But it is only when smallpox begins to spread that our public officials give the subject any attention. And then they merely talk about it and regret that the city has not a better habitat for the leprous and loathsome. Sometimes they appropriate money for the erection of a new Pest House, but at the end of the fiscal year they find that the money is needed for some other purposes. There have been many cases of smallpox of late, and though the Pest House has accommodations for only twelve persons there are now within its walls nineteen patients. The dailies have avoided discussion of the matter, but somebody should be censured for this disgraceful condition of affairs. Owing to the limited capacity of the institution it will be necessary to erect tents for the accommodation of any other people that may contract the disease, or else they will be quarantined in their own homes. The Pest House ambulance is a fitting associate of the ramshackle building where the patients are housed. It is an antique vehicle, full of holes and draughts. There is nothing more essential to the welfare of a smallpox patient than protection from the cold, and that ambulance is therefore a menace to the life of everybody that is compelled to ride therein.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Guggenheim (Ermine Hess] left on Friday last on the *Nippon Maru* for their future home in Yokohama.

Heroines of a Shooting Affair

My Los Angeles correspondent writes that Miss Chanslor, Lucy Schwartz, Miss Mead and Miss Briggs, with their chaperon, Mrs. Walter Cosby, have returned from their exciting trip to Honolulu. Though they are all well known in the Los Angeles swim they are not all residents of that city. Miss Briggs is of Chicago and Miss Mead is of San Francisco. During their stay in Honolulu they had such an enjoyable time that one of the papers began writing up their doings in sensational style. A friend of one of the party, a Mr. Stevens, went to the office of the newspaper and Castellaned the editor. This journalist being devoid of the Roday streak promptly retaliated by shooting his assailant, wounding him slightly. Of course the incident served only to give greater notoriety to the people involved and the matter has provoked much gossip in Los Angeles.

Another bit of gossip in Los Angeles concerns John Singleton, whose engagement was recently broken off. Having mortgaged his home recently people are wondering whether he is destined to out-McKeown Dorothy Studebaker's husband.

Lucky He's In Jail

The luckiest thing that ever befell Alexander McKenzie in the big Cape Nome mining litigation was not his appointment as receiver by Judge Noyes but his recent incarceration of one year in the Alameda County Jail for contempt of court. The secret is out among a certain lot of miners who have returned from that region that if McKenzie had escaped punishment from the court here and had returned to Nome to carry out his scheme of handling the output of the claims in dispute his end would have been sudden, sharp and efficient. There were several aggrieved claim owners who felt they were being robbed of their great chance to make a fortune and they were desperate to save it. All their hope was staked on this last chance that the San Francisco court would cut short McKenzie's career. Had he evaded the meshes of the law here and returned to Nome there would have been a rifle shot from somewhere as McKenzie was walking about his business and the Coroner would have received a "hurry call." There would have been another parallel to the Governor Goebel story but the desperate coterie of miners interested in his taking off wouldn't have minded that. They had figured out that they stood to lose everything through McKenzie and a little revenge by way of a sop was coming to them in the take off.

The King Honors Americans

An occasional correspondent writes me from London that the King has been dispensing favors and gauds with a generous hand, and that among the recipients of his favor are three Americans—Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Jennie Blow and Mr. J. J. Van Allen. The two women have been appointed Ladies of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and Mr. Van Allen of Newport and New York has been made an honorary Knight of Grace. These appointments were made in recognition of services rendered in fitting out a hospital ship for South Africa. Mr. Van Allen is more of an Englishman than an American. He is of the Snobocracy. Mrs. Cornwallis-West is better known as Lady Randolph Churchill, her name before her recent marriage to young Cornwallis West. Mrs. Blow is the wife of A. A. Blow, a wealthy mine operator of Denver. My correspondent also informs me that though the social Order of the Garter is the smartest secret society in London, there is not an American among its members. It is a clique or guild to which only unmarried women are eligible, but those of the members that marry may retain their membership. At least three Peeresses and eight daughters of Peers are enrolled. The insignia is a gold garter representing a serpent biting its own tail. It is made of hammered gold and being flexible is sometimes worn as a belt and sometimes as a bracelet.

REOPENED—Maison Riche, now MAISON ALLADIO.

Exit and Entrance

So the Carroll home has been sold! It seems a thousand pities that this house, which has been the scene of so many charming festivities, under Mrs. R. T. Carroll's guiding hand, should pass out of the family whose property it has been for so many years. Mr. W. J. Somers has bought the house and, after certain improvements have been made, will move there with his family. The Carrolls, by the way, lived in Post street before they moved to Van Ness avenue, but that was when Lizzie and Gertie and Johnnie were little children. As soon as Elizabeth was of age to make her debut, her mother projected a series of delightful functions in her elder daughter's honor. Then, when Gertrude appeared as a debutante another round of entertainments kept the Carroll home alive.

The Somers', who are to occupy the Carroll residence hereafter, have lived in the Mission for years. They have a country home in Mountain View. The daughter, Mae, married Ferd C. Peterson and lives in Belvedere. Burbank, the son, is one of the leading members of La Jeunesse club. He is a university graduate and belonged to the glee club during his college days.

"Hurry, Marguerite," said the Leader of the 400 to her marriageable daughter, "and get the writing materials. I must immediately send a note to Mr. Phelan to invite him to dinner tomorrow."

"And why this haste, mamma?"

"Oh, don't you see the Prince speaks of but five houses being opened socially to his Honor? He must be sure that this is one of the five."

"Old Curiosity" Heard From

Editor TOWN TALK: You disappointed some of your readers last week by failing to publish the names of the women of the Remillard party. The news was suppressed by the dailies, but knowing your reputation for independence, I confidently expected you to satisfy public curiosity. Were the ladies of such high society that the papers did not dare publish the names? *Old Curiosity.*

In a recent address before a body of university students, on the subject of Journalism, Whitelaw Reed asserted that the average newspaper is better than its readers. I am half inclined to the opinion that he is right. Nevertheless, I am pleased to know that "Old Curiosity," whom I suspect of being a vulnerable female, is the only one of TOWN TALK's subscribers that complained of my failure to publish the names of the women who were members of the Remillard party on the night of the tragedy at Delmonico's.

No doubt many readers of the dailies were disappointed over the suppression of those names, but the readers of the dailies have reason to expect all the minute details of what appears to them to be a spicy sensation. The editors of the dailies are deserving of commendation for their forbearance. They knew that they were expected to publish the news, but they felt that to do so would be only to satisfy morbid curiosity, and they preferred to protect the women, who, being guilty of no wrong, were entitled to consideration. There was nothing in connection with the Remillard dinner, as I explained last week, that could in any manner reflect discredit on the people who were so unfortunate as to be associated with the tragedy. Yet, the notoriety resulting from the tragedy was such that it would be highly offensive to any woman of refined feelings to be identified with the affair through newspaper publication.

"Why, I thought the bonny hug was not danced in good houses," said Mrs. Pacific Heights, at the Riches' mi-careme bal masque, "yet that young girl dressed as Folly is dancing it with young Bloode."

"What an ill-bred creature," said the Society Oracle, "she shall be excluded from my Fortnightlies."

But when they unmasked, the Society Oracle found that the Ill Bred Creature was none other than her own Niece.

Helen Catches a New One

Helen Bertram, the gay prima donna, is reported to be engaged to Ralph Phelps, a police commissioner of Detroit. Helen Bertram was a favorite of local clubmen whenever she visited this city. Phelps will be her third husband. Her first was Signor Tomaso, an orchestra leader who became insane. She married E. J. Henley, the English actor, some years later and when he died, his body was cremated and she had a portion of his ashes enclosed in a locket which she wore next her heart. It was in this city some years ago that she separated herself from the ashes in a dramatic fashion. She was in the company of S. George d' Essauer, a Chicago blood who lavished a fortune upon her. He was madly infatuated with her, and one night at the Cliff House, where they were indulging in a wine orgie, d' Essauer persuaded her to prove her affection for him by throwing the locket containing Henley's ashes into the ocean. After d' Essauer's money was gone the fair but frail Helen lost interest in him, and a little later it was learned that he had committed forgery. He was recently arrested in New Orleans.

The Stork's First Visit

To the home of Mr. Robert Capelle, of the North German Lloyd steamship company, arrived this week a little son. The stork's arrival was warmly welcomed as this is the long-legged bird's first visit to the Capelles, though they have been married many years. The little heir will be in danger of being spoiled, if a fond papa and mamma count for anything. He steps into a home as luxuriously appointed as any prince's palace. The Capelles belong to the inner circle of the German swim and are among our wealthiest and most cultured residents.

She Once Sang the Role

In a box at the opera on Monday night sat a young woman, exquisitely gowned, who took more than a passing interest in the progress of Rosina's love romance. The interested auditor was Madame Billoni-Zifferer, and her interest was intensified by the fact that she had once sung the role and with the same Almaviva. Madame Zifferer studied for the opera abroad, and one of her most successful roles, as well as her favorite, was that of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville."

"It is advisable that a man should know at least three things: first, where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under the circumstances." Information on the last point will be furnished by Lewison's the Leaders Gents Furnishers—953 Market street, between 5th and 6th streets.

The Belt and The Bettle

A New York weekly tells a story that should be of interest to many people in this city. Although the names of the persons involved are not mentioned, those that are au courant with social affairs on two edges of the continent should not find it difficult to give a local flavor to the yarn. The story is that "the sacred beetle of Egypt promises to play a rather important part in an action for divorce that will ere long separate one of the most conspicuous of New York society matrons from her florid and rotund lord and master." Some time ago, so the story goes, the lady came into possession of two beautiful scarabs which she gave to her husband to have set in a belt for the adornment of her none too slender waist. When the belt was delivered she was amazed to find that it was ornamented with a single beetle. Upon inquiry at the jeweler's she learned that at her husband's request two belts were made, and that one was delivered at a residence in Forty-sixth street. Subsequently ensued a hot discussion between the blonde recipient of the bauble and the wife, who has since learned of her husband's habits in the West, "where he spends much of his time" and where in the society of another fair creature "he finds consolation for his exile."

During the recent race-track war there was no little comment over the circumstance of Herman Oelrichs giving exclusive patronage to the Emeryville course, notwithstanding the fact that his brother-in law, Charles L. Fair, was a large stockholder in the San Francisco Jockey club. Mr. Fair and Mr. Oelrichs are on friendly terms, but there is a club affinity between the New Yorker and Mr. Williams, and the former seemed intent upon showing his loyalty to the Jockey club President.

Brady's Proviso

Colonel Martin Brady is probaby the most refreshing character that ever served a term in the legislature of this state. The colonel is not a dissembler. There is nothing that savors of the hypocrite about him. As an assemblyman he was out for the long green and he didn't care who knew it. When the China Basin lease was up for consideration he expected a fee to "boost" it along, but the Santa Fe Railroad company declined to treat our statesmen with that generosity to which they are accustomed. Colonel Brady denounced the corporation for its air-tight policy, and when he was returning to this city after adjournment he was in very bad humor. Walter Parker of Los Angeles accompanied him on the trip, and affected deep sympathy for him on account of the penuriousness of the corporations that had done business at Sacramento.

"But," said Parker with an air of mock sincerity, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fix it for you so that you shall be allowed to walk along the tracks of the Santa Fe company, providing you agree to get off when a train comes along."

Quick as a flash Brady replied: "I'll not agree to get off unless they blow a whistle. I'll make the —— —— —— give up something."

RUG SALE NEXT WEEK

All next week a great rug sale of five hundred different patterns will take place at the Pattosien Co. Many are made up from finest remnants of carpets at prices to suit everybody, corner 16th and Mission.

Why He Would Decline to Answer

Brady voted against the China Basin lease in a spirit of disgust, and he was afterwards asked by a newspaper correspondent how he intended to explain his action.

"I don't intend to explain it" he replied.

"But supposing your constituents demand an explanation?" said the newspaper man.

"I'll decline to answer on the ground that I might incriminate myself," was the reply.

Senator Nelson'ſ Vote

The vote of Senator Nelson on the China Basin lease was a surprise. It was supposed all through the session that he was against the lease and he was, but Attorney Ruef was despatched to Sacramento to argue with him and he succeeded in persuading him that the lease was a good thing. The day on which the measure was passed Senator Tyrrell, who is somewhat of a wag, asked a friend in a saloon if he had heard about the big fight down at San Quentin:

"No," he replied, "what was it about?"

"Jack Chretien and Young Dutchy disputed over the question as to which was entitled to the credit of swinging Senator Nelson's vote and they had a big fight over it," said Tyrrell.

One of the best records made at Sacramento during the recent session was that of Arthur Fiske of the Thirty-seventh district in this city. It was his first experience in the legislature, but he took a prominent position in the House from the start, and proved himself to be a man of quick comprehension and exceptional ability. As chairman of the Ways and Means committee he handled appropriation measures with splendid tact and rare judgment. He returned from Sacramento with the confidence of every person who had dealings with the legislature.

"Silent Jim" Smith

The members of J. Henry Smith's party who arrived the other day are from the very inner circle of the New York elect. And Mr. James Henry Smith is the latest acquisition of the smart set. Three months ago he was comparatively unknown in the great city of New York. He belonged to one or two clubs and was known in Wall street as a pretty shrewd business

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

man, but he had no social standing worth speaking of. He was an ordinary bachelor with a fairly good income, and by reason of his uncommunicative nature he was known among his associates as "Silent Jim." One day his uncle died and left him a fortune of fifty millions, and "Silent Jim" at once became eligible to cheek-by-jowl contact with the gilded exclusives of the Plutocracy. Now he is known as "Gold Smith," the wealthiest bachelor in America, and he has the most fashionable maids and matrons on his staff by the score. He is like the new star in the firmament which holds the undivided attention of the astronomers. He flashed into the stellar system of the fashionable world, and now he is the man of the moment. Surely money is a good thing to enhance social prestige.

The Smith Debut

It is the ambition of Mr. Smith, I believe, to become a social arbitre, a sort of Ward McAllister as it were, and with the fifty millions of his deceased uncle he is out to splurge—to be a good fellow in the highest sense of the term. But being a bachelor with no female relatives to grace his functions, it became necessary for him to secure the co-operation of some clever women. And this was easy. Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish was one of the first to come to his assistance, and she is a member of his touring party. Mrs. Fish is one of the unique characters of New York and Newport. She is the most active woman in the swim. She goes in for vaudeville dinners and stable dances, and other original functions that startle and please. It was in charge of Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. that Jim Smith placed his initial entertainment which marked his social debut, and his first dash for social leadership. It was a St. Valentine's ball at Sherry's,and Mrs.Fish and Mrs. Vanderbilt spared none of Mr. Smith's money in making it a success. Shortly before the ball it was announced that the new Crœsus had decided that for every entertainment he gives he will donate double the amount of its cost to some charitable institution. He is certainly deserving of encouragement.

Founding the Fortune

Having made his leap to the top of the social ladder, Mr. Smith naturally provoked much inquiry. Everybody wanted to know where he got his wealth. When told that it came from an uncle, they wanted to know something about his deceased relative. Comparatively few people have any information on that subject. The uncle was George Smith, a native of Scotland, who emigrated to Canada in 1834 where he became a clerk in a store. A few years later he embarked in the real estate business in Chicago with money obtained from his sister. He soon began to lend money, and drifted to Milwaukee where he did a banking business. He afterwards went to Georgia where he established the banks of Atlanta and of the Interior, and in the early sixties he went to England where he remained until his death.

Mrs. Lovell White has returned from Washington, D. C.

There promises to be more of a rush than formerly for Easter wedding invitations. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, suggest that engraving orders be left as early as possible.

The Art Association

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened on Thursday night, with the members' reception. It will remain open until April fifth, with promenade concerts on Thursday evenings, under Sir Henry Heyman's direction. The association has increased in influence during the year, and its constantly increasing activity promises well for a continued prosperous future. James W. Byrne, its present President, interests himself personally in everything connected with the association, his energy contrasting well with the lethargy of some former executives. Last year among the events that enlivened the Hopkins were the formal opening of the Mary Frances Searles gallery and the exhibition of posters by students of the School of Design; reception to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Berkeley; loan exhibitions of Early California pictures, and of paintings of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the photographic salon, and Mardi Gras ball, beside the regular fall exhibition. The last was not however a great success owing to the Bohemian club exhibition having drawn away many works that in the ordinary course of events would have been hung at the Hopkins.

"That woman reminds me very much of myself," said a Last Year's Shirtwaist.

"In what way?" asked the Collar Button.

"She is old and faded."

The More Popular Method

Lawyers are rapidly losing their grip on Probate Court practice. It is so much simpler and cheaper to dispose of an estate by gift-deed that people now prefer to resort to that method rather than to have their property go through the tortuous routine of the Probate Court. The late Charles Fox Tay disposed of the bulk of his estate by deed, and his will provided for only some small legacies. Shortly before the operation which resulted in his death, he executed deeds conveying nearly all his property valued at over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to his wife. Mrs. Tay and her mother and child are now sojourning in Santa Barbara.

The Fred Beaver house, next to the Henry Scott residence, which President and Mrs. McKinley will occupy during their stay here, has been rented by Mr. George Bayha, the wealthy mining man, for a short season.

THE CREAM OF
HIGH GRADE CLOTHING
SPRING STYLES OF 1901
NOTHING TOO GOOD
FOR US TO KEEP

J. J. GILDEA
The Reliable Clothier
756 and 758 Market Street, Cor. Grant Avenue

In Blingum

The Russell J. Wilsons will join the the Burlingame colony in April, having leased the Roedel place for the summer. Also to Burlingame will come the latest bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor, who have just returned from their southern honeymoon trip. The Paul Jarboes have rented their lovely cottage to the Arthur Whitneys.

Cook's Habeas Corpus Mill

Judge Carroll Cook's department of the Superior Court has lately become known as the "Habeas Corpus mill." Lawyers whose clients have been held to answer by the police magistrates find it expedient to apply to Judge Cook for the convenient writ of Habeas Corpus, and he thereupon proceeds to constitute himself judge and jury while acting as a sort of supplemental police court. In habeas corpus cases he is permitted to inquire as to whether the evidence is sufficient to warrant a trial, and if he decides that it is not the defendant is discharged. Judge Cook's public spirit is, perhaps, highly developed, and he may be anxious to save the State unnecessary expense, but the presumption must be that our police magistrates are highly incompetent if they cannot determine with some accuracy whether the evidence of guilt is such as to warrant a trial by jury. The law throws so many safeguards around criminals that innocent men should not fear a regulation trial. And even though they are convicted illegally they may appeal to the Supreme Court. But by the Habeas Corpus proceeding Judge Cook shuts out the Supreme Court. Indeed he is quite an autocrat.

To Join the Local Bar

It is reported in legal circles that Judge Charles McLaughlin, of the Superior Court of Plumas county is considering a proposition to retire from the bench and to establish a law partnership with ex-Judge Daingerfield in this city. Judge McLaughlin has had considerable experience in mining litigation and has the reputation of being a sound lawyer.

Senator Morehouse of San Jose is also coming to San Francisco to establish law offices.

Entertaining the Millionaires

The Merchants Association banquet to the Chicago millionaires would have been a frost, I have been told, were it not for the activity of certain leading spirits in combing the town for guests. The members of the association did not respond in large numbers to the invitations to dine at ten dollars per plate, and it became necessary to hustle for feeders at the eleventh hour. Ten dollars per plate is a pretty high price for a banquet, but when you are entertaining a galaxy of millionaires you are expected to provide a feast on the Lucullan scale of sumptuousness. Moreover, when a caterer is estimating on a contract to feed Chicago millionaires, he takes into consideration the capacity of the Chicago appetite which is said to be enormous. I met a man from Chicago, who, whenever he was invited out to dine, would eat a square meal in a restaurant just before attending the dinner function. And thus he avoided attracting attention to himself.

Why That Banquet?

After all it should not have been surprising if the feast in honor of the Chicago millionaires were a frost. Why should we test the suppleness of our vertebrae in the presence of a Chicago dollar chaser? Those gentlemen from Chicago are not interested in the welfare of San Francisco. On the contrary, they are opposed to our interests. Even now they are trying to divert the oriental trade from this city to Chicago. They came hither to study our weak points with a view of taking advantage of them and incidentally to get their skins full of good liquids and other things. And, by the way, they did. They enjoyed themselves to the tune of "A Hot Time in the Old Town."

An Ex-San Franciscan

At the Palace this week are staying Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell is best known here by her title before she married her present husband. Her first husband, George Ladd, was one of the richest and most influential officials of the telegraph company. At his death, Mrs. Ladd was left with an independent fortune. The little gem of a house in California street was sold and the kennel of high-bred English pugdogs sold or given away to friends. The young widow went abroad and later settled in New York, where she was finally induced to change her name for her present appellation. Mrs. Mitchell, while not a raging beauty, is a very winning woman and is noted for her smart frocks.

The Prince Erred

Prince Poniatowski was surely mistaken when he stated that there were not five houses in San Francisco open to Mayor Phelan. Mr. Phelan could probably become as great a leader in the smart set as he has been in politics, if his social were as great as his political ambition. He declines more invitations to social functions than any man in San Francisco. The fact is, I have been told, he has been so terribly bored by match-making mammas that to keep beyond their reach has been one of the great trials of his life. The only home at which he is persona non grata,

Knox Spring Styles now open.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street.

Sale in Made up Rugs

At the PATTOSIEN CO.

8-3 x 11 feet Brussels	$15 00
8-3 x 10-5 feet Tapestry	12 00
6 x 9 feet Tapestry	8 00
8-3 x 11 feet Wilton	25 00

These rugs are made from remnants of finest Brussels and Axministers with borders to match. They have been reduced nearly one-half of the regular price.

Cor. 16th and Mission Sts.

that I know of, is that of the Crocketts, but that, I believe, is because Mr. Phelan reduced gas rates.

His Seaside Romance

The ambitious mothers of fair daughters have been angling for Mr. Phelan for many a year without the slightest prospect of success. He appears to be an invulnerable bachelor, immune to the most seductives wiles of the little god. There was a time, some years ago, when his friends thought that his heart had been touched. That was in Santa Cruz, where he spent much time in the society of one of the most charming and cultured women in the State—a widow of social prominence in Washington, D. C. as well as in this city where she was born. That little affair gave bright promise but it came to naught. There were dips in the surf every day, drives and garden parties, but the season ended and Mr. Phelan returned to his business affairs unscathed. And the widow, I believe, still cherishes the delightful memory of those bright summer days and nights.

Newspaper History

To a British friend I am indebted for a faded and tattered copy of the London *Times* of Thursday, November 7, 1805. It is a four-page paper, and is of the dimensions which Editor Harmsworth recently declared that the modern daily should be. This copy is of considerable interest containing as it does the official account rendered by Admiral Collingwood to the Admiralty office, of the battle of Trafalgar. It was written off Cape Trafalgar, October 22, 1805 but did not reach the Admiralty office until November sixth. It opens with the announcement of the death of the "ever-to-be-lamented Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson."

I have not only to lament in common with the British navy and the British nation, in the fall of the Commander-in-Chief, the loss of a hero whose name will be immortal and his memory ever dear to his country; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend to whom by many years of intimacy and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which the glorious occasion in which he fell does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought. His Lordship received a musket ball in his left breast about the middle of the action, and sent an officer to me immediately with his last farewell, and soon after expired.

An editorial on the battle and the death of Lord Nelson contained the following:

There was not a man who did not think that the life of the Hero of the Nile was too great a price for the capture and destruction of the twenty sail of French and Spanish men-of-war. No ebullitions of popular transport, no demonstrations of public joy, marked this great and important event. The honest and manly feeling of the people appeared as it should have done; they felt an inward satisfaction at the triumph of their favorite arms; they mourned with all the sincerity and poignancy of domestic grief their Hero slain

Adieu to the Hot Bird

The small hot bird is to become a delicacy of the bon vivant's memory. The succulent and tender quail is to be divorced from the restaurateur's toast. And all because of the selfishness of the gun crank. The man with the gun who shoots birds for pleasure, finding that the pot-hunter who shoots for the market, reduces, every season, his supply of winged targets, lobbied a bill through the legislature which prohibits a person from having in his possession more than fifty ducks or twenty-five quail. The bill is now in the hands of the Governor and will in all probability be signed. When the bill becomes a law, game will be higher than ever. Poultry dealers will be prohibited from keeping a supply on hand for their customers, and when you ask for a hot bird in a restaurant you will be told that they "are just ont."

"Beau Blake" in South Africa

The Colonel Blake of a Boer regiment in South Africa who has been referred to in the despatches as an ex-officer of the American army" is well known in local club circles. He was formerly a lieutenant of the ninth cavalry and was at one time stationed in this city. On account of his handsome face and figure he was known as "Beau Blake." He married an heiress and retired from the army several years ago. His training as an American cavalry officer has made him an invaluable auxiliary to the Boers, and he has been a terror to the British. He was an Indian fighter for many years, and in addition to being a crack polo player, a magnificent horseman, a clever tennis player and a good shot he was also a charming squire of dames and was always exceedingly well groomed. He was promoted to a captaincy in the army shortly before he retired, and if it were not for the fact that his wife hated army life on the frontier he never would have thrown off his uniform. He did not resign, as has been reported, to fight the British. But he is of Irish parentage and naturally sympathized with the Boers.

A Gentleman's Beverage!

Keystone Monogram Whiskey

If you want perfection in whiskey ask for a glass of Keystone Monogram

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

212-214 Market Street AGENTS

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

At the Opera

I sat and idly viewed the shifting faces.
Admired each little gem I found
Peeping from out the furs and laces
Until she sang.

I seldom glanced where footlights flashed,
Nor knew the king had lost his throne,
Nor cared that mimic pageants clashed,
Until she sang.

Until she sang! That first note's flush
Electric made my dull heart start
Then all my feelings in mad rush
Danced while she sang.

Danced while she sang, and then, ah woe,
Alert I felt the tingling flow
Pass slowly from me throe by throe
After she sang.

—The Music Lover

The Five Houses

"It's a toss up," said the Honorable Jonathan Millions to his valet.

"Yes sir," answered the diplomatic Jeems.

"I wonder who they are?" questioned Jeems' master.

"Yes sir," was Jeems' noncommittal response.

"When five houses are open to one socially it behooves one to find out what ones are closed."

"Yes sir."

"Bring me my mail."

Jeems presently appears, staggering under a huge load of letters, chiefly perfumed and written in angular feminine characters.

The Honorable Jonathan Millions reads one after the other of the notes and tosses them into the waste-basket, to be answered later by his secretary.

"Count them, Jeems," he demands.

"There are ninety-six," is the sum of Jeems' addition.

"And out of that number forty were to dinners at houses where there are marriageable daughters, thirty to theatre parties where buds are to be present, twenty to 'drop in at a quiet potluck' with mamma, papa and the girls, and six to 'informal dances'—for 'the girls have to enjoy *some* recreation even in Lent.'"

A sigh that was half a sneer expressed the feelings of the Honorable Jonathan Millions.

"Jove!" he said, "I'm far from being enlightened as to the 'five houses.' This ninety-six covers all the leaders of the 400."

"Yes sir," said Jeems.

—The Eavesdropper

Prospective Bliss

The summer is a-coming
With its madding social whirl
And soon I will be chumming
With the shirtwaist girl.

—*The Counter Jumper.*

Retrospection

Life stood amid the tranquil upland ways
And glanced back o'er her shoulder at the years;
Her calm, white face no longer drenched with tears,
Upon her soul the peace of conquered days:
"I count the many sorrows I have borne,
And almost joy to think how sharp they've been.
They're past. Though roses bloomed near every thorn,
Thank God, I need not pass that way again."

March 1901 —L. Clare Davis

The Retort Embarrassing

Said James to Andre,
To you sir I say,
You're not a real Prince
My words I'll not mince—
You're a jay.

Said Andre to Jim.
Replying to him;
You're not a whole man,
Disprove if you can
What I say.

Now James drew the line,
And he begged to decline
Prince "Poney's" bold dare
Which hardly was fair,
By the way.

The Starter

His Sacrifice

The cocktail I've sworn not to take.
Since I my sins repent;
With whisky straight my thirst I'll slake
While I am keeping Lent.

—*The Tippler.*

'Twas the Same Ever

[published by request]

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove.

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should there a monster prove;

Mark the winds, and mark the skies
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why, then, ask of silly man
To oppose great nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

—*Robert Burns.*

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

Fires from Dying Embers

WHEN the man first came into my ward, I thought no more than that he had a relative among the patients. It seemed queer, too, to see such a man among my patients' visitors, for it was a public ward, and he carried about him the air of society and clubs.

It was a woman's ward, and the only interesting patient was a young girl in the first stages of phthisis. She was a girl from the country, a pretty, slender thing of about twenty-two, a farmer's daughter. Her people had sent her to the hospital hoping she might be cured and be spared from the fate that had befallen other members of the family. Her name was Cora.

That was not the first visit of Mr. L. Cokeley Harper. He came again accompanied by one of the physicians of the hospital. And the result of the visit was that Cora was taken out driving in Mr. Harper's smart trap that same morning.

She went out frequently after that. One of the internes told me that Mr. Harper was a millionaire with a fad for charity, his particular branch of benevolence concerning consumptives. He had a country place near New York city where he often took patients from the city hospitals and entertained them in princely style. It must spoil them, I thought, for the prison-like life that marked their return to the hospitals.

And in time Cora went away with Mr. Harper, to stay at his country place. He took one of the nurses along, also, but as I was not Cora's especial attendant that happy lot did not fall to me.

They stayed all summer and when the fall came the nurse returned—but without Cora. She was dead. The nurse told stories to us by the hour of the way Mr. Harper had treated his guests. Every day he sent her out to drive, and she had only to attend upon Cora at stated intervals.

"I believe he loved Cora," she said, "for he took her death so hard. And he paid me double salary all the time I was there."

* * * *

I was filling a position in a hospital in San Francisco when I next saw Mr. L. Cokeley Harper. He came into the ward where I was and though he did not recognize me, I knew him at once. He was older and thinner and he had a sort of discouraged look on his face. He came up to the matron, who stood by me, and said:

"Have you any patients suffering from consumption?"

The matron was used to such inquiries by specialists in diseases who came to observe symptoms, actresses studying consumptive roles, or newspaper writers. Therefore, she answered him without surprise and readily enough:

"Yes, in the ward just next to this there are three young men in the last stages."

"No women?" he asked.

"Not there," she replied, "but we have one private patient, a young girl. However, you could not see her without permission from the head physician."

He must have obtained the desired authority, for he became a daily visitor at the bedside of Miss Dallas, the fair consumptive. He brought her flowers, books and dainties and no beautiful bud in the flower of health ever had a more attentive cavalier than had this poor, pale snowdrop.

One day the hospital was electrified—Miss Dallas had vanished in some incomprehensible fashion. It was not known that she was strong enough to step from couch to bed—and yet she had escaped from her sick room.

Mr. L. Cokeley Harper came no more to the hospital, but no public suspicion ever attached to him as the abductor of Miss Dallas. The nurses talked and the newspapers surmised the *someone* had wooed her from her sick bed, but no one said anything aloud.

It was some months later that a despatch from Santa Barbara announced the death from pulmonary consumption of a "Maud Dallas, aged twenty-five," and a few lines said "her brother from New York was with her when she died." Some of the nurses suggested that the "brother" was probably Mr. Harper.

* * * *

About two years after I left the San Francisco hospital I was filling a position in Victoria as attendant to an elderly lady of wealth whose state of health required the services of a trained nurse. The family consisted of Mrs. Norris, her husband and several sons and daughters.

One day the eldest son observed at the breakfast table that he would bring a friend from New York to dinner. And who should this friend be but Mr. L. Cokeley Harper? I saw him enter the door, and he was unchanged,except for a grayer look about the face, from the man who had twice crossed my path in such curious fashion.

I heard him say during the course of the evening to Mrs. Norris:

"That second daughter of yours is beautiful, but appears delicate."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Norris, "we fear she has incipient consumption. My mother died of it, and the germs may have been transmitted to poor Laura."

He is still prosecuting his fad, I thought, but what a morbid craze, and how long he has kept it up!

Harper came to the house every day during his stay in Victoria, and Laura was singled out as the particular motive of his constant calls. She was about sixteen, with the clear complexion with glimpses of roses in the cheeks that so often marks the inheritance of the dread disease.

Harper was an interesting talker with a singularly fascinating personality, therefore there seemed nothing strange in the friendship existing between the young girl and the elderly man. They were together from morning until evening, taking short walks and long drives together. As Laura's complaint gained on her and she was unable to be out of doors except on very warm days,Harper would sit by her couch for hours holding her hand. He appeared to be passionately in love with the poor child, and in her girlish heart she had evidently enshrined him as king.

When she died he was with her. He held her close in his arms and her lips were pressed to his as she breathed her dying breath.

"I loved her," he said to the stricken mother.

* * * * * * * *

My explanation of this abnormal fancy of the New Yorker for women with their lungs in the grave finally came, whence I little looked for it.

I myself contracted a disease of the lungs, and found myself isolated in the very ward of the New York hospital where I had first become acquainted with Mr. L. Cokeley Harper.

The disease had not committed great ravages upon my features, which were always comely. And to me approached one day an old man in whom at first I did not discover the lover of Cora, Miss Dallas, Laura and I do not know how many others. He was apparently aged from sorrow or dissipation, and the only thing that seemed the same to me was the fascination of his manner and the peculiar look in his eyes, half-entreating, half commanding.

"Dead passions to old age do meet."

Mr. Harper began in his old way, only now it was I instead of Cora who had the drives, the flowers and the delicacies. And when he told me that the physician had given his consent to my spending a month at his country place, I seemed to be too feeble to resist though I felt a presentiment that the month would be forever, and that only as a corpse should I ever return to New York.

He made me love him. As my strength of body decreased, my passion for him increased. My wasting arms returned in kind his fierce caresses. My kisses were the incense sacrificed to the burning ardor of his. In an existence of tropical pleasures, my lifeblood flowed away and in its ebb my fast increasing love of what I was to lose fed the appetite of the refined voluptuary.

But it was not long after I accepted his warm hospitality that I noticed that he was suffering the fearful penalty of his strange amours. The hungry bacilli had entered his system, and the hacking cough betrayed their presence. And as though they had been loitering leisurely, and had suddenly resolved to make up for lost time, they ravaged him with fierce rapidity. Blood clots told the story of their activity.

One evening in the dim twilight, while we were enjoying the cool air of the veranda, and I was singing softly to him, he suddenly dropped my hand and fell prostrate upon his face. A fatal hemorrhage ended his life.

That was only a few short months ago. I am convalescing.

—*The Nurse.*

Hunter Baltimore Rye warranted 10 years old, the purest type of American gentlemens drink. Its medicinal virtues are acknowledged by all Physicians. Particularly adapted for Home and Club use.

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Sembrich and Company—an unqualified success.

COLUMBIA—"The Highwayman"—second and last week.

ALCAZAR—"The Proper Caper"—perhaps; but scarcely for this theatre.

TIVOLI—"The Wedding Day"—appropriate to the Easter season of brides.

ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—Techow's cats the stars.

The Grand Opera

Madame Sembrich has come and conquered. In her opening opera, "The Barber of Seville" on Monday night there was no opportunity for the voice to show its real capabilities, yet by dint of making the most of the material at hand and using interpolations of her own choosing, the diva succeeded in carrying the audience, a large and fashionable one, by the way, by storm. She is a consummate actress, grace itself, and an artist before she is a singer. It is her thoroughly artistic temperament that makes her what she is, one of the most successful and beloved opera singers before the music world today. Her execution is inimitable and seemingly her resources are without end, since the greedy but well-meaning audience, anxious to show its favor to this new songbird, clamored for more till the wonder was where "more" was to come from. One wondered the exhaustive execution she displayed in her encores did not weary her. The last of the interpolations in the singing lesson, a wondrously lovely German slumber song, showed more than anything Sembrich sang the depth of feeling she can bring into that flexible organ of hers. While she is, correctly speaking, a light soprano, yet she manages to use her voice in such a manner as to cause one to hesitate in not pronouncing it a dramatic voice. But it is art pure and simple and in this Madame Sembrich is unexcelled.

There is much in her voice and manner that reminds one of Patti, and perhaps that is one reason why the audience seemed at once to fall at Madame Sembrich's feet on Monday night. Though Melba, Nordica and Gadski have their following amongst us, I do not believe any one of them could be so well beloved here as Patti still is. As Madame Sembrich said to one of her interviewers:

"There is only one Patti."

However, there is a Sembrich now, and I fancy before she has sung for us the prescribed five times, the name of Marcella Sembrich may stand in our thoughts and feelings beside that of Adelina Patti.

A Perfect Company

Madame Sembrich's support is a good one, both principals and chorus. De Lara's voice is sweet as liquid honey. The other voices are good and the acting leaves nothing to be desired. Signor Dado is a success as a comedian and as Basilio, taken in conjunction with Signor Bensaude, the irrepressible Figaro, furnished plenty of fun during the progress of the opera. For the rest Madame Mattfield as Bertha, Signor Rossi as Bartholdo, Signor Galazzi as Fiorella and Signor Vanni as the sergeant made up the cast. The company is really a gem, for every member has a voice of admirable quality, singing with expression and with regard to the dramatic possibilities of the part assumed. The orchestral leader, Signor Bevignani is the power behind the throne. He wields a magnetic and accurate baton as was fully proved during the progress of the opera, which has its greatest difficulties in the elaborate fancies with which the composer burdened the instrumental score. That Madame Sembrich appreciated her co-laborer's genius was indicated by the graceful and generous manner in which she made him a sharer in the applause and flowers that greeted her own efforts. It truly was an auspicious opening night and speaks well for the success of the season and Madame Sembrich's welcome to San Francisco.

Visit MAISON ALLADIO -formerly Maison Riche. 104 Grant ave.

The Wedding Day

Ferris Hartman is the star of "The Wedding Day" at the Tivoli. He has all the funniest lines and he makes the best of them. Alf Wheelan's fun is of the quieter sort but his Planchette is a good second to Hartman's Polycop. The Tivoli is rich in comedians. Edward Webb is the excellent third as the General. Arthur Boyce has the hero's role; he is a favorite with the audience and his solos are always encored. "The Wedding Day" is of the up-to-date order, and its wit of the broad kind, but the presence of women in the cast—as is the case in similar conditions in society—gives

AMUSEMENTS

Alcazar
FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager
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Week of March 25th
William Gillette's Roaring Comedy
"TOO MUCH JOHNSON"
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

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Curtain Rises at 8 p m sharp
Monday March 25th—Second Week
The Musical and Comedy Furore
"The Wedding Day"
By Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards
Perfect Cast—Superbly Mounted
Next Opera - - - The Tremendous Hit
THE IDOL'S EYE! "OOT MON"
Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2
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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Mar. 24th
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Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
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Beginning Monday, March 25th
Charles Frohman will present for the first time in this city the Success of the Century
"THE LITTLE MINISTER"
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Evening Performances at 8:00 Matinees at 2:00
This Afternoon, First Time in San Francisco in many years, Donizetti's
"DON PASQUALE"
MADAME SEMBRICH AS NORINA
M. M. De Lara, Bensaude, Rossi, Gallazzi
Repertoire Last Week Monday Evening, March 25th
Verdi's "LA TRAVIATA"
Madame Sembrich as Violetta
Wednesday Evening, March 27th Last Evening Performance
Donizetti's "LUCIA"
Madame Sembrich as Lucia de Lammermoor
Saturday Matinee, March 30th Last Performance (to be announced)
Conductor, Signor Bevignani
Scale of Prices—$1.50, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00
Gallery (unreserved) $1.00 General Admission $2.00
Seats now on sale Branch Ticket Office Emporium
Alfred Bouvier, Resident Representative

a certain refinement to what otherwise might shock. Annie Meyers has the best feminine voice in the company. She does her usual conscientious work as Rose Marie, who has never known a kiss. The new musical director, Steindorff, had a rousing reception on the opening night; he is a decided acquisition and seems to be thoroughly in accord with orchestra and singers.

Ornaments on Dead Walls

The bill posters of England have come to the conclusion that it is time they exercised some sort of censorship over the bills which they are required to display on hoardings. The necessity for some action has been obvious this good while, but the immediate occasion was found in the particularly offensive posters for a play entitled "Greed of Gold," upon which was depicted the full details of a ghastly and gory tragedy. The paper was so repulsive that the bill posters one and all refused to handle it. There is a crying need for some oversight on this side of the water, as well as in England, and some of the busy body associations bent on interfering with parental discipline and cornering children for their pet institutions might more profitably employ their energies in this direction. One does not need to be prudish or finicky to find plenty to object to in the displays made upon dead walls, and one has only to follow a group of school children and watch their interest and listen to their comments, especially when the letter press which accompanies the lurid designs is suggestive of more than the picture, to realize the mischief that these things do. The old maids of both sexes who are ready to predict the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah because of the immorality of tailors' models and hairdressers' busts should not need to have their attention directed to the bill boards, if their attitude was anything more than a pose. There is no necessity for sending a lobby to the legislature, nor for getting up mile long petitions and protests. There are laws enough to meet the case if it were any one's business to call for their enforcement. All poster displays are not indecent or offensive, but some are and summary measures should be used in dealing with those responsible for them.

Howard Kyle is playing the title role in the road production of " Nathan Hale." Nat Goodwin was the original creator of the role.

"Authority" is the title of a new melodrama by Frank M. Witmark and Marie Madison. Mr. Witmark is the composer of the "Zenda" waltzes and Miss Madison the writer of "The Witch," (produced by Gustav Frohman) also "New Mexico." The authors of "Authority" have refrained from using any of the old stereotyped ideas to be found in the general run of so-called melodramas, and are giving the public a play original in conception of plot, characters and scenic effects. It will be given an elaborate production, and will be presented at the best theatres only.

Dramatizations of Novels

Bertha Runkle's novel "The Helmet of Navarre," current in the *Century*, will appear in book form on May first. Of course it is doomed for dramatization. Whatever other criticism it may earn there is nothing soporific about the tale, which is as full of go as any of Dumas' romances. Some of the characters are kept so busy with their adventures that one wonders whether they ever found time, or indeed, ever needed to eat or sleep.

Mr. Norman Hapgood, the excellent commentator on things dramatic in New York, for the *Bookworm* says: "Among the new plays which the public thinks fit to talk about, 'Unleavened Bread' offers more inducement to cerebration than any of the others. It is an unmistakably bad play; but the novel itself is so penetrating, comprehensive and mature that the drama borrowed a faint dignity by reflection. It would be possible to found an admirable comedy of American life on part of the book, but Leo Ditrichstein, who mapped out the drama, crowded into it most of the incidents of the book without giving sufficient meaning or completeness to any of them." Mr. Hapgood calls the dramatized version "A sound study ruined," and says, "why anybody should care to see 'Unleavened Bread' when he can get so much more from reading the novel it would not be easy to state."

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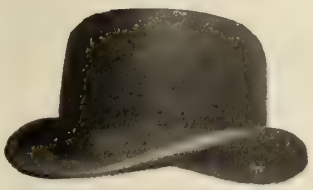

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Each vehicle plainly tagged, showing old and new prices in each instance.
An opportunity of THIS KIND to buy fine vehicles of a reliable firm has never before been offered in this city.

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Manager C. L. Graff has been the recipient of many pleasant social attentions since his arrival here. The handsome impresario is not only a great society favorite but is also much esteemed in business circles, owing to the upright and liberal manner in which he conducts his affairs. Mr. Graff is decidedly one of the most popular theatrical men who visit San Francisco and a hearty welcome always awaits him.

Florence Roberts returns next week from her successful trip to Honolulu with the Alcazar road company, and will leave for Portland and Seattle to fill bookings there.

Mark Thall goes to Seattle next month to arrange for the Belasco-Thall road company's season there and in Portland.

Attractions Next Week

The cold from which Madame Sembrich suffered on the first night of the grand opera season did not leave her so soon as was expected, and necessitated the postponement of the production of "La Traviata," which will be given next Monday night instead. This afternoon "Don Pasquale" will be given, as previously announced, and Madame Sembrich, who has completely recovered from her slight indisposition, will positively appear in the role of Norina. De Lara, Bensaude, Galazzi and Rossi will sing the other roles and Signor Bevignani will conduct. On Monday night, Sembrich will show us her version of Violetta, and on Wednesday night will appear as Lucia in Donizetti's opera. For next Saturday's matinee, the opera to be given will be announced later. The public is desired to take note of the change of dates, from Tuesday and Thursday to Monday and Wednesday evenings.

Tomorrow will see the farewell of "The Highwayman" at the Columbia. Next week will come "The Little Minister," the dramatization of Barrie's charming novel. We are not to see Maude Adams in the role of Babbie, which she made famous in New York, but the actress entrusted with the title role in the road edition is said to give an excellent impersonation of the heroine. At any rate "The Little Minister" will be worth seeing. The dialogue should be delicious, for it is that in the novel. The character of Babbie, the willful little witch who plays havoc with the heart and conscience of the little minister, is one without parallel in literature for originality and fascination.

Marie Wainwright, the headliner at the Orpheum next week, needs no introduction. Assisted by Edward Eisner and supported by a clever company, she will present "Lady Dye's Escapade," a comedietta written specially for her by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Burt Shepard calls himself a singing philosopher, and hails from London. He is also a favorite in New York and is expected to win the friendship of San Francisco before he leaves. Callahan and Mack are Irish comedians and counted clever as any in their line, and Scott and Wilson have a comedy acrobatic act which came within an ace of turning New York up-side-down. Papinta enters upon her last week and she will produce some new dances with effects never before attempted by anyone. Among the holdovers will be:—Smith and Campbell, Techow's Cats, E. Coakley and Husted and the Biograph.

The Alcazar will have a strong attraction next week in Gillette's farce, "Too Much Johnson." It has been given here before, and has always drawn packed houses which will likely be the rule again during its run at the Alcazar.

The Tivoli has made the expected hit with "The Wedding Day" and it will go all next week. "The Idol's Eye" is underlined to follow.

THE SEASON OPEN

The first breath of spring marks the arrival of the outing season, so valued by the busy laborer and the office worker, cooped in all the week. Tomorrow California Schuetzen Park will celebrate its opening day for the season. No pleasure park is more charmingly adapted to fill the needs of Sunday outing parties than Schuetzen. The grounds—fifty acres in perfect condition—are enriched with a dancing pavilion, bowling alleys and all kinds of amusements for visitors. The park especially commends itself to families, as everything is carried on in strict propriety, no disorder of any kind being permitted. There will be a band in attendance on opening day, and a feature of the amusement program will be races for cash prizes. Tickets will be on sale at Tiburon Ferry. Round-trip tickets have been granted by the California Northwestern Railway, which include admission to the park; fifty-cents for adults and half-price for children.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

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The Automobile

The California Automobile Company is now prepared for business and within the next few days will commence work on the large stock of orders on hand. This company is entirely a new concern. Local capitalists have put up the money, a local man designed and patented the engine and the other mechanical appliances,and everything connected with the new industry is located in this city. The large factory that the company has built in McAllister street is completely fitted with the very latest machinery and has every facility for turning out automobiles in as up-to-date a fashion as any factory in the country. The fact that this is the first real automobile factory to be located west of Chicogo should not be lost sight of by San Franciscans.

While a specialty will be made of light runabouts, selling at three hundred dollars, the company will cater more to "made-to-order" machines, giving a purchaser any style of a machine desired, the price of which, will of course, depend upon the elaborateness with which the vehicle is constructed. In connection with the factory the company will also conduct an automobile livery, where all sorts of vehicles will be stored and taken care of, and delivered at telephone order, whenever the owners desire to use them. This portion of the establishment will undoubtedly prove very popular and at the same time, profitable, as it will fill a long felt want. The California Automobile Company is a worthy concern and deserving of every success.

Through the energetic efforts of President Rogers of the Automobile club, vehicles using gasoline will now be carried across the bay by the railroad company. Congress recently passed a law permitting steamboats and ferries to carry automobiles, but making it discretionary with the various companies whether they carried such vehicles or not. The Southern Pacific adopted the latter course and had it not been for the efforts of President Rogers, local operators would have been just as bad off as when the old law was in effect. President Rogers labored all day Saturday with the railroad officials, with the final result that an order was issued permitting automobiles to cross the bay on the Creek Route boats, without undergoing the annoyance of emptying their gasoline tanks. Quite a number of local operators took advantage of the new condition on Sunday by holding a very enjoyable run to Haywards. There were about fifteen vehicles in the party, including several from Oakland. At Haywards a special dinner had been prepared at the hotel on the hill, where so many famous gatherings of wheelmen have been held in the past twelve years and which now promises to become equally popular with the automobilists.

Judge Spinks, the eminent jurist from British Columbia, whom we mentioned last week as about to start on a trip to Del Monte, has decided to extend that trip down the coast as far as Los Angeles. He will also return by the same route. Four weeks ago Judge Spinks had never seen an automobile, but so easy are the " Locomobiles " to operate and so simple their construction, that he is now as expert an operator as any " Locomobile " operator in the state. This is easily demonstrated by the fact that with but four weeks experience, he is about to undertake one of the hardest tours in the state. This trip will thoroughly prove how simple it is for a novice to run an automobile.

A new automobile agency has just been started in Oakland. Dr. J. R. Goodale of 946 Union street, Oakland, has secured the state agency of the " New Home " steam vehicles, manufactured by Grant Bros. at Orange, Mass. Until we have seen the vehicles, judgment as to their worth and efficiency is reserved until another issue.

Within the next five weeks the Locomobile Company of the Pacific will receive several carloads of new vehicles, to the extent of about one hundred and and fifty. The generous advertising that is done by this concern has resulted in giving it by far the major portion of the automobile trade of this coast. Their vehicles are standing the wear and tear in splendid shape and are giving complete satisfaction everywhere.

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The New Cure

Showing How it Happened that old Dr. Cureallills Gained the Silver Tea-Service Offered by the Yellow Journal for the Most Popular Physician

Scene: Office of Dr. Cureallills, the great physician who had just returned from Turkey, after producing a series of cures upon the inmates of the Sultan's household.

Enter, Mrs. Sigh, a sweet young matron.

Mrs. S.: Doctor, I cannot describe how ill I feel, but I really feel like dying.

Dr. C.: What are your symptoms?

Mrs. S.: I feel sad and blue; I cannot eat; drinking fatigues me; in short, I am at the point of suicide.

Dr. C.: What you are suffering from is a very rare complaint, which never troubles any but rare natures. Inferior dispositions are exempt from it.

Mrs. S.: How telepathic you are! And can you cure me?

Dr. C.: Not immediately—but I can prescribe. It is an awakening to interest in life that I shall endeavor to produce first (imprints a chaste kiss upon her unresisting forehead). You must try to love someone (gives her a soft feminine kiss on the lips). Kiss frequently, and try to increase the fervor each time.

Mrs. S.: Oh, doctor, how clever you are.

Dr. C. (bowing her out): Pay me another visit tomorrow at two.

Exit, Mrs. Sigh. *Enter*, Miss Fashion, a smartly attired young matron in the later twenties, attired in a raglan and derby hat, very correctly mannish.

Dr. C.: And how does the cure progress?

Miss F.: Famously—the only thing is, Cholly seems to think I mean something by my increase of tenderness. He insists on getting married right after Easter.

Dr. C. (kissing her as a father might kiss his daughter): Tut-tut—you must be cold to him.

Miss F.: But I have grown to enjoy his kisses—the medicine you prescribed, you know.

Dr. C.: Why not kiss somebody else?

Miss F. (horrified): Oh, no, that wouldn't be treating Cholly on the square.

Dr. C. (peevishly): Well, go and marry him then. But don't come to me for an antidote if you find his kisses poison—afterwards.

Miss F. (giving him a comfortable hug and three doses of his favorite prescription): You old dear! You shall be my family physician always.

Exit, Miss Fashion. *Enter*, Miss Spinster, aged any old age, of vinegary aspect.

Miss S.: I have been recommended to you, Dr. Cureallills, by Mrs. Strictly Proper, and Miss Millionsforty, two of your patients who say they have been greatly benefited by your prescriptions.

Dr C. (pressing her hand warmly): And what is your ailment, my dear madame?

Miss S.: Indigestion, I fancy. I have such a pain in my chest all the time, yet my lungs are in perfect order.

Dr. C. (placing her beside him on the couch): And what else, madame?

Miss Spinster recounts other symptoms, and Doctor writes prescription, telling her to call twice a day until she feels his medicine is doing her good.

After Miss Spinster's departure, there enters a procession of thirty or forty women all of the highest circles of society, while across the street stands a row of patientless physicians shaking their fists at the residence of their favored colleague and vowing vengeance against his "fake" methods.

The Dramatist.

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for fair or stormy weather, for every day wear, for balls, picnics or parties, we supply appropriate footwear. Every shoe we furnish meets the most exacting demands as to style, quality, fit and finish. Add to all this fair prices and you have the sum total of our reason for expecting your patronage.

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Legal Notice

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HYMAN CLINOWSKY also known as HYMAN CHINOWSKY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, administrator of the estate of Hyman Clinowsky, also known as Hyman Chinowsky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Hyman Clinowsky also known as Hyman Chinowsky, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 16, 1901

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for Administrator
308-10-12 Phelan Building

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Music World

The Greatest of These is Carreno

Teresa Carreno, the glorious tropic blossom of Caraccas,is certainly the most convincing artist we have ever heard. She is more—she is *the* great pianist of this time. None can approach her, so entirely is she the great central sun of our musical universe and so deep a hold has she taken on the convictions of all who have been attending her recitals and are yet unsatisfied and craving, crying for "more." Her lovely magnetic personality is only a unit in the list of her attractions and her genius is of the heroic order. She is the medium through whom the master-composers ancient and modern unveil their inmost selves to the public for whom they wrote. Her programs are ever chosen with regard to the fitness of things and the result is a harmonious and soul-satisfying ensemble. At Saturday's recital she gave exhibition of some of her most stupendous technical achievements. The Mac Dowell Etude de Concert was alone enough to exhaust one who was not able to rise above the plane of ordinary mortals, but taken in conjunction with the Rubinstein Etude in C major was something to wonder at. The Chopin waltz op. 2 was played as no one has ever played it before; but does not one say the same of everything she plays? Her interpretation is unique, original, and one feels instinctively that it is as the composer himself meant it to be. She interprets Beethoven superbly.

There is always in Beethoven a deep sense of reverence, the striking of deeper chords in humanity and nature than is to be found in any other composer's works. Beethoven is like one's prayer book, something to be studied in the most reverential and serious mood,otherwise he is not understood. This Carreno understands, and the deep organ tones which she makes her instrument give voice to, and the tenderness which her caressing fingers draw from the cold white ivories, proves conclusively to the listener how well she loves and understands the great souled composer. The Rubinstein "Romanza" was a poem and "Hark, Hark the Lark" which she gave as encore at the close was a marvel of delicate treatment. She also gave as encore to a previous number Chopin's G flat Etude, "The Butterfly" which the delighted audience caused her by its insistent clamor to repeat. Her rendering of the number is inimitable.

An Interview With Carreno

Carreno is not alone great. She stands alone,supreme on the heights which she has been climbing to reach, since as an eight year old baby she delighted audiences with her wonderful talents whose bud even then gave promise of the perfect glorious bloom of today which Gottschalk in his enthusiasm over her genius predicted for her.

"Why can we not keep you always with us, Madame Carreno?" was asked of her, after her expressing herself as delighted with San Francisco for its situation, climate, etc.

"Ah,but the little ones in Berlin where I have my home," she replied, "it is of them I must think and their education, and the advantages are there."

Her eldest daughter, now eighteen years of age, is already touring Europe and bids fair to follow in her mother's footsteps. There are four children, the youngest a little lad of six who thinks more of play as yet than of the prospect of a career.

Speaking of her country she said:

"Do you remember the tale of the fairy godmother who was forgotten when the infant princess was christened? Well my country reminds me of that story. It is as if God had said 'here is this people, and I will give them everything to make them happy.' So the country seems made for the people to enjoy, it is so beautiful; nothing is lacking to make it perfect. Look down the length of one of our streets in Caraccas and you look into great mountain ranges. But, alas! the fairy godmother who was not invited to the christening, when all the other good fairies showered their gifts upon the head of this people, has vented her spite upon them and declared that with all their good gifts they shall have no *common sense*."

This, with one of her ravishing smiles and a twinkle in her laughing brown eyes—Madame Carreno is certainly a beautiful woman.

"And so it is," she continued, "we do not know how to govern ourselves, we seem always to be in hot water over something or other, but the bad fairy is to blame for, it I am sure."

Madame Carreno is a charming conversationalist and has at her command half a dozen "tongues" ready for instant use for the benefit of the foreign element among her enthusiastic admirers.

"Have you no photographs?" was asked. "Oh no," she replied hastily, "not late ones, you know I dread the camera worse than you can imagine. It is the getting ready to look just so. If I could step in from the street—but that would not do."

It is with regret too deep for words that we are losing her. But so warm has been her reception in San Francisco and so genuine the feeling for the woman and artist alike that—well, she does not say she will not come again.

Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy has issued invitations for a pupils' recital to be given next Tuesday evening in Maple hall of the Palace hotel. As this is the first public appearance of Mr. Lucy's pupils in a long time the occasion is of especial interest.

The Seven Last Words

Last Sunday evening the special musical service at St. Dominic's church attracted a very large congregation. "The Seven Last Words" by Th. Dubois was excellently sung by a quartet and chorus of thirty voices. The solos were sung by Miss Lilly Roeder, Miss E. V. McCloskey, Mr. Walton Webb and Mr. J. F. Veaco, all being in good voice and showing a perfect understanding of the work allotted to them. The whole was under the able direction of Dr. Franklin Palmer, who presided at the organ.

The following program, under the direction of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, chairman of the music committee, was rendered at the Sorosis club on Monday afternoon: Suite op. 116, Allegretto, Idylle, Valse (Godard), Mr. A. Rodemann, flute, Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt; vocal solo, Waltz, Romeo et Juliette (Gounod), Madame Billoni-Zifferer; A half hour with the trees of California, Mrs. J. G. Lemmon; vocal solo, "La Perle de Bresil" (David), Madame Zifferer, Mr. Rodemann, flute obligato.

The Bonelli Pupil Recital

On Tuesday evening Metropolitan Temple was packed to the doors, the occasion being the regular recital of the pupils of the Bonelli Conservatory of Music. The program was admirably arranged and excellently carried out. The numbers, which among so many it is impossible to specialize without more space than is at my command, were given by pupils of the piano, strings and vocal departments. They were marked by intelligence and accuracy, the numbers of the mandolin orchestra being especially commendable for their perfection of tempo and good expression. The program in full was:

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Quintet, piano, two violins, viola and cello, Hoelzel, Misses M. Smith, A. Benson, M. Abeille, Messrs A. Hunt and R. McLean; vocal, The Sweetest Flower, Von der Stucken, The Nightingale's Trill, Ganz, Miss M. Slocombe; piano, Etude Caprice, Op. 24, Mills, Miss Helen Chandler; violin, Aragonese, Op. 67, Hermann, little Gladys A. Couth, Miss Edith J. Lincoln, accompanist; piano, Valse, op. 64, No. 1, Chopin, Invention, 2 voix, No. 1, Bach, little Hilder Schloh; vocal, Snow, Parker, Miss Charlotte Towle; piano, Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn, Mrs. K. Borgwardt; Polish dance, Scharwenka, S. F. Conservatory Mandolin club; trio, piano, violin and cello, Hayden, little Bessie Grigg, Miss A. Benson and Mr. R. McLean; presentation of prize, highest per centage in Theory and Harmony examinations; piano duet, Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2, Misses Josephine Rahlman and Cordelia Burns; bass solo, Israfel, King, Mr. Daniel Sheerin, Jr., piano, Scherzo, Op. 31, Chopin, Miss Mamie Muncie; violin, Elegie, Op. 11, Garcin, Miss Marie Abeille; piano, Intermezzo, (entirely with left hand), Hollander, Invention, 2 voix, No. 8, Bach, Miss Maybelle Kelly; potpourri, Chimes of Normandy, arranged by May, Mandolin club; duet, Sull Aria, Mozart, Misses Marguerite Slocombe and Charlotte Towle; baritone solo, Mr. Harry Lindacher; string quartet, Minuet, Op. 14, No. 1, Paderewski, Misses Abeille and Benson, Messrs Hunt and McLean.

A Successful Teacher

Mr. Bonelli's success as a teacher is doubtless owing to the fact that he is not only an intelligent instructor, but a rarely patient one. He does not expect great results at once from a dull pupil, but is willing to spend time on attaining his object. He imparts knowledge slowly to a pupil who cannot grasp ideas readily, and thus implants more surely in the mind what he desires to teach. He believes in groundwork teaching, not mere show. In regard to absolute pitch, the correct determining of which many people believe must be a sense inborn and not acquired, Mr. Bonelli has an infallible method of teaching this. On Saturday he gave an illustration at the Conservatory, 301 Jones street, of his method of imparting absolute pitch, and his exposition was certainly very interesting

The conservatory at Eddy and Jones streets, while each branch has its separate teacher, is under the entire supervision of Professor Bonelli himself. The primary department has its own rooms, and the higher branches are taught in another part of the establishment. It is a completely arranged conservatory, exactly what the name implies.

Concert by the Loring Club

The third concert of the twenty-fourth season of the Loring club will be given in Native Sons' hall next Tuesday evening, March twenty-sixth. Out of the nine items by the club, four will be rendered for the first time in San Francisco. Two of these are settings of Browning's "Cavalier Tunes" by Granville Bantock. In addition to that new music, Strauss' "On the Blue Danube" will be sung by the club for the first time in many years. The soloists in the various numbers will be Doctor J. F. Smith, Mr. H. E. Medley and Doctor F. Schalkhammer while the quartet consisting of Mr. J. H. Davies, Mr. J. S. Murdock, Mr. H. E. Medley and Doctor G. L. Dean will sing the solo parts in Mendelssohn's "To the Sons of Art" and Schwalm's "Forest Reverie." The club will be assisted by Mrs. E. F. Schneider, a soprano who will appear before a San Francisco audience on Tuesday evening for the first time. Mrs. Schneider has very strong endorsements. She is a native of Copenhagen, Denmark, where she first studied, afterwards for several years having enjoyed the tuition of Madame Joachim in Berlin, and also for a time of the widow of Richard Wagner at Bayreuth. Mr. David W. Loring will direct the concert and Miss Ruth Loring will be the pianist.

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A Concert in Boston

Miss Anna Miller Wood gave a song recital on Monday, February eleventh, in Boston, which was an immense success in every way. Tickets were placed at two dollars each, which shows the very high standard of the concert, and the audience was a large and fashionable one. The songs were in French, German and English; Mrs. Marsh and Mr. Arthur Foote assisted the contralto. The program, in full, was: Tanzlied, Hassler (1564-1612); Weihnachtslied, XIV Century Air: Hark, Hark, the Lark, Schubert; The Night, Strauss; Attente, Wagner; Tears, Comfort, Coleridge-Taylor; Andante and Variations for two pianofortes, Schumann; C'est Mon Ami, Marie Antoinette; Colinette, Come, Sweet Morning, Old French Airs; Le Berger de Blandy, Ferrari; En Reve, Chretien; Concert Piece on a theme of Beethoven, for two pianofortes, St. Saens; My Boy Tammy and Wilt Thou be My Dearie?, old Scotch airs; The Stars are with the Voyager, Mrs. Rogers; Memnon, The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold, Foote. The text of the songs was given on the program, a style made popular by the Henschels. "C'est Mon Ami" and "La Bergere Colinette," I reproduce here:

C'EST MON AMI

Ah! s'il est dans votre village
Un berger sensible et charmant
Qu'on cherisse au premier moment
Qu'on aime ensuite davantage
C'est mon ami, rendez-le moi
J'ai son amour, il a ma foi.

Si par sa voix, douce et plaintive
Il charme l'echo de vos bois
Si les accents de son haut-bois
Rendent la bergere pensive
C'est mon ami, etc.

LA BERGERE COLINETTE

Colinette est faite pour plaire
On ne peut la voir sans l'aimer:
Il n'est point ici de bergere
Il n'en est point de plus digne pour charmer.
Elle sourit et nous enchante
Elle ravit quand elle chante
Le rossignol dans le bocage
Suspend son vol et son ramage
Colinette est faite, etc.

Mr. Foote's new songs are also interesting:

MEMNON (ARLO BATES)

Speechless through all the cheerless night
Stood Memnon's statue; but at morn
The stone lips hailed the day-God bright
With sounds of love and rapture born.

Lo! here an image of my heart
That has no voice, bereft of thee—
But into songs of joy must start
If thy sweet presence shine on me.

THE NIGHTINGALE HAS A LYRE OF GOLD
(W. E. HENLEY)

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the black-bird plays but a box-wood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad Spring weather,
We two have listened, till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

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Madame Carreno, as perhaps everybody may not know, is a grandniece of Bolivar, the liberator of South America. Her father was at one time Minister of State in Venezuela.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has been specially engaged by the authorities of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, to give a series of organ recitals upon the large four-manual organ now being erected in the Temple of Music. These engagements are confined to those who are regarded as representative solo organists in the United States, and the offer must be regarded as a very high compliment. Dr. Stewart's recitals will begin on June second.

—*The Music Critic.*

World of Letters

A Great Offer

A certain magazine drumming up custom at the beginning of the year, made the following "special limited and extraordinary offer to lovers of literature." The publication is offered at the rate of thirty-five cents a year to new subscribers, who, in addition, will be privileged to select from prepared lists twenty-two books—all fiction, by the way, so, apparently, literature, in the estimation of the editors, means novels only. List No. 1, from which only two selections are permitted, contains seventeen titles, four of which belong to works by Mary Jane Holmes, the others being one each of Mrs. Henry Wood, (East Lynne), Charlotte Bronte, (Jane Eyre), Mrs. Stowe, (Uncle Tom's Cabin), Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Braddon, Alexander Dumas, Augusta Evans, Mrs. Southworth, Marian Harland, Sylvanus Cobb Jr., and Charlotte M. Braeme. In list No. 2, from which ten selections are permitted, there are sixty-eight titles, sixteen of them by Charlotte M. Braeme. Mrs. Southworth's name appears six times, and the Duchess' five; Mrs. Braddon, Rider Haggard, Alexander Dumas, A. Conan Doyle and Mary Jane Holmes each contribute four titles; Rosa Nouchette Carey, three; Stanley Weyman, Jules Verne, Florence Warden, Sylvanus Cobb Jr., Mrs. Henry Wood, Florence Marryat and Mrs. Alexander, two each, while Nathaniel Hawthorne, R. S. Stevenson, Kipling, May Agnes Fleming, Mary Kyle Dallas and Ian McLaren are down for one each. The third list, from which ten choice gems may be extracted, gives twenty-seven titles, and again Charlotte M. Braeme comes to the top with four; Mrs. Henry Wood, The Duchess, Sylvanus Cobb Jr. and Wilkie Collins are good for two each, and the other names, which appear but once, are Mrs. Jane G. Austin, Mary Cecil Hay, Clara Augusta, May Agnes Fleming, Florence Warden, Amanda M. Douglas, Horatio Alger, Miss Mulock, Charles Reade, Miss Braddon, Rider Haggard, Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Alexander, Farjeon and Florence Marryatt.

This kind of matter is the mental food upon which dwellers in the backwoods nourish their brains. The average farmer does not believe in wasting money on books. If he subscribes for the local weekly he has, in his own estimation,

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done all that can be asked of him. There is no public library, and the district school library, ill selected as it is apt to be and long since exhausted, is not available during the winter, the only part of the year when there is time to read. What wonder then if the "extraordinary offer" of the enterprising publishers finds thousands ready to take advantage of the opportunity? Of course the twenty-two books are the flimsiest of paper editions, but it would seem as easy to furnish a better proportion of good reading matter. Neither Dickens, Scott nor Thackeray appears at all. With the exception of "The Woman in White," the selections from Collins are among his poorest, and the same remark applies to the other authors of any prominence, with the exception of Hawthorne, who is represented by "The Scarlet Letter." The women who grew up on surreptitious readings of Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Southworth, Miss Braddon, Mary J. Holmes and Augusta Evans probably would not take kindly to other literary diet. One must admit that these writers are far less objectionable than many of their successors. They are morally clean, and perhaps the strongest objection to be urged against them is their unwholesomeness as an exclusive diet.

But why such a surfeit of Charlotte Braeme—twenty-one out of the one hundred and twelve—nearly nineteen per cent? Why should girls be feasted on the doings of the Duchess' more or less insipid heroines? A few more Vernes, always favorites with the boys, might cut down the consumption of "Dare Devil Dick" and "Old Sleuth." In these days of cheap publications it ought to be easy to include something robust for the man of the household, and above all things there should be a few good selections of essays, belles lettres and elementary science. Out of the whole list of one hundred and twelve there are scarcely a score upon which any other interest is centred than the momentous question of whether or not She got Him in the last chapter.

Pro Patria

In view of the speech recently made by General Mercier in the French Senate, which was shut off just in the nick of time to prevent his making public a scheme by which England could be successfully invaded from French territory. Max Pemberton's latest novel, "Pro Patria" ought to awaken a wide-spread interest. A tunnel is secretly constructed under the channel by the French government, for the purpose of transporting troops to England, but the secrecy of the scheme is maintained by giving out the official information that the work is in reality only an experiment in mining for coal. The plot is accidentally stumbled upon by a young English officer in France on a vacation trip, and his efforts to awaken interest on the part of the English government are laughed at. He has an exciting time escaping from France after he has made his discoveries and an equally lively experience when he falls into the hands of the French schemers on the English side. It goes without saying that there is an international love story which comes to a happy ending when everything else has gone to smash. "Pro Patria" is at least a patriotic novel with a basis of possibility. It may be news in this connection, to state that the secret which General Mercier so nearly let slip was elaborated by an American citizen. He is a Frenchman by birth, an inveterate Anglophobe. He has resided in America for twenty-five years and has devoted his leisure time to the elaboration of his plan. Twice he has visited England to study the ground, and has elaborated his scheme to his own satisfaction, down to the last detail. His opportunity seemed to have arrived when M. Casimir-Perrier entered upon his short-lived presidency.

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The Franco-American had been a college friend of the President, and therefore felt assured of a favorable reception and a serious consideration of his plan. He took the documents to France and laid them before the President, who, in turn transmitted them to the war office, where they were placed on file. The ingenuity of the scheme led to their actval adoption for use in case of emergency. In these days of engineering feats, the long-talked-of channel tunnel would be a comparatively simple affair, if the two nations would come to an agreement, and in case of war it is more than probable that one or the other, if not both, would begin the construction, if only as a demonstration. "Pro Patria" might turn out to be prophecy.

Wilde or Edward VII?

Someone has said that at present English writers are divided into two classes—those who wrote "The Englishwoman's Love Letters" and those who did not. A few weeks ago it was authoritatively stated in despatches from London that Laurence Hausman had confessed to the authorship, but whether or no, the guessing keeps on. There is an attempt now to lay the blame upon Oscar Wilde. Concerning that other literary fifteen puzzle, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," one enterprising dealer announced it as "attributed to the Prince of Wales." Why has not someone thought of laying the "Love Letters" at his door? The success of these two anonymities has led to a flood of garden and love letter literature. "When it rains porridge hold out your dish."

And Now Dickey

Richard Le Gallienne is the next to join the procession. He is going to bring out "The Love Letters of a King." Isn't this love letter business about as badly rushed as the historical novel?

Biographies of the Late Queen

There are already between forty and fifty biographies of Queen Victoria available, and at least twenty more are in press. Marie Corelli is one of the latest to try her hand. It was the report that Marie was the Queen's favorite writer that gave her such a boost up the ladder, so it is only fair that she should do what she can as a return favor. The official life is to be written by the Duke of Argyle. Much as has been said about the Victorian Age of English Literature, it cannot be claimed that the Queen herself did much in the way of encouraging the art. The only writers who received honors during her long reign were Lord Alfred Tennyson, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Louis Morris and Sir Theodore Martin—a list which is not without its absurdities.

Is it a Biography?

The Potters are evidently in literature to stay. Gertrude Potter Daniels, a sister of Margaret Horton Daniels, whose first book "A Social Lion," brought her notoriety, and whose second, "Uncanonized," is said to have just missed being great, has published through the Jamieson-Higgins company, "The Warners." Mrs. Daniels' book is an attack on trusts and her hero is a newsboy. As her father is a steel trust magnate, and her first flame was a newsboy or telegraph messenger, there is a hint of there being more or less biography in the book, which is said to be one of the most sensational novels of the year.

Not for American Readers

"The genial and unassuming Mr. Astor," as Augustus J. C. Hare calls him in "The Story of My Life" (he means the expatriated William Warldorf) has published in England through the Macmillans "Pharaoh's Daughter and Other Stories," with the express stipulation that the book shall be neither brought out nor offered for sale in America. But if Mr. Astor had an idea that he was bidding for special consideration from English critics by his exclusiveness he has made another of the mistakes of his life, for if the whole critical faculty of the United States had laid themselves out for it, it is doubtful if they could have thought of more harsh comments than their English brethren have hurled at him. Mr. Astor prides himself on his knowledge of the French language; none the less he is tripped up. He has been satirically commended for translating Exodus, and Shakespeare into literature—especially for "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello," which have been so skillfully managed that their own father would not know them. Altogether, both "the genial Mr. Astor" and his book are having a hot time.

—*The Bookworm.*

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

"Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? * * * who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

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—*The Student.*

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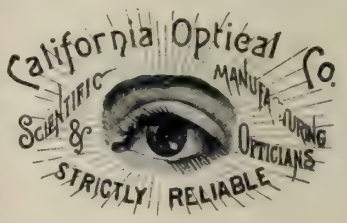

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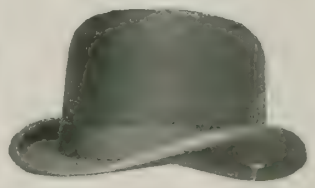

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San Francisco, March 30, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Fake Scientists

When we read of such men as Nicolas Tesla and Camille Flammarion seriously discussing the question of the likelihood of our holding communication some day with the inhabitants of Mars, it is hard to resist the conviction that there are some very disreputable fakers among the men of science. How absurd it is to be discussing the subject of communication with people of whose existence we have not the remotest idea. Nobody knows whether Mars is inhabited, and yet Camille Flammarion assumes that there are people on the planet and that they are trying to communicate with the inhabitants of the earth. The ancients erected the Tower of Babel to investigate the affairs of heaven. We call them fools and yet our wise men of the astronomical field tell us that they will some day signal the inhabitants of a planet about which they have very little more definite information than the builders of the tower had about the hereafter. The realm of science is largely the realm of speculation. The astronomers have been doing a lot of worrying about the new star in the constellation Perseus. They are not quite certain that the burst of light that happened up there was a star. A world, or a universe may have been wiped out but the men of science don't know what happened. They are doing a lot of guessing, however, and calling the attention of the unscientific mind to the limitations of their wisdom.

Mrs. Potter's Plan

Mrs. Potter Palmer, the wife of a Chicago hotel-keeper, has decided to revolutionize the 400 of Gotham. She believes that the New York coterie of upper fashion has assumed undue importance; that it includes people who should not be of the elect, and excludes some that are entitled by birth and wealth to all the privileges of swelldom. She is intent upon creating an American aristocracy, national instead of local and more representative of the creme de la creme. Mrs. Potter is an ambitious woman and takes herself quite seriously. Her claims to aristocratic leadership are not clearly defined, and her position in society does not stand unchallenged. But if the keeper of a boarding-house is eligible to social leadership in San Francisco, why shouldn't the wife of a big hotel-keeper in Chicago be permitted to become the arbitre in national social affairs? Mrs. Potter is a woman of tact, and established her reputation when she arranged that international marriage between Julia Grant and Prince Cantacuzene. She has presided at functions in Paris, London, New York, Newport and Chicago, so it is evident that she is a woman of prestige and capable of running a salon of the most cosmopolitan character. And if her scheme is to rearrange the social grouping let us hope that she will be successful. Of course what she contemplates is the organization of a National Snobocracy, but she doesn't know it. She confounds the snob with the aristocrat but that is quite natural.

The Philanthropic Carnegie

Though nobody objects to Andrew Carnegie's philanthropy, so lavish has he been in the distribution of his wealth of late, that attention has been directed to the shortcomings of the social system which enables one man to get so much glory and satisfaction out of the bestowal of gifts on his fellows. Nobody has any inclination to detract from the merit of Mr. Carnegie's philanthropy, but many are suggesting that it is hardly fair that he should be permitted to derive so much pleasure from giving to others while so many people are condemned to a constant struggle for existence. Of course the present industrial system is not perfect. We lack perfection in many things, but Mr. Carnegie is not responsible for our imperfections. Doubtless he regrets that he is unable to suggest improvements, but he is not a genius in all things. Nature finished a good job when it endowed Mr. Carnegie with the thrift and ability to accumulate wealth and the generosity to spend it for the benefit of his fellows. He is better equipped than the average mortal, and he has no reason to grumble that nature did no more. We should be satisfied that such men as Carnegie spring up to serve as wholesome examples to teach their fellows that there is as much pleasure in giving as in accumulating. He has signalized his retirement from active business by distributing some of his many millions with a free hand and he is deserving of the highest praise. He has set aside four millions as a fund for the benefit of superannuated and disabled workmen, preferably those of the Carnegie company. Another million has been contributed to the libraries founded by him in Braddock, Homestead and Duquesne, and now he is to give five millions and a half for libraries in New York on condition that the city shall insure the maintenance of the institutions. All the world joins in applauding the multi-millionaire.

Mark and the Missionaries

Mark Twain's reputation as a humorist is apt to stand in his way when he wants to be taken seriously, and yet no one who has read him attentively can fail to have been struck by the hard, common sense that lies beneath the surface. He has had plenty of opportunity for observation, and there is no question but what he has made good use of both eyes and ears. A recent article in the *North American Review* on the subject of foreign missionaries and their doings has brought forth a demand for a retraction. He said he had no desire to write a supplementary article, but since the missionaries demanded it he hopes that they will like what he writes, but he has his doubts about it. Heretofore most of what has found its way into print concerning these gentry has been extracted from the official reports of the Board of Foreign Missions—reports made up chiefly of letters from the missionaries, in which they lauded themselves and their efforts and either no one knew anything to the contrary, or it was no one's business to meddle. But this Chinese insurrection has brought forward unprejudiced witnesses or those who were prejudiced in their favor. The result of their reports has been a decided falling off of contributions towards the sustenance of missions, and a howl has gone up in consequence. The wisest thing they can do is to hold their tongues and mend their manners, and give neither Mark Twain nor any other traveler occasion to flay them.

Lundy's Reply to Weinstock

Mr. H. Weinstock, the well known merchant, delivered his lecture on "Jesus the Jew" in Stockton, a short time ago, and provoked a reply from a Dr. Lundy of the Presbyterian church. In his lecture Mr. Weinstock points out to the Jew and the Gentile a common religious ground for them to meet upon in the belief in God. He speaks of the Nazarene and His teachings with the greatest appreciation and reverence, and there is nothing in the lecture which should give offense to a Christian. But Dr. Lundy objects to Mr. Weinstock's lecture mainly upon the ground that it is delivered by a merchant instead of a divine. He contends that Mr. Weinstock has neither the capacity nor the ability to discuss theological subjects. Yet the Rev. Lundy, the divine, failed to controvert any of the statements of Mr. Weinstock, the merchant. He contended that a man of such unusual mercantile ability as Mr. Weinstock could not possibly have brain enough left for an adequate understanding of the Founder of Christianity. He took exception to the statement that few Christians know that Jesus was a Jew, holding that it was an insult against the educational capacity of church-goers, and then he proceeded to prove that Jesus was not a Jew, not the son of man but the Son of God. The Rev. Lundy has devoted all his time to the study of theology, but a little mercantile training would do him a world of good. The study of theology broadens some minds and contracts others. A mind that has not been seasoned with sound common sense labors under a disadvantage in the study of theology. Perhaps if Dr. Lundy had started in life in mercantile circles, and while rubbing up against his fellows had reserved a section of his brain for theological study he would now be able to debate with Mr. Weinstock without appearing ridiculous.

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After the Sultan

The Sultan of Morocco is a shifty creditor. He owes the United States a sum of money and he hopes to evade the demands of our Consul-General by keeping the Moorish court on the jump. Hence the cruiser *New York* has been sent over to Africa to intimidate the Sultan and compel him to stand and deliver. Some time ago Consul-General Gummere was instructed by our State Department to visit the Sultan and demand the cash. When the Sultan learned of the contemplated visit of the foreign dun the Moorish court was thrown into a panic. Instead of emulating his friend the Sultan of Turkey, who invariably receives foreign duns with graciousness, and promises to settle up next steamer day, his royal highness of Morocco sent word to Gummere that it would be useless to make the trip to the capital because the court was about to move. Moreover it was intimated to Gummere that the court would remain in a state of transit if the United States persisted in pursuing the Sultan for the debt. There was therefore a prospect of the Sultan of Morocco footing it across the hot sands of Africa with an American Consul-General perspiring on his trail. A fugitive royal court intent upon evading a collector would be an amusing spectacle, but when the Sultan learned that the cruiser *New York* was steaming to Tangier he probably changed his mind, and concluded that it would not profit him to lose himself in Sahara.

American Reciprocity

More than once have the people of this country had occasion to blush for the acts of our Government, since Mr. McKinley came into power. A subordinate in one of the Cabinet departments has placed the Government on record as having recognized officially the subjugation of the Boer Republics by the British. No other country has yet recognized the land of the Boers as British territory, but our Government has officially designated the South African territories as the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. This is the graceful way that Mr. McKinley has of reciprocating the courtesy of England's neutrality vouchsafed at the time that we started out to appropriate Spanish territory for the benefit of American commerce. And thus it is that our great Republic acquiesces in the wiping out of two small Republics by a predatory monarchy.

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The Saunterer

A Club Sensation

The Pacific-Union club is in the throes of something akin to a scandal. It is seldom that anything occurs in the Pacific-Union club to disturb the Vere de Vere repose of its members. It is the ultra-respectable club of San Francisco. Membership in the Pacific-Union is the hall-mark of social distinction. It is also the dollar-mark of prosperity. If you can afford to be a Pacific-Unioner the supposition is that you are rated O. K. by Bradstreet. The supposition is, also, that you are a gentleman and that there is no snob taint in your blood. The club has never had a real live scandal. Members have at times been suspected of earning a living at poker there, and the officers of the club have been shocked to hear such gossip. There was quite a little breeze raised there when Herman Oelrichs objected to the admission of Mr. Buckley-Johnson, on the ground that the Britisher had made certain unkind remarks about San Francisco society, but that little difficulty was patched up and since then nothing unique has happened within its walls except the bachelor dinner in honor of Tom Williams.

The Baum Letter

But whatever happens in the Pacific–Union club is supposed to concern none but members. No one can conceive of a greater offense than that of discussing club affairs in public, and yet a somewhat sensational bit of club gossip is now public property. The gossip is about a letter written by Alexander R. Baum, a well known young attorney and a prominent member of the club. The letter was in the nature of a protest against the election to membership of M. F. Michael, an attorney who is a member of the University club. Mr. Michael is an attorney of high standing in his profession. He enjoys the confidence and esteem of the most eminent members of the bar. Moreover he is a cultured gentleman of high social standing.

He Objects to Jews

Yet Mr. Baum conceived it to be his duty to warn the directors of the Pacific–Union club against Mr. Michael. Members of the club are expected to privately advise the directors of the club upon the delinquencies and shortcomings of applicants for admission, but the reasons urged by Mr. Baum against the admission of Mr. Michael are considered remarkable by people who have read his letter. One of the grounds is that of religion. Mr. Baum explained that when he was proposed it was thought that he was a Jew, and that in order to escape being blackballed it was necessary to correct the misapprehension. The only other objection urged by Mr. Baum affects not the character of Mr. Michael. It is an objection which, if true, he could not be held responsible for. Indeed there is nothing in the letter which reflects upon the integrity or the character of Mr. Michael, and yet the letter is of such a nature that it has aroused the deepest sympathy for the man against whom it was written.

Possible Consequences

The most surprising feature of the letter is that the writer asserts that he is a friend of Mr. Michael and that they were classmates at Harvard. He desires it to be understood that notwithstanding his friendship he believes that his first duty is to his club. I understand that the members of the club are very indignant at the author of the letter, and that as a consequence he may lose his membership in the club. I have also been assured that Mr. Michael is destined to be elected unanimously.

After the Long Green

Though people in official life love newspaper fame as much as do those in humble stations, they are not slow to demand compensation for contributions to magazines and other publications. Wives of statesmen and diplomats have been known to demand pay for interviews, and it is a well known fact that the widow of an ex-President exacts pay everytime she talks for publication. A journalist who recently returned from Washington informs me that some time ago a magazine writer induced Mrs. Miles, wife of General Miles, to discuss social life in the army. After he wrote the article he asked her for her signature and he was obliged to pay her twenty-five dollars for it.

Mrs. McKenna's Request

The same journalist declares that people who have never mingled with officials in Washington are inclined to have an exaggerated notion of their personal worth. He declares that there are many petty politicians among them who do not rank much above the statesmen that we meet at Sacramento. And even in the Cabinet, snobs are to be found who kow-tow to the foreign ministers. Their families are as anxious to have their social doings ventilated in the press as those of our prominent aristocracy. He mentioned as a case in point his experience at the home of Justice McKenna on the occasion of the social debut of the jurist's daughter. He attended the function as the representative of a local paper, and he was approached by Mrs. McKenna with the request that he use his influence to secure a write-up in the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*.

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There promises to be more of a rush than formerly for Easter wedding invitations. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, suggest that engraving orders be left as early as possible.

To the Bob Hookers—a Boy

The stork winged his flight to the home of the Bob Hookers the other day, and unburdened himself of a baby boy of the bouncing variety. The Hookers were married in April of last year, and it was of course their first visit from the gaunt bird. Mrs. Hooker was Bessie Shreve, daughter of the late George Shreve, the silversmith and jeweler. With her husband she resides at the Shreve family residence in Pine street. Her brother George married pretty Jennie Watson and they have two children. Mr. Hooker's brother Osgood is the husband of the handsomest of the Goad sisters, and his sister Bessie is Mrs. George H. Lent.

Whisky and Spoons

It was reported in one of the dailies early in the week that a thief had stolen five hundred dollars worth of property from the home of the Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of Grace Episcopal church. This was an untruthful presentation of the news. It is true that a thief entered the house of the clergyman, but he did not carry off such valuable loot. Dr. Foute is not a missionary and he does not keep portable property of that value on his premises. The police records show that the thief carried off two bottles of whisky and five silver spoons. The supposition is that Dr. Foute purchased the whisky for medicinal purposes.

A Parisian Drama

An occasional correspondent writes me from Paris that the sensation of the hour is a play called "Les Remplacantes." "Its purpose," he says, "is to awaken France to the decay of her population, which is gradually becoming the haunting terror of her statesmen. It deals with the practice of supplying Paris with wet-nurses from the rural districts. It shows how poor women in the country are bullied into neglecting their children to go to Paris to earn money by nursing children of strangers and its story has all the realism of the most realistic of Zola's novels. It is spiced with intrigue, and interspersed with long political speeches that provoke enthusiastic applause. The chief character is a country doctor who lectures the fine ladies of Paris on their immorality in neglecting to nurse their own children. He also addresses France on her decay, informing her citizens that 'three times as many of the children of the poor in the villages around Paris die than any other children, that the Parisian ladies may be able to go decollete to their balls.' He thunders out that sentence and adds, 'If this kind of thing goes on, then let us open our fortress and our frontiers to the enemy.'"

She Believes in Obedience

Mary Crocker's friends are remarking on the change in that young woman since her marriage. She used to be as imperious as a princess of the blood. Even her good grandmother, Mrs. Easton, found herself swayed by the will of her millioned grandchild. Mary ruled everybody at "Uplands" and it was expected that when she married, her husband would also have to yield to her will. But everybody's expectations were wrong. Captain Francis Burton Harrison is a young man, but he is not a weak one. He has served in the army and he knows how to hold his own against all comers. In the New York set, in which Mary Crocker made her debut, it is said that it was Captain Harrison's strong character that attracted the young heiress. She found in him a will more powerful than her own. And when she agreed to "love, honor and obey" the choice of her heart, it was with no mental reservation in regard to the obedience clause. Whatever her faults, Mary Crocker is essentially a girl of her word.

The Baron and the Widow

Baron Von Pohlens, who was with Waldersee in China and who is now with Kirkpatrick at the Palace, is the latest devotee at the shrine of the mysterious widow, who threatened to captivate Lord Thurlow a short time ago. I referred to the widow some weeks ago as Mrs. Smith, but I was in error. Her name is Mrs. Wilson. She is said to be from Yokohama. She is referred to as the "mysterious widow" at the big hotel because nobody appears to know much about her, and everybody is anxious to find out something. A lovely widow at a big hotel is naturally the object of much interest.

Orin Peck in New York

Orin Peck has betaken himself and his pictures to Gotham and is holding an exhibition at Knoedler's gallery. The critics do not seem to understand just how to take Peck's work, and their opinions are rather at variance. The *Sun* says:

> The gist of one's impression of this exhibit is that Mr. Peck has a keen sense of character, much color feeling and remarkable skill in painting; although he is very partial in his employment of these qualities, being by no means consistent to the best of which he is capable. Whether this is due to carelessness, diffidence or the lack of mental power to develop his capacities always to the utmost, one cannot say; but his good points are so much in excess of the poor ones and yet so marred by the latter, that it is to be hoped the inconsistency is merely the accompaniment of a young eager mind, impatient sometimes of laborious means.

The Spring Exhibition at the Hopkins

I do not agree with those who consider the spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association below the fall showing. I think the present exhibition far ahead of its predecessor. If there are fewer large canvases the smaller ones are more interesting and of better quality. Mary Curtis Richardson has some very taking little portrait sketches done in pastel. They are fascinating studies and done in unique fashion on some sort of gray paper, the figures just slightly indicated in color and shading off into gray. One, a baby's chubby, rosy face with large blue eyes, is charming; all are fine. Mr. Gamble's exhibit and Mr. Judson's Titian haired beauty are not novelties but are nevertheless of interest. Miss Schamm, one of the students, has some clever European sketches.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Miss Emilia Kalisher's portrait in pastel of her niece is full of life, and is an admirable treatment of the subject. Miss Edith Whitefield, one of Latimer's pupils is represented by an interesting water-color.

An Ambitious Young Artist

Among the best things shown are Altman's European studies, which are capitally done and show the possession of unusual talent. Mr. Altman is a youth of wonderful ambition. He is the son of the Altman who has a small tailor shop in Sutter street between Larkin and Hyde, and I have never heard that his father possessed more than a moderate income. But the young man made his way to Europe, and there did his level best to learn all that could be acquired within the short period permissible to his resources. He lately returned from abroad and has set up his studio over the paternal shop.

The exhibition of portraits and landscapes by W. E. Dassonville and Oscar Maurer at a downtown gallery is attracting many admirers of fine camera work. Mr. Dassonville is very enthusiastic over his branch of art, and his carbon work is especially fine. Mr. Maurer has some very original Chinese subjects and some fine portraits.

Marie Wainwright

So Marie Wainwright has gone into vaudeville! After a somewhat checkered career on the stage she found that vaudeville pays better than the legitimate drama. She has visited us as Viola and Rosalind and Amy Robsart and now she is at the Orpheum as Lady Diana in a vaudeville comedietta. Marie Wainwright has an interesting past. She was the wife of Louis James, and for a while she was the protegee of Paul Schulze, land agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad company. He was her angel for awhile and then committed suicide. Many years ago Miss Wainwright's "As You Like It" company included William Muldoon, the wrestler, and it was rumored at one time that they were to be married.

Swindling Solicitors

The latest "confidence" scheme by which people have been duped in this city has been operated by two advertising solicitors named Allen and Rowland. They represent that they are the publishers of a book entitled "The Golden Jubilee Souvenir" and they have been soliciting patronage upon the pretext that the proceeds are to be devoted to the Press club and the Native Sons. The "dummy" which they exhibit to their victims contains half-tones of scenes of the Jubilee celebration and of prominent citizens who have paid to have themselves written up. They importuned the Catholic Archbishop for money upon the representation that they were working in the interest of the Press club. They told Internal Revenue Collector Lynch that they were employed by the Native Sons. Warren Payne and Mint Superintendent Leach were among the victims. When the directors of the Press club learned how the name of that organization was being used they called the attention of the police to the swindlers.

To Have a Waiting List

The directors of the Olympic club have decided to reduce the limit of membership from three thousand to twelve hundred and fifty and to establish a waiting list. The club is now in a most prosperous condition, and the supposition is that a waiting list will give it that air of exclusiveness which it enjoyed in the days of its residence in O'Farrell street.

Not a Typical New York Girl

Miss Reid, the daughter of the Whitelaw Reids and consequently granddaughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, is young and very attractive. She was at the luncheon given by Mrs. Henry T. Scott at the University club on Monday, complimentary to Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison. Miss Reid was much younger than the majority of the guests, and seemed like a modest flower among the blooming belles and brides who were placed at the "white" table presided over by Miss Mary Scott. The daughter of the New York *Tribune's* proprietor has not the air of the typical Gothamite of the inner circle. She is more like a Boston girl. Her prettiness is that of youth, large-eyed, nose slightly retrousse and clear, pale complexion. She is very slight of figure and has the pronounced golf walk. Some of our society youths should make themselves agreeable to Miss Reid during her visit here. She would be a valuable acquisition to our rapidly increasing army of brides.

Perhaps He is Right

Mr. Irving M. Scott, one of the directors of the San Francisco Art Association and a very generous patron of art, recently expressed some severe views upon the art critics of this city. He said, "There is not an art critic worthy the name on the staff of a San Francisco paper. In fact, none of our papers know anything about art." He also spoke in disparaging terms about the artistic knowledge of San Franciscans in general. However, when a gentleman so versed in questions of art as Mr. Scott ventures an opinion of this nature, I am inclined to believe that he is right. He was not the first to express such an opinion. Emil Carlsen said the same thing some years ago. But Mr. Scott speaks from another point of view from that of the artist, whose censure might be supposed to have

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been laid to professional prejudice. Mr. Scott is not a painter but a patron of painters, and that he is able to make a wise choice in his purchases is shown by the works in his private art gallery.

Why Artists Are Not Welcome

Artists are personæ non grata to the majority of private galleries of our wealthy connoisseurs, and the reason therefor, I am told, is very simple. Professional wielders of brush and palette visit galleries for the sole purpose of capturing ideas. Abroad, permission is given to students to copy Madonnas, Holy Families etc., in the churches and cathedrals, but the private art galleries are very jealously guarded. Cheap copies of rare paintings are not desirable, except in photographs or gravures. For instance, I can see no beauty in that weak copy of Toby Rosenthal's "Immolation of Constance de Beverley," shown in the window of a cheap art store in Sutter street near Polk. Mr. Scott has the original of this painting in his own gallery, and as he gave the idea to the artist and paid him for the picture I do not see what right anybody has to make copies of it without the owner's sanction.

Funston's Latest Feat

Before General Funston returns we will probably hear that his capture of Aguinaldo was no great feat. This is an age of news smashers and it would not be fair to Dewey, Hobson and the others to permit Funston to enjoy his glory without a protest. When the whole story of Aguinaldo's capture is told we may learn that Aggie sent Funston a polite note begging him to call at his home in the swamp and escort him into camp. The fact is that Funston enjoys the favor of the newspaper correspondents and is therefore treated handsomely in the despatches. He was a newspaper reporter himself years ago and knows all that there is worth knowing about the newsgatherer's craft. But he was always a romantic chap and fond of adventure, and those that know him well say that the plans for the capture of Aguinaldo were just such as he would be likely to concoct.

Gamblers in Society

Now that Bishop Huntington has made complaint about gambling in high society we may expect to hear from some local divine on the same subject. San Francisco society has long been honeycombed with the same vice, but here the good old-fashioned game of poker is preferred to bridge whist. More than one young man has sat down to a nice "sociable game" and has arisen to find himself minus all his ready money. Our big hotels and swell family boarding houses are miniature Monte Carlos. Some years ago the Bella Vista reached the zenith of its repute as a gambling centre, and now the Colonial is the house in which the pastime is most indulged. So marked was the character of the Bella Vista for high play in the time of the late Mrs. Spaulding, so constant were the ladies at the game, so keen in the hunt for gullible young men with separable salaries, that Saturdays and Sundays and all the rest of the week were devoted to the pleasant task of transferring coin.

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Dr. Foute Moved.

So notorious did the guests' predilection to poker playing become that the Rev. Dr. Foute felt constrained to take his trade away from the hostelry. He explained that he did not think it was right for a clergyman to countenance gambling by remaining with his family under a roof where it was so openly carried on. And then the "knockers" being incensed at the clergyman for drawing attention to their game said that he left the house because of dissatisfaction with his picturesque methods in the dining room. They talked about his audibly embracing his soup and slipping his trolley, and doing other unconventional things, but he wasn't there to hear them.

In a Reminiscent Vein

Another house is in transit around which cluster many social memories. I refer to the Prescott residence in Bush street, next to the old Pickering house. The house that was lately moved from its lot was greatly changed from its original style of architecture, for after the former owners sold it the new proprietors added considerably to its adornments. Originally, it was a plain but comfortable home. The Prescotts had two daughters, both striking looking blondes. Lulu, the elder, married John Rae Hamilton, the eccentric Englishman whose vagaries finally landed him in a madhouse. Mr. Hamilton was very rich, and the marriage could scarcely be called a love match on the side of the handsome bride. Alice, the younger sister, married young Wilcox, whose uncle was a wealthy army contractor. They went to Arizona to live and later to Washington D. C., and pretty Alice Prescott was lost to San Francisco society.

Bell's Rapid Rise

Brigadier-General Bell's rapid promotion has been the subject of much comment in army circles. Out at the Presidio they say that he has a pull as strong as that of a Cabinet officer. They attribute his promotion to social influence which is said to have the greatest weight with the present Administration. At the opening of the war Brigadier-General Bell was plain Lieutenant Bell, and nobody has heard much of

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him since, except in connection with his rapid promotion for gallantry far from the field of action. General Bell is a very fortunate young man.

Gage was Hot

Governor Gage was as mad as a wet hen when the story leaked out of his intention to appoint John C. Kirkpatrick to succeed Major Harney as a member of the Harbor Commission. The Governor prides himself on his secretiveness, and he likes to spring his appointments as though they were big sensations. It pains him, therefore, when the newspapers announce several days in advance that they know the man he has selected for a job. So sensitive is he in such matters that the friends of Mr. Kirkpatrick feared that he might change his mind just to prove that the newspaper men were liars. The news of the election of Mr. Kirkpatrick gave general satisfaction.

McCabe Must Go

Wholesale and retail liquor dealers are rejoicing over the prospect of Special Agent McCabe being sent to a new field. McCabe came hither from Washington to attend to the duties of Bert Thomas while the latter was on a trip to Honolulu, and he has kept the merchants in hot water ever since. He is said to be the most arbitrary and unreasonable agent that ever represented the government in this city, and he has occasioned no end of annoyance. In consequence of his zeal numerous protests went on to Washington, and they have had the desired effect.

What a Senator Feared

Nearly all the stories that one hears of incidents of the late session of the legislature are illustrative of the boldness of the statesmen. So notorious is the fact that many of them go to Sacramento for the sole purpose of fleecing people, that the statesmen have grown indifferent to public opinion. To them cinch bills are extremely funny, and they regard their occupation as a huge joke. One of the stories that is going the rounds is about an incident of the Senate Chamber. Senator Bettman is so near-sighted that he can hardly distinguish persons at a distance of a few feet. Both Senator Rowell and Senator Tyrrell are white-haired and Bettman frequently addressed one under the impression that he was talking to the other. One day Tyrrell interrupted Bettman when he was talking to Dr. Rowell, saying, "Say, Sig, if you don't be careful you'll whisper our program to Rowell some day and you'll land us all in San Quentin."

The regular ticket for directors of the San Francisco Art Association won out, without much opposition. Some of the artists thought there were too many laymen on the ticket, and several scratches were made in favor of professional substitutes. The directors chosen are all men of culture and knowledge of art.

There promises to be more of a rush than formerly for Easter wedding invitations. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, suggest that engraving orders be left as early as possible.

Peter Martin's new stable at Blingum is to surpass that of the Francis Carolans in magnificence. It is to be the most superbly appointed stable in San Mateo county, and when it is completed there will be a stable-warming.

Martin Egan, the *Chronicle's* war correspondent, has gone East to fill a desk position in the office of the Associated Press. It is understood that he will act as foreign correspondent for the Associated Press whenever there are international broils abroad.

Fast-Ending Lent

Though this has been rather a gay Lent, with dinners, telephone teas and luncheons, and one night of grand opera to keep it alive, still everybody will be glad when it is over. Two more Sundays and then the apres-Lenten season will begin, with several weddings to start the top a-spinning. The Cunningham-Kessler marriage will be the smartest of its kind that has enlivened St. Luke's for a long time. Before Peter Martin's stable-ball comes off, I hear that Mrs. Eleanor Martin has an elaborate function in view to take place before the hegira countryward begins.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's return to Berkeley will be marked by several "welcome home" entertainments in her honor. The first of these was a reception yesterday at Hearst hall by the Associated Women Students. Mrs. Hearst's particular protege this year, Miss Jane Rawlings, has enjoyed several months of delightful journeyings, Washington, D. C., Boston and New York being among the cities visited.

A Bow Bell Bandit

The erstwhile pet of Blingum, who educated our smart set in the ways of British society,has just bobbed up in a swell Jersey country club; but like his sensational exit from Blingum he bobbed up only to duck, dive and disappear, leaving the usual money scandals and gossip in his wake. What a holiday time he cut at Blingum, how cleverly he imposed on them that he was the only real, true, blown-in-the-glass-bottle, the utterly English thing. How he impressed them with his manners, his dress, his style, his knowledge of horses, drags, dogs and the ways of the Prince of Wales set; now, by the Grace of God, King of England and Ireland and Emperor of India. What glum looks there were at Blingum when he levanted and left a void in so many hopes, hearts and pockets. Apropos of those same hearts, perhaps it is not widely known outside certain circles that this Bow Bell Bandit played his game so cleverly that he was engaged to one of the Preston girls.

In the height of his Blingum popularity, Mrs. Henry Scott, who is English, took him up and made much ado of him. That wing of society that considered him a shade too loud in dress and manners for a perfect gentleman, criticized her somewhat sharply for this. Right in the midst of it all, when the several Blingum wings were waging war on his past and present standing, his engagement with the Preston girl was broken off and despite Mrs. Scott's influence he found it best to seek distant lands. The moral of which is that Blingum is easily bamboozled with anything of an English aspect.

Mrs. Arnold Will Sing.

The California club offers a rare treat to those who attend its exhibition of Arts and Industries in April. Mrs. Gustavus M. Arnold is to lend her voice to the cause, and will sing on the evening of April tenth for the club. It is not long since that Mrs. Arnold returned from Berlin and established herself in the magnificent home that was planned by herself and husband. She has thrown her house open with royal hospitality, and has been especially kind to artists and musicians. Her greatest undertaking was the bringing of the Welsh basso, Frangcon Davies, to the coast; he will be here next month. Mrs. Arnold's voice is said by those who have heard it to be superb, and it is a great card for the California club that she will sing at its exhibition.

Dannenbaum-Gottlob.

The marriage of Miss Selina Dannenbaum and Mr. J. J. Gottlob, manager of the Columbia theatre, was a very ornate affair. It was celebrated on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dannenbaum, in California street, Rev. Dr. Voorsanger performing the ceremony, only relatives and intimate friends being present. The bride looked charming in her pale heliotrope brocaded crepe frock, with smart toque to match. Many elegant and valuable gifts were received by the bride and bridegroom, both being very popular among a large circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gottlob are enjoying a wedding trip to Monterey.

Booth to be President

The Monticello club, San Francisco's leading Democratic organization, is to have an election and "smoker" tonight. As James P. Booth is the sole candidate for President, he has every assurance of being elected. Indeed he is confident of winning, and is already preparing plans by which he expects to infuse new life into the club.

A Noted Writer Passes Away

Elijah Kellogg died the other day in St. Louis and his death was not mentioned in the despatches. How many there are that have enthused in their boyhood over the refreshing stories of the northern woods written by Elijah Kellogg, and how few today remember his name! Yet we are indebted to Elijah Kellogg for hours of pleasure and our hearts should beat a grateful tribute to his memory. Many men that now pride themselves on their spellbinding ability can still rattle off lines from "Spartacus to the Gladiators" which they declaimed time and time again in their youth without ever giving a thought to the author, Elijah Kellogg. Perhaps very few of them ever heard of the man that wrote the high-sounding speech of "Regulus to the Carthaginians." Yet the well-rounded periods of those gems of the school-boys' repertoire have been impressed upon the minds of thousands. "Spartacus" still rants in elocutionary contests, and old Regulus never falters in his defiance of the Carthaginians.

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Hugh Tevis' First Marriage

It seems curious that Hugh Tevis should again have lost his heart to a young girl. It would have seemed more in the natural course of events that his second choice should have fallen upon a more matured woman, a widow or a belle of several seasons. Mr. Tevis' former wife was scarcely older than Miss Baxter, his just announced fiancee, when he married her. His marriage with Alice Boalt, the daughter of Judge John H. Boalt, is still remembered as one of the smartest church weddings in San Francisco's social annals. It was an evening ceremony, at Grace church, and the music was a special feature. Solos by picked singers were interspersed with the organ selections. The bride was the first to introduce the custom of wearing no gloves, a fashion that was freely followed thereafter.

When young Mrs. Tevis died, after the briefest of married lives, leaving a little daughter to the bereaved husband, it was thought that Hugh Tevis' heart was buried in her grave. He seemed impervious to all feminine charms, and was angled for in vain by the most attractive women in his set.

What Baxter Is Said To Have Said

According to the stories afloat in club circles Hugh Tevis did the young Lochinvar stunt in winning the eighteen-year old Denver beauty. Baxter pere, it is said, hoped to see his daughter become the wife of a young man in Denver and was opposed to the Tevis match. One of the stories in circulation, and one, by the way, which a reporter sought to verify in an interview with Mrs. Baxter, is that when the ex-Governor discovered that Tevis was a suitor for his daughter's hand he said to the multi-millionaire, "You'd better take your fishing rod to some other stream." Mrs. Baxter expressed no surprise when she heard this story, but declared that it was untrue.

Was She Overlooked?

The absence of Mrs. George Crocker from the luncheon given in honor of her husband's niece, Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, has occasioned considerable comment in fashionable circles. Why wasn't she at the luncheon? is the question that is being asked.

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The function was given at the University club by Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and was a very enjoyable and swell affair. The guests were of the inner circle, and though not numerous it is considered somewhat strange that as it was in honor of a Crocker the wife of a Crocker was not one of them. Mrs. Will Crocker was there. Mrs. Henry Scott would not think of withholding an invitation from Mrs. Will Crocker; but if Mrs. Will Crocker, say the tabbies, why not Mrs. George Crocker ?

The Crocker Feud

The fact is that there had been a split in the Crocker clan. Mrs. George Crocker has been, for many years, tabu in Crocker family circles. But, some months ago, in New York, the olive branch was extended to Mrs. George Crocker, by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alexander, and then everybody supposed that the entente cordiale had been restored. When Mary Crocker went East shortly before her marriage to Francis Burton Harrison, she was taken under the wing of her aunt, Mrs. Alexander, and when the latter gave a reception in her honor for the purpose of introducing the Californian heiress to the elite of Gotham, Mrs. George Crocker was invited to participate in the affair. And it was supposed that this function marked the ending of the Crocker feud,

She May Retaliate

But after the Scott luncheon at the University club, people that keep tab on social matters came to the conclusion that Mrs. George Crocker was not invited because it would have been embarrassing for her to meet her sister-in-law, Mrs. Will Crocker. And then it was suggested that, as Mrs. George Crocker stood aces up with Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish, one of the largest in the social waters of New York's **400**, and would be the latter's hostess upon her arrival, she would have the opportunity to do a little snubbing on her own account. Perhaps, they said, she will deny invitations to certain ambitious people who contemplate trips to New York and who would like to enter upon terms of social intimacy with the Fish family, and get into the Fish-Belmont-Oelrichs set, which is noted for its high-bred unconventionality. But the dinner given by Mrs. George Crocker to her friends from New York knocked all this gossip on the head, for low and behold, as they say on the old sod, the aristocratic daughter of Stockton's flour manufacturer was there in all the pride and panoply of state. That was a horse on the tabbies.

Mrs. Will Crocker was There

It is unfortunate that gossip anent the Crockers should be promoted at this time when they are preparing to splurge socially for the delectation of Eastern visitors. And it is fortunate that Mrs. Will Crocker was among the guests at Mrs. George Crocker's dinner for if she had slipped a cog and failed to get there, what wouldn't the gossips on the fringe of society have said? Family jars are deucedly vulgar. There have been so many hints of ruptures of late, that the Crocker dinner served to allay all sorts of fears and misgivings.

The nicest lunch in the city is served at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh.

Some Fish History

Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish has been such a notable figure in the New York and Newport swim of late years, that her presence in San Francisco naturally created a stir. Mrs. Fish is the bosom friend of Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Belmont and those women constitute a trio that has been the subject of numerous newspaper articles in the last few years. When they introduced the bodice that was cut a notch or two lower than any that had ever previously been worn without attracting the attention of the police, their pictures were published all over the continent. When Harry Lehr, the wine agent, became their pet and chaperon the newspapers devoted columns to him and discussed his sayings and doings. Indeed the Mesdames Fish, Belmont and Oelrichs supply the society reporters of New York with more gush than all the other women in the smart set.

When Mr. Fish Objected to Langtry

When Mrs. Langtry visited New York recently to portray her own degenerate self in "The Degenerates," she prepared plans for an invasion of the inner circle of the elite. It was said that she was equipped with credentials from her old friend Albert Edward, and that she expected to gain the entree with the assistance of Mrs. Astor, the Dowager of the Smart Set. Mrs. Astor being the mother of a daughter in need of social rehabilitation, was counting on the assistance of Albert Edward in London, and the supposition was that she would extend the glad-hand to the Jersey Lily to please the then heir apparent. And about that time, it was said that Mrs. Fish was willing to co-operate with her friend, Mrs. Astor, by receiving the degenerate Lily into her home. But, so the story goes, when the usually complaisant Mr. Fish heard about it he expressed himself in very forcible language. He said that he'd be blanked if that —— should pass the portals of his home, and she didn't.

Smith the Butterfly

If we were all of the same temperament this would be a dull, monotonous world. If there were no rich bachelors like "Silent Jim" Smith, the multi-millionaire of New York, who has just piloted a party of ladies across the continent, Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish and her friends wouldn't be enjoying themselves half so much as they are now, and Mrs. George Crocker wouldn't have the chance to pose as a fashionable hostess with representatives of the Eastern ton as her

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guests. Mr. Smith is a new star in the social firmament, and he is attracting a deal of attention. He is an interesting character because he has money to burn, and has a queer way of burning it. For years he plodded away in a Wall street office, leading a somewhat commonplace life. His uncle died and left him fifty millions, and he immediately withdrew from his former sphere of action, cultivated new acquaintances in another sphere, and began the career of a social butterfly. Most men would have thrown up their hands in horror at the prospect of being consigned to a protracted season of drawing-room dissipation, but Mr. Smith, heir to fifty millions, is not one of them.

Mr. Jim Smith is a decidedly unconventional chap in a sartorial way. He made his appearance at the Palace on Wednesday evening en route to the Crocker mansion. He was in evening dress, the main feature of which was a single stud in the centre of his shirt-bosom. It was a pearl stud about the size of a marble and was set in diamonds. Somebody suggested that Mr. Smith should present that stud to a hotel clerk before leaving town. But it was said that he prized it very highly on account of its striking resemblance to one that is worn by Tom Sharkey whenever he dons his claw-hammer.

An Ex-San Franciscan Bostonized

Mr. "Willie" Howard is entertaining his daughter, Miss Frances Howard, at his home in Menlo Park. Miss Howard has "grown up" since the days in which she played with her brothers in the lovely grounds of their country home. She is a charming girl, and made her debut in the Hub swim shortly before her trip west. Babette Howard, the elder daughter, married Mr. Fred Whitwell, a scion of one of the most aristocratic of Beacon street families, and went to Beverly, Mass., to live. Mrs. Willie Howard, their mother, resides at Boston so as to be near her sons, who attend Harvard college. The Howards are admitted into the swellest circles of Boston, a courtesy granted to very few "outsiders." Boston is probably the most exclusive city in the United States with regard to its social set.

Hot Air From Denis

Denis O'Sullivan, who lately made a great hit at a concert in London, is now the subject of many paragraphs in London weeklies. Not satisfied with his fame as a baritone, he is posing as a great athlete. He has been telling the Britishers about the Olympic club of San Francisco and the papers have been writing him up as one of San Francisco's most famous athletes. He is proving himself an adept in the art of pumping hot air. He told one of the newspaper men that he boxed with Jim Corbett for three years, and related his experience in a New England town on an occasion when he was attacked by a stranger in a hotel. A short and sharp pugilistic encounter ended in triumph for the singer and the next day he learned that his adversary was the champion middle-weight of that section of the country.

Ladies "Knox" Straws just arrived.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street. Sole Agent.

The popular San Francisco baritone has been studying in Paris for nearly a year and his voice is said to have greatly improved. The songs that he chose for his reappearance in London were full of variety and interest. He sang "A Dirge for Poland" (Chopin), a Zuni Indian love song and "Widow Machree." He is described in one of the London weeklies as "of middle height, with a compact, well-carried head, frank, humorous eyes, a small mouth, a square, strong chin, the tuneful voice of a singer and the physique of an athlete."

They Will Sling Beer

Society is much wrought up over the event that is to be pulled off on April eleventh, in Golden Gate hall, and which has the sanction of Mrs. John F. Merrill and other social leaders. It is to be something like the "Little Vienna" of Midwinter Fair memory only it is to be a German instead of an Austrian beer-garden. Society girls will appear as waiters, and will serve beer and pretzels to the visitors. The hall is to be very accurately fitted up after the most approved Berlin mode, as an open-air concert hall, and I have no doubt the charity whose treasury is to be increased by the affair will be very largely enriched.

Baurhyte-Vassault

Lawrence Vassault, one-time associate editor of the *Argonaut*, followed very closely upon the footsteps of the editor of that paper, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, in entering matrimony. Mr. Vassault was married last week, his bride being Miss Katherine Baurhyte, sister of William Baurhyte of Alameda. Mr. Vassault comes of pioneer stock, his father, the late Ferdinand Vassault, having for years been an officer of the

A Gentleman's Beverage!

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Society of California Pioneers. After reverses befell the family, the eldest of the children took to literature, for which they were all well fitted by talent and education. French and German were as familiar to them as English. The eldest daughter, Jennie, a cultured and attractive young woman, became governess to the Hobart sisters, and when they had outgrown the necessity of her instructions she remained with them as companion and friend. The Lawrence Vassaults are to live in Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where Mr. Vassault has the position of associate editor of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine.

A Telephone Tea

The "telephone tea" given by Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, at her home, 2422 Buchanan street, yesterday afternoon although informal was one of the society gatherings of the week. It was given in honor of three "engaged girls"—Miss Charlotte Cunningham, Miss Edna Van Wyck and Miss Lena Hall. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Ida Callaghan, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Polly Dunn, Miss Sturdivant, Miss Agnes Bergin, Miss Maye Colburn, Misses Reis, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Aleta Gallatin, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Cora Meyerstein, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Laura Taylor and Miss Florence Ives. Tempting refreshments were served and the rooms were filled with a smart company.

Now For The Dogs

Preparations are being made for the fifth annual bench show of the San Francisco Kennel club. J. P. Norman, secretary of the club, has opened headquarters at 14 Post street where entries will be received until noon of April twenty-seventh. The show is to take place on the eight, ninth, tenth and eleventh of May, and bids fair to be the most successful exhibition of high-bred bow-wows ever given in this city.

A Cause Celebre

The name of Bedell is a familiar one in the annals of early Californian history. Miss Bedell, whose marriage was lately announced, is a daughter of Dr. Bedell of Marin county fame. He was a nephew of the famous Dr. Bedell of New York, whose mysterious murder became a cause celebre. The mystery is yet unsolved. The murder was followed by an attempt to secure the estate for a fake heir. Mrs. Cunningham, the housekeeper of Dr. Bedell, produced a baby and alleged that it was the doctor's child. The conspiracy came near being successful. Colonel Kowalsky was not the attorney for that particular child.

How Foster Gave Offense

There was a congealing of the atmosphere at the Philomath club the other night when John W. Foster was delivering his lecture on the Great Viceroy of China. Mr. Foster was Secretary of State, once upon a time, and he is supposed to be a diplomatist of high degree, but in the Philomath club lecture he said some things which, I have been told, displeased people in the audience. The Philomath club, be it known, is composed principally of cultured Jewish women, and therefore it was considered rather indiscreet for Mr. Foster to state that China is one place in the world where Jews cannot live.

"Do you think it was proper for Mrs. Crocker to give such an elaborate dinner in Lent!"

"Why not? It was a Fish dinner."

An Emperor's Dish

If you want a dish fit for a king you may have the recipe. I obtained it from a well known bon vivant of the Bohemian club to whom it was sent by a friend in Berlin who is a member of one of the Kaiser's clubs. It is a recipe for a fish salad as prepared for the Imperial table and is a great favorite with William. Four pounds of hake are boiled, allowed to cool, and then cut into small pieces; two raw herrings, salted, are cut into small stripes and mixed with them. With the fish are mixed small pickled onions, capers, smoked and dried lampreys cut small, sour gherkins and crayfish tails. The sauce is composed of equal quantities of broth, yolk of egg, vinegar, butter melted and a little sugar and mustard, all stirred over the fire slowly till thick. The sauce is poured hot over the salad, which is then set on ice till required. It is garnished with red and white jelly, cucumber, cherries preserved in vinegar, anchovies, hard eggs chopped, beet-root and parsley. A few small meat dumplings are usually added to the salad. This is a typical German concoction.

Santa Cruz Misses Them

The J. Philip Smiths are not enlivening the social atmosphere of Santa Cruz this winter. They are settled in Rue Auguste Vacquerie, in gay Paree, and are entertaining the American colony at a lively rate. At one time the J. Philip Smiths showed an inclination to settle down in their villa in Santa Cruz, but they soon changed their minds. Life is too monotonous in a seaside city for people of wealth and live ideas. Paris is more in their line, and it will likely be many a day before the Santa Cruzans see Sunshine Villa's proprietors again in their midst.

Just a Little Gossip

Caro Crockett's engagement to Lawrence Scott is creating some peculiar gossip among the tea tabbies intimate with the private history of both families. Everything is not couleur de rose between the two households. Though Mrs. Scott has socially been kindness itself to her son's fiancee and has given her one of the most charming teas of the season the faintest kind of a cloudlet bedims the sky overhanging the wedding, according to the tea-tabbies. They have been looking into pedigrees and have found many things that make good material for chatter. In view of the fact that nearly all the leaders of our fashionable set are of the newly rich, it strikes one as absurd that any of them should be looking for flaws. But tea-tabbies must have something to talk about, you know.

W. S. TOWNSEND
Manufacturer of California Glace Fruits and Candies. Salesroom, 627 Market street, Palace Hotel Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Lord, The Lamblet and The Larcenist

Act 1.

Scene, Lounging-room, Knocker's club. Blase lord, (Joe Polk), sprawled out in a big easy chair and regarding pile of morning papers about him in an extremely bored way. Gapes, stretches himself, and gapes again.

Loquitur: How deucedly dull! Nobody here, nobody there, nobody anywhere. How shall I kill the time to dinner? Worse still, how shall I kill the deadly dullness of dining alone? (Ruefully lights cigarette and resumes the bored contemplation of the papers. Suddenly starts up with an idea.) By Jove, I will. Yes, I'll ring up that little Tessie Trotter and ask her to dine with me. Simple little girl, with simple little ways; simple little dinner a deux and the simple little finale. It will be the usual monotonous thing of course, but, by Jove, she's new and what's a forlorn chap going to do this beastly dull evening? (Be takes himselfto telephone box and leisurely rings up X 4-11-44.)

"Hulloa!"

"Hulloa."

"That you, Miss Trotter—Miss Tessie Trotter?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Polk. Going any particular place this evening?"

"No; that is—er, well, I think not."

"Then—er, might I ask you to do me the pleasure of dining with me?"

"Why—er, well, um, this is so sudden. I'm alone at home with my little sister Belle, and—er, well, the fact is I never dine out with anyone, you know, unless there is company. May I take along my little sister, Belle?"

"Er (with troubled expression) why certainly, (then more cheerfully) but—er, Miss Trotter, I was going to suggest that I'm arranging to give a children's dinner at the Park play ground, next Thursday; donkey-rides, merry-go-round, and all that, you know. Let's postpone her dinner till then and give her a stunning time. I think she'd prefer it. Don't you?"

"Well—er, maybe, hem. Where did you—I say—er, where did you say you were going to dine? I did not quite catch it."

"I thought—er, a quiet little room—er, at the Maison Up-to-Date would be far preferable to one of those noisy, crowded, stuffy, hot public dining rooms downstairs, where the hoi polloi feed themselves and stare so vulgarly at one. They're so ill-bred. Don't you think so?"

"That's very true, Mr. Polk, very true, though I don't see how I can possibly go. Pa and ma may not return home this evening from Oakland, you know, and Belle, I'm sure, wouldn't dream of sleeping alone in the house unless I promised to return very early. Oh, I'm quite positive I couldn't dream of going under any circumstances. What time—er, I say what time did you say you were going?"

"How would about seven suit you?"

And the lord settles himself more determinedly in his chair and continues the conversation with a wan, wearied, half-smile just as the irrepressible Jim Sheldon bangs open the door of the telephone closet. The lord frowns. Sheldon's cheerful, expectant look gives way to one of deep chagrin as he discovers the room occupied. Mutters, "Beg pardon," and goes back to lounging room. Four minutes later he returns and discovers the wearied, blase Polk still at his task before the 'phone. Exit again muttering "damn." Two minutes later he enters to extra 'phone in adjacent reception room and fiercely grabs receiver to learn if Polk is "still jabbering." Frowns and is about to hang up receiver again when he catches certain words which indicate that Polk is about to hang up his end. Hears the click showing that Polk has hung up and almost immediately Miss Trotter's voice:

"Hulloa, Mr. Polk, I say, hulloa. Are you still there; hulloa?"

"Hulloa," (from Sheldon, nervously simulating Polk's voice).

"Are you still there, Mr. Polk?"

"Yes—er, (then boldly, a roguish twinkle gradually lighting up Sheldon's eyes) yes, I'm still here. I thought I heard your sweet voice and of course I didn't hang up. What is it?"

"Mind, I'm to be home, then, not later than nine o'clock. Ma and pa may be home by half-past nine o'clock and I can't possibly leave Belle alone later than nine o'clock."

"I promise, sure. But—er, to make doubly sure, I'd better make a little change in our program. Instead of going to room eleven go to room thirteen. You see—er, I had a half-engagement to dine in room eleven this evening with Jim Sheldon and Miss Van Astorbilt. You've heard of her, of course. The society papers had columns last week about the stunning diamonds and gowns she wore at the opera. Jim owes me two hundred plunks and he promised to pay it this eve at the dinner. If we go to room thirteen, we'll escape them and I can drop in on him easy enough and capture my money. Then we can have the pleasure of dining sociably alone and the dinner won't be so long winded. Is that satisfactory—er—halloa, I say is that perfectly satisfactory?"

"Y-e-s. But will I meet—er, I say, will I have to meet that rich Miss Van Astorbilt?"

"Not if we slip into thirteen. We can join them later on if we feel disposed, you know. Oh—er, I say, there is another point and it's very important: make the time seven-fifteen instead of seven-thirty. It's better for us to be a little early and not take a chance of bumping into them near the place. Is that satisfactory? Hulloa, I say is that perfectly satisfactory?"

"Yes, I understand perfectly: seven fifteen sharp instead of seven thirty and room thirteen instead of room eleven. Yes, I understand, good-bye."

"Good-bye" (immediately starts chorus of song, "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye," chuckles gleefully and slaps his knees in sheer delight. Then briskly skips out of telephone closet almost falling over the lord in his big leather easy chair with the same fixed look of weariness on his face.

Act II.

Scene, Interior room thirteen, Maison Up-to-Date; dining table, flowers, etc., set for two. Jim Sheldon with an expectant smile is pacing up and down. Touches button and waiter enters.

"Mind Pierre and bring in the 'phone calls just as I told you. If you mix 'em, you lose the tip and I'll never stop cussing you. Now duck and come in only when you're wanted."

Exit waiter.

Gentle tap at door, enter Miss Tessie Trotter stunningly gowned and carrying herself with an air that declares she is not going to let any Miss Van Astorbilt outshine her. Starts back in confused surprise at discovering Jim Sheldon instead of Joe Polk.

"Oh, er, I-I beg pardon. It's the wrong room after all. I-I expected to see Mr. Po—that is I-er, I quite expected to see somebody else, or rather I made a mistake in the number. It's a—"

"Not at all, I'm sure. Isn't this Miss Trotter?."

"Er-yes." (very dubiously.)

"Then (with great assurance) we must both be right, I'm sure. I'm Mr. Sheldon. I came here early with my friend Miss Van Astorbilt and we met Mr. Polk on the stairs. Miss Van Astorbilt was taken ill very suddenly and Mr. Polk took her out for a ride. He asked me to step in here and square him with you till he got back. I'm expecting them every minute. He said he'd 'phone when they were on the way back so we'd have plenty of time to get the dinner started. All we've got to do for the moment is to make ourselves at home. Please let me help you off with your coat and hat."

Miss Trotter looks a bit nonplussed for an instant, then smiles good naturedly and charmingly submits to Sheldon's millinery art.

Discreet waiter taps at door and enters with announcement as previously instructed by the larcenist.

"Telephone call for you, Mr. Sheldon, sir."

Larcenist excuses himself and goes into the adjoining room, where there is everything but a telephone. Paces up and down gleefully for a minute and then returns with great air of cheerfulness.

"It's all right, Miss Trotter. All right, just as I told you it would be. Joe and Miss Van Astorbilt are on their way here now and we can go right ahead and order the dinner. If they're not here before the soup, it'll be their own fault. And they'll be lobsters if they let the fish beat them to the table, won't they?"

The lamblet laughs at the larcenist's joke and seats herself unsuspiciously at the table. The larcenist presses the button and the waiter enters briskly with the hot soup and a

cool bottle of light wine. The larcenist promptly pops off a lot of his carefully prepared jests and airy persiflage and the affair starts off gaily. The fish is finally reached and Sheldon smilingly glances at his watch:

"Not here yet. Well, we gave them fair warning that we'd call them lobsters if they didn't beat the fish to the table, so lobsters they are, aren't they, Miss Trotter?"

Tap at door, enter discreet waiter with another prearranged message.

"Telephone call for you, Mr. Sheldon, sir."

Larcenist assumes well-feigned surprise. "Telephone for me? I wonder who it is? (with airy ease) Oh, well, it must be all right, anyhow. Excuse me, just one moment, Miss Trotter."

Exit as before into adjoining room.

Meanwhile Miss Trotter goes to mirror, glances at her sparkling eyes and good color with approval and deftly touches up her hair. *Loq. solus:* "I suppose it's that Miss Van Astorbilt coming back. (with spirit) Well, I don't know how good looking she is, but there's one thing, sure; she'll find she can't have all the men even if she does have all the money."

Re-enter the larcenist with well-assumed troubled expression on his face.

"I'm awfully sorry Miss Trotter, but Joe's just telephoned that Miss Van Astorbilt has been taken ill again and that he is going to take her home. Neither of them will be able to return here this evening. Isn't it too bad? And we were having such a good time. I'm a good mind never to pay him that two hundred for breaking up our evening. (Ostentatiously slaps a pocket planted with loose dollars but carefully refrains from showing anything like twenty dollars even. The face of the lamblet falls perceptibly. The face of the larcenist brightens a bit as with a sudden idea.

"Why, I say, why not? Here we are half through our dinner and we're getting along tip-top. Why shouldn't we go right ahead? Seems to me we'd be lobsters, too, if we didn't. Don't you think so, Miss Trotter?"

"Well–er, why–er, shall we finish early?"

"Certainly; of course we shall" (nods his head to emphasize the strong assurance.)

"Well–er, well, yes, all right; only we must leave early."

"Of course. I'll pledge you that. (Carefully refills glasses.) Here's to getting you home safely—and to proving we're not lobsters—and to the finish."

"To the finish." (Both drink.)

The larcenist pops jests in the interim to coffee and everything is going along swimmingly when the discreet waiter enters, tips the larcenist a covert wink and goes into the adjoining room. The larcenist excuses himself and follows.

Waiter *loq:* "Mr. Polk is getting swearing mad with impatience in room eleven and is running to the 'phone and over the house. Don't step outside your door or you'll fall over him, sure. He can't locate the girl he's lost."

"Bully for you, Pierre. I'll be careful."

Tips waiter and returns to room with well feigned look of righteous indignation, *loq:* "Of all the cheek I ever heard of,that Joe Polk carries the blue ribbon. What do you think? Why, the waiter just told me that he's over there in room eleven and he's been drinking. (Consternation on part of Miss Trotter.) Don't be alarmed, Pierre told him that I took you home right after his 'phone message and that I was coming back. I guess he's waiting for his two hundred dollars."

Miss Trotter looks relieved and begins to nibble a macaroon. She, *loq:* "Well, I guess it's all right as long as he don't know we're here."

The larcenists brightens visibly at her new condition of mind and springs the next of his prearranged ideas: "Say, do you know what I think? (In a very confidential tone.) Well, I think that Miss Van Astorbilt wasn't taken sick at all and that Polk and she simply made a sneak on us and have been dining together somewhere else and that he has slipped in here to sandbag me out of that two hundred dollars and make a glorious time of it. They think they've given us the double cross."

The lamblet's eyes begin to snap; *loq:* "Do you think they really did that? Well, I never! I guess you're right. Aren't they mean things. Well, they've not so smart as they think. (Glances over the wreck of the dinner.) I guess there are others, eh?"

The larcenist, with cheerful alacrity: "I guess, yes; and they're not in the lobster set either, are they, Sister Anne? (refills glasses briskly) and here's two to one they'll both be in it at the finish."

Best Merchants' Lunch—MAISON ALLADIO—104 Grant ave.

Both drink. The lamblet, with heightened color and sparkling eyes, leans confidently over the table towards the larcenist: "Yes, and I'll tell you what you do. Don't you give that Mr. Polk one cent of that two hundred dollars. The impudent wretch to desert us here while he goes off and dines with that dressmaker's dummy Then the cheek of him to come back here and try to get more money. Don't you give him one little cent."

The larcenist with a heavy show of great resolution, *loq:* "Blamed if I will. I'll do just as you advise. I'll keep it. (looks fondly at her.) I'll keep it for us. We need it as much as they do; don't we?"

The lamblet disregards the look and question, *loq:* "We'll teach them a lesson that'll be worth that much money. Promise me that you won't give him one cent for a—a month, at least."

The larcenist, with a still fonder look: "I promise—I'll promise anything to you, if you'll promise me one thing: Don't leave me here till Polk goes."

The lamblet, with indignation: "Of course I won't after the way he's acted. I simply don't want to see his impertinent face again. Do you suppose I'd speak to him now?"

The larcenist, pulling himself together: Of course I don't. (aside) I must be losing my nerve not to see that this is the place where I win."

Presses the button. Enter the waiter, who follows the larcenist into the adjoining room, *loq:* I say, Pierre, get rid of Polk as soon as you can. I've got to leave here in half an hour and I wouldn't have him see us for a million. Tell him I rung you up and said I wouldn't come back; tell him I'm in the morgue; tell him anything you like, only lose him. (Tips Pierre, returns to room and resumes conversation with the lambkin.) Pierre just told me that Polk's going to wait half an hour for the money on the chance of my return: but I'll fool him, as you advised. Pierre's going to get rid of him in half an hour, sure, so we'll have to kill the time here some way till then. You don't mind that, do you, sweetheart?"

"Not if you'll get me home by nine-thirty. Everything'll be all right then. There's nobody home this evening, you know."

"Oh, I'll get you home, all right, all right. (with another of his bright ideas) Ha! I say, let's take a look at this pirate who thinks he can sandbag us out of two hundred dollars."

Goes to keyhole of hall door and peeps out. Then looks up laughing and beckons the lamblet. She advances cautiously on tip-toes and also peeps through keyhole while the larcenist's right arm rests lightly and in a protecting manner on her waist.

She, *loq:* "I see him. My, how mad he looks! I guess it's because he didn't get that two hundred dollars."

"Or because the dinner with Miss Van Astorbilt didn't agree with him. (Both laugh.)

"Remember you promised me you wouldn't give him a cent for at least one month."

"Yes, I promised, but don't you remember there was one condition?"

"Was there? I don't remember it. What was it?"

"You promised to give me a kiss."

"Never. I couldn't think of such a thing."

The larcenist boldly takes one. She struggles weakly in his arms and he takes another.

She: "Oh, you robber, you said one and you've taken two."

"But they're so good." (takes another.)

"Stop now, or I'll never forgive you. I want to look at Mr. Polk again. Isn't he a mad lobster?"

She peeps through the keyhole again. This time the right arm of the larcenist boldly and strongly encircles her waist.

"Oh, he's still there, as mad as ever. There's another man speaking to him. I wonder who it is? Oh, it's the waiter. I hope he'll tell him to go away."

As she stands erect the larcenist takes three more kisses, and then excuses himself, saying that he is going to telephone the club that he'll be up there in an hour or so.

Curtain.

—The Club Boy.

"What will May Hoffman do now?" asked Miss Budde.

"That's easy," said Miss Belle, "she will go on the stage, of course."

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"The Little Minister"—the play is good.
ALCAZAR—"Too Much Johnson"—it's all right.
TIVOLI—"The Wedding Day"—second week.
ORPHEUM—Marie Wainwright, the big star.

Apropos "The Little Minister"

I don't see why Mr. Frohman should think it necessary to send an Eastern company out here to produce "The Little Minister." Since we could not have Maude Adams in the role, and he could not spare us any other actress of like fame to play the role of Babbie, why not have leased the play to one of our local stock theatres? There is not one well-known name in the company producing Barrie's play at the Columbia. I do not believe that a play can be acted by names alone; but when a company plays at our first-class theatres we surely have a right to expect some actors of note in the cast. "The Little Minister" is not so good a play as it is a novel, but I can fancy its clever New York cast lending it a brilliancy not in its dramatic construction. By reason of its New York success, it is worth seeing, but I should as soon see it played by the Alcazar company. The latter would do quite as well with its characters as Mr. Frohman's road company is doing. I hold no grudge against Mr. Frohman for withholding Maude Adams from us; he needed her in New York to star in other ventures. But I respectfully submit to him the proposition that henceforth, instead of sending us road companies, he rent the plays to our local stock managers. Thus will he save money and at the same time give us the privilege of seeing the late New York successes, without invidious comparisons being promoted.

The Press Agent Again?

It takes Americans to get on to new modes of advertising. In England they are still wrestling with lost diamonds and breach of promise suits against peers. In France, they burned down a theatre. Over here we do things differently. There was Mabel Hite, who ran away with a youth of millions—at least, the papers were allowed to think he had millions until his bride's engagement here was over. Then it was found his supply of cash couldn't cover his hotel bill. Then comes May Buckley, who gets her picture in the papers and columns of biography because she happened to be a passive performer in a shooting affair in a New York restaurant. Scarcely has the newspaper excitement, fanned by press despatches, subsided over this sensation when news comes that Mrs. Nevill Castle is lost—presumably a suicide. Mrs. Castle's picture goes into all the papers, her high-toned relatives are interviewed, a reward offered for her discovery or recovery, and the papers east and west are full of the missing actress. Then she turns up, safe and sound, laughs at her friends' fears for her safety, and explains that a missing letter caused the whole misunderstanding. Am I not right in saying that Europe is behind America in its modes of exploiting its stage people?

A New School of Acting

San Francisco is to have a new school of acting, presided over by no less a personage than the popular actor, Mr. Robert Downing. Mr. Downing at present has a school

FOR RAIN OR SHINE

for fair or stormy weather, for every day wear, for balls, picnics or parties, we supply appropriate footwear. Every shoe we furnish meets the most exacting demands as to style, quality, fit and finish. Add to all this fair prices and you have the sum total of our reason for expecting your patronage.

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CHINESE EMPEROR
TRADE MARK.

614 DUPONT STREET, next to St. Mary's Church

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

of acting in Washington, D. C., but as he intends to reside permanently in San Francisco hereafter, he will transfer his school to this city. The young star has made such a name for himself as a tragedian all over the United States that it should be considered an honor that he has decided to make San Francisco his home. Mr. Downing is to play an extended engagement at the Central theatre, opening in "The Gladiator," in which play he appeared here some years ago, and received most favorable mention from the critics. He has a large repertory of plays, including his latest success, "The Seventh Commandment." Mr. Downing is temporarily located at the St. Nicholas, where applications for admission to his school will be received by Mr. George Hemple, his manager. It is a splendid opportunity for dramatic students.

Samuel Adelstein has been playing lately at several important entertainments. He gave mandolin and lute solos at the Unitarian club's "smoker" in Alameda on Wednesday night, Tom Greene of the Tivoli being also on the program. At a late vesper service at the Alameda Unitarian church, Mr. Adelstein rendered two mandolin solos, and at the Emanuel Sisterhood's entertainment at Golden Gate hall recently his mandolin orchestra rendered one of the best received numbers.

The work of the Wagner Society I shall review in another issue of TOWN TALK.

Julian Hawthorne has just discovered Richard Mansfield's "Beau Brummell," upon which in a late issue of the *North-American* (Philadelphia) he places the stamp of his approval. Yet "Beau Brummell" was one of the first successes in Mansfield's repertory.

John E. Kellerd, who starred in "The Signal Code" earlier in the season, has succeeded to the role of Uncle Tom in Brady's New York revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and has scored as decisively as did Wilton Lackaye, whom Mr. Brady has loaned to Jacob Litt for the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Price of Peace." Kellerd is best remembered here as the successor of Willard in "Judah," when he appeared in the support of Marie Burroughs.

By the amount of paper I receive daily anent the road triumphs of "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park," and "Foxy Quiller." I presume those Klaw & Erlanger productions are preparing to storm San Francisco shortly.

A Hard Luck Story

Charles H. Yale and Sidney R. Ellis, who are directing the tour of the German dialect comedian and singer, Al. H. Wilson, now starring in "The Watch on the Rhine," were recently while en route beguiling the hours of travel by listening to the "hard luck stories" of a quartet of traveling salesmen in the smoking-room of their Pullman car. After listening to many weird stories Mr. Wilson said:

"Gentlemen, for downright hard luck I'll back my experience against anything you have related. One day last week, after receiving my salary, I noticed a one hundred dollar bill, which was my share on the sale of songs for the week, so naturally, I prized that hundred dollar bill very highly and I carried it in my pocket-book by itself only to look at. While strolling to the theatre, I noticed quite a crowd at an auction store, so I wedged my way in and was soon interested in the humorous conversation of the auctioneer. When I started to go I found my pocket-book was gone. I hurried to the

REOPENED—Maison Riche, now MAISON ALLADIO.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

TONIGHT, SUNDAY NIGHT
and for a 2nd and FINAL WEEK
Beginning MONDAY
Charles Frohman presents the success of the century
"THE LITTLE MINISTER"
By J. M. Barrie
Founded on his novel of the same name
April 8—Blanche Walsh in "More Than Queen"

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Mar. 31st

Tschernoff's Dogs Fuller Moller and Burke A Girl of Quality
Hamilton Hill Burt Shepard Callahan and Mack
Great American Biograph, showing Queen Victoria's funeral
Last week of MARIE WAINWRIGHT AND CO.

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
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Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp

Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2
Commencing Monday, April 1st
SIX LAST PERFORMANCES
The Famous Musical Success
"The Wedding Day"
By Stange and Edwards
Saturday Evening, April 6th—First Time of the Great Opera
"THE IDOL'S EYE" (Hoot Mon)

Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone, Bush 9

Alcazar

FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager

'Phone Main 254

Week of April 1st Matinees Saturday and Sunday
A heart story of the hills
"TENNESSEE'S PARDNER"
Suggested by Bret Harte's novel, clean and moral in plot and story

Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

Legal Notice

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HYMAN CLINOWSKY also known as HYMAN CHINOWSKY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, administrator of the estate of Hyman Clinowsky, also known as Hyman Chinowsky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Hyman Clinowsky also known as Hyman Chinowsky, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 16, 1901

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for Administrator
308-10-12 Phelan Building

The Hitchcock School, San Rafael, Cal.

FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

Very highly recommended—for catalogue and testimonials apply to the PRINCIPAL, REV. CHAS. HITCHCOCK, SAN RAFAEL

auctioneer and told him to offer a reward of twenty-five dollars for its return. The auctioneer announced; 'Here's a gentleman who's lost a pocket book with one hundred dollars in it and he'll give twenty-five dollars to have it returned.' One voice shouted out, 'I'll give thirty.' Another man exclaimed, 'I'll give thirty-five.' The auctioneer said, 'Thirty-five. Do I hear forty? Going at—' 'Fifty,' shouted someons in the back part of the room. Well, they kept bidding until they had the price up to ninety-eight dollars, when I felt something cold crawling down my leg. I found on investigating that it was my pocket book, so I put in the last bid of ninety-nine dollars and made my escape."

"'Well, where does the hard luck come in.'"

"I gave the auctioneer ten dollars on account and was so elated over finding my pocket book I forgot to claim it," said Wilson.

Attractions Next Week

The Grand Opera House will reopen next Saturday night, when a grand spectacular production of "Cinderella" will be the bill. A new company has been engaged to present the piece, and it promises to be a great performance, Mr. Morosco's famous ponies will be employed to draw Cinderella's coach, and there will be other novel features.

There will be a Great Unknown at the Orpheum next week who masquerades under the title of "A Girl of Quality" and is said to be too modest to permit her name to be used. She is said to be a striking beauty with a fine voice. Tschernoff's dogs, educated canines from St. Petersburg, will go through their paces and will give a representation of a fox hunt, one of the doggies impersonating Reynard. Mab Fuller, Mollie Moller and Dan Burke will present a rollicking farce, "Over the Pike"; Miss Fuller will be remembered as one of the famous Rosebuds. Hamilton Hill, who made his first American appearance at the Orpheum some eighteen months ago, returns with the American reputation his success in San Francisco assured him of. Marie Wainwright will present a one act comedy "Josephine and Napoleon." The holdovers will include Burt Shepard, Callahan and Mack, and the biograph.

"The Little Minister" will remain all next week at the Columbia, having its last performance on Sunday night, April seventh. Then will come Blanche Walsh in "More than Queen." She is said to give a fine performance as Josephine in Bergerat's dramatized story. The advance sale for "More than Queen" will open on Thursday morning.

Though "Too Much Johnson" is drawing large houses at the Alcazar, it will be withdrawn after Sunday night in favor of a new attraction. And in these days when everyone is bemoaning the degeneracy of the drama, it is intensely refreshing to sit for three hours and thoroughly enjoy a clean, wholesome play like "Tennessee's Pardner" which is announced for next week. For the past three seasons this play has scored a pronounced success.

"The Wedding Day" will go until Friday at the Tivoli, having scored a big hit, but on Saturday night next the old favorite "The Idol's Eye" will be put on. "The Idol's Eye" is one of the most popular comic operas ever recorded in Tivoli annals, and ranks equally with "The Geisha" and "Wang" in point of extended production. —THE PLAYGOER

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

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A mild, pleasant and Tasteless Laxative. A specific in Constipation, Obesity, Jaundice, Diarrhoea, etc. Unequalled for the Kidneys. Prepared only by

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To prepare for this change, we reduce prices on every vehicle in stock amounting to $100,000.

All Pneumatic Rubber Tire and Solid Rubber Tire Runabout Wagons reduced TEN PER CENT.

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Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Mountain Wagons reduced FIFTEEN PER CENT.

One hundred Vehicles, comprising different styles, are reduced from TWENTY TO THIRTY PER CENT, all being at cost of manufacture with the freight added, and many of them at less than first cost

Four hundred sets of Harness, both Single and Double Harness, reduced TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT

Twenty fine vehicles, including Victorias, Cabriolets, Broughams, Four-Passenger Traps and Coach Gear Park Wagons are reduced about FORTY PER CENT, making the price less than the original cost of manufacture.

Every vehicle we own included in the reduction; none are excepted.

Each vehicle plainly tagged, showing old and new prices in each instance.

An opportunity of THIS KIND to buy fine vehicles of a reliable firm has never before been offered in this city.

STUDEBAKER BROS. MFG. CO.,

L. F. WEAVER, Manager — Market and Tenth Streets

Mary Marmalee

A NAUTICAL BALLAD

Jack Jones he was a sailor lad—
A sailor lad was he,
He danced a jig in his trousers big,
A many a time at sea;
And oft' he'd sing a sailor song,
And sing it full of glee,
But the tears would come when he'd think of home,
And Mary Marmalee.

Oh, Mary was a spanking lass,
With the figure of a brig;
And she liked his nibs to tickle her ribs
With a kind and loving dig.
And when he left to board his ship,
As down the tears they flew,
She gave her Jack a generous smack—
To him she *would* be true.

Jack Jones he sailed the billowy main,
And minded not the gales.
With never a fear he'd hurl a spear
Into the spermiest whales.
And when it blew aloft he flew,
Into the mizzen top,
And whistled there some tender air,
Until the storm would stop.

A year passed by, and, safe in port,
Jack flew to his adored;
But when he heard she'd broken her word,
He was completely floored.
A month before he'd reached the shore,
She hooked a richer man!
Around he tore, and how he swore,
Imagine, if you can!

Jack straightway hired a livery hack,
A short ways for to ride,
To where *she* dwelt—the girl, he felt,
Who should have been *his* bride.
She dropped a tear when she saw him appear,
Did Mary Marmalee.
"O false Ma-ree! 'tis thee I see,
In the lap of luxuree!"

She softly sobbed, and her eyelids bobbed,
And she dropped her lovely head;
And all she'd say in a sobbing way
Was, "I thought that you were dead!"

Then Jack felt 'riled,' and his anger 'biled,'
And he shifted on his feet,
And then cried he, "O false Maree,
To think that thus we meet!
But when you say you thought me dead,
Mary, you know you lied;
And all I say in my boisterous way,
Is, 'Mary, damn your hide!'"

And he mounted his horse and away rode he,
And he left her fainting there;
For his temper was hot, and he swore he'd be shot,
Before her feelings he'd spare.
And he'd uttered a curse upon her hide,
And straightway she grew thin—
What could be worse than to utter a curse
On Mary's delicate skin?

The end is here—Jack met his fate
Afar off—miles and miles—
But 'tis pleasant to note, he tickled the throat
Of the King of the Cannibal Isles.
And Mary she grew thin and thin,
And thinner still grew she,
Till never a worm could live and squirm
In Mary Marmalee.

—THE SKIPPER.

Maud Muller's Frolic

Maud Muller on a summer's day,
Went on a strike while raking hay,
And said, as she gazed at her sweet Trilbies,
"What I'd like to live is a life of ease."

Just about that time, the judge came along
In his automobile, humming a song.
He flirted with Maud and she took his tip,
Jumped in by his side for a nice, short trip

When the judge and Maudie blew into town,
They were met by the jurist's wife, with a frown.
Said the judge, "I guess I'm in a bad boat,"
But he squared himself with a sealskin coat.

—THE PARODIST

PROF. H. JEROME FOSSELLI of London, England.

SCIENTIFIC PALMIST

The Professor has lived in India, and acquired a knowledge of the Occult from the Adepts in that Country. He has studied deeply into Mysticism, and is thoroughly equipped in psychic law. He accepts engagements at social functions, where he gives readings, thus relieving the hostess of much responsibility and imparting an intellectual tone to the entertainment. His prophecies have often proved true here and in other principal cities of the world. Residence, 515 Taylor street, San Francisco., where he may be consulted. To insure an interview prior engagements should be made. Phone, Black 561.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State afore said, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

The Automobile

The week has been a quiet one in automobile circles, the only happening of any moment being the arrival of the first installment of machines for the Sunset Automobile Company, both steam and electrics. The Locomobile Company sold three or four machines, one to Harvey H. Dana, who has become quite an enthusiast of late. Outside of these sales little else was done among the trade. Few bites but a great many nibbles.

The extensive advertising done by the California Automobile Company last week resulted in arousing considerable local interest. The new factory building in McAllister street has been the scene of a great deal of activity and large numbers of curious minded have visited the place to see what an automobile factory looked like. There has been a little delay in installing the electric motors that are to furnish the power by which the machinery will be operated and the actual work of construction will probably not commence until sometime next week. After that the factory will be operated night and day to make up for lost time.

Dorville Libby, manager of the Sunset Automobile Company, which has just secured the coast agency of the Century automobiles, states that the company will be in readiness for a house warming very shortly now. The first shipment of vehicles arrived on Monday and were immediately taken to the company's new store at 1814 Market street, just above Van Ness, where they are now being put in order for exhibition. In the shipment were several doctor's electric stanhopes, the rest being steam runabouts. The latter are somewhat heavier than those now operating here and will sell at a trifle advanced price. The machines run on the chainless plan, with enclosed beveled gears, a point that the Century people claim makes their vehicles superior to others. This remains to be seen. The machines are steered by a direct centre steering device, the handle of which also contains the throttle.

Arrangements are being made for the first official run of the Automobile Club on April seventh. Aside from the fact that the run will be through the park, the entire route has not yet been decided upon. The organization is showing very commendable activity of late and the members have been actually aroused to quite a degree of enthusiasm. Membership blanks are floating all over the city and one can scarcely manifest interest in a motor vehicle without being importuned by some zealous worker to become a member of the club. From the present rate the desire to have the membership role pass the century mark before the thirty-day limit expires, seems more than likely to be attained. The total foots up over eighty at present with the time limit yet some distance off.

—The Automobiler

Ladies "Knox" Straws just arrived.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street. Sole Agent.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie Kroutch, Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of said Mary Donegan, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANNIE KROUTCH,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25, 1901

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix.

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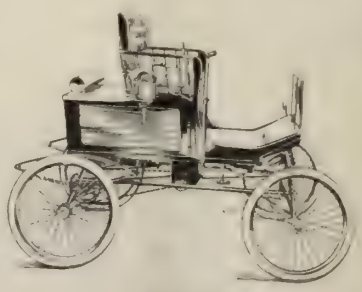

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Music World

Passover Service at Temple Emanu-El

Passover service will be celebrated at Temple Emanu-El on Thursday, April fourth, at ten a. m. Cantor Stark has prepared and composed an elaborate program for the occasion. The choir, under Mr. Stark's direction, will be augmented and the solos in the various exercises will be rendered by Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano; Mrs. J. Kelly, contralto, Mr. D. Manlloyd, tenor; and Mr. S. Homer Henley, bass. Mr. W. A. Sabin will preside at the organ. The following are the numbers of the program: Psalm, C, composed by E. J. Stark; Borchu, traditional; Sh'ma, traditional; Michomochoh, traditional; Kedushah, composed by Mr. Stark; Hallel, Halevy, En Komocho, Stark; Tonas adonoi, Goldmark; Ez 'Hayim, Loewe; Hallelujah, Sulzer. The offertory will be sung by Miss Cohn, and Cantor Stark will sing the traditional ancient melodies during the services.

Word comes to me from Chicago that Frank M. Coffin is located there. He has established a studio for voice culture and is doing well.

Church Musical Services

A special musical service will be held at Trinity church tomorrow evening. The program will include choruses from Edgar S. Kelley's music to "Ben Hur," solos by Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Mrs. C. E. Dutcher, Mr. F. G. B. Mills and Mr. W. R. Kniess. A selection from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will also be given. During the offertory Dr. H. J. Stewart, the organist and director of the choir, will play Nicode's Canzonetta and Hollin's Concert Overture in C minor.

The musical setting of "The Seven Words of Christ," by Dubois, recently sung for the first time in San Francisco by St. Dominic's choir, will be repeated on Good Friday (April fifth), in St. Dominic's church, corner Bush and Steiner streets, with the same soloists—Miss Lilly Roeder, soprano; Miss E. V. McCloskey, contralto; Mr. J. F. Veaco, tenor; and Mr. Walton Webb, bass. The organist and director is Franklin Palmer.

The Lucy Pupil Recital

A representative cultured and fashionable audience filled Maple hall, Palace hotel, on Tuesday evening, nearly every seat being occupied. The occasion was a piano recital by some of Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy's pupils. The pupils taking part were Miss Pauline H. Pettis, Miss Aril L. Heanan, Miss Roberta Lion, Miss Alys M. Miller, Miss Edith D. Evans, Miss Eugenie O'Connell, Miss Zoe Durner and Miss Helen Chamberlain. With the exception of a trifle of nervousness—consequent upon appearing before an audience of friends and relatives or due to the delay in beginning the program—all the young pianists acquitted themselves well. Miss Pettis has a particularly good touch and Miss Miller shows a fine comprehension of interpretation. Little Miss Lion, who is by the way the daughter of Reverend Edgar Lion of St. Stephen's, is a remarkably clever child, her playing exhibiting force and expression unusual in such a youthful player. Miss Durner is an especially brilliant pianiste and has evidently a future before her. Miss Chamberlain has studied abroad, and her playing is polished to a degree. The entire program was interesting, and the audience displayed its interest by its close attention and warm applause. The numbers, in full, were: Hexentanz op. 17, No. 2, MacDowell, Miss Pettis; Spinnlied op. 81, Litolff, Miss Heanan; Slummerlied, Stahl, Hunting Song, Gurlitt, Miss Lion; Salarelle Caprice op. 135, Lack, Miss Miller; Prelude op. 28, No. 15, Chopin, Miss Evans: Tarantelle op. 43, Thome, Miss O'Connell; Rondo Capriccioso op. 14,

"It is advisable that a man should know at least three things: first where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under the circumstances." Information on the last point will be furnished by Lewison's the Leaders Gents Furnishers—953 Market street, between 5th and 6th streets.

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We have just received from the most prominent manufacturers this Season's leading Spring styles in shoes for men, women and children, and shall be glad to show you our assortment.

If they are not as good as we say, you get your money back.

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Mendelssohn, The Two Skylarks, Leschetizky, Mazurka op.17, No. 4, Schutt, Miss Durner; Bridal Procession op. 19, No. 2, Grieg, Prelude op. 28, No. 18, Chopin, Hark! Hark! the Lark, Schubert-Liszt, Miss Chamberlain; Deux Pieces Symphoniques op. 14, Grieg, Miss Chamberlain and Mr. Lucy. Beautiful flowers were received by those taking part. At the conclusion of the program an informal reception was held.

The Loring Club Concert

I am disappointed in the Loring club. Where is that enthusiasm in their work that used to inspire the singers to do their very best? Where is that dash and go that were so apparent in these singers some three years ago? Mr. Loring does not seem able to inspire his choral with that desire to improve which was ever present during Mr. Hughes' directorship. Mr. Loring is a cultured and accurate leader, but he appears to lack the necessary force to bring the best work from those under his direction. On Tuesday evening, for instance, the program was beautifully chosen and every number should have evoked warm applause. Instead of that, a sort of an apathy fell upon the hearers who were barely aroused to applaud the soloist, Mrs. Edward F. Schneider. They did awake, however, when this charming singer had reached the second song in her trio from Rud. Baumbach's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," a dainty little love-song translated "May." The third of the trio, "Remorse," was the best adapted to show the depths of expression lying in Mrs. Schneider's sympathetic soprano. The songs were all beautiful, the settings composed by the singer's husband, and the encore that was as much for the songs as for the singer must have been doubly pleasing to the recipient.

The club, animated possibly by Mrs. Schneider's success, brought more life to the rendition of Templeton Strong's "The Trumpeter" than had been shown in any previous choral numbers. It was finely sung, the solos being rendered by Dr. Smith and Mr. Medley. The opening number of the first part was another fine chorus, Strauss' "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," with words written by W. A. Murison, one of the club members. The verses begin:

Danube so blue,
Of rivers a king,
With hearts brave and true
Thy praises we sing
With silvery sheen
Through valleys so green
Thou rollest the tide
While our song tells thy glories far and wide.

The spirit of the music is well carried out in the words. The accompaniment to this number by Miss Loring was one of its most delightful features.

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The First Zech Concert

The Zech String Quartet gave its first chamber concert to a large audience on the afternoon of last Friday. There were two numbers presented: the first, a quartet in A minor by Schumann, consisting of five movements of which the scherzo won most favor from the audience; and a quartet in B flat major by F. Zech Jr., also of five movements and of a style and consistency that reflected great credit on the composer. The movements were all good, but the trio (dolce e legato) was particularly fine and was greatly enjoyed. The members of the quartet are W. F. Zech, first violin, E. B. Lada, second violin, W. G. Collinan, viola, and A. M. Lada, cello. The quartet is doing excellent work and announces for next season a series of regular concerts, which will be looked forward to with pleasure by all who attended the opening concert of last week.

Carreno's Practice

When asked what she did to keep her hands in trim for her concerts Madame Carreno laughed, and spreading her white fingers for inspection said:

"As you see, nothing more. No massage, no hot water, no applications of any sort. That is simply an idea and has its root in nervousness and stage fright. No, I never do anything of that sort; I don't find it necessary as I don't get nervous. Why? Well, I suppose I've been before the public too long to be afraid of it and besides, I so thoroughly enjoy playing, you see."

At the Hopkins

The music of Henry Heyman's orchestra was a very enjoyable adjunct to the members' reception at the Hopkins Institute on Thursday of last week, the opening of the spring exhibition. The program was: March, Liberty, Sousa; overture, William Tell, Rossini; gavotte, In Nature's Garden, Berliner; waltz, Artist's Life, Strauss; largo, Handel; selections, Tannhauser, Wagner; intermezzo, Salome, Loraine; The King of Love, (cornet solo by Mr. A. Arriola), Gounod; waltz, I Love Thee, Waldteufel; elections, Wizard of the Nile, Herbert; popular, My Sunflower Sue, Bratton; march, Clauder.

—The Music Critic.

World of Letters

The Index Expurgatorius

The Examining Committee of the Boston Public Library appears to have taken for its model the gentleman who prided himself upon the excellent discipline which he maintained in his family because as soon as he made his appearance at home he gave orders to "make the children stop," without wasting time or thought as to what they might be doing. There does not seem to be any plan or system by which one can get an insight to the wherefore of the whyness of this new index expurgatorius. What possible harm could come of reading anything that Amelia Barr has written, and wherein has General Charles King offended against the proprieties? What is the matter with "The Touchstone"—more especially when the world is devouring those everlasting "Love Letters of an Englishwoman?" What has Jesse Lynch Williams done to anybody, or E. W. Hornung? William Dean Howells, Henry James and Mary Wilkins are tabu, and Mrs. Burton Harrison's New York social rank does not save her from condemnation. Ellen Glasgow's "Voice of the People," one of the notable books of the year, Maurice Hewlett's "Little Novels of Italy," and Howell's "Their Silver Wedding," are "unsafe for the fiction catalogue." "To Have and to Hold," "Unleavened Bread," "Resurrection," "The Master Christian," "Eleanor," "The Flame of Life," (D'Annunzio), Zola's "Stories of Ninon," and Mrs. Atherton's "Californians,"

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"Senator North" and "Daughter of the Vine"—all are cast into outer darkness. However, along with them go three of Isabelle M. Alden's (Pansy) children's books. "David Harum" was at first put under the ban, but a new trial resulted in the admission of thirty-five copies of the book. No one seems to be able, in sporting parlance, "to get a line" anywhere in the list. It is said that the committee is largely composed of "ladies of refinement and culture," who being in the majority have succeeded in imposing their peculiar views upon the rest. At all events they have very peculiar ideas of the function of a public library supported by public taxation. Some censorship is necessary, both with reference to the books placed on the shelves, and to those to whom they are distributed, but because some prudish or economical dame would not care to spend her own pin money for a particular book is no reason why she should stand in the way of others who are willing to contribute their coppers towards a common fund for its purchase. If the public library is not to contain the books which the public want to read, there is apt to be a protest against the public taxation for the support of the institution. No doubt it would be delightful to the committee to have only such clients as are willing to accept their peculiar ideas of "culture," and the library would have much more of the appearance of a select club, if the common people would only keep away. If this thing keeps on, the cheap magazines will experience a boom, and the cut rate book stores will have to enlarge their premises. People will read what they like, and on the whole they are very good judges of what they want. It was the reaction against the solid doses of "Pilgrim's Progress" and goody-goody books that drove boys of the older generation to dime novels, devoured in secret in the hay-mow. It is not to be expected that books, anymore than people, are immortal, and the fate which has befallen the supposedly undying works of other centuries ought to be enough of an example to prohibit the folly of trying to build up libraries for the benefit of posterity. Posterity will look after itself when its time comes, as we do now, and the professional gentlemen and ladies of "culture" who compose the committee should either broaden their views or make way for others of less narrow and bigoted propensities.

By the Tallest Man's Brother

Considerable amusement is being found in the announcement that a certain new English novel is by "the brother of the tallest man in the British Army"—but why not? Is it any worse than bidding for favor as the wife or daughter or cousin of some notability? Didn't Lloyd Osborne make the most of his step-father's reputation to help him along? Will Clemens never forgets to draw attention to his relationship with Mark Twain. Helen Hay hangs to her father's coattails and the third generation of Hawthornes is swimming in the wake of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." Marrying into literature is as much a matter of course as marrying for money. If the lame and the halt and the blind are invited to contribute to the yellow journals, why shouldn't the tall and the short, the fat and the thin,

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the bald and the red-haired, and their sisters and cousins and aunts come in also? Otherwise, where is the use in prating of the republic of letters? By all means, let the brother of the tallest soldier have his say, and the tallest soldier too, and all his comrades.

A Strong Writer

In these days of weak and flabby romancing, it is a matter for sincere rejoicing when an author has given us two such excellent books as Mr. Phillpotts, in "Children of the Mist," and "Sons of the Morning." His next novel, which is to be called "Good Red Earth," is eagerly waited for. Though neither of these books has headed the lists of the best selling—at least in this country—with successive editions running up close to the quarter million mark, they have not gone unread and unappreciated. Long after the pseudo-historical novel with all its off-shoots and imitations has passed into oblivion, "Children of the Mist" and "Sons of the Morning" will be read and re-read. No one can forget the ancient Billy Blee and the way he turned his back on the Lord when his courtship of the supposedly wealthy widow was a failure, nor the cheerful taking Him into favor again, as it were, when the wealth proved mystical and his successful competitor was taken to the workhouse to end his days. Old Jonah Cramphorn in "Children of the Mist" is another of the same sort:

As to the A'mighty, my rule is to treat Un same as He treats me 'same as we'm taught to treat any other neighbor. That's fair, if you ax me.

In response to the remonstrance of his fellows and the time honored wonder that a "bolt" does not strike him, he goes on;

Who's afeard so long as he'm on the windy side o' justice? I ba'nt. If God sends gude things, I'm fust to thank Un 'pon my bended knees, an' hope for long continuance; if He sends bad—then I cool off an' wait for better times. Ban't my way to return thanks for nought. I've thanked Un for the hay for Missis's gude sake, but thank Un for the turmits I won't, till I sees if I'm gwaine to have rain 'fore 'tis too late. No song, no supper, as the saying is. Ban't my way to turn left cheek to Jehovah Jireh after He's smote me 'pon the right.

On being accused of changeableness Cramphorn makes answer:

"Not so, Henery; ban't me that changes, but Him. I'm a steadfast man, an' always was so as Mr. Endicott will bear witness. When the Lard's hand is light on me, I go dancin' an' frolickin' afore Him, like to David afore the Ark, an' pray long prayers week-days so well as Sundays; but when He'm contrary with me, an' minded to blaw hot an' cold, from no fault o' mine—why, dammy, I get cranky, tu. Caan't help it. Built so. Pears to me as't is ownly a brute dog as 'll lick the hands that welts un."

I have never found anything quite so good in literature outside of Thomas Hardy, though I have time and again met with simple-minded old folks who expressed their views in as plain language and without the faintest suspicion that there was any irreverence in their attitude. I remember one old Scotch lady—a devout church member and a great reader of the Scriptures—whose comments on Biblical matters were as unconventional as anything in fiction. I particularly recall her remarks upon the long wanderings of the Children of Israel and the heavy punishment meted out for seemingly trivial offences:

"Well, there! That looks as if God had a bad temper, as well as the rest of us."

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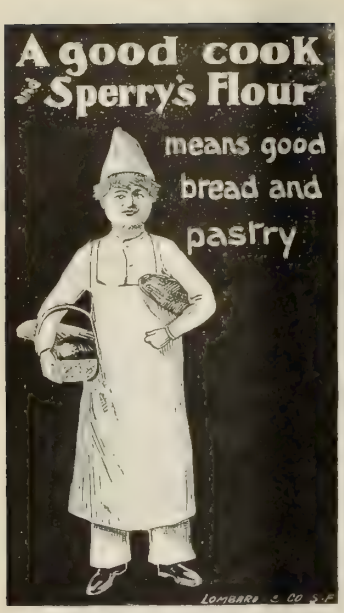

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long ago, amongst them one of Mary J. Holmes, but by some curious jugglery, the letter press refers to it as that of the author of "St. Elmo," Augusta Evans' masterpiece. I wonder if the schoolgirls of this generation consume the midnight oil in poring over that lurid melodrama? There used to be a copy in the Mechanics' library with marginal notes on every page—notes on the notes as well as the text. There were the commendations of the Sunday school girls on Edna Earle's moral platitudes, and appropriate shocks at the irreverence of St. Elmo. And the wicked and worldly minded would commend "St. Elmo" and poke fun at pious Edna. Then someone else would have a gibe at both of them, and so it went. I believe everyone who handled the book made an addition to the accumulation as long as it held together and space could be found.

A Change of Heart

Sir Walter Besant now objects to the number of reviews of novels which editors find space for, and gives it as his opinion that two a week are sufficient. He plaintively asks whether anyone can be led to believe that so many books are good—good enough to deserve the notice they get. It is less than two years ago that Sir Walter was cheerfully calling to everyone who could handle a pen to come and be an "author." He related at length the joys of the life of the penny-a-liner, to say nothing of the mints of money ready to pour into pockets. He had no fear then that the business of writing would be overcrowded, nor that the quality of the product would deteriorate. It is not probable nor possible that a tenth part of the stuff that is printed even reaches to mediocrity. The clean, blank paper is worth more than the finished books. Editors are apt to feel some obligations of courtesy. Books are sent them for review, which does not mean unstinted praise. What tickles the fancy of Sir Walter Besant would undoubtedly prove utterly unreadable to others, who have just as good a right to consideration at the hands of editors. I believe the present output of books in the English language alone is somewhere in the neighborbood of eighty a day. At the rate of two reviews a week even the second day's product would not be reached in a year. No one is obliged to read all the reviews, much less the books. President Lincoln once made use of the expression, "For people that like this sort of thing, this is about the sort of thing they would like." It is as much as can reasonably be expected of any but periodicals especially devoted to literature, if the books are roughly classified, with a rating of good, bad or indifferent in their classes. People will read pretty much what they want to, without let or hindrance from reviewers.

—*The Bookworm.*

Sembrich's Adieu

Madame Sembrich's good-day to us was also her good-bye, it appears, much to the sorrow of everybody who heard her on her one appearance in "The Barber of Seville." The cantatrice's throat trouble increased to such an alarming extent that she was compelled by her physician's orders to give up her tour and return to Europe for a long rest. We should be thankful perhaps that we were permitted to hear her once before her tour was abandoned. But such a little as was given us intensified the desire to hear more of such a charming singer, the greatest coloratura soprano in the world.

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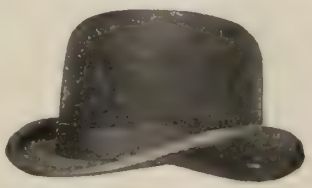

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 6, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Is He the Friend of Labor?

It is a principle of divine as well as of the civil law of this country that it were better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished. But the Building Trades' Council, an organization of labor interests, presided over by Civil Service Commissioner P. H. McCarthy, contends that it has the right to proceed upon an entirely different principle. A stockholder in a local corporation having, in his private business, patronized a non-union firm, the Building Trades' Council imposed a boycott upon the company in which he was interested, and which always has been and still is the patron of union labor. The absurdity and injustice of such a proceeding are manifest upon the mere statement of the facts. No one needs a diagram to elucidate the viciousness of such a proceeding. The Civil Service Commissioner who boosted himself into a political job by his activity, ostensibly in the interest of labor, maintains that the organization of which he is the executive head has the right to punish innocent stockholders in a corporation, men who may be in strong sympathy with organized labor, for the purpose of punishing a single guilty person. The exercise of such arbitrary and tyrannical power is certainly destined to have a boomerang effect. The imposition of such an unreasonable boycott is bound to prove injurious to the interests in whose behalf it was invoked. Mr. McCarthy is an unfortunate adviser. It is hard to believe that the man that urges such harsh, unjust and unreasonable measures is really the friend of organized labor. No man of ordinary intelligence believes that the interests of organized labor can be subserved by acts which appeal to the opposition rather than to the approval of the public. To succeed, organized labor must have the support of the public. It is surprising that a man who would advocate such a boycott would be permitted to hold the responsible position of Civil Service Commissioner. Mayor Phelan, who appointed Mr. McCarthy to the political position which he holds, and whose friendship for organized labor is undisputed, has pronounced the boycott referred to as unfair and unjust, and no doubt he sincerely regrets that a member of one of his commissions should so glaringly demonstrate his unfitness for the position which he holds. The Civil Service Commission has received many a black eye, but none of a worse character than that inflicted by the exposure of the nature, disposition and principles of P. H. McCarthy.

Imbecile Legislation

The Minnesota Senate has passed a bill which provides that "no officer shall hereafter issue a marriage license to any person applying therefor until, in addition to the condition now required by law, he shall be furnished with a certificate from a reputable physician or physicians of the county in which the parties reside, stating that he has examined such person as to his or her health or mental condition, and has made a careful inquiry respecting the family history of such person, and that neither such person, nor the father, mother, grandfather, grandmother or any brother or sister of such person either was inflicted with chronic imbecility or insanity." The purpose of the measure is commendable. The measure itself, however, is unreasonable, and moreover it could not be effective. The chronic imbecility of a person's brother or sister is not prima facie evidence of the disease being hereditary. And if the son of a maniac desired the requisite medical certificate upon which to obtain a marriage license he would not have much trouble in getting it. Medical certificates of all sorts are as easy to get as the measles. So called reputable physicians issue false medical certificates without the slightest scruple. Next to writing a prescription they like no task better than that of issuing a certificate. They'll certify you're sick in bed when you're in sound health if you have any use for such a certificate, or they'll solemnly attest that bubonic plague is chicken-pox if you'll make the fee large enough. The physicians of Minnesota may be more conscientious than those of California, but if they are, the proposed measure could not prevent a person from crossing the line into another State and getting married to his or her heart's content.

In the Far East

The press despatches early in the week indicated that Russia was getting ready for trouble. The Muscovite has been threatening to do something desperate for a long time, and that ultimatum to China was fraught with portentous prospects. Following so closely upon the news of the dismissal of Mr. Leavy Brown, Director-General of Corean Customs, the supposition was that Russia was playing the limit in the diplomatic game. Brown being an Englishman was inimical to Russian interests though acceptable to Japan, and the probability is that England is well

satisfied to keep her hands off the Far East while they are so busy in South Africa. Russia is after Manchuria and also Corea, and Japan is the only nation that is likely to protest if she attempt to grab both. France is an ally of Russia, Germany is busy in Shantung and England in South Africa, and this country has lost all interest in Chinese affairs. Japan, however, has vital interests in Corea. She needs it not only for the expansion of her interests but also for her protection against Russia. It was lately reported that crowds in the streets of Tokio were clamoring for war with Russia and the Japanese Secretary of Legation in London was quoted as saying "The question is whether we are to fight Russia now or to fight her later on." So, for some days a crisis has seemed imminent. Strategically and commercially Corea would be of great value to Russia but not more so than to Japan. By acquiring Corea, Russia could lessen the importance of England's position at Wei-hai-wei, and Japan in control of Corea could neutralize the importance of Russia at Port Arthur. With the Muscovite in possession of Corea, the independence of Japan would be menaced. So it should not be surprising if those two nations plunged into war. Time will work to the advantage of Russia for she is strengthening her navy every day, and having observed the Russian army in China the Japs have become more confident than ever. They feel that the time for trouble will never be more propitious.

Was Otis Blind?

It having been discovered that the Government was defrauded during the administration of General Elwell Otis in Manila, the authorities in Washington now state that no one connects him with the flagrant violations of the rules of military law. They declare that he was a good general but an extremely indiscreet manager. And yet we distinctly remember that when General Otis was placed in charge of affairs in the Philippines, the authorities in Washington declared that he was the right man for the job owing to his executive ability. They admitted that he was not a great military commander, but asserted that as a business manager he could not be excelled. If General Otis was not aware of the fact that the Government was being systematically defrauded by the Commissary department and in the Customs service, during his administration then he was perhaps the only man in Manila who was in ignorance of the facts. Authentic stories of those frauds crossed the Pacific and were published in TOWN TALK at the very time that General Otis was supposed to have the situation well in hand. It is incredible that such flagrant frauds could have been perpetrated without his knowledge. To believe that he did not know that the Government was being robbed on all sides and under his nose is to believe that he is the greatest fool of the war. It may be difficult to convict him of complicity in the crimes, but he should not escape condemnation for his administration. He was sent to Manila to assimilate the Filipinos and to point out the beneficent features of a Republican Government, and instead he disgusted them with revelations of fraud and corruption such as never have been known even under the much abused Spanish rule.

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For the Suppression of Boors

An organization that should receive encouragement is the Society for the Suppression of Itinerant Nuisances, Peregrinating Idiots and Perambulating Boors which was formed in Chicago the other day. Its purpose is, "to make it unpleasant for unpleasant people," and in view of the fact that, among the organizers are W. W. Heffelfinger, Yale's old football giant, Bert Waters of Harvard and William H. Arthur, an amateur middleweight boxing champion, the probability is that it will not be a failure for lack of muscle or energy. Branches of the society are to be organized all over the country. The parent organization has posted a list of unpleasant people for the attention of its members. The following appear upon it: The person who elbows his way through a crowded street; the person who attempts to enter a street car before passengers have left it; the person who chews tobacco and expectorates in a street car; the person who insists on talking politics to strangers; the person who stands on a corner and ogles women; the person who carries an umbrella or cane point up in the street; the person who takes liberties with the name of another and builds feeble jests upon it; the person who blocks the sidewalk; the person who crawls over patrons of the theatre to get a drink between all the acts; and the person who defames public men and women on idle hearsay and is a common scandal-monger. For the instruction of members a circular has been issued suggesting methods of suppressing nuisances. The following is excerpted from the circular: "An idiot who plows through a crowd carelessly and heedlessly to the discomfort of men, women and children may be butted in the tender regions of the waist line. This may be the accidental butt, the intentional butt, the careless butt, or the insolent butt, the degree to be determined by the size or conduct of the idiot. If the idiot appear as one who may become unruly, and there be a possibility that the member may get the worst of it, the accidental butt is to be recommended. An apology squares that, and the feelings of the idiot physically are left the same." Explicit instructions are given for the handling of almost every species of boor and nuisance, and it is evident that the members of the society have given the subject deep and valuable study. If a branch of the society were established in every large city people would soon be relieved of many of the discomforts to which they are at present subjected.

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Calvary

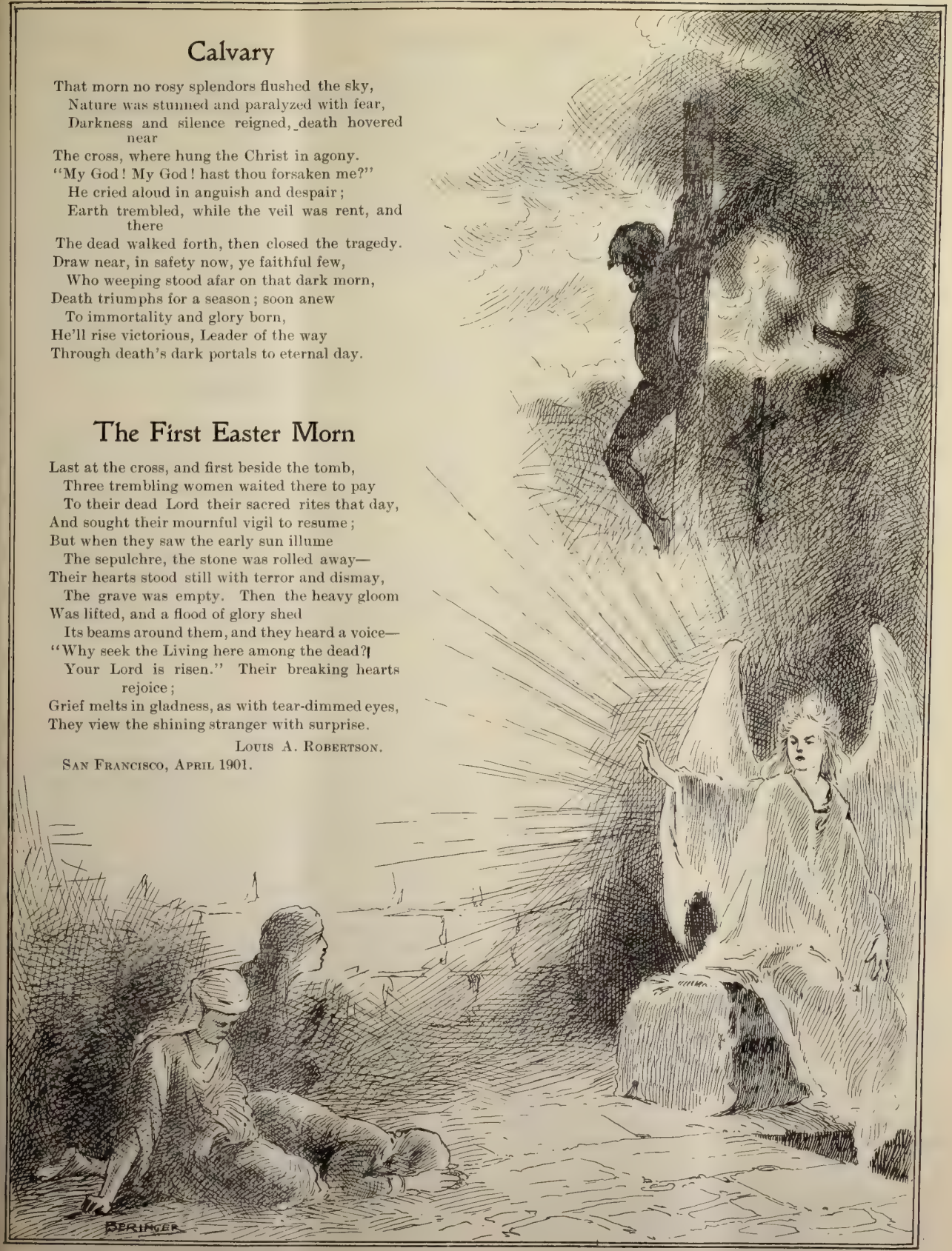
That morn no rosy splendors flushed the sky,
Nature was stunned and paralyzed with fear,
Darkness and silence reigned, death hovered near
The cross, where hung the Christ in agony.
"My God! My God! hast thou forsaken me?"
He cried aloud in anguish and despair;
Earth trembled, while the veil was rent, and there
The dead walked forth, then closed the tragedy.
Draw near, in safety now, ye faithful few,
Who weeping stood afar on that dark morn,
Death triumphs for a season; soon anew
To immortality and glory born,
He'll rise victorious, Leader of the way
Through death's dark portals to eternal day.

The First Easter Morn

Last at the cross, and first beside the tomb,
Three trembling women waited there to pay
To their dead Lord their sacred rites that day,
And sought their mournful vigil to resume;
But when they saw the early sun illume
The sepulchre, the stone was rolled away—
Their hearts stood still with terror and dismay,
The grave was empty. Then the heavy gloom
Was lifted, and a flood of glory shed
Its beams around them, and they heard a voice—
"Why seek the Living here among the dead?
Your Lord is risen." Their breaking hearts rejoice;
Grief melts in gladness, as with tear-dimmed eyes,
They view the shining stranger with surprise.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 1901.



The Saunterer

'Rah For the Scotts

The Henry Scotts are preparing for the biggest social scoop of the season. It is also to be the biggest social coup. The Crockers enjoyed a monopoly of the Fish-Smith party but the Scotts are to have a lead-pipe cinch on the McKinleys. President McKinley is to be the guest of the Scotts during his stay in this city. The Scott residence is to be turned over to the presidential party, and the Scotts are to throw a barbed-wire fence around the McKinleys, and trespassing is to be strictly prohibited. The Scotts are to go East to meet the McKinleys, and they are to come West with them, and the itinerary has been so arranged that they will stop over night in San Jose, lunch with the Scotts the following day at Blingum and dine in the evening with the Scotts at the Scott mansion. So if you are not on the Scotts' list you may as well make up your mind that you can't break in.

The Colonels Want Him

Meanwhile the Colonels of the Union League club are having conniption fits. The Colonels feel that the President owes them a visit. They handled his campaign in California, and they elected him an honorary member of their organization of gold-lace Republicans, and therefore they would consider it a snub equal to the one they gave the Bear club over the campaign banner incident if he should elect to stay away. But stay away is probably what the President will do, for he is to be in the hands of the Scotts, and Irving Scott, the man that built the Ark and the *Oregon* is somewhat sore on the Union Leaguers. When Mr. Scott and General Barnes were maintaining headquarters at Sacramento in a struggle for the toga, the Colonels were giving aid and comfort to the enemy. And Mr. Scott does not easily forgive.

What Abbott Promised

But the Colonels are not going to lose the President without a struggle. They sent Deputy Attorney General William M. Abbott on to Washington with an invitation to Mr. McKinley to be a guest of their club for a few hours. The invitation is a tempting one being on a gold plate containing about four hundred dollars worth of metal. The President accepted the plate but begged to be excused from eating a Union League banquet. He mentioned a few of the defects of his digestive apparatus, and declared that he could not take any chances with it. Colonel Abbott said that if the President would not stand for a banquet, the club would be satisfied with a visit of a few hours. He pledged his word that the visit would entail no embarrassing consequences, and that neither Colonel Shortridge nor Horace Platt, the reformed Buckley Democrat, would be permitted to talk more than five minutes. The President took the invitation under advisement.

The George Morses will probably be very much disappointed during the stay of the presidential party. Mrs. Morse, the wife of the Federal job holder, is a niece of President McKinley, and by reason of the relationship the supposition was that Uncle McKinley would accept the Morse hospitality. But the Scotts have distanced all competitors.

Who Is Lynch's Wife?

Is Jeremiah Lynch married? It would be characteristic of Jere to surreptitiously take unto himself a wife and to go honeymooning without letting any of his Bohemian friends know anything about his venture. Therefore I shall not deny credence to the statement that "Jeremiah Lynch and wife" were among the San Franciscans that visited Monte Carlo this season. The statement is contained in a letter which I received this week from Monte Carlo. I wonder if the lady is an Egyptian?

The other San Franciscans mentioned in the letter are, Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. H. McLean Martin, the Misses Martin, Raphael Weill, Miss Nellie A. Sullivan, Mr. T. W. Payne and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Mrs. William Willis' dinner on Thursday of last week, complimentary to Miss Callahan and Mr. C. E. Callahan of London, and Superior Judge Fuller of San Diego, was a very charming affair. There were a score of guests among whom were Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Knight, Mr. and Miss Alford, Imperial Chinese Consul Ho Yow, Dr. Louis C. Deane, Miss Lindley, Miss Martel and Mr. Barnard.

A Lawyer's Alleged Perfidy

A story is in circulation in legal circles and also in the clubs about a certain lawyer with a large corporation practice who recently urged a certain judge of the Superior Court to decide a case against him. He was the attorney of record in the case, representing a powerful corporation, yet he asked the Court, "on the quiet," so the story goes, to give judgment against the company. The supposition is that he was influenced by his hatred for the chief executive officer of the corporation. Seldom has a more serious charge been whispered against a member of the San Francisco Bar. And it has been so openly discussed, that I should be surprised if it did not develop a big scandal.

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His Professional Zeal

The lawyer involved is one of the most successful practitioners in the city. He has probably represented more corporations in his time than any other lawyer in the city. Moreover, he enjoys considerable social prestige, and though he has said that his only interest in politics is to see that honest men are elected to the Bench, he is suspected of having designs on a high official position. The damaging story that is being told about him shows that some people have not been much impressed by his explanation of his reason for being active in politics. What a tremendous sensation would be created if the matter were to become the subject of disbarment proceedings!

A Haggin a Poster Artist

Ben Ali Haggin left a son, I am told, who intends to distinguish himself among professional people. The youth is now about eighteen and is studying at the Art Student's League in New York. His talent is said to be genuine, though no Sunday supp. has as yet exploited his genius. One of the cleverest art posters produced this season was young Haggin's work. It shows a Cupid piping a lay of love to a tiny bird in an apple tree, and is used to advertise "Lover's Lane," Clyde Fitch's play at the Manhattan. It seems curious that a Haggin should become an artist, and that the son of such a noted turfman as the late Ben Ali Haggin should take to any business not connected with horses. Apropos of this aristocratic family, I understand that the J. B. Haggins are en route home and will spend the summer here. Countess Festetics is in New York.

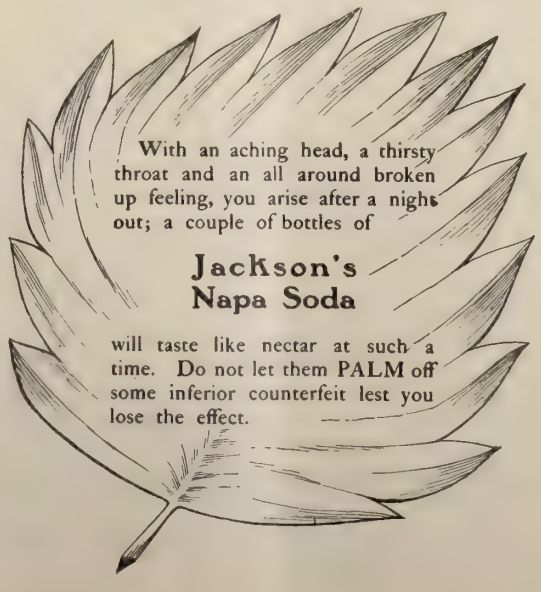
Mr. Morrow's School

Some one went to a lot of trouble to grill Mr. Morrow and his school for writers in the *Bulletin* last week. The article, which is nearly two columns in length, is eminently just, and filled with hard, common sense, but so far as pricking Mr. Morrow is concerned, it was a waste of good thunder. It is hard to imagine him taking his "school" seriously, and it is certain that no one outside of his classes does. Every generation—for that matter every decade—has its fad, and the fad is always worked for all it is worth. Just now it happens to be literature. A few years ago "hand painting" was the popular kill-time. Art dealers who were in the business in the '80's could tell as many tales of woe concerning the daubs offered them for direct purchase or sale on commission as can the modern editor of the written trash he is expected to make use of. It is probable that a fair sprinkling of the would-be artists of that day help to swell Mr. Morrow's literary class of today. Artists and art fakers found lessons to classes of amateurs a fairly remunerative way of making the pot boil and some of the unscrupulous did not hesitate to declare their ability to teach "art" in a limited course of lessons. Women who could not rule a straight line were not deterred on that account. They were confident of latent ability, and when the teachers corrected the most glaring defects and touched up the whole they never suspected that the work was not all their own.

Mr. Morrow is merely taking advantage of the sunshine to harvest a hay crop. It is within the bounds of possibility that he may give helpful hints to many on the subjects of elementary grammar and punctuation. Perhaps he will succeed in convincing the majority of his pupils that the wasteful injunction to write only on one side of the paper is not given merely so that the editor may use the blank side for his own work. He may teach a score of other details which facilitate the work of compositors and help to make copy clear, but he cannot teach the essential thing which makes the writer. Moreover, if he knew the "open sesame" he would be too busy making literature to waste his time in classes. The man or woman who can think of original situations and tell a story in graphic style is in no need of the services of Mr. Morrow.

Fake Literary Bureaus

I counted in a single number of a literary periodical the advertisments of no less than seven bureaus soliciting the patronage of would-be authors. They are all ready to read manuscript, make corrections, furnish letters of general or specific advice and dispose of articles, and their tariff in my opinion is high enough to scare off the impecunious. A manuscript returned corrected from one of these thrifty concerns, is sometimes infinitely worse than when it was sent. These institutions have no "pull" with editors and all they can do is to send manuscript on approbation from one editor to another until it is finally accepted or given up as hopeless. They can offer no advice less broad and general than not to send religious discussions to a political paper or light fiction to a scientific magazine—all of which is sufficiently obvious without the need of paying a commission for the information. At the rate that these institutions multiply it is evident that they are a "good thing." As the bunco men say, when people are so anxious to be fleeced it is a pity not to accommodate them. It is not so long ago that Walter Besant was shouting in the market places for "all hands and the cook" to come and join the literary brigade. Now he is complaining of the



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amount of worthless trash that is reviewed. Mr. Morrow's turn may come too. As Isabel Carnaby put it, writing is like flirting—if you can do it nothing will keep you from it; if you cannot, no one can teach you how. Most of the assiduous students are like poor Nancy of Folly Corner—"If I only could think of a subject and get someone to start it."

That Baum Letter

Attorney Baum's letter of protest against the election of Mr. M. F. Michael to membership in the Pacific-Union club, which I discussed last week, has been the subject of much gossip in legal and club circles. It is regarded as a most remarkable epistle, and I have been told that Mr. Baum has been advised to withdraw it. How the withdrawal of a letter can remedy the evil done I do not understand. No matter what may have been the spirit in which the letter was written I cannot conceive of both Baum and Michael being members of the same club. Of course the incident is to be deplored owing to the publicity which has been given it. And it is furthermore to be regretted, because it has shown that letters of protest even in high-toned clubs are not sacred. The circumstance of its having been given publicity may deter others from exposing the delinquencies of candidates in the future.

Retrospection

There is probably not a member of the Pacific-Union club who can boast of better blood or breeding than Mr. Michael. His father was an old Californian, who died leaving considerable wealth which was inherited chiefly by his son. Mrs. Michael married again, her second choice being a Mr. Josephi. The latter went to South America and died there, leaving a large life insurance which fell to his widow. Mrs. Josephi chose a third husband, and lived to quite an advanced age. As for Frank Michael, from his youth he has associated with those of his own class, the cultured, clever and well-to-do. When he went off to college in 1883, his traveling companion was Gaston Ashe, who also entered Harvard.

Lord Thurlow's Embarrassment

Lord Thurlow, promoter of the big Eureka railroad deal, threw out signals of distress the other day. The British capital which he expected has not yet materialized, and the enterprising nobleman has been finding it somewhat difficult to pay room-rent at the Palace. But Lord Thurlow is not easily disheartened. He has been in financial straits before and he is confident that the big railroad deal will go through. He expects the necessary capital to be forthcoming at the proper time.

Another Crooked Judge

President McKinley has once more shown how little he is concerned about the purity of the judiciary. He has just appointed Judge Robert W. Archibald of Scranton, Pa., to sit on the bench of the newly-created Federal Court for the middle district of Pennsylvania. Judge Archibald takes with him to the Federal bench the odium of the Amity Coal Company fraud. He was one of the organizers of that company of which the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania said: "Although twenty-five thousand dollars capital was recorded, the Amity Coal Company entered upon its business career without a farthing in its treasury. This was an evasion of the law and a fraud upon the public. It was a palpable disregard of law and of the requirements of business honesty."

Arts and Industries

The California club's exhibition of arts and industries will open next Wednesday, and will extend over ten days. It will be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion, which is already in the hands of the decorators. This exhibition will be far more comprehensive this year than it was last, and will include the fine arts as well as the industrial arts. The club has been working busily to make the affair a success.

Peculiar Patronage

It seems amusing to read in a New York weekly that babbles of society, that "Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has 'taken up' Mrs. 'Fred' Gebhard." Mrs. Gebhard, I should fancy, had the entree to New York's inner circle long before Tessie Fair was admitted therein. Mrs. Gebhard was a Miss Morris, and is very highly connected, besides being a beauty. Possibly this "taking up," though, was a sequel to the news lately related in the despatches, that the Fred Gebhards are seeking a legal separation.

The Crocker Children

The same paper gives some items about the incomes of Jennie and Charles Templeton Crocker, and states that at the sixth accounting of their estates, taken recently, it was found that the former had a cash balance to her credit of $588,766.95, and the latter $579,048.06. It is said that young Charles intends to make New York his home and as in five years he will be worth ten millions, he will be a most desirable parti for some New York belle.

Seeking Feminine Patronage

When an oil company begins sending its glowing circulars through the mails to women, advising them of its bright prospects with a view of tempting them

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to buy stock, I am of the opinion that its representations should be viewed with suspicion. Hence I have no faith in the Earl Crude Oil company since it appears to be depending on feminine patronage. One of its circulars came my way the other day. It presents a very convincing map of the Sunset District in which its property is located together with much plausible matter anent its prospects. Incidentally it is stated that, "The more stock you buy *now* the more rapidly we can develop and the more quickly you can receive your dividends;" also, "The investor assumes no personal liability for any debts the company may contract, and he can never be assessed."

Mr. Boone's Record

Glancing over the list of officers of the company I find that John L. Boone is the attorney for the corporation. Now John L. Boone is a very well known member of the legal fraternity.. Indeed, he is quite a notorious member, for it was not many years ago that he was disbarred by the Federal courts for practices unbecoming an upright lawyer. He made quite a wide detour from the proprieties, did Mr. John L. Boone, and the records of the court are quite explicit on the subject. It was proved that he had offered to use certain information which he had obtained in a suit against one of his clients, against that client in another proceeding. After he had been disbarred a year he was reinstated upon the petition of his friends at the bar who guaranteed that he would behave himself in the future. But before being reinstated he acquiesced in the soundness of the former judgment disbarring him.

In Re Hymen

Word comes from the East that Mr. D. O. Mills' charming descendant, Miss Gladys Mills, is rumored to be engaged to young Robert Gerry, whose mother is a cousin of Gladys' mother, Mrs. Ogden Mills. It was a matter of regret to many here that Mrs. Mills did not come West this spring, with D. O. Mills' party, or at least let her daughters come. But our people should be consoled, since the Whitelaw Reids brought their daughter. And I repeat here what I said last week, that our beaux should get into the running for Miss Reid's favor before she is captured by a New Yorker. If the rest of Mr. Mills' grandchildren marry outside of California, it seems as though at least one should be urged to remain here. There are a few eligibles among the Burlingame set, who might probably stand a show of pleasing paterfamilias. Mrs. Reid is said to like San Francisco immensely and it is not at all out of the question that she may some day take up her permanent residence here.

They'll Not Marry

The Frank Gardner who has made a fortune in Australian mining stocks and who was reported to be engaged to marry Mrs. James Brown Potter in London, is well known in this city. He came hither many years ago as a theatrical manager, and then he wandered to Australia. Mrs. Potter has telegraphed a denial of her engagement to this country, and her friends feel a sense of relief in the knowledge that as she has refused Dukes and Generals she is not going to throw herself away on an American millionaire. Perhaps it would be different, however, if it were not for the fact that Mr. Gardner has a wife in the person of Carrie Swain, who was formerly an actress, and who often appeared on the local stage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gardner spend much of their time in Paris

"It is advisable that a man should know at least three things: first where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under the circumstances." Information on the last point will be furnished by Lewison's the Leaders Gents Furnishers—953 Market street, between 5th and 6th streets.

He Inherited His Talent

A correspondent writes me from New York that Ambrose Bierce was with his son Leigh when the latter passed away on Saturday after a few weeks' illness. Leigh Bierce was his father's pride and inherited much of his gifted parent's talent. When a boy he lived in California, residing for the greater part of the time in the south with his mother. His desires led him toward journalism and after serving a short apprenticeship here he went East to take a position on the *Journal*. But the duties of a reporter did not fall in exactly with the high ideals he had formed of his chosen profession. The work became distasteful to him and he asked George Palmer Jr., head of the *Journal's* art staff, to take him into his department and teach him all about half tones and colored supplements. Under Palmer's instruction he became rapidly proficient. For two years past he had been in charge of the illustrated supp. of the *Morning Telegraph*. Young Bierce was very different in disposition from his father, the only point of resemblance being their common love of truth, and the possession of a high sense of honor. Bierce Jr. was a cordial man with a happy temperament and was most enthusiastic over his work. He was a close friend of Homer Davenport and at one time resided with the Davenports when the latter occupied a flat in New York.

From the same correspondent I learn that George Jones, who years ago was in the *Examiner's* art department and later went to New York to accept a similar position on the *Journal*, is now in Chicago in the *American's* art department. Mr. Jones married Miss Partridge of Bensonhurst, L. I. George Pancoast, formerly of the *Journal* and now with the American Lithograph company, was married two weeks ago, his bride being a charming widow, Mrs. Emma Lindsay, of Brooklyn.

The George Palmer Jrs. have returned to New York after a long visit abroad. Mr. Palmer's stay on the other side was limited to a fortnight but Mrs. Palmer and her two children enjoyed a more extended period of travel. They visited Paris, London, the Isle of Wight, Brighton, Stratford-on-Avon and other places. While visiting Mr. Palmer's relatives in England, at his old home, the opportunity was taken to have the younger child baptized. She was christened Mary Cole, the latter being a family name. Mrs. Palmer's mother, Mrs. Ethelbert Burke, was a Cole.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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Just a Little Suggestion

Ella Wheeler Wilcox need not flatter herself that she is the only person that receives appeals for guidance from women in distress and doubt. I have received a letter from a young matron who informs me that she is in mental trouble. She does not know whether she should exclaim "*rethro Sathanus*" or words to that effect, or whether she should fly to Faustus. Like the passionate poetess I have decided to answer my unfortunate correspondent in verse. Hence this sonnet, which my poet dashed off on the spur of the moment:

Not for an instant should you wait to weigh
The pain or pleasure, or the woe or weal;
But when the pulses plead, the senses reel,
When in the balance of the brain, the clay
Is thrown against the spirit; when you lay
A life's long love against a wild appeal
Of passing passion—then be quick to kneel,
And for God's Guiding Hand, in tears, to pray.

I, who have trod the labyrinth where love,
Allured by lust, was lost; where sorrow sighs,
And all the lambent lights of passion pale,
Do sometimes stretch my hands to Him above,
And lo! the demon that destroys me, flies,
And for a season ceases to assail.

Book Chat

Mr. J. O'H. Cosgrave, formerly of this city and now editor of *Everybody's* magazine published by Doubleday, Page & Co., writes me that Frank Norris' latest book, "The Octopus," is "a big California story by a Californian" and is well worth reading. He predicts for it a great success.

Leigh Irvine's latest story "An Affair in the South Seas" was accepted by T. Fisher Unwin, the noted London publisher.

How many people who read of Lawrence Vassault's marriage the other day know that the young man is related to one of the greatest histrionic names of America? The mother of young Vassault was the sister of Edwin Forrest's wife.

Sheldon Mantle will sail on the seventeenth of the month for Honolulu, upon a business trip which will probably include considerable pleasure.

The Ivey Aquarelles

J. Ivey's water colors, now on exhibition in a Post street gallery, are attracting many visitors and also much comment pro and con. The con seems to predominate among the younger critics and students. To these some of the sketches, particularly Blarney Castle and the other European studies, appear suspiciously like picture cards. Mr. Ivey's treatment of his subjects and his colorings partake of the Italian school which lacks the delicacy of the French water colorists' work. Mr. Ivey paints what he sees, and his impressions are of vivid hues. Some of the Monterey scenes are notably interesting, particularly the small one catalogued "Montery Sands," and which is a truthful and pleasing study of a familiar subject.

MAISON ALLADIO formerly Maison Riche, now open.

Californians in Paris

The Callahan family have been quite domesticated in Paris for some time, writes a correspondent. Mary, who was the principal of the Geary street school, lately left for California with her brother, their intent being to buy a new house for their mother and the rest to live in upon their return. The Callahan brothers have been wonderfully successful and both Mary and Kitty, the girls, have been enabled to give up school teaching. Among artists who are doing well here is Mrs. Dorsey, whose miniature work is very highly spoken of. She exhibited at the Salon last year.

Paris is full of Americans. There is enough of "Mrs. American" here to fill a large pie. They are living well, too, and are happy on modest incomes provided by the Mr. American at home. If they can paint a little, that is their excuse; or if they have a small boy or girl, the child is here to be educated. However, the truth is, the cause is usually on this side living in a flat.

The "Star" Blythe Widow

It is rather late in the day for a Blythe "widow" to be heard from but the star of them all has just come to the front in New York. She is highly interesting to us out here from the fact that she considered our four million Blythe estate such small potatoes that though she had the regulation rights of a "wife at common law," she scorned to have anything to do with the contest but devoted her time and acumen to a much larger estate in New York which she has just succeeded in having everything left her by will. The other heirs who were cut off with ten dollars each are rampant with indignation and have just filed a contest. The case can never out-romance our famous Blythe story but the fight promises to be far bigger and more bitter. The prominent and wealthy Van Rensselaer and Cruger families are both interested in it. By an odd coincidence the wills of the wealthy Cruger brothers are both being contested at the same time, both had unusual careers, rare matrimonial mixups and the evidence in the two cases is likely to overlap.

William Jauncey Cruger died nearly a year ago leaving his big estate to his wife, Mary Fambrough Cruger, the woman who claims she was once a widow of our Tom Blythe. The story of her life is as adven-

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turous as that told of Alice Edith Dickason, Grandpa Perry or any of the strange characters that came to light in the hearing of the great will contest. Cruger met her somewhere in Australia fifteen years ago. At the time he was very ill and she acted as his nurse. After he recovered she traveled with him. Later, it is alleged, she married him, and they came to this country. At that time the clans were gathering for the great foray on Blythe's Market street block and his ten thousand acres of Mexican lands, but Mary Fambrough Cruger tossed her nose in the air and passed them by. She had a richer prize at hand, though she did not realize that she was going to inherit with it a lot of litigation that would outrival anything in the Blythe estate.

Why She Kept Out of the Case

Subsequently she and Cruger went to France to live. It is said that they quarreled there and separated in 1897. At this time negotiations were had by which they were to be divorced and he was to settle one-third of his property on her. After the agreement was drawn up she claims she refused to sign it. He brought an action for divorce in France but it was never tried. Afterwards they were reconciled, at least so goes the story. One of her bitterest enemies in the fight over the estate is Meta Mourichon, the second wife of her husband's brother. Mrs. Mourichon has troubles of her own but she seems to be able to find time to tell all she knows and ever heard of the private life and character of the alleged Blythe "widow." In a late deposition she says: "My brother-in-law told me that soon after his marriage to this woman in Australia she told him that she thought it would be a good idea for her to go to San Francisco and take part in the contest over the four million dollar estate of Thomas Henry Blythe. She told him that she had formerly been the common law wife of Blythe and that she was traveling on an arrangement by which he gave her a large sum of money; that her claims to the estate were far better than any of those she had read about and that she felt certain she could get a widow's share of the property if she entered the contest. My brother-in-law," continues the witness, "urged her to keep out of the fight and the notoriety as he had plenty of money, and on his making certain promises of the way he would bequeath it she decided to make no appearance in the Blythe will contest.

A Typical Blythe Widow

"Mr. Cruger often told me," said the witness, that his wife was a woman of violent temper, extremely jealous, and was a great smoker and drinker. He said he was leading a dog's life with her and used to lament, 'Oh, if I could only get some peace before I die!' Here are a few scenes that read like the famous ones recited of Alice Edith in the O'Farrell street annex of Blythe's apartments:

"One night, in Paris," continues Mrs. Mourichon, "Mr. Cruger came to my rooms, his clothes were half torn off and he said that his wife was having a gay time, that she had smashed the decanters, thrown the candelabra out the windows and was dancing in evening dress all over the place. He declared it was shocking. He told me that at Narragansett Pier the same scenes had occurred; that she had smoked and drunk, flung furniture out of the window, danced shocking dances, and had wound up by firing a fusillade from revolvers."

To any of the audience who listened to the stories recited of the "doings" of Blythe's alleged wives that woman wouldn't have to submit any more evidence that she was one of the number. Barring the name it reads like one of Blythe's nights at home with one of his wives in his Market street rooms. The finish of these two "domesticated" millionaires, though so similar, was different in a few slight details. Cruger resorted to morphine to quiet his nerves and threatened to leave his millions where nobody could get them, but he ended by leaving them to his wife and cutting off all his other rich relatives with ten dollars each. Now they are making all sorts of charges against her outside of the statutory undue influence. However, such charges won't bother a woman who passed by without regret a chance to get a share of Blythe's big estate.

Dr. Foute's Overcoat

The story of the stolen whisky bottles from the residence of the good Dr. Foute recalls a Lenten tale of a stolen overcoat. It was during a Friday evening service in Grace church, held by the worthy rector and his young assistant, the Rev. Mr. Mason. The faithful were few and, chilled by the lack of fervor, the godly men repaired them to the robing room there to remove their vestments and don once more their clothes for the everyday outer world. Alas! some reprobate utterly given over to Satan had stolen the rector's overcoat, leaving only the tiny one of the diminutive Mr. Mason hanging all by its lonely on a hook. Dr. Foute had been suffering from a severe cold, the attentive attendant would not consent to his going out into the night unprotected, so he gave him his own garment, into which he shoved and pushed the rotund doctor, who looked like a big Brownie escaping from a shell.

Where is Dr. Mason?

And speaking of Dr. Mason, where is he now? He came from the East for his health, became an assistant at Grace church and at once began to cast goo-goo eyes at the rich girls of the congregation. The stately Miss Decker became the recipient of his

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

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attention but she had just broken off one engagement and was not to be caught so easily. Then he cast his eyes elsewhere and while filling an exchange with the Rev. "Willie" Davis of St. Luke's, the eye that was searching for a desirable parti chanced to fall upon the eldest daughter of Captain Merry. To be sure, the fair damsel was betrothed to Romie Watson and the wedding day was set, but what mattered that? Romie was a sailor bold, or rather a purser, and of course was not on the ground to ward off poachers. The Reverend Mason, owing to the fact that Grace church had services in the afternoon on Sunday, was free to go to St. Luke's evening service. He was there and he carried off the prize.

A Jamestown Jurist

Judge Jerome B. Fisher, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks, arrived in this city some days ago en route to Honolulu, where he is to institute a lodge of the Order. Judge Fisher is a member of the judiciary of Jamestown, New York, and is of high st nding in the legal profession. He is an enthusiastic fraternal man, and during his short stay in this city he has won the warm esteem of those of his fraternity with whom he came in contact. He was met here by District Deputies Kennedy of Los Angeles and Gray of Sacramento, who, together with Judge William P. Lawlor, Horatio Manning, Dr. E. N. Short, Richard Miller and others of the local lodge and Judge Harry Melvin of Oakland, entertained him in a manner that impressed him with California's proverbial hospitality.

Barendt's Great Victory

There was great rejoicing in the *Examiner* editorial room last Wednesday when the news was received of the Supreme Court's decision in the Park Panhandle case. That decision was a victory for Arthur Barendt, the attorney for the taxpayers that challenged the validity of the bond election. Mr. Barendt is an *Examiner* reporter who was admitted to practice a few years ago, and who practices for amusement when he isn't space-writing for a living. His newspaper confreres felicitated him upon his victory, which they regarded as of unusual importance owing to the presence of the eminent attorney, Garrett McEnerney, on the other side. Cuspidores containing bouquets were placed upon Mr. Barendt's desk, and the following resolution was adopted by the staff:

Whereas, Our fellow-journalist, Arthur Barendt, has landed a fatal uppercut on the active jaw of one Garrett McEnerney in the Panhandle Bond case; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the embalmers of bad *Examiner* copy, who have not a legal side-graft to swell our space bill, do hereby congratulate afore-mentioned Barendt, and on account of his many private virtues we do hereby regret that a bad reporter has been spoiled to make a good lawyer.

A Novel Musicale

Miss Agnes Burgin, who will sing at the charity concert next Tuesday evening, is so rarely heard in public nowadays that it is a pleasure to see her name on the program. Miss Burgin is the sister of Colonel Fred Burgin, and she used to be far more prominent socially than she has been of late years. She was a particular friend of the Hobbs sisters, Beulah, Jennie and Anna, and she also went with the musical set in which shone the Fair girls before they took up their residence in New York. Like Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Burgin goes in more nowadays for serious things than for dances; she is charitably inclined and also much devoted to her musical studies.

Miss Bessie Ames' 'cello will figure in the program at the musicale, also Mr. B. G. Lathrop's violin. Ben Lathrop's *Call* labors keep him caged in the Stevenson street office for a good part of the week, but he is always able to find time to practice his music. He is ami du maison at the Ames' and his violin and Bessie Ames' 'cello blend very harmoniously in duets.

A decidedly pleasing feature of this affair is that it is to be given at the Hopkins' Institute. The beneficiaries of the concert will be the Art Association, Seaman's Institute, Armitage Orphanage and St. Ignatius Training School for Servants, all worthy causes. Tickets are placed at two dollars, which will likely insure a crowded auditorium. The last society charity concert packed Maple hall to its utmost capacity, and tickets then were placed at five dollars. All the Burlingame set, with Mrs. Billy Irwin, Mrs. Head, Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Tevis and Mrs. Andrew Welch, besides many others in the swim are down on the list of patronesses. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's name is also there.

"Well thank Heaven, Lent is over and our fasting ended," said the daughter of Mrs. Good Manager.

"You should thank Heaven that you were permitted to fast," returned her mother.

Then she added:

"If I had not saved money by having no butcher bill, you and I and your sisters would not have new Easter hats."

Captain Perry's Return

Captain Perry, who is due this month to take command of the *Iowa*, said when he was here before that he would never return to this port unless he was a Commodore. But that was to a bevy of beautiful belles surrounding him at the time and mayhap it was part of a resolution on his part to steer clear of all chances of being lured among the isles of the benedicts. For Captain Perry is a wealthy bachelor of middle age, who was thought to have a life tenure on

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his freedom till he came here. In this port, however, he met several young beauties to whom he became very attentive. The tea-tabbies thought they saw his heart lines becoming taut in one direction when orders called him away. Now they are going over the old maps and charts to get his exact bearings and it is safe to say that Captain Perry won't be here a month till they know whether Captain Perry or Captain Cupid is in charge of the main cabin of the *Iowa*. However, a delightful social time is sure to follow his advent aboard ship.

William Mitchell Bunker will lecture in Sherman-Clay hall next Monday night on "The Real Siberia." The proceeds will go to the Children's hospital. Mr. Bunker crossed Siberia and Russia from Vladivostock to Cronstadt, studied the people and their customs, and took many photographs of striking scenery. Because of the revolts in Russia and the trouble over Manchuria the illustrated talk should teem with human interest.

She's No Beauty

Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish surprised San Francisco's smart set. The alleged pictures of her that have appeared in the dailies from time to time led people to believe that she was a beautiful woman. No beauty doctor would ever use the face of Mrs. Fish for the advertising of a patent face polish. She'll never take a prize for pulchritude. She is decidedly out of drawing in face and figure, but she dresses in superb taste, and during her visit she exhibited a fortune in jewels. Some of those that did not grace the social functions which were given in her honor said that there was no reason why her husband should be afraid to let her wander so far away from home. Mr. Smith proved himself a most courteous cavalier.

Francis Burton Harrison's Ambition

Young Francis Burton Harrison is following in the literary footsteps of his mother and is engaged in an ambitious effort to write the history of the Confederacy. He has special advantages at his disposal for his father was private secretary to President Jefferson Davis. From him he has inherited a great mass of very valuable papers and data relating to the rebellion. Influential friends at Washington have also promised to do everything in their power to place the best national records at his disposal. Then his young wife, Mary Crocker Harrison, is enthusiastically supporting him in his ambition and sympathizingly champions him in his work. Young Harrison is ambitious to make his work the Standard History of the Confederacy.

The Tevis-Baxter Nuptials

Though no date has yet been set for the Tevis-Baxter nuptials, Mrs. Baxter, mother of the multi-millionaire's fiancee, has assured the anxious reporters of the dailies that due notice will be given, and that there will be no secret wedding. A very pretty complication suggests itself as a possibility. Wouldn't it be a luscious bit of satisfaction for young Hughes, the jilted Denver swain, if Mr. Tevis, suddenly realizing that the girl who could so quickly be on with the new love while she was writing love-letters to the old, might be too fickle in her fancy even for a Tevis, should quietly jilt his prospective bride? It is a possible situation worth the while of a French novelist.

The Telltale Belt Bands

Leaving jesting aside, there is no manner of doubt that the Baxter–Tevis nuptials will be celebrated directly after Easter. The Collier–McDonald wedding was not rushed to completion more rapidly than is this Baxter–Tevis affair. Though Miss Baxter's lingerie which she ordered when she contemplated becoming Mrs. Hughes bore only the initial "H" which now stands for the Christian name of her new fiance, several tailor-gowns ordered a little later in this city bore the full name, Cornelia Baxter Hughes, on each band. The gowns were evidently intended for a trousseau. But when Miss Baxter threw over her Denver fiance, she speeded herself to the tailor and told him she would never use those gowns she had ordered. The tailor was directed to sell them, give them away or dispose of them in any old way, while Miss Baxter ordered a new batch of expensive costumes.

"I must have them immediately," she said, "for I am to be married right away."

However the tailor, up to his eyes in Easter orders, pronounced Miss Baxter's wish impossible. And so the apprentices at the tailoring establishment were set the task of picking out the word "Hughes" on the skirt-bands of Miss Baxter's frocks, and the name of Tevis is to be substituted.

A Toss-Up

"Do you think she will marry him?"

"Well, she was engaged to me once, and the wedding day was set."

"Well?"

"And I am still a bachelor."

A Gentleman's Beverage!

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An Easter Wooing, a la Russe

[*Note:* Easter in the Russo-Greek calendar does not fall upon the same day as in the Roman calendar. The service is very impressive, with many customs not observed in the Roman Catholic or Protestant church.—*Editor.*]

This is the story of a bashful suitor to whom Easter brought courage, and in the latter's wake came happiness.

Nikolas had been devoured by a hopeless passion for Anna during a period extending over several months. He loved her, but he feared to put his fate to the touch that would win or lose all.

As for Anna, she said to herself:

"The great dunce! Why does he not do something beside stare and sigh ? "

For Anna liked Nikolas. She considered him the handsomest lad attending St. Basil's.

On the twenty-second of April, nineteen hundred, Anna and Nikolas were both among the congregation at the church in Powell street near Montgomery avenue, where all devout Christians were gathered to celebrate Easter according to the Russo-Greek calendar. The services were solemn and impressive, the Bishop and his subordinates in their robes of office presenting a striking picture. Hundreds of candles lighted up the church and beautiful flowers decked the altar. Smilax entwined the pillars, with garlands of roses.

At half-after eleven o'clock the service began, the Bishop and priests delivering the chants as they entered the sanctuary. Members of the congregation, bearing lighted candles, followed. As the incense rose from the carved censors on both sides of the altar, the atmosphere became laden with its heavy perfume. The scene was one to inspire the least devout, to prayer.

Anna was moved by a different feeling than devotion.

"Ah," she meditated, "If Nikolas does not speak today, I shall no longer smile at him. I shall turn my thoughts toward Alexander instead."

While Nikolas, as the guns were fired and bells rung to proclaim the glad tidings of the Resurrection, was bracing himself up to a daring deed. He had often said to himself:

"If I were only brave enough to seize a kiss from Anna, then I could easily make my declaration."

But his courage had never been equal to the act.

According to the Russian custom, members of the church were exchanging Easter greetings, embracing and kissing each other in the triple caress that is a part of this interesting ceremony. The last peal of the bells was dying away when Nikolas, summoning all his audacity to his aid, went closer up to Anna. He scarcely dared look at her, for fear his valor would ebb.

"Christus vos kresse," said Nikolas.

"Christus vos kresse," Anna was already saying, her little chin coquettishly poised and her red lips never looking more inviting.

The custom of his church alone could have prompted Nikolas to the act. He pressed three kisses, one after the other, on Anna's lips, and embraced her tenderly. She did not resist. How could she, in church, and when her friends all about her were exchanging like greetings ?

When the service was over, and they all sat down to the splendid repast provided by the Bishop for his congregation, it was easy enough for Nikolas to finish the chapter so well begun.

The marriage of Nikolas and Anna, just three months ago, was one of the prettiest ever celebrated in St. Basil's.

—*The Devotee.*

Best Merchants' Lunch—MAISON ALLADIO—104 Grant ave.

They Give Us Milk

(A WAIL FROM THE WALDECK)

They give us milk; God ! how we cry
For it when born; but by and bye,
The baby bellywash we spurn,
And unto strong potations turn,
And every kind of tipple try.

Or wine, or beer, or rum, or rye,
We run the guzzling gamut dry,
But when we to this joint adjourn,
They give us milk.

When groaning on our backs we lie,
With pulses racing hot and high;
When all our vitals crave and burn,
And for the boozy bowl we yearn;
When we are sick enough to die,
They give us milk.

—THE CONVALESCENT SOAK

STUDEBAKER BROS. MFG. CO.

CHANGE OF FIRM

The San Francisco Branch of STUDEBAKER BROS. MFG. CO. will be succeeded **May First by**

STUDEBAKER BROS. CO., of California

A Local Company With Local Management

To prepare for this change, we reduce prices on every vehicle in stock amounting to $100.000.

All Pneumatic Rubber Tire and Solid Rubber Tire Runabout Wagons reduced TEN PER CENT.

All Surreys, Phaetons, Carriages, Basket Seat Novelties, and the entire line of new 1901 styles reduced FIFTEEN PER CENT.

Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Mountain Wagons reduced FIFTEEN PER CENT.

One hundred Vehicles, comprising different styles, are reduced from TWENTY TO THIRTY PER CENT, all being at cost of manufacture with the freight added, and many of them at less than first cost

Four hundred sets of Harness, both Single and Double Harness, reduced TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

Twenty fine vehicles, including Victorias, Cabriolets, Broughams, Four-Passenger Traps and Coach Gear Park Wagons are reduced about FORTY PER CENT, making the price less than the original cost of manufacture.

Every vehicle we own included in the reduction; none are excepted.

Each vehicle plainly tagged, showing old and new prices in each instance.

An opportunity of THIS KIND to buy fine vehicles of a reliable firm has never before been offered in this city.

STUDEBAKER BROS. MFG. CO.,

L. F. WEAVER, Manager — Market and Tenth Streets

A Man, a Mare and a Maid

The problem waited, while Gordon lighted another cigarette. He appeared to be in no hurry to finish its solution. There still remained a day for deliberation.

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." Nada had been considerably dearer than his horse, though unlike the latter she was not of noble lineage. He did not regret what he had lavished upon her, for she had returned his love as ardently as the most enamored lover could wish. She had occasionally hinted that she would not object to taking the name of Gordon for life, and items to the effect that such a happening was imminent had appeared in several papers that were interested in the doings of the fascinating danseuse.

But family tradition stepped between the lady and her ambition. Gordon spent all sorts of money on having a ballet written for Nada by a celebrated composer of dance music,and he had the production magnificently mounted for the star. When it came to making Nada Mrs. Gordon that was a different concern.

He was now at the end of his tether. Besides Nada, his other fad was fancy-priced racers, and neither was an inexpensive taste. He had sacrificed all his valuable thoroughbreds in turn to keep Nada in ballets, chiffons aud smart traps. Now, all that was left to him was the mare he loved best of all, Nada Darling, named after the danseuse. In one day, if certain obligations were not fulfilled he would be a ruined man. He must sacrifice Nada Darling or — himself.

More women than men have faced such situations. 'Tis an everyday matter to see a young woman take up some employment, or sell herself in the matrimonial market to save her father from financial ruin. Gordon had never in his life followed anything but his own sweet will. To figure the cost of anything was never his way, but at this moment it had to be done.

This was the problem:

Given, a man with a huge debt on his shoulders that must immediately be wiped out or else—ruin.

The first alternative, if he wished to keep his head above water, to part with his mare, the possession he valued most on earth but whose sale would square him financially, and permit him to retain his chere amie.

He was looking around for a second alternative, when his valet brought him in a note with the accompaniment:

"Messenger waits."

"Oh bother," exclaimed Gordon, and read:

Dear Mr. Gordon:

I want you to drop in to dinner this evening, informally, to meet someone you haven't seen in years. It will be a surprise to you,and a pleasing one—nobody else to be present but my surprise and myself.

Now do come.

Yours, very cordially,

Tazie Willis.

Gordon decided that his problem might be more easily worked out if he were to take some mental recreation meanwhile, therefore he sent an acceptance.

* * * * *

The surprise was Mrs. Willis' niece, and Gordon remembered her at once. She was only twenty but in three years she had sprung from an uninteresting bud into an exquisite flower. When Mrs. Willis and he were chatting a deux later on, the former said:

"I'm so glad you like Molly. I knew you would, for she is just the kind of woman to suit your taste. She has a million of her own, too—I'd hate to think of her falling a prey to a fortune hunter."

There was something suggestive in Tazie's smile.

* * * * *

When Gordon went home he took up his problem again. Mrs. Willis' smile suggested a second alternative.

Given, a young bachelor of good family and high social position, facing ruin or the sale of his most valued possession on earth.

Alternative, the acceptance of a million.

True, there was a condition attached to the acceptance—marriage. This would entail giving up his second most prized possession and probably breaking a woman's heart.

Nada's tears—could he face them? Would money salve a wounded heart? He might sell Nada Darling and keep her namesake—that was the fulfillment of the first alternative.

* * * * *

Gordon put Nada Darling through her paces. She was the bonniest mare in all the universe, to his idea. She rubbed her glossy neck against his arm, and whinnied. Oh, no, Gordon could never part with Nada Darling!

Up in his den, the wall was papered with photographs. They were all of one woman, a chic brunette in all sorts of poses, languid, coquettish, loving, cold—every expression was mirrored on that fascinating face. There she was in her favorite part, the Queen of Folly in the ballet whose composition had eaten up a big slice of his capital. Again, she was kodaked in her habit, her arm around her namesake's neck. There she was in her sealskin sack and jaunty seal cap, as she had driven with him many a cold day in the park. Oh, no, he could never part with Nada!

Then he looked out of the window. Nada Darling was being led to her stall. She tossed her head with a proud, proprietary gaze that scorned the groom who held her rein.

With a despairing exclamation, Gordon turned from the window. He could not make a choice. And then entered to him a servant with a card:

"Two ladies, sir; they are waiting at the lodge gate on their horses."

Mrs. Willis and Molly had come to ask Gordon's company in their ride.

If Nada the woman had been there, instead of starring as Queen of Folly in her ballet on a New York stage, perhaps Gordon's solution of his problem might have been different. But on Nada Darling's back, with Molly riding by his side, and Mrs. Willis yards and yards behind them, the other Nada had the inside track.

Gordon sacrificed his mistress, gained a wife and saved his mare.

* * * * *

A vision of a chic brunette with large eyes filled with bitter tears, a sobbing little figure before whose mind dashed a vision of suicide—that was the picture Gordon had before him as he said over the words that gave Molly into his keeping.

The officious friend who always likes to tell all he knows put a dash of wormwood into the wedding cake.

"You might as well know now, Gordon," he said, as the bridegroom was getting into his raglan preparatory to start on his honeymoon trip, "that it is just as well you cut Nada."

"Don't mention that lady except with respect in my presence," returned Gordon, coldly.

"Well, if you feel that way about it, of course. But perhaps it might make you feel less distressed at leaving her out in the cold if you knew she was never really yours."

Gordon's eyes glared lightning.

"Don't rear up now," finished the officious friend, "it was an open secret to everybody but yourself. The other fellow was a bar-tender she had known for years."

The wound to his amour propre did not prevent Gordon from sending Nada a cheque of large proportions the day after his return from his wedding trip.

—*The Cynic.*

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J CHENEY,

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There promises to be more of a rush than formerly for Easter wedding invitations. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, suggest that engraving orders be left as early as possible.

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"The Little Minister"—second and last week.
ALCAZAR—"Tennessee's Partner"—a fine play, well acted.
TIVOLI—"The Wedding Day"—third week, and last.
ORPHEUM—Very good vaudeville.

Booth Tarkington has dramatized his "Monsieur Beaucaire." It will be produced with Richard Mansfield in the title role.

Arthur Cunningham, the new Tivoli baritone, was a member of the original "Shamus O'Brien company."

There will be a beautiful bell ballet in "Cinderella," at the Grand, and the final transformation will be "The Fairies' Retreat among the Coral."

Next Tuesday night the California Eye and Ear hospital will have a benefit at the Tivoli. It will be a "society night" and there has been a big sale for the occasion.

Apropos Early Risers

A frequent and fervent appeal to be found on programs of lectures, concerts and other entertainments is addressed to those of the audience who may not care to remain until the close of the performance asking them please to keep their seats until the intermission. The appeal is, of course, ignored. I wonder why managers do not put in force a rule by which no one will be permitted to leave the auditorium except on an emergency? Still more, why is there no effort, not even a request to have people seated before the entertainment begins? It makes no difference whether one attends a cheap amateur club performance, a high priced opera or anything between—just as soon as the stage or platform is occupied a line of stragglers files up the aisle, and rustles into reserved seats. Then there is a nestling and twisting, re-arrangement, removal of hats and wraps, passing of opera-glasses, and whispering which destroys the comfort of everyone within hearing or vision. There is simply no excuse for this state of things. A hundred or so of late comers should not be permitted to interfere with a whole houseful who are on time. Managers should place some light obstruction across the aisles as soon as the performance begins, and permit no passage until an intermission. There is no greater hardship involved in being on time at a place of amusement or instruction than in reaching a ferry or railway depot in time for boat or train or in being at a bank before the hour of closing. If a few inconsiderate fashionables have to stand through one act of a play or one number of a concert, it will be an excellent lesson in promptness for the future. No manager need fear making himself unpopular by enforcing such a rule. The comfort and convenience of the majority of patrons should be considered. Most people want to hear and see the performance. Those who imagine that they are adding to their social importance by interrupting can easily be spared. They are not apt to be either intelligent or appreciative. Since the rule of having women remove their hats has worked so smoothly, there is every reason to expect that a rule of promptness would be equally successful. It is certainly as essential.

Visit MAISON ALLADIO—formerly Maison Riche, 104 Grant ave.

AMUSEMENTS

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Telephone, Main 531.
WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
This Evening—Immense Production of our Easter Spectacle
"CINDERELLA"
Introduction of the New Eastern Stock Company
Miniature Stage and Vaudeville Entertainment
Morosco's Shetland Ponies and their Baby Offspring
The Fairy Coach—The Bell Ballet
Magnificent Scenery, Costumes and Effects
100 People—(Ponies on Exhibition in Lobby)—100 People
PRICES: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. Few Seats at 75c.
Saturday and Sunday Matinees, Good Orchestra Seat, 25c.
Branch Ticket Office Emporium

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Beginning MONDAY, April 8th
Every Night
Matinee Saturday
BLANCHE WALSH
In the Imperial Spectacle
MORE THAN QUEEN
The Most Gorgeous Production Known to the Stage

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, April 7th
Prevost and Prevost — Hal Stephens and Company
Josephine Gassman and Pickaninnies — Geo. W. Wood. — Fuller
Tschernoff's Dogs — Moller and Burke — Hamilton Hill
A Girl of Quality — The Great American Biograph
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

★TIVOLI★
Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp
Evenings at 8 — Matinee every Saturday except to-day at 2
TO-NIGHT!
Great Production of the Wonderful Comic Opera
"THE IDOL'S EYE" ("Hoot Mon")
Book by Harry B. Smith — Music by Victor Herbert
The Most Popular Opera ever written
TUESDAY, APRIL 9th—Big Benefit for the California Eye and Ear Hospital
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents — Telephone, Bush 9

Alcazar
FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager
'Phone Main 254
Week of April 8th — Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Second and positively the last week of the most clever bill of the season
"TENNESSEE'S PARDNER"
A beautiful dramatization of Bret Harte's novel
Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c. — In preparation—OH SUSANNAH

The Hitchcock School, San Rafael, Cal.
FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS
Very highly recommended—for catalogue and testimonials apply to the PRINCIPAL, REV. CHAS. HITCHCOCK, SAN RAFAEL

Attractions Next Week

"The Little Minister" will have its last performance at the Columbia tomorrow night. Blanche Walsh in "More Than Queen" will open on Monday night and should prove a strong attraction for Easter week. Blanche Walsh has been here so often that she has established herself a strong favorite. Everybody will wish to see her in her latest success, in which she depicts the character of Josephine. The scenes in "More Than Queen" are of the Garden of the Palais Royal, the Chantereine residence of the Bonapartes, the Garden of the Malmaison, the Palace of the Tuileries, the Church of Notre Dame and the Palace of St. Cloud and Fontainebleau, and are said to be beautiful stage pictures. "The Pride of Jennico," "Sag Harbor" and "Under Two Flags" are Columbia futures.

Several new members have been added to the Tivoli company, and will appear in "The Idol's Eye," which will be given a strong revival tonight. "The Idol's Eye" is one of the most tuneful comic operas ever given here. It will likely have as big a run as it had before. Ferris Hartman as Abel Conn and Alf Wheelan as "Hoot Mon" have probably no peers in their respective roles, for Hartman is fully as clever as the "funny little man" for whom the part of Abel was written. There will be no matinee today, owing to the necessity of careful rehearsal for tonight's production.

Morosco's Grand Opera House will have a grand re-opening tonight with that old favorite "Cinderella" as the vehicle to display the talents of the new Eastern stock company. Miss Choate, the new leading lady, is said to be a blue blood and a relative of Ambassador Choate. The entire company is said to be unusually talented. "Cinderella" is said to be superbly staged. Ever since the box office opened on Wednesday the little Shetland ponies and their cute offspring have been exhibited in the theatre lobby and have attracted much attention from children and adults alike. Mr. Morosco's ponies are to take part in "Cinderella" and will not be a minor part of the performance.

Prevost and Prevost, who call themselves "Creators of fun in a Turkish Bath," will be the headliners at the Orpheum next week. Hal Stephens and company have an act which is a decided novelty. Stephens is a protean monologuist of ability and their sketch "At 1 A. M." is said to be one of the best mirth provokers in the business. Josephine Gassman comes equipped with new songs and supported by three of the smallest, blackest and cleverest specimens of the latest pickaninny crop. George H. Wood calls himself "the somewhat different comedian" and will be a novelty. Among the holdovers will be Tschernoff's Dogs, Fuller, Moller and Burke Hamilton Hill, "A Girl of Quality" and the biograph.

No doubt when Bret Harte wrote his popular novel "Tennessee's Pardner" he had no thought that it would reach so great a degree of prominence as to be sought after by the playbuilding world. But such has been the case and the drama by the same name now playing to the capacity of the Alcazar is one of the best plays ever put on at that house. "Tennessee's Pardner" is a truthful portrayal of life as it actually was during the early settling up of some of our western states; a pretty play, the characters well drawn out. The Alcazar players do excellent work in it. Instead of withdrawing "Tennessee's Pardner" at the close of tomorrow evening's performance the management has decided to keep it on the boards another week. "Oh Susannah" is in active preparation to follow.

BASEBALL

(This Saturday and Sunday)

SACRAMENTO

VS.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Los Angeles Team will make its first appearance next Thursday (Ladies' Day), April 11th.

RECREATION PARK

Eighth and Harrison Streets

SKAGGS HOT SPRINGS. Sonoma County; only 4½ hours from San Francisco; but 9 miles staging; waters noted for medicinal virtues; best natural bath in State; swimming and boating; good trout streams; telephone, telegraph, daily mail and express.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL AND STAGE SERVICE

Morning and afternoon stages. Round trip from San Francisco only $5.50; take Tiburon Ferry at 7:30 a. m. or 3:30 p m.; terms $2 a day or $12 a week. References: any guest of the past six years. For further information address

J. F. MULGREW, Skaggs, Cal.

Dine your family at MAISON ALLADIO, 44 Geary St.

Truth in Friendship

Shall we count the friendly act
That self-born act, without the heart?
What the deed—with pretty tact—
If but an actor, playing a part?

Would we real truth in friendship find,
Wait impulse—let intuition lead
Without mistake, or pledge to bind,
We'll reach our goal at safer speed.

This guide—a subtle voice:
It whispers, soft and low,
"Why makest thou that choice?
Not that way—this, we go."

Friendship—it is a selfless thing,
Pure metal, with no alloy.
Unbolts its doors at knock or ring,
Binds up the wound from falsehood's sting
With love, and courage born of joy.

—FLETCHER GILMAN.

"Are you going to church on Sunday?"
"That depends on my milliner."
"If she finishes your hat in time?"
"No—if I am able to pay up my old account in time."

In April

"Were you the victim of any jests on April Fool's Day?"

"Yes, my wife played a costly joke on me."

"What was that?"

"Ordered a thirty-nine dollar Easter hat and sent it C. O. D. to my office."

THE MESSENGER BOY.

Not Sold For Cash

When Ethel wears her Easter hat,
Her beau will say it's nice.
Of course he never would dream that
She still owes me the price.

—THE MILLINER.

Saw Herself a Bride

The wedding march on my ear fell
The sweet sound made my bosom swell—
But when I woke my tale to tell,
Alas! 'twas but the breakfast bell.

—THE OLD MAID.

The Distinction

Private Secretary: I say, Governor, are you going to the State line to meet Mr. McKinley?

Governor Gage: No sir; McKinley is coming to the State line to meet me.

THE JOSHER.

Hunter Baltimore Rye warranted 10 years old, the purest type of American gentlemens drink. Its medicinal virtues are acknowledged by all Physicians. Particularly adapted for Home and Club use.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS

(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN

V. V. O.

Scotch Whisky

Importers - - MACONDRAY & CO.

Legal Notices

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HYMAN CLINOWSKY also known as HYMAN CHINOWSKY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, administrator of the estate of Hyman Clinowsky, also known as Hyman Chinowsky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Hyman Clinowsky also known as Hyman Chinowsky, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 16, 1901

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for Administrator
308-10-12 Phelan Building

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie Kroutch, Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of said Mary Donegan, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANNIE KROUTCH,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25, 1901

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix.

W. S. TOWNSEND

Manufacturer of California Glace Fruits and Candies. Salesroom, 627 Market street, Palace Hotel Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Automobile

The Automobile Club of California is now in a position to proudly face the world with the boast that through its energetic endeavors its members enjoy an unrestricted freedom in the operation of their vehicles such as is not enjoyed in any other state in the Union. The history of the automobile in the East has been one of constant opposition. From its very inception obstacles have been continually placed in the way of its success and everything done that could possibly retard the development and progress of the new vehicle. But how different has been its reception in California! Here everything has been done to encourage and foster the new sport and the automobile has been accepted as the coming vehicle from its first introduction. At the very start the Automobile club was formed and made up as it was of representative business men of the State, it commenced to wield a weighty influence from the very date of its organization. The result thus far has been that no restrictive legislation has been made against the new vehicle in this State, while the privileges that have been granted it have recently aroused the Eastern operators to the full sense of the narrow-mindedness that exists there among the public officials.

In the park systems of New York, only electric vehicles are permitted to enter and then, only by special permit from a man who is a veritable despot in his position and who gives permits only to those with whom he is personally acquainted. Here any sort of an automobile, whether it be steam, gasoline or electric, has the freedom of the park on the south drive, from the entrance to the ocean boulevard, which was all the club asked for. In the Eastern cities ordinances have been passed regulating the speed of automobiles to five and six miles an hour. In this city the Board of Supervisors are about to accept a ten mile limit, which shows the broad-minded policy that prevails in this part of the country. The Automobile club recommended a ten mile speed, the Supervisors having originally decided upon an eight-mile limit, but upon having the wisdom of the former course demonstrated to them, the ordinance was changed to its present form. On the country roads throughout the State there are absolutely no restrictions and operators are not required to take out an engineer's license in every town through which they pass, as they are in the East. To make a tour through New York State, one must pay out a fortune in license fees.

The crowning achievement of the Automobile Club of California was accomplished two weeks ago, when it secured a concession from the various ferry and railroad companies in this State, whereby automobile owners are now permitted to take their vehicles on the ferry boats without undergoing the annoyance of being compelled to empty their gasoline tanks. Congress recently passed a law permitting ferryboats to carry automobiles using gasoline but making it optional with the various transportation companies whether they chose to carry such vehicles or not. Upon the solicitation of President Rogers of the Automobile club, the Southern Pacific company was the first company in the United States to grant this privilege, which action was promptly followed by similar offers being made by the California and Northwestern railroad, and the North Pacific Coast railroad, which companies operate ferry boats respectively to Tiburon and Sausalito, connecting with the thoroughfares that reach up into the northern part of the State. In fact, the various companies here are now offering special inducements to secure the traffic of the automobilists. This is a sign of the times that is not to be overlooked.

Jos. G. Saxton, the builder and designer of the "big steam truck" which has been attracting so much attention of late, closed a contract during the past week with C. E. Kuhn and E. V. Smith, proprietors of "Grey's Harbor Automobile and Omnibus Company" of Grey's Harbor, Washington, for the construction of a steam stage coach, having a capacity for carrying thirty-one passengers—eighteen inside, twelve on top and one with the engineer. The price of the big coach is three thousand three hundred dollars, of which one thousand one hundred and fifty dollars was paid upon the signing of the contract and deposited by Saxton on Wednesday with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. The rig will unquestionably be the largest steam vehicle in the world and on this account Messrs. Kuhn and Smith will come in for considerable distinction for being the owners of such a monster. That the vehicle will be satisfactory in every respect there is no question, for Saxton has the ability to turn out a perfect machine of this sort if anyone has. His big truck has certainly demonstrated that he knows how to turn out a steam vehicle and one that will accomplish all that he claims for it. The coach is to be completed inside of sixty days and already Saxton, with his customary energy, has given out the contracts for the various parts that go to make up the machine. One special feature about the boiler of this new rig is that it is to be arranged so as to burn either crude or refined oil, coal or wood.

Ladies "Knox" Straws just arrived.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street. Sole Agent

Bernhardt's Vinaigre de Toilette

A most exquisite preparation for the toilet.

It removes wrinkles and blemishes of all kinds from the face, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

This is the preparation used by Sarah Bernhardt in her toilet and was prepared for her by us

THE GRANT DRUG CO.
38 & 40 THIRD STREET
Cor. Stevenson St.

FOR HIGH-CLASS BOOK AND MAGAZINE WORK

A strong, clean, clear quality is always desirable. This is why "Albion" book is used in this issue.

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Our glasses contain those qualities which make them correct and attractive and are commended to people with discriminati' g taste--ask your oculist's permission to have us make your glasses — both he and yourself will be pleased with our work.

317-319 KEARNY ST. Bet. Bush and Pine

Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor says that Chapin & Gore's "Old Reserve" whisky is a tonic that cannot be beaten.

Saxton has just purchased a Locomobile for his personal use and on Thursday made a trip that will stand as a record breaker for some time or until someone else develops a greater amount of nerve. Saxton, in company with a friend, went to Martinez from Oakland, returning by way of Pacheco, Walnut Creek, Lafayette and down over the Fish Ranch road. The latter portion of the trip, from Lafayette on, was made after ten o'clock at night. Where Saxton's nerve came in was in attempting to negotiate those dangerous Fish Ranch grades under such conditions. They are difficult enough to make most operators think twice before attempting them in broad daylight.

Henry C. Morris of the Central Bank of Oakland has just received a Winton gasoline carriage from the East for his own private use. This makes the third Winton that has made its appearance in this part of the State, W. H. Talbot of this city receiving the first, Louis C. Sanford of Salinas the second and the disposal of the third as mentioned above.

The wealthy and popular Taylor brothers of Oakland, W. H. and H. B., have just sent in their application for membership in the Automobile club. Both are enthusiasts and were among the first to purchase Locomobiles when the local branch was established. W. H. Taylor holds the present Oakland-San Jose record of two hours and seventeen minutes.

Dr. Bangs, the pioneer Locomobile owner in San Jose, has extended a kind invitation to automobile owners in this city and Oakland to participate in the festivities that are to be held in the garden city next month in honor of the President's visit. In his invitation Dr. Bangs states that he will place his automobile stable at the disposal of the visitors, where they will find tools and everything necessary for making repairs, a cleaning rack and materials, also plenty of gasoline and lubricating oil. The Automobile club will no doubt accept the invitation in a body.

S. D. Rogers, president of the Automobile club, is building a gasoline ice wagon for the Union Ice company. It is said that if the vehicle proves satisfactory he is to receive a contract to construct sixty more for this same concern.

The latest automobile concern to come into the local field is the California Auto Traction Company with a temporary headquarters at 110 McAllister street. This company has secured the entire western agency for the vehicles manufactured by the American Electric Vehicle Company and intends to operate here in as extensive a manner as has yet been done. Charles J. Heineman is the president and general manager, with C. Wilson Frankel as general sales manager and Albert Stroth as general sales agent. A full line of machines have recently been received from the Eastern factory, including stanhopes, runabouts, surries, doctors' rigs and a handsome delivery wagon and are now on exhibition at the company's repository in McAllister street.

The highest award and only gold medal given by the Paris Exposition of 1900 for American electric automobiles went to the exhibit of the American Electric Vehicle Company.

—*The Automobiler.*

Hunter Baltimore Rye

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Music World

When the Bartletts Were Small

In the small but enterprising town of Vallejo there dwells a gentleman who could tell many a tale of the Bartlett family from which our Jessie sprang. It was somewhere in the suburbs of Chicago that he lived long years ago in the neighborhood where also dwelt the Bartletts. There were four of the Bartlett youngsters, two brothers and the sisters, Jessie and Josephine. Mr. John Cadan, the gentleman in question, was then a vender of milk and he relates that often the two little Bartlett pairs would tumble into his wagon in the early morning round and enjoy the luxury of a long ride. The family was in very poor circumstances and it was a rich philanthropist, who heard Jessie sing at a small concert, who sent her to Europe and gave her the education that helped make her the great singer she is today.

An exchange says that Hans Richter, the famous German conductor, has announced his intention of staying in Manchester for the remaining years of his active life. Concerning the inhabitants of that city, he says that "living in a climate rather unfavorable to the delight of the eye, they seem to be all the more keenly alive to the delight of the ear." Herr Richter states that he will give once a year a concert for the pension fund of the members of the Halle orchestra.

A Co-Ed Affair

Berkeley advices tell of an interesting musical event to come off next Friday evening in Hearst hall. Mr. Loring is director of a musical club among the women students of the University of California, known as the Young Ladies' Choral Society. The club meets every Thursday evening, and for some time all practicing has been for the concert forthcoming. The co-eds will wear on that evening their college gowns and mortar-boards. The purpose of the concert is to raise funds to pay for the co-eds' gowns. The chorus will be assisted by several soloists, Miss Ruth Loring being the accompanist. Among the numbers on the program will be: Spring in the Land, Joachim Raff; Legends, Mohring; Now is the Month of May, Templeton Strong. It will be remembered that this choral society is the one that was requested by President Wheeler last fall to sing at the football games and who did not appear as they did not like to waste their vocal organs on the campus air.

"The Seven Words of Christ," music by Dubois, was repeated at St. Dominic's last night at the Good Friday service, the organ accompaniment being supplemented by the harp played by Mrs. Casserly.

The Tivoli has never had a more satisfactory musical director than its present conductor, Mr. Paul Steindorff.

Loraine's "Salome" is probably the most popular composition rendered by the Stark or Koevessy orchestras. This piece has long enjoyed a vogue in the East.

The Twentieth Century club's next concerts will occur on the last Fridays of this month and of May.

Miss Kathryn Hilke is the soprano in the choir of the Church of the Ascension in New York.

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At the Churches Tomorrow

It will be hard for the lovers of music, not tied to one particular church, to choose in which sanctuary to worship tomorrow. There will be special Easter services at all the Catholic churches, and at the Episcopal churches also. Trinity choir, under Dr. Stewart's direction, will present a particularly fine program. Churches of the other denominations will have special programs of music.

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Easter Music

The musical program for Easter at St. Dominic's will be: Solemn high mass, eleven A. M.—Mass op. 4 (Saint Saens), for the first time in San Francisco; Credo (Messe Solenelle, Gounod), violin solo, Air for G string (Bach), Mr. Richard Jose Ferrer; Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod), Miss Roeder, with violin (Mr. Ferrer)and harp (Mrs. Casserly) obligato, soloists: Miss Lilly Roeder, soprano, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto, Mr. C. W. Rosecrans, tenor, Mr. Walton Webb, bass; Mrs. John Casserly, harp: Half past seven P. M., Easter Hymn, O Felii et Feliae (Gregorian), soprano solo, Hosanna (Granier) Miss Roeder; violin solo, Mr. Ferrer; contralto solo, I will praise the Lord (Haendel), Miss McCloskey, with violin obligato by Miss Kavanaugh; O Salutaris, Franklin Palmer; Tantum Ergo (Wider). The following pieces will be played upon the large organ by Franklin Palmer: Variations on Easter hymn O Tilii (West), Toccata (Mailey), Alleluia (Lemmens), Easter Flowers (Mailly), March from third symphony (Wider).

American Guild of Organists

Examinations for the diploma of Associateship in the American Guild of Organists will be held simultaneously in San Francisco and the Eastern cities on Wednesday, April twenty-fourth. Candidates' names should be in the hands of the local examiner, Wallace A. Sabin, before April fifteenth.

Apropos the Loring Club

I have heard many comments upon what I wrote last week in re. the Loring club's concert, and the general trend of discussion affirms my dictum. There is no doubt that the Loring club's work has retrograded, but I am told that that is not due to the director. Mr. Loring is as enthusiastic over the work as he was when he first assumed direction of the club that bears his name. But it is the members themselves that will not warm up to their work. They do not attend the rehearsals regularly in spite of the director's earnest persuasions. Again, there are many professional singers who belong to the club, and these cannot be expected to take the interest in its meetings that amateurs do. If a paid engagement offers itself upon one of the Loring rehearsal nights, it is not likely that the professional will forbear from accepting it for the latter reason. The club is just now particularly weak in tenors, but then tenors are always hard to secure even in opera companies. I also hear that the associate membership list of the Loring is open for an increase. It was formerly very large, and thus the running expenses of the club were easily covered by the associates' fees. The expenses of such an organization, for music, halls, lights, accompanist etc., are naturally heavy and are only to be easily borne when the associate list of members is large. The Loring is the representative choral club of the west, and it should not be permitted to deteriorate for lack of support in either its active or associate membership.

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At the Hopkins

The concert given at the Hopking Institute on Thursday evening of last week under the direction of Henry Heyman, was most enjoyable. Miss Mabel Martin, Miss Annie F. Baumann, Mr. Harry Wood Brown and Mr. Peter J. Oksen were the vocalists and Miss Josephine Parker accompanied by Miss Eva Gauches and Mr. Emil Cruells, were the instrumentalists. The numbers were all good, though if one were to specialize, Miss Martin, who by the way is a favorite pupil of Mrs. Karl Formes, did some specially taking work. Her voice is of fine timbre, mellow and sympathetic and she uses it in a manner which must be exceedingly pleasing to her instructor. Miss Baumann's "Dame Nightingale (Taubert) was daintily given and won her applause. Miss Parker is a young violiniste of much promise and decided talent and when one announces her as a pupil of Henry Heyman, it goes without saying that the "Seventh Concerto" (de Beriot) which is an ambitious composition and one requiring decidedly good technic, was well done. Last Thursday evening the second musicale of the spring season was given, with the following program: Organ overture, Romeo and Juliette, Bellini, Mr. Emil Cruells; song, In May Time, Buck, Mrs. Mary Carpaneto Mead; song, Once, Hervey, (violin obligato, Henry Heyman), Mr. Herbert Williams; violin, Prize Song, Meistersinger, Wagner-Wilhelmj, Miss Ethel Grant; song, Ueberall Du, (violin obligato, Henry Heyman), Miss Stella R. Schwabacher; song, O that We Two Were Maying, Nevin, Miss Elsie Arden; organ, Prayer, Gordigiani, Mr. Cruells; song, The Girls of Seville, Dinza, Mrs. Mead; songs, The Clover Blossoms, Anderson, Violets, Wright, Mr. Williams; violin, Berceuse, Jocelyn, Godard, Pizzicato, Delibes, Miss Grant; song, Lied der Grete, Conradi, Miss Schwabacher; song, Elegie, Massenet, (violin obligato, Henry Heyman), Miss Arden; organ, Handelian March, Baker, Mr. Cruells. Next Tuesday evening a promenade concert in aid of four worthy charities will be given at the Hopkins, and among the performers will be Mrs. Jack Casserly, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Bessie Ames and Mr. B. G. Lathrop.

Twentieth Century Club Concert

The Twentieth Century club concert of last week was greeted with a large audience and presented a very enjoyable program, exceptionally so in fact. The opening number, the elegie and scherzo from the trio for piano, violin and violoncello by Arnsky, was given for the first time in San Francisco and was performed by Messrs. Genss, Egry and Weiss. It was particularly beautiful and was greatly enjoyed by all present. Mr. John Plagemann gave two numbers in a fine basso and Arthur Weiss as always charmed the audieuce into demanding an encore, to which he responded with a plaintive old Italian song in a minor key. Two vocal quartets were given by Mrs. Mulcahy and Miss Lyon, sopranos, and Misses Bruntsch and Forde, contraltos, in good style. Mr. Herman Genss gave two piano numbers; a composition of his own, "Night Song," a lovely little thing, and the Schubert-Tausig "Militarmarsch." The program finished with a trio by Kirchner, "Serenade" (by request), and performed by Messrs. Genss, Egry and Weiss, but the piece de resistance of the program was really Mr. Egry's solo, the concerto for violin (Bruch), which was given with masterly technic and splendid style. Mr. Egry, who is a brother of Arthur Weiss, has but lately returned from Honolulu and purposes to remain here. Friday he was quite ill with la grippe and by an heroic effort only, fulfilled his engagement; but his playing certainly gave no indication of illness.

The Wagner Society

The Wagner Society lecture given recently, was the beginning of a series by Mrs. Mary Fairweather, of which "Tannhauser" will be the next. These lectures are an exceedingly interesting feature of the Wagner study, and Mrs. Fairweather, who is conceded to be one of the most enlightened lecturers we have, is aided by Mr. Howe, the director of the society, who is doing his part musically to make the lectures as attractive as possible. The first lecture of the series was on "The Flying Dutchman," and was interspersed with excerpts from the opera on the piano, by Mr. Howe himself. When "Tannhauser" is given there will probably be vocal examples given, which will render the lecture doubly interesting.

—*The Music Critic.*

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World of Letters

Heirs of Yesterday

Miss Emma Wolf's stories of Jewish life are beginning to attract no small amount of attention. Her last book "Heirs of Yesterday" is in many respects above the ordinary level of current fiction. Miss Wolf's story is based upon the argument that Jewish social life runs parallel with Christian social life, but—parallels never meet. The leading character is Philip May, talented and cultured, who fancied that he had naught to do with Ghettoes, a conclusion which the events of the story disprove. Philip is the only son of Joseph May, retired merchant, erstwhile peddler, in whom all the traditions of his race are strong and active. Philip is a young physician fresh from Europe and the universities, who fancies that he has outgrown all such limitations, and who without deliberately deserting his colors allows himself to be taken for a Christian. It is the old conflict of Fathers and Sons brought down to the present day and hour. How Philip May fought it out and what part Jean Willard played in the battle, form the gist of the story, which it would be unfair to Miss Wolf to tell here. The authoress has drawn her characters with a firm unsparing hand; she has not idealized them too much nor glossed over their imperfections, Old Joseph May is a particularly successful portrait, an admixture of honor, canniness, pride in his gifted son, and loyalty to his race and creed forming the backbone of a strong and lovable character. Miss Wolf has not omitted his little vulgarities, his bad grammar and his Yiddish, but these only serve as foils to the true worth and loyalty of the old man. Daniel Willard is another type of Jew, courtly and polished, and of the minor characters, Brookman, Paul Stein and Weiss, we can readily believe that they are drawn from life, for we have encountered them there. The heroine, Jean Willard, is an admirable girl, gifted, honorable, and above all idealistic, a noble type, and yet not too heroic for everyday life. The Christians of the story are not so pleasing. Otis acts like a cad and the artist Forrest is detestable to the last degree. Any man who could be capable of playing a part in the scenes depicted in chapter seven ought to be horsewhipped. Miss Wolf has a direct pleasing style of narration and excels in crisp dialogue. Her local color is good, and aside from the deeper motif of the story it presents a good picture of certain phases of San Francisco life. [Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1.00.]

An Unreal Laurie

One Mr. Alfred Whitman of the freak colony of Kansas, the insane ward of the continent, announces himself as the original of Laurie in "Little Women," and to prove it he is going to publish the letters Miss Alcott wrote to him. Louise Alcott, who ought to have known, if any one did, is authority for the statement that there was no real Laurie, though the character was suggested in some respects by a young Polish lad. If my memory serves me, she met this boy in Switzerland, and anyone who has had

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interest enough in her to give even perfunctory attention to the details of her life knows that she was well advanced in years before she ever saw Europe for she had not only to provide for her father and mother and her sisters, but she also felt it incumbent upon her to assume the future of her two nephews before she could think of herself. No one who read her journal, so carefully and conscientiously edited by Mrs. Cheney, can forget her own comment when she found travel and sight-seeing too exhausting for her strength. "When I was young enough to enjoy it I had neither the means nor the time, now that I have means and time I am too tired to enjoy." This is the kind of an advance notice that one commentor gives "Laurie": "Mr. Whitman couldn't have chosen a better way to disprove his claim. Though Miss Alcott has called him Laurie in every line she ever wrote to him, every one who knows the boy Jo chummed with and Amy married knows that he would never have published the letters of a friend."

Political Economy of Humanism

No stronger commendation of Henry Wood's "Political Economy of Humanism" can be given than the statement that it is made up of matter revised to date which has already passed through four editions under the title of "The Political Economy of Natural Law." Besides the revised matter two new chapters have been added, so that the book is for practical purposes a new one. Political economy is usually regarded as a dry subject but Mr. Wood has succeeded in making his book not only intensely interesting, but entertaining. He has no faith in the millennium which is to be brought about by "compulsory socialism," or any other of the cure-alls of the professional agitator but is of the opinion that labor unions and such organizations actually retard instead of advancing the cause of their members.

The sentimental theorists who write on political economy fail to see that their teachings are contrary to the foundation principles of economic science, for the reason that their business education has been entirely theoretical. It would be an interesting experiment if some of these writers on "Labor Problems" would embark in real business. Let one of them take the management of a large manufacturing corporation, another the control of some railroad system, and a third assume the direction of affairs in a large importing or wholesale house. If consistent they would conduct these various enterprises on the sentimental basis. In hiring help they would not be governed by the market price of labor, but pay inefficient men the same as those of the best grade; or rather, perhaps the price would be fixed by the local 'district organization.' They would pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work, and employ none but union men even if others were starving. The mercantile house would handle nothing but union goods, even if just as good non-union articles could be had for ten per cent less. The railroad manager would have no rolling stock that was not made by unionists; and if his switchmen struck, he would not hire other good men who might apply for work at the market price. He would grant the terms asked by the strikers, and take them back, even if he knew that they would strike again the next day. If he wished to change rules, hours, or methods, he would first get permission from the nearest 'member of the executive board' whether or not that official knew anything of the nature of the business; and his negotiations would be entirely with this official and not with the men. It is very probable that in each of the supposed cases a year's trial of sentimental management would thoroughly satisfy the respective stockholders in regard to its merits, as compared with real business methods. Doubtless it would also satisfy employers, as the various enterprises would probably have to suspend, and they lose their places. It is one thing to assume business conditions suited to a theoretical treatise, and quite another to act under those conditions in real life."

The extract will give an idea of the easy style in which the book is written. Mr. Wood points out the fallacy of trying to remedy defects inherent in human nature by merely "passing a law" and holds that most legislation is superfluous.

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Neither does he see the immediate downfall of the nation in the bugaboo of Trusts. The book is decidedly optimistic, and should help to counteract the influence of the flood of poor and cheap theories poured out on the eve of the presidential election. Some of the topics treated are Supply and Demand; The Law of Competition; The Law of Co-operation: Labor and Production; Employers and Profit Sharing; Governmental Arbitration; Dependence and Poverty; Booms and Panics; Money and Coinage; Tariffs and Protection; Industrial education; Social Experiments in Australasia. An excellent analytical index which closes the volume makes any subject available for instant reference. [Lee & Shepard of Boston, Publishers; Price in cloth $1.25; paper 50c.]

Is It An Elaboration?

George Homer Meyer, it is said, is about to publish a "novel" under the title of "The Nine Swords of the Morales." It is a story of early California life with the scene laid about what is now Sonoma. I remember to have read some years ago a short story with this same title and scenario. It was unusually good else I should not have kept it distinct in my mind from the hosts of mediocre and improbable blood-and-thunder, beautiful senorita and bad gringo tales with their sprinkling of bad Spanish. I am wondering if Mr. Meyer has expanded his first version or if the one story has been selected to name a volume.

North and South

The rivalry between the Sound and the Bay is manifesting itself in literary matters as well as in commercial dealings. The newspapers of the northwest have been for years on an equality, both in quality and in appearance with any of the boastful "metropolitan journals," and of late a number of creditable specimens of small book-making have made their appearance, chiefly from the Seattle presses. Worthy of especial note among these is *The Dilettante*. It is a little monthly magazine of literature and criticism devoted to the cultivation and encouragement of a literature for the State of Washington and the northwest, which shall be "local but not provincial, strong with the strength of buoyant youth, cheerful, pure and optimistic."

Column Fillers

I am an inveterate reader of the reprinted items used as column fillers,—not for the valuable information that I may absorb, nor even for lack of other and better reading matter but because I find a certain amount of pleasure in watching the transmogrifications which they undergo in the course of their migrations. The same story identical in every particular, first makes its appearance in the patent outsides and insides all over the country. The scissors and paste editors next help themselves to "fillers" and then for awhile the yarns are retired. Some of them reappear in the course of a few months, but it is safe to predict that by the end of three years every one of them has been resurrected, when it is believed or hoped that they have been forgotten and can therefore make a new debut undetected. On their second (and subsequent) advent they are promoted to a position of greater prominence than the obscure end of a column on the back page. Names and localities are changed and the tale is given a local habitation. What was originally given out as an occurrence in the New York Central Depot or Victoria Station, London, is transferred to the Southern Pacific Depot in San Francisco, or the Grand Central, Chicago. A Los Angeles hotel is substituted for one in Boston, or a New Orleans street for one in Philadelphia, and very often the whole affair is lifted across the Atlantic and set down on the European Continent. In all too many instances the editing of the paragraphs is confined to changes in names and locations, hence some amusing and incongruous statements. One of these revivals is going the local rounds just now, wherein it is stated that "five prominent gentlemen of *foreign* birth" met in Los Angeles, but in enumerating their home lands, one is spoken of as an *American*. To be sure he might have been naturalized but the story bears other earmarks of having been originally located far from the City of Angels. It is a good story of its kind and in these patriotic and warlike times it is too good for much rest. I look to see it retold before long, from Hongkong or Manila.

—*The Bookworm.*

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San Francisco, April 13, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Repudiation of McCarthy

It was a case of vaulting ambition o'erleaping itself when Civil Service Commissioner P. H. McCarthy failed in his attempt to secure from the Labor Council, last week, an endorsement of a boycott which he was instrumental in having imposed upon a place of amusement in this city. Mr. McCarthy is deemed of sufficient importance for notice in these columns through the circumstance only of his holding a public position. When he was appointed a Civil Service Commissioner, much surprise was expressed by those who had come in contact with him, and who were sensible of his unfitness. They knew that he was appointed in recognition of political services which, it was supposed, he had rendered and because it was believed that he was the representative of the laboring interests of San Francisco. It was true that by artful manipulation he had raised himself to a position of leadership in an organization of workingmen, but that he truly represented their interests none that knew him and that considered themselves fairly good judges of human nature, believed. They looked upon him as a blatant pretender, a shallow type of the professional workingman, a puny prototype of the pestilential Kearney, and they marveled at the judgment which dictated the appointment of such a man to a position of public trust. It was not long before the error of that judgment was shown by the scandals in which the Civil Service Commissioner became involved. Its brief history is one long series of scandals that have brought odium on an otherwise fairly decent administration. But it is not as a public officer that the coarse-grained, gab-gifted McCarthy should receive attention. In his capacity of leader of organized labor he should escape the vigilance neither of the police nor of the men who have reposed their confidence in him. Men who are in sympathy with the honest purposes of organized labor should regret to see those purposes thwarted by the base cunning of a selfish hypocrite. When a professional labor leader gets into politics and proceeds to strengthen his hold on the organization which he represents by securing political jobs for his puppets, and at the same time stultifies that organization by using it to wreak his private revenges, he becomes a menace to the interests of labor and should be speedily shorn of his power. The boycott which P. H. McCarthy sought to have endorsed by the Labor Council of this city was an outrageous attack upon the rights of individuals who have never been antagonistic to the interests of labor, and whose most serious offense was the incurring of the displeasure of P. H. McCarthy in his capacity as a political job-holder. Fortunately, the Labor Council is composed of sincere, intelligent men, representing the American Federation of Labor and happily free from the ravages of political parasites. They were quick to discern the motive that inspired the demand for endorsement, and visited upon McCarthy the denunciation that his conduct deserved. While it is pleasing to know that the opportunity arose for the emphatic repudiation of McCarthyism, it is nevertheless to be regretted that the incident should give the semblance of a clash between laboring interests. Fortunately, the Labor Council is too firmly established and on too sound a foundation to be seriously affected by the differences that were precipitated by the rabid, raucous Civil Service Commissioner. It was, perhaps, well that the situation arose, for the constituents of McCarthy must soon realize that they are not following the right sort of a leader, and the sooner they penetrate the disguise that conceals the wolf the sooner will the labor organizations of San Francisco be prepared to present a solid, united front.

A Pious Executive

Governor Jordan of New Hampshire is a dear old soul, and he is almost too good to be holding down a political job. He missed his vocation. A first rate preacher was lost to the world when Jordan entered the field of politics to gratify a worldly ambition. He recently issued a proclamation appointing April fifteenth as Fast Day in New Hampshire, in this manner: "I indulge in the hope that on that day all the people of our State will abstain from their usual avocations, from excessive eating and drinking, from pomp, pride and vain-glory; from all sports and festivities not in keeping with the spirit of the day as it has come down to us from the fathers, and that without sadness of countenance, hypocrisy or cant, they will assemble at their respective places of worship and there review their lives, recount their many departures from the path of right, justice, honor, truth and virtue; recall so far as they may the great blessings of good government hourly and momentarily attending them in all their journeyings hitherto; the priceless legacies of Church and State bequeathed us by the fathers." Fancy, if you can, Governor Gage, the friend and

protege of Dan Burns, issuing such a fervid proclamation immediately after the adjournment of the legislature. Imagine him, with his staff of honorary colonels in his mind's eye, urging people to abstain from "pomp, pride and vain glory." But of course Gage is not a Jordan. Moreover the Governor of California would never dream of appealing to the people of the State to abstain from "excessive eating and drinking." We are not gourmands, and yet we must plead guilty to having a cocktail route. But conditions in California are vastly different from those of New Hampshire. The good old day of Church and State has passed away on this benighted shore, and we have substituted a day on which we go to a football game instead of to church and yell like Indians without quite clearly knowing why we make such fools of ourselves.

Why It's Not Unpopular

The decision of the Supreme Court which deprives the Civil Service Commissioners of a plausible excuse for drawing their salaries is far from being the unpopular judgment that certain dailies would have us believe. When the Charter was adopted the civil service which it embodied was thought to be a good thing and it was approved by a majority of the people. The spoils' system by which political service was rewarded had long been in disfavor. It promoted incompetence in office and led to many abuses. The advocates of civil service were most enthusiastic in their laudation of the merit system. They declared that it would purify politics, and insure a clean administration of municipal affairs. The people demanded civil service and it was given them but the brand was somewhat different from what they had expected. The so-called merit system appears to have been handled in the interest of a clique. It has been looked upon as a sham. The commissioners upon whom devolves the duty of enforcing it lost the confidence of the public shortly after they went into office. It was a mistake to select men of their calibre to inaugurate the system. A hotel porter, a practical politician, and a small store keeper are not ideal Civil Service Commissioners. That limitations have been placed on their powers none but their henchmen regret. They exposed the loop-holes in the merit system and the Supreme Court was not slow to find law to warrant a decision rendering them harmless.

The Feminine Dog Fancier

In the *Examiner* the other day was exploited the story of the woman who professes to believe that the soul of her dead child has returned to her in the body of her pet dog. It is the generally accepted theory of those that believe in that sort of thing that in each reincarnation the spirit is advanced to a higher plane unless by its own transgressions in the flesh it merits a retrogression and no woman with sense enough to grasp the principle of the theory would willingly admit that her seven-year old daughter had committed sins so black and numerous that after fourteen years she was consigned to a dog-skin habitation. There are endless scraps of half-knowledge and fag-ends of pseudo-science flying about these days, for ignorant and uneducated people to pick up and make fools of themselves over, but newspapers should be charitable and refrain from exploiting their folly in type. It is a notorious fact that women who are so abnormally attached to their dogs, who seat them at the table and put them to bed o' nights, bathe and comb them and profess to understand "what they say," are seldom forbearing or tolerant toward children. The particular feminine dog fancier under discussion professes to see in her canine darling the reproduction of her child's eyes, and the color of her hair as well as her gestures and manners, and asserts that she does everything for the dog that she would for the child because she is so convinced of her identity. It has evidently never occurred to her that the difference in sex of her lost Lilian May and her restored Earl of Glengower might prove a disturbing element.

Industrial Troubles Ahead

It was formerly the pet theory of sociologists that industrial disturbances are the result of hard times, and that when a country is prosperous the working classes are happy and contented. This theory is about to be exploded. The country is prosperous now, but working classes are not happy and contented. On the contrary they are very much dissatisfied. The billionaires and the predatory plutocrats have been flaunting their wealth and their power so boldly and contemptuously that they have stirred up the indignation of the wage-earners. And at present there are signs and symptoms of enormous labor troubles throughout the country. The oft-repeated tale of combinations of capital made for the purpose of increasing the wealth of the absurdly wealthy Morgans, Vanderbilts and Rockfellers has had the effect of exciting the greed of the less fortunate. The wage-earner has begun to think that, if the prosperity of the country is so great as it appears to be, it is high time for him to demand a share of it. And that is what he is preparing to do. So radical is the feeling engendered by the predatory rich that a protest has gone up against even the founding of libraries by Andrew Carnegie. The radicals characterize his generosity as insulting alms-giving. They don't believe that one man should have the pleasure of being such a bountiful philanthropist. They think that all wealth should be in the hands of the people. They insist upon regulating the doing of good deeds. This is a species of fanaticism, but the predatory rich are responsible for it. Only the other day J. Pierpoint Morgan, organizer of a monstrous trust to monopolize the production and distribution of wealth said, "it's none of the people's business" what use he and his associates intend to make of the power derived from the possession of a nominal capital of more than a billion dollars and the protected privilege of exclusive access to enormous natural resources. Of course Mr. Morgan is in error. The people are concerned in his Steel Trust. They have a right to know whether he is misrepresenting the cost of production for the purpose of making unreasonable profit. Mr. Morgan is one of the men that are responsible for the unrest that is now so portentous to the country. He must soon realize that wealth depends upon the public for protection, and instead of alienating public sentiment he should be seeking to win its favor.

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The Saunterer

The Coming Coronation

A correspondent writes from London that "the coronation of King Edward is now being looked forward to with much pleasure by shop-keepers and it is the staple subject of conversation in society. It is expected to take place in August. The details of the ceremony read like a mediaeval fairy tale. In olden days the Abbott of Westminster used to prepare the King for his Coronation as if for Confirmation. A feature of the ceremony is the anointing with sacred oil. This oil is regarded as of greater value than the crown at the ceremony as it is supposed to convey to the monarch a special grace and sanctity which nothing can take away. It is recalled that Henry IV, aware that many people considered he had wrongfully deposed Richard II, took care that a vase of special oil should be forthcoming. It was said to be oil which the Virgin Mary had given to St. Thomas of Canterbury, with the promise that any King of England anointed with it would be a merciful ruler and champion of the church. Unaccountably mislaid, this oil was 'discovered' just at the right time for Henry Bolingbroke. And Richard III sought to strengthen his claim to his murdered nephew's throne by receiving such a deluge of holy oil about his person that he had to sit stripped from the waist upwards to be anointed. His unfortunate Queen was obliged to do the same.

A Priceless Chair

"All these reminiscences are now being revived in England, and there is much speculation as to whether King Edward will bring to light any of that remarkable oil. Next to the oil there is nothing more interesting according to the British notion than the coronation stone. It is said to have been the pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel. It was first moved to Egypt, and then taken to Spain by a daughter and son-in-law of Pharaoh. Later on it appeared in Ireland where it became a seat for Irish kings, and the historians trace it to Scotland, where it was first encased in a chair of wood which became the throne of Scottish kings. Edward I set his heart on the treasure and had himself crowned King of the Scots seated thereon. In this chair and on this stone every English Sovereign from Edward I to Queen Victoria has been crowned. Of course, the Scots were in dismay over the loss of such a priceless treasure, but the English regarded it with equal veneration. Only once was the stone removed from Westminster Abbey and that was when it was taken to Westminster Hall for Oliver Cromwell's benefit when he was installed as Lord Protector."

The Blot on the 'Scutcheon

New York society is still discussing the blot on the Hoffman 'scutcheon and contrasting Mary Hoffman's life with the lives of some of the famous Hoffman girls of Manhattan. For nearly two hundred years they have been famous there among the old Dutch set. The first one to win international renown for great beauty, charming manners and goodness of heart was Mathilda Hoffman, the daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. Washington Irving, then in the bloom of his youth and budding intellectual powers, formed a strong attachment for her which was soon reciprocated. Every time he saw her, so he said, it seemed to him that her mind disclosed some new charm. To his mind she was such an image of delicacy and purity that his love for her grew into an idolatry. In the midst of his dreams of future happiness came an overwhelming blow, from which he never fully recovered. Mathilda was taken with a severe cold; it rapidly developed into consumption and the same winter she passed away. During the three days and nights of her final sufferings he did not leave the house and scarcely slept. He was at her bedside when she died; so was her bosom friend, Rebecca Gratz, the same Miss Gratz whose spotless character gave Sir Walter Scott the idea of Rebecca, the Jewess, in "Ivanhoe." When the grave closed on Mathilda Hoffman the grief-stricken Irving said to his brother:

"May her gentle spirit have found that Heaven to which it ever seemed to appertain. She was too spotless for this contaminated world."

Irving never got over her death. When he died at Sunnyside at threescore-and-ten years his celibacy was still unbroken. There was then found a little repository of which he always carefully kept the key. It was opened and there lay a faded memorandum which told the story of his sorrow, a miniature, a braid of hair, and a slip of paper on which he had written "Mathilda Hoffman."

And Mary Hoffman dare not use her own name for the blatant notoriety it invokes. It has taken two hundred years to cast such a blot on the Hoffman 'scutcheon.

The stork paid his second visit to the Walter A. Scotts last week, his gift being—as upon the former occasion—a little boy.

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

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Dora's Dilemma

I have always been somewhat skeptical about the genuineness of the communications which Ella Wheeler Wilcox claims to receive from various love-lorn females but I am now inclined to concede their authenticity. The little poetic potion prescribed by me last week is responsible for the following:

Dear Saunterer: Your lovely sonnet addressed to a married woman in last week's issue was so full of good advice and encouragement for one who, so far, has been merely tempted that I venture to ask your aid in my case. I had an affair with Richard —— of the Pacific-Union club, a man of high social position and seemingly good reputation as a man of honor. I was duped and discarded. Now I am receiving attentions from an honorable gentleman of the University club who has asked my hand in marriage. What shall I do?

DORA.

Ella's Suggestions

The problem submitted by Dora is one that I prefer to have answered by one of her own sex. The solution that I should offer would probably not be well received by Dora. Fortunately Mrs. Wilcox, the guide, philosopher and friend of ladies in distress, kindly consented to handle the matter for me and this is what she writes:

Dick's perjured protests you may well deplore,
No doubt his purpose had been neatly planned;
But though he thrust you from Love's sighing strand
O'er Passion's surging sea, to whose bleak shore
Millions of baffled barks return no more.
Yet favoring Fate your vessel homeward fanned,
Where Jack, who knows not, waits with helping hand,
To do what Richard promised oft before.

If you were true to Dick, who scorned your tears,
And laughed away your love; methinks that now
You know enough a wiser choice to make;
But tell Jack nothing; or the wedded years
That wait the warrant of a simple vow,
Will vanish in another great mistake.

Anticipating a Riot

It is so unusual for me to refer to the constantly increasing popularity of TOWN TALK that, perhaps, it will not be uninteresting to my readers as well as to my advertising patrons to learn that one copy of the paper is deemed insufficient for the demand of the Mercantile library. Mr. W. R. Williams, the librarian of the association, sent in an order for an additional copy this week and in his letter says: "Your magazine is eagerly read each week by our subscribers, and I give the order to avoid a riot." This is pleasant news. Of course I could not hope for a better ad. for TOWN TALK than such as I should receive in the event of a riot at the Mercantile library through the failure of the librarian to supply the demand of the paper, but I will gladly assist in preserving the peace and dignity of the popular institution.

Why Not Tobin?

Now is the season of speculation as to who will be selected by the two big parties to run for the Mayor's job this fall. All the old has-beens and perennial candidates of the Charley Patton order in the Republican councils are eager for the lightning to strike, but all are doomed to disappointment. The supply on the Democratic side is not so large because the time is believed to be unpropitious, but there is to be an effort, I understand, to induce Joe Tobin to take the nomination. He is not likely to do so, however, for his brief experience in public office has not infatuated him with politics. If he could be induced to run, the chances of Democratic success would not be so slim as some people imagine them to be. People are weary of the plague of politicians, and Joe Tobin is not a politician. He has a contempt for politics and for the professional vote-getter. As a Supervisor, he has acted in deference to no influence but that of his own judgment, and his manly conduct has earned for him a deal of admiration. Being without political ambition, as Mayor he would pursue the even tenor of his way regardless of the possible effect on this or that course upon his subsequent career. What a splendid government we should have if no job-holder ever thought of the best course to pursue to attain the height of his political ambition! That is the thought which does more to corrupt good government than even Colonel Mazuma himself.

"Is the new minister a success?"

"Yes, he can extract more money from the congregation than any other pastor I ever saw."

Phil Branson Found

A wayfarer from San Francisco wandered into the St. James hotel, San Jose, the other night, and was startled by a familiar voice near the register. Scrutinizing the clerk he was surprised to see the familiar face of Phil Branson, late general utility man of the Tivoli, and husband of the erstwhile prima donna, Tillie Salinger. Phil's repertoire was quite extensive, and I am satisfied the role of hotel clerk comes easy, but it is quite a violent transition from the operatic stage to the clerk's desk in a suburban hostelry. The news of Branson's occupation will no doubt be pleasing to Tivoli patrons, for it may be accepted as an assurance that he is never going to sing for them again. That Branson voice was something awful. But I hope it doesn't drive people away from the hotel.

A Good Thing

And, by the way, that reminds me that the St. James is now under the management of Mr. Murphy, who formerly kept, not a hotel, but the Childrens' Playground in Golden Gate Park. And he had such a good thing out there that his purse grew fat. The Park Commissioners of other times were very kind to Mr. Murphy. They charged him one thousand a year for the play-ground concession, and permitted him to occupy the upper floor of that handsome stone build-

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THE WORLD OVER.

ing, which was erected some years ago by Michael Joseph Kelly, as a residence. He had the use of the goats and donkeys which belong to the city and also all the paraphernalia purchased by the commissioners. For about ten years he enjoyed that concession. The present commissioners decided to manage the playground themselves and they find that the receipts aggregate over five hundred dollars a month. They intend to devote the money to the improvement of the ground, and to the purchase of new paraphernalia.

"You don't seem a bit huggable tonight, dearest," said Edith's fiance, "why are you so cold and stiff?"

"Oh, it is only my new straight front corset," said Edith.

Then like a dutiful betrothed, she went away and changed to her old short stays.

The President's Fate

The dismemberment of McKinley is what should be guarded against during the sojourn of the Presidential party in this city. Society is preparing to reach out from all sides to secure a hold on some portion of his person. He will find himself tugged at from all quarters by seekers after social prestige. Since last week I learn that he has promised to dine with the Morses, and to stand for being talked at by the spellbinding Colonels of the Union-League club. It is fortunate that he cannot picture to himself what he is going to be up against, for if he could he would change his mind and program. Perhaps the Morses are going to dine him and the Colonels spellbind him but I doubt it. About the only thing that is settled is that Walter Morosco will drive him out Market street behind those eight coal-black chargers of the Morosco stable. At first Mr. Morosco agreed to do the driving if McKinley would sit beside him, but it was suggested that the President should occupy one whole seat so that he could bow from right to left without having to "rubber," and then it was agreed that General Barnes should sit with the driver. So now the arrangements are satisfactory to all concerned, and the Scotts still have a cinch on the social features.

A Significant Number

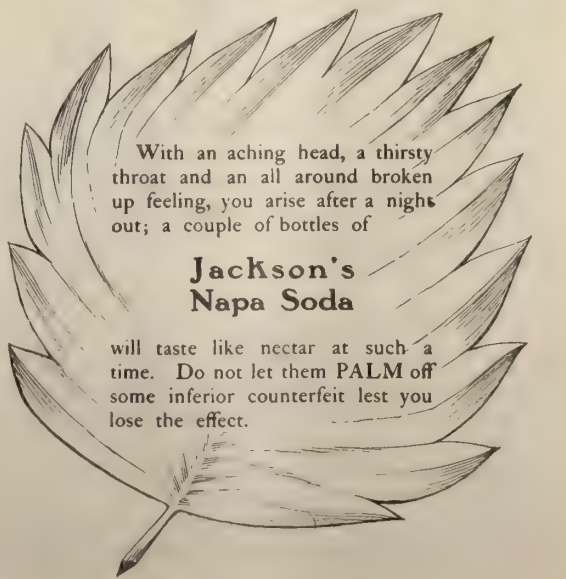
And, by the way, the committee should be congratulated upon its familiarity with the customs of royalty. It is eminently fitting that the imperial McKinley should be drawn by eight horses. None less should be tolerated. Eight is the number for a sovereign on state occasions. When Napoleon I was crowned, his relatives, people-in-waiting and others occupied eighteen coaches, each drawn by six horses, but the great man himself and his Josephine were drawn by the regulation team of eight. At one procession in connection with the present Czar's coronation, His Majesty rode on horseback, but the Czarina occupied a special state chariot drawn by eight horses. Napolian III did not venture a coronation, but his marriage gave him the chance of using the state coach in which Napoleon I and Josephine had driven to Notre Dame to be crowned and in which the King of Rome had been carried to his baptism, and he rode behind eight blacks, just as McKinley I is going to do. Queen Victoria rode behind eight, and once she enjoyed the unique sensation of occupying another sovereign's coach on the occasion of her memorable visit to Paris. When she was leaving Napoleon III he arranged that her drive from the Tuileries to the railway should be quite a telling pageant and eight horses were hitched to the coach. So our dearly beloved President is to follow a well established precedent.

"Karney" and "Sooter"

The innovation of having the conductors of the street cars call out "Karny," instead of the more familiar "Kearny" street, and pronounce "Sooter," in place of "Sutter," is reported to have created a sensation. We have become so accustomed to incorrect pronunciation that when we hear the correct it excites our derision. Kearny street was named in honor of General Kearny of Mexican war fame, and he never called himself, nor was he called during his lifetime, anything but "Karny." It was not until after the railroad brought us the superior eastern immigrant that the idea gained ground that one of our principal thoroughfares took its name from the sand-lotter Dennis Kearney. Sutter street, it is needless to add, was named after General Sutter, and like Kearny street, was originally pronounced as the man himself spoke it. What with the tide of educated eastern immigration and the tinkering of the post office department we have had hard work preserving our geographical names in either sound or appearance. I wonder why Californians do not take the trouble to note the correct spelling of Kearny. Almost invariably, it appears with the superfluous "e" in the last syllable. Frank Norris, Emma Wolf and the late Dan O'Connell, besides a host of less important men and women of letters, are among the offenders.

Distinguished Tourists

Baron Hottinguer, a prosperous banker of Paris, arrived in town several days ago on his way to Japan. He was accompanied by E. de St. Alary, a rich young Frenchman who became quite celebrated in Paris a few years ago, as the owner of the race-horse Omnium, the winner of many large stakes. Both gentlemen have been shown a great deal of attention in club circles.



MAISON ALLADIO formerly Maison Riche, now open.

Robert Lincoln, with Marshall Field and party, still linger at the Hotel del Monte, and are on the golf links every day. They are charmed with the place and are reluctant to return to the smoky city.

West Pointers in the Background

General Fitzhugh Lee, who arrived the other day, was one of the few West Pointers who were given a chance to distinguish themselves during the Spanish war. General Corbin, who has an antipathy for West Pointers, and who dictated the policy of the war department, boasted that he would manage affairs without the assistance of graduates of the military school, but he probably lost sight of the fact that Fitzhugh Lee and Wheeler were from that institution though they did fight with the Confederate army. The only other West Pointer who was given recognition was General Ludlow, who was made Governor of Havana. General Shafter, who was not educated at West Point, was given charge of the Santiago campaign, and Generals Wilson, Haines and Ernst, prominent West Pointers, were sent off to Porto Rico. Corbin received his military education in the Ohio militia and in a colored regiment with which he served during the Civil war. Like nearly all of the pets of this Administration he has a pyrotechnic past. Cheating at cards and cowardice are among the charges that have been made against him. He was the subject of a cartoon in the New York *World* in which he was depicted hiding behind a tree.

St. Dunstan's For Bachelors

San Francisco is soon to have a bachelor apartment house—a place of abode for single men who are bored by club life, and yet who like to live in respectable seclusion where the swish of the skirt is never heard. St. Dunstan's is the dignified name of this elegant building which is being erected at the south-east corner of Van Ness avenue and Sutter street by H. H. Bancroft. It is to have all the boasted appointments of the swellest bachelor apartment houses of New York, and those institutions are unsurpassed in sumptuousness of accommodations. The bachelor apartment house caught on in the East long ago, and St. Dunstan's is to fill a long felt want in the far West. Paul Bancroft made a special trip East a short time ago to familiarize himself with the best features of the eastern apartment houses, and these are to be united in the projected building. The entire house will be devoted to the comfort and convenience of those that make their home there. It will be a stately structure with apartments of exquisite finish, with grill-room and banquet hall, and with bath and telephone for every room.

Voice Not Virtue

According to the despatches Manager Lederer of the Casino has issued an edict requiring "ladies of the chorus" to be chaperoned to and from the stage door by their mothers or other mature female relatives. The probability is that the Casino chorus girls are being overlooked by the chappies and that Mr. Lederer is seeking to create the impression that they are in great demand. A few years ago when he was asked if it were possible for a chorus girl to remain virtuous, he replied:

"Yes, it is possible, but it is not necessary."

Theatrical managers do not concern themselves much about the virtue of their mummers. When Manager Grau was here with his opera company he was asked if there was any truth in the shocking stories of the immorality of one of the men in his company.

"Why, my dear sir," he replied, "I don't know. Good singers are hard to find, and when I hire one I never demand a certificate of character."

The Martin Boys

Before Mrs. Francis Harrison left for the East she said it was very well understood there that Peter Martin was in downright, deadly earnest in his attentions to Lily Oelrichs. Those who have seen him in the lotus land of his present devoirs declare that his devotions and attentions are far more earnest and sincere than any he ever paid to the numerous girls he was thought to adore out here. The odds are all in favor of his suit, and the Lambs club contingent and Meadowbrook sparks are laying four to one that his suit will be successful. California chappies have a great reputation in the East for being prodigiously wealthy. They are "great spenders," and they do it in such a genial, whole-souled way that the close-figuring Easterners think that only those dowered with unlimited cash can make such lavish display. Very recently Peter made a tremendously plucky ride behind the Meadowbrook hounds. Those present believe that it was because Miss Oelrichs was keenly watching the scene that he went the limit to show the kind of riding grit that was in him.

The pace set was extremely hot and swift, and young Martin bumped into a bad cropper at one of the numerous four-foot stone fences with nasty ditch attachment. He was rolled badly, but he picked himself up, caught his mount, and resumed the pace with such judgment that he was in at the kill. He received lots of admiration and congratulations for his plucky fin-

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ish, for it happened at a critical drive in the field where ne rly everybody witnessed it. Miss Oelrichs appeared to be a little more pleased than anybody else, so the hunt was voted one of the most delightful of the present season.

The Stable Ball

The Martins are trying their mightiest to get up novel features for their stable ball that shall eclipse the memory of the famous Carolan stable ball for all time, and make it look like a pale and ghastly thirty cents. Fruit and flowers were the display features of the Carolan fiesta. Of all the clever things evolved and discussed by the Martins so far a cotillion is the favorite —not n ordinary cotillion, of course, but one where the originality of the figures will be something to outsh ne even the great Whitney ball. If this idea is finally dopted, the favors will be something to surpass anything of the kind ever seen in the West. The latest New York idea in favors will be adopted, and great originality and prodigality will be shown. In New York the business of supplying favors to swell dances is held almost exclusively by one woman, who has made a long and successful study of the business. She argues that any wealthy person can provide expensive favors, but that only those gifted with culture can h ve them original and pretty as well.

For instance, the most interesting favors given this season were the missal-bags at the cotillion danced at the big ball with which the magnificent New York home of ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney was opened. The bags were so rich in design and so original in conception that they have become famous in the history of beautiful favors. They were of old red velvet, edged with a bullion braid of gold and silver, with a cardinal's crest in the same metal in the centre, and finished with bullion cord and a tassel. The whole was an Italian design of the Sixteenth century.

The favors at the recent Mackay dinner dance at the Waldorf-Astoria show what may be done in the way of variety. The number of cotillion figures ranges from six to ten usually. There were seven in this, begining with the May-pole figure with rosettes and ribbon favors. In the second there were feather fans for the women and silver-mounted magnifying glasses for the men; and silver-mounted flasks for them in the third, with beautiful chiffon parasols, lighted up with rare, colored roses, for the women. Sachets of various kinds for the women and calendars for the men were given in the fourth figure; gold mirrors for the women and pencils for the men in the fifth. In the sixth the men received paper-cutters and the women tulle and chiffon muffs with flowers; and in the last there were staffs headed with bouquets of rare orchids and boutonnieres for the men. The last favors were brought in by liveried lackeys in a sedan-chair. This idea of a sedan-chair, made entirely of pink roses, was specially originated for Mrs. John Jacob Astor four years ago, and has become very popular at cotillions. The Martins are discussing ideas like these, and if they succeed in developing what they are after their stable ball will hold the blue ribbon for many a season to come.

Francisca Redding, who comes to the Orpheum next week, is a cousin of our own Joe Redding, the musical lawyer. She is a handsome woman of refined manner, and was prominent in society before she took to the stage.

Convere-Bruguiere

When Francis Bruguiere stood in the vestibule of St. Luke's at the Cunningham-Kessler wedding on Wednesday night, nobody suspected that he was gaining points for a little affair of the same nature with himself as principal. Nobody knew, with the exception of his brother Emile, who stood beside him. But the next day the news was all over town, when it was announced that Miss Lila Convere and Mr. Francis Bruguiere were engaged to be married. Francis comes next to Emile in the list of sons of the late Emile A. Bruguiere. He is not a big, strapping man like his brothers Pedar and Emile, but he is quite as well equipped mentally as they. He is very musical, plays several instruments, and has always been a great pet in society, especially at Del Monte, where the Bruguieres usually go for the summer. It is said that his mother is quite willing that he should wed the Alcazar's leading lady. Mrs. Bruguiere has always been devoted to her sons. Pedar, named after her father, Pedar Sather, the Oakland banker, had his own way all his life and made a mess of the matrimonial chapter in its history. Emile never did anything worse than to compose dance music and an opera that he failed to dispose of at a financial profit to himself and his collaborator, the late Dan O'Connell.

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A Projected Salon

San Francisco has at last got something unique in a social way: a woman who is trying to create a salon here. Her name is Mrs. Gustavus M. Arnold. She has stunning raiment from her crown to her toes, beautiful rings on her fingers, and she makes music wherever she goes. She is gifted not only with a soprano voice of unusual range and brilliancy but with intellectual endowments much above the ordinary. Aside from importing a masculine song bird to add to the success of an entertainment in which she is interested, she has made herself felt in the local musical and literary world. Mrs. Arnold is ambitious to shine here as something more than a Madame de Stael. She has brought a lot of ideas back with her from Berlin and she is putting them into effective shape in her splendid house out Pacific Heights way. Like most women who have gone abroad for "the latest" in culture she aims at striking effects in her surroundings. One of Mrs. Arnold's is a Japanese maid, so Japanesque in costume, pose and manners that she looks and acts just as if she had stepped out of a Japanese tea-chest direct from Tokio. This quaint creature attends her mistress on most occasions, carries her music and the like, and her strictly Oriental gowns never fail to attract the curious attention of the beholders. If Mrs. Arnold succeed in composing the salon at which she aims Blingum at last will have a mental balance.

Lackaye's Prediction

Some years ago when Maurice Barrymore and Wilton Lackaye were delighting matinee girls at rival theatres in this city, they met one night in a group of men-about-town in the Baldwin bar. The topic of paresis and its prevalence in the theatrical profession came up for discussion anent the collapse, about that time, of a prominent "leading man."

"Well," said Lackaye, "we're all going too fast a pace. But I'm a trifle slower than some of my friends. I can see the finish of nearly all the leading men of today. If they keep it up I'll be the only one outside of an insane asylum ten years hence."

And now poor Maurice Barrymore is insane! He was one of the most agreeable of men and he had more friends outside of the profession than any man in it. It was his popularity that put obstacles in his path. He gave promise of becoming a great actor but dissipation wrecked his energies.

His Mis-Spent Life

Barrymore was really a lazy but lovable genius. He will be long remembered for his wit, his dissipations and his dare-devil escapades. Many years ago he gave promise of becoming a playwright of note. He wrote a play called "Nadjesda" which was produced at the Baldwin in this city. It was strikingly suggestive of "La Tosca" which was brought out about a year later, and he accused Sardou of stealing his plot. He also wrote "Roaring Dick" in which he made an unsuccessful starring tour. So keen was his wit, and such confidence did his brilliant mind inspire that his friends were always sure that some day he would do something great but he was such a happy go lucky fellow, such a confirmed bohemian, that he could never get down to serious work.

Ladies "Knox" Straws just arrived.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street. Sole Agent.

Lackaye's Epitaph

In the seventies he married Georgie Drew, sister of John Drew, and one of the most brilliant women that ever trod the American stage. She was of the same temperament as Barrymore, and they were always engaged in amiable battles of wit. The repartee of each was dazzling and many of the gems of their conversation are still quoted as classics. But they disagreed and separated, and in 1893 Mrs. Barrymore died in this state from consumption. Three children were the result of the marriage—Ethel who is starring in "Captain Jinks," Lionel, who is also on the stage, and John, an artist of talent. Though Ethel was not on friendly terms with her father, he made no secret of his pride in her social and artistic successes. On one of her opening nights not long ago he sent a telegram of one word "Congratulations." It was signed "Dad," the name by which his children always called him. Tragic has been his downfall. Slowly he totters along the pathway worn with the footprints of John McCullough, Tony Hart, Billy Scanlan, Bartley Campbell, William Mullaly and Charley Hoyt. How touching now is the epitaph idly written one night by Wilton Lackaye for his living friend "Barry" and handed to the latter across the table in a local cafe:

I talked beneath the moon
And slept beneath the sun:
I lived a life of going-to-do,
And died with nothing done.

The Fair Case

The numerous attorneys having contingent and other kinds of interests in the Fair estate were confident that the Supreme Court would settle the trust clause contest before going to Los Angeles, but the justices went away leaving the lawyers on the anxious seat. Hermann Oelrichs, too, I understand, was very much disappointed over the failure of the court to hand down a decision. And from all accounts grass is getting quite short with the exiled New Yorker. It has been the impression of some people that Mr. Oelrichs protracted stay in this city was due to the fact that he was acting as a sort of managing director of his wife's interests, but Hermann has been four-flushing as they say in poker-club circles. Mrs. Oelrichs looks after her own interests, and when any intricate problem arises she consults with her brother Charles, in whose judgment she reposes implicit confidence. He took a flying trip to New York to hold a conference with his sisters and at this writing he is on his way back to this city and is due to arrive today.

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His Dreary Routine

The fact is that Mr. Oelrichs finds it cheaper to live in San Francisco than in New York, the city where diversions come high and creditors fast. When he married Tessie Fair he was interested in a steamship company in New York, but after becoming the husband of a multi-millionaire's daughter he retired from business. Married life is not always lucrative even when one marries wealth,and Hermann Oelrichs is now contented to occupy the big deserted Fair mansion on the hill, and to dine at the club. It must be rather lonesome up there, where once fair women and brave men disported themselves in fashion's gay whirl. Even the servants are gone, and the silence of the tomb is there but Mr. Oelrichs makes the best of it, and actually seems to be in good spirits. I heard of his doing a little buffoon stunt in a California street car the other night which he would not have done were he sad, and I am told that he made himself as ridiculous as he did the night he addressed the members of the Olympic club until they signified by jeering their desire to have it cut short. Mr. Oelrichs takes himself too seriously to be a successful clown outside of his own club.

The Contrast

When Mr. Oelrichs first came to San Francisco, the members of our snob set regarded him as quite a distinguished personage. He had been written up as a real Knickerbocker aristocrat, a bon vivant, a typical New York clubman, a social lion, and he was believed to be everything that those terms imply. The leaders of our provincial aristocracy were therefore prepared to prostrate themselves before the man who had condescended to marry a Californian heiress. But now that they know him well they merely regard him as a very ordinary good fellow, rather polished of manner and capable of making a few empty remarks after dinner. So Mr. Oelrichs is no longer cutting a wides wath among us. But his wife,who is far away in New York—the Californian heiress who had not the advantages of a metropolitan training in the scented atmosphere of swelldom—has become a queen of her set, a set round which circles the wealth and fashion of the greatest Republic on earth. Mrs. Oelrichs is the popular hostess of Gotham's elite. She ranks with Mrs. Astor, the Dowager of the **400** and, by the way, her intimate friends would never dream that she had a husband if they were not well aware of the fact that Hermann Oelrichs is marooned in the lonely, deserted mansion on Nob Hill, San Francisco.

The Astute Gilman

Funeral Director Porter tells a good "coffin" story on millionaire George F. Gilman, the New York tea store man, whose twenty million dollar estate is claimed by Mrs. Blakeley Hall, a San Francisco woman. When young Gilman became old enough to go into business his father arranged a partnership for him with Mr. Miles, a successful leather merchant. Young Gilman did not like the leather business but he was too astute to act contrary to his father's wishes at such a critical time. Miles was much older than Gilman and the latter soon discovered that his partner was very much inclined to devote most of his time to "fliers" in outside affairs. One day Miles came bursting into the office and genially exclaimed:

"Mr. Gilman, I did a great stroke of business this morning, simply great! I bought ten cemetery lots and within three hours I sold nine of them for what the whole ten cost me. That leaves me one lot for clear profit. Wasn't that a great stroke of business?"

Clear-headed young Gilman didn't see any profit in the "stroke" for the firm of Miles & Gilman, and his manner clearly showed as much. Next morning when he reached the office he ostentatiously rubbed his hands and without the faintest glimmer of a smile on his face, began:

"Mr. Miles, I thought I'd do a little stroke of business this morning myself and it turned out great, simply great! I stepped into an undertaker's on my way down to the office and bought ten coffins. Soon afterwards I sold nine of them for what the whole ten coffins cost me, leaving me one coffin clear profit. I have saved that one coffin for you, Mr. Miles, thinking it might fit your one cemetery lot. We can then bury our strokes of such business in the same graveyard. What d'ye think of the scheme?"

Mr. Miles glared at the imperturbable young man for a minute, then clapped on his silk hat and rushed out of the office. He returned in an hour with his lawyer, all prepared to draw up the papers of the dissolution of the firm of Miles & Gilman. Young Gilman was just as willing, and within a month he was embarked in his tea store business, which grew and grew under his energy and novel ideas till it tucked away thirty million dollars for him.

Mrs. Hall's Past

Mrs. Hall, who is contesting for a share of this big estate, on grounds which she is carefully keeping secret till the trial of the case, was very well known to San Francisco of a decade ago. She must be about thirty-eight years old now. She was about twenty-two when she met a young man named Peters and subsequently married him. Some three years later they were divorced and Mrs. Peters left for New York. When her friends here next heard of her she had assumed the stage name of Helen Standish and was in the chorus of the McCaull opera company. She met Blakeley Hall at the races one day and later they were married. At that time Blakeley Hall was

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doing newspaper work. For a long time, under the nom de plume of "Flaneur," he acted as the New York correspondent of the *Argonaut*. At present he owns and conducts the New York *Morning Telegraph* and the *Broadway Magazine*, both devoted principally to the theatrical and sporting professions. He was the originator of the *Metropolitan* magazine.

They Should Have Kept Lent

Our society girls made a big mistake when they decided to keep the social ball a-rolling during the forty days of penitence and prayer. I do not refer to the religious aspect of the case, but to the physical side. After the arduous social winter, the Lenten season should have been welcomed as a blessed vacation time. Instead, the whirl of society went on almost the same as if there were no penitential season under way. And the result of this lack of forethought was particularly apparent on Tuesday evening at the Hopkins, when the charity concert by society amateurs was the attraction. I never saw such a fagged-out set of women as those that filled certain of the boxes that lined both sides of the Searles gallery. The two sisters who were brides of recent seasons looked sadly in need of a rest. They were but two among many whose looks, like their costumes, had a much-worn, faded air.

Some of Those Present

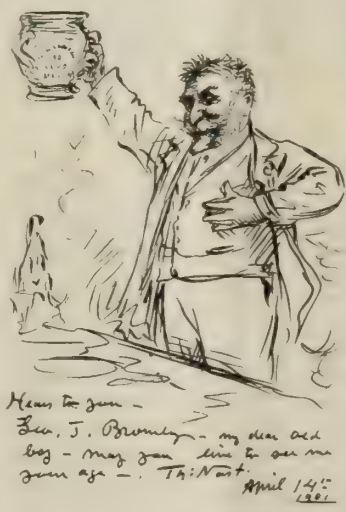
To my idea, by far the most striking-looking woman present was Mrs. Philip King Brown. Mrs. Brown's beauty is not that of regular features or brilliant coloring. She is rather pale, and her black spangled gown on Tuesday night intensified the pallor. But she is a most fascinating type, and her young husband seemed to be very proud of the impression she made. Mrs. W. S. Lally was a particularly well-gowned woman, her gown being a dainty flowered silk, with guimpe of lace. Her daughter's Titian beauty was admirably set off by her frock of black net. Mrs. Eleanor Martin wore a beautiful Frenchy frock of black spangled net over white, and Miss Hurley—Miss Blair's friend from New York—also wore a black spangled gown. These glittering black gowns seem to be very popular, and are certainly highly becoming to their wearers.

Mrs. George Lent's cream frock was simple in material and design, but suited its wearer's high-bred type of beauty. That happy bachelor maid, Miss Blair, had a large party of young women with her, unattended by any masculine escort.

The Music

The program, which was an entirely agreeable one, I shall leave to my colleague, the Music Critic, to dissect. The gowns of the feminine participants were very handsome, Miss Ames and Mrs. Arnold being in black, Miss Anderson, Mrs. Casserly and Mrs. Lathrop in white, and Miss Bergin in red. I was rather surprised that the critics of the dailies should find themselves mixed on the title of Donald Graham's first selection. Mr. Graham was the first to bring the old Handel aria into favor in this city, and he has been singing it off and on for some twelve years. Yet one paper called it "Where You Walked," and another "If as You Walk."

My eyes were ravished at the sight
Of so much beauty, Tuesday night.
The boxes filled with tout le monde.
First came Therese, a glorious blonde.
Beside her Helen, also fair,
Her brunette sisters, a chic pair.
Of all these big attractions, though,
I found the greatest in that row
Of boxes on the right-hand side.
The star was not a season's bride,
But just a girl with auburn hair—
That modish heiress, Jennie Blair.
When Alice played, my heart leaped high,
When Agnes sang, I heaved a sigh.
The harp was played by Mrs. C.,
Her gown was sweet as it could be.
Shafter was there, and Horace Platt,
Jack, George and Frank—they all said that
They thought the amateurs were great,
The program fine and up to date.



Thomas Nast, the greatest cartoonist America ever produced, has left the field open to younger artists these days, and does not sign his name to many sketches. But he did a little cartoon last week, which is here reproduced. It was sent to "Uncle" George Bromley as a greeting on his eighty-fourth birthday which comes off tomorrow and will be celebrated as usual by a breakfast at the Bohemian club. Raphael Weill, who has been the host at these breakfasts for many a year, is in Paris, but he cabled last week to have the affair pulled off just as if he were present.

The Week's Weddings

Of the several weddings of the week two claimed the greatest amount of attention—the Baxter-Tevis nuptials at the Palace hotel on Wednesday, and the Cunningham-Kessler marriage at St. Luke's on the same date. The public was not admitted to the former

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function, save through the newspaper reports of the day following; but quite a large portion of our population was admitted to the larger affair. Lottie Cunningham's friends are legion and as she was exceedingly generous with her invitations, there were no heart-burnings of the "left out" to mar the affair. When the doors of the church opened at eight o'clock, a crowd was st nding on the steps waiting for admittance. It was not canaille, either, but men and women in evening dress, who held cards of admission, but were not above coming early to obtain a good seat. The church looked lovely, all hung with flags, and with palms and Easter lilies as the staple of the decorations. It was a real military wedding, and the gold trimmings of the ushers quite distanced any claims to distinction put forward by the civilians present.

Some of those Present

General Shafter was an honored guest; he was accompanied by Mrs. McKittrick and Miss Redmond. The former wore the same gray gown with blue garnishings that she had on at the charity concert the previous night. The General's niece was in black. Mrs. Walter Van Bergen was one of the prettiest young matrons present, in a silk gown of turquoise. Miss Therese Morgan came too late to view the entrance of the bridal party. She wore her favorite pink.

The Bride and Her Attendants

Miss Cunningham made a charming bride, her attire being of the regulation order, with orange blossoms in her hair and bouquet. Her six maids were all in blue, Miss Kate Dillon being the most striking figure among them. The maid of honor, Miss Ellinwood, wore pink, in which delicate shade she always looks her prettiest.

The Breuner Divorce

According to the dailies the Breuner divorce suit was devoid of romance or motif. It was merely the result of that old st tutory domestic complaint—incompatibility of temperament. But according to the gossips the incompatibility was due to that more fashionable raison d'etre—alienation of the affections. The driver of a soda-water wagon is said to be the lothario in the case. Mrs. Breuner was formerly Miss Augusta Mohr of Sacramento. Her sister, Eda, married Dr. A. E. Brune of this city. John Breuner is the well-known furniture dealer of this city and Sacramento.

The Denman Family

The *Bulletin* expresses a desire to know why the Board of Education should pay William Denman one thousand dollars for legal advice when there are on the city's pay-roll several regul rly retained attorneys. A very simple question and easily answered. The Denman family has vested rights in the city's bounty. Young William, the attorney, was born with a warrant on the treasury in his baby grip. Old James Denman, the father of the attorney, who is now a member of the Board of Education, has grown rich in the service of the city. He came here about the time that the waters of the bay receded from Montgomery street, and he has been drawing a salary from the taxpayers ever since. When he wasn't teaching school he was bossing the whole school department, or else he was serving as a Supervisor. He is worth about a quarter of a million dollars, and he is still the most persistent job-chaser in town.

The California Club's Exhibition

Society will be out at Black Point today, when the Channing Auxiliary gives its garden party, but there will be no lack of people to attend the exhibition of industrial and allied arts of the California club at the Pavilion. The good-natured rivalry between the heads of the different sections, who arrange the musical programs, has resulted in the entertainment offered being of a very high nature. However, I think these programs could be foreshortened to the good of the exhibition. The musical offering being so excellent detracts from the interest taken in the exhibits; indeed, there is scarcely time both to listen and look. The poster competition resulted in some clever work, and it is hard to choose which is the best of the designs offered. Florence Lundborg, the designer of Doxey's edition of the Rubaiyat, has a unique poster, and there are twenty-one other entries in this competition.

The Sad End of a Promising Career

A pathetic tale comes to me from Europe anent the end of wh t promised to be a brilliant career. Not many months ago a clever San Francisco girl, daughter of a talented mother, went abroad to complete her musical studies with view to an operatic career. She had been on the stage here for a short time, and her aptitude for the work proved that she would soon re ch the high altitude among professionals that had already been gained by her two elder sisters. In Italy, where she was studying, a chapter occurred in her life whose details cannot be written. The poor girl, to drown conscience's pricks, took the absinthe remedy. The stimulants braced her up sufficiently to take her to London, where she joined a chorus. Then she sent for her sister, who went to her from New York, stayed with her through the performance of an operation and nursed her back from death's door. She was enabled to fill her place in the opera company and her sister believed her recovery and reformation were final. But on the last night of the opera, the girl was put into a cab—*dead drunk*. It is a sad story, and might be used to point a moral by those who do not believe in sending our talented girls abroad to study.

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Dead Sea Fruit

Once upon a time there lived a Woman who had Never Loved.

She had been so Busy all her life taking care of Other People that she had no Time to think whether she had a Heart or not. She was obliged by force of Circumstances to support her Widowed Mother and aid several Brothers and Sisters.

But after a while, there came a Change. The Mother died and the Brothers and Sisters either Married or became Self-Supporting. The Woman was Free to think of Herself.

And into her Life came a Man. She did not Think much about him, until a Series of Happenings forced him upon her Notice. The Man sent her Flowers and Other Things until she could not but See that she was an Object of Attention.

She went with him to the Theatre and Other Places and he Called frequently upon her. One night he Kissed her. Though she had been kissed Before, this was her First Kiss from a Man. The others had been from Boys and had come to her during that Time when she was too Busy to Stop to Think whether they Meant anything

A Grand New Vista was opened up to her, a vision of Happiness. Love came into her Life. From a Bud her Heart bloomed into a Rose. She gave thanks to God for this Gift that had come into her Life.

And one day the Man explained the Nature of his Love. He asked the Woman to Go Away with him, on a little journey. But the way he Worded his Request caused a Doubt as to his Meaning. He did not love the Woman in the Same Way that she loved him.

The Woman's heart was cut in Twain as Surely as if a Sword had passed through it.

"Why," she asked, "did you Make me Love you if this was to be the End? I did not want to Love you. I was Ignorant of the Meaning of the word and was willing to Remain in Ignorance forever. You followed me about, Made me Love—and for what?"

The Man said Nothing.

"I am Worthy to be the Wife of a Great Man," she went on, "but it was ordained that a Little Man should receive the Gift of my Love."

There was Hopeless Agony in her Gaze.

"There were Other Women for you to Trifle with," she said; "I had never Loved. Why did you not leave me to my Solitude?"

"I don't know," he answered, and went his Way.

But the Woman lived on, with a Canker-Worm gnawing in the Ruins of her Great Heart.

—The Fabler.

A Mistaken Idea

Women always think they can light fires, see them burn and then put them out when they feel so disposed.

But the pile of wood may be very dry, and the fire department may not be within reach.

Nevertheless, women imagine they can stand before the flames and *reason* with them.

But they cannot. The Man.

Best Merchants' Lunch—MAISON ALLADIO—104 Grant ave.

Around the World

"Around the World in Eighty Days"
Is one of those old fashioned plays
Which now and then I like to view;
I've followed Fogg and Passepartout
Through all their strange adventurous ways.

I used to watch them with amaze.
But now, with calmer eye, I gaze:
In minutes three, I lately flew
Around the world.

To shoot the Chutes we had a craze;
We shot them—but the splashing sprays
Did wet you, and you said "I'm through."
While you below did peanuts chew,
I, in a circling railroad chaise,
Around thee whirled.

April, 1901 —The Punster

She: W-when you m-married me you said you hoped dear Papa w-would l-live forever!

He (gloomily): Well I never imagined he'd take me at my word.

The Serenade

He stood with his eyes on the ledge above,
And sang to his low guitar,
With a plinkety-plank,
And a plink, plank, plunk,
And he called her his evening star;
He called her his dove,
And his own heart's love,
He'd worshiped for years afar,
With a plinkety-plank,
And a plink, plank, plunk,
As he sang to his low guitar.

The moon went down and the night grew cold;
There was frost on the low guitar;
While its plinkety-plank,
And its plink, plank, plunk,
Sobbed cold with a tremolo jar;
But warmed by his love,
To the window above,
He sang to his Evening Star.
With a plinkety-plank,
And a plink, plank, plunk,
Of his shivery low guitar.

Then her papa came forth to the love-lorn youth,
And gave him a good cigar;
Bade him go to his bed,
With some dope on his head,
Or his grip might develop catarrh!
'Twas all that he got,
For his madrigal hot,—
Just one little black cigar!—
For his plinkety-plank,
And his plink, plank, plunk,
When he sang to his low guitar!

Lowell Otus Reese.

April, 1901.

Tit for Tat

"I do not care to know the woman, and that is all about it."

Pemberton spoke impatiently and his annoyance was manifest in his short, dry tone.

"What objection can you have toward her?"

"I have said—I do not care to know her."

But Collins was not satisfied. He persisted in getting a more comprehensive reply to his question.

"There's no harm in just letting yourself be presented to her," he said, "if she's asked me once she's asked me a score of times to perform that office."

Collins' pertinacity found its reward. His headiness made Pemberton angry, and in his wrath he said more than he had intended.

"That woman ruined one of my best friends," he said, "drove him to San Quentin and his wife into an insane asylum. She is a cold-blooded creature who would rob the dead of their jewels. She is a snake. No, I don't wish to be numbered among her acquaintances."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Collins, "men don't ruin themselves for women nowadays."

"You don't understand," demurred Pemberton, "this case I know to be true. I know that Belle Lefevre was the cause of my friend's disaster. That is enough for me."

"But she could not harm you. As you are not rich, she can't be after your money. She wants to know *you*."

"Well, I don't want to know *her*."

As Pemberton turned on his heel, he came face to face with a woman.

"Forgive my intrusion," said a velvety voice, "but indeed it was unintentional. I thought"—turning to Collins—"that I would perhaps find you alone, and I could give you a sitting for my portrait."

In less than half an hour Pemberton found himself chatting with the artist's visitor as if he had known her all his life. He had, indeed, known her for a third of that period, by sight. He had never cared to pursue the slight acquaintance further. For this beautiful, auburn-haired, brown-eyed beauty was Belle Lefevre.

When Pemberton recognized her, his first impulse was to leave Collins' apartment in disgust. He instantly realized that he had been trapped.

His afterthought persuaded him to make the best of a bad matter, and remain.

When Collins tired of painting his fair subject he pressed a convenient electric button, and wine was brought up, with some light refection. With these, and cigarettes, another hour was spent.

Belle made no secret of her interest in Pemberton. She had indeed never tried to conceal from anybody the fact that there would always be a flaw in her calender of happy days until she should add Pemberton to her list of friends.

She had many men friends; fewer women, but then she was beautiful and men adored her. More than one man had wasted a fortune on her—men, too, for whom she cared nothing. Her favors were dearly bought.

Pemberton could not help admiring her. Yet he resisted her fascinations. The fact was that Pemberton was involved in a love affair. The wife of a friend was the object of his affections. Mrs. Collins, the wife of the artist, was the only woman that he cared to know.

As for Collins, he appeared blissfully unconscious, as husbands generally are. Pemberton thought him guilty of contributory negligence. But he felt that though Collins was blind, others were not. He knew that he had effectually compromised her as well as himself, and his own honor concerned him. When he first met her he was practicing law, but he had been elevated to the bench, and now he had a reputation to sustain.

When Pemberton left Belle Lefevre that day he tried to shake the glamour of her personality from him, but he did not quite succeed. A few days later he met her again, and he invited her to lunch with him. He was surprised at himself for doing so, but he consoled himself with the thought that if he could be seen occasionally with some woman other than the artist's wife he might divert suspicion.

He had not counted on the bewitching manners of Belle Lefevre. She loved him with a great passion that had been growing for years and which his refusal to make her acquaintance had only intensified. The power of such a love, existing in the heart of such a woman, could not be forever withstood.

* * * * * *

A few weeks later, Pemberton was standing in Belle Lefevre's boudoir, awaiting her coming. He had made up his mind that they must part. He believed that Belle Lefevre was a much belied woman Instead of a mercenary devil, she was a warm-hearted angel.

But to disentangle himself from her enchantment, he must bid her an eternal good-bye. He was not financially able to sustain the role in which he found himself and his self-respect was too great to permit him to retain her favor at such a price as its loss.

"This is my farewell," he said bluntly, as Belle Lefevre floated into the room.

Her arms and neck were bare, and her gown was so simply made that every curve of her lovely figure was revealed. A great longing came upon him to take her in his arms and kiss her—kiss her.

She seemed to read his thought, and coming up close to him put her arms about his neck and her cheek against his.

"What's that you say, darling?" she asked, "did you say gook-bye? Why, you have not said 'good evening' yet."

She put her lips to his, and he drained the depths of the sweet draught.

"I love you—love you," she breathed.

He had been slowly forgetting the little married woman who had lavished her affections upon him. The warm breath of Belle Lefevre intoxicated him. He abandoned himself to the ravishing woman. Instead of bidding her farewell he plighted his troth to her for all eternity.

Belle Lefevre's triumph over the man who had once refused to know her was more complete than her most rose-hued dream could have pictured. Pemberton made her his wife.

The Pemberton-Lefevre wedding was a great sensation. The newspapers spread the story over columns, for everybody was surprised. But the judge felt that he would never regret his marriage. He had never loved as he loved Belle Lefevre. No woman had ever aroused his passions as she had succeeded in doing. And in his mad infatuation he looked upon her as the soul of purity.

* * * * *

One evening, a few months after the marriage, Judge Pemberton kissed his wife and told her that he was going to the law library at the City Hall, to look up some law which he desired to quote in an opinion to be rendered the following day. He had never been away from her one night since their marriage, but he explained that this separation was imperative, and that he would return not later than midnight.

* * * * *

Pemberton finished his labors much sooner than he had expected. He hurried home, and just before inserting his latch-key resolved to surprise his wife. He entered stealthily, and just as he opened the door a scene that sent a thrill through his frame met his view.

Beneath the chandelier stood two people clasped in each other's embrace. One was his wife and the other was his friend Collins, the artist.

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"More than Queen" —picturesque.
ALCAZAR—"Tennessee's Pardner"—strong.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Cinderella"—amusing.
TIVOLI—"The Idol's Eye"—brilliant.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—kaleidoscopic.

"More than Queen"

Blanche Walsh made her first appearance in this city as a single star on Monday evening in "More than Queen," a drama by Emile Bergerat, dealing with the domestic life of Josephine and Napoleon. The play, which is in five acts and a prologue, is magnificently mounted and costumed and proves interesting. It is not likely however to compete successfully with "Madam Sans Gene" or to create any very great impression. Miss Walsh presents an attractive appearance as the Empress Josephine. Her costumes are rich, accurate and becoming, and she acts with grace, refinement, ability and precision. William Humphreys is to be credited with good intentions as Napoleon but he fails to do justice to the subtlety and variformity of the role and his nasal accent is not an assistance to him. Nevertheless he has several very good moments. Robert Lowe does well as Lucien Bonaparte and Ogden Stevens sheds a new light on Talleyrand. Henry L. Hall's conception of Junat is certainly not derived from a close perusal of the memoirs of the Duchesse d' Abrantes. The other characters are not of individual importance, with the exception of a Marmaduke whose frequent obeisances to Allah and pigeon English description of a great battle are exceedingly tiresome. The conversion of this role to a thinking one would be a charity to the audience and would cause its dispersion ten minutes earlier. The chief fascination of "More than Queen" is in its stage pictures of which there are several beautiful ones, notably the Coronation of Napoleon in the church of Notre Dame by Pius VII. Next week will be the second and last of the play.

A Persian Play

A play based on the Rubaiyat is the latest freak of the dramatizer. At first glance it seems like an impossibility, but so many other popular book crazes have been tried on the stage that, after all, the wonder is that Omar has not had his turn long ago. We have ceased to note the Omar Khayyan dinners and dances and recitals and what not given by people in search of a novelty, and attended by others who could not tell for the life of them whether the name meant a new chafing dish recipe or the title of the "artiste" who essays to interpret the philosophy of the Persian poet by high kicking and the whirling of voluminous drapery in "appropriate" Oriental colors. Bernard Holland, writing on the subject of this "popularity of the Rubaiyat," says: "It has been rendered into Latin by an Oxford scholar, and set to music by a London lady of talent. Its sound has gone out into all the lands, and its fame into the ends of the world. The poem has had more than a literary success; it is the foundation of a cult. Mild men of letters, it is said, leave their blameless homes;

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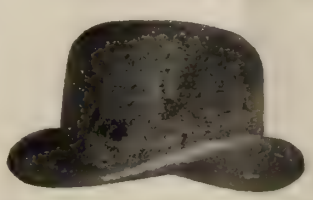

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decked with red roses they meet at a dinner, drink red wine, perform sundry mystic rites, offer parodies—alas! too easily made, of the sacred book, and return westward with a feeling of lofty emancipation from the bonds which bind the dull and respectable. If Fitzgerald could attend one of these banquets held in his honor, his ghost would say perhaps as he did in the flesh, 'I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself, and wish myself away talking to any Suffolk old woman in her cottage, while the trees murmured without.' One can but rejoice for his sake that he died before he became famous. With what weariness and alarm would not the shy recluse of Woodbridge have received shoals of letters from earnest devotees—laudations, supplications for autographs—and seen his quiet abode besieged by pilgrims from the uttermost states of America. But Fitzgerald was like unto a man who should amuse himself with a box of matches by the side of a great heath, should set a little heather on the fire to see how it would look, and then depart, unconscious that the whole would break into flame." The Rubaiyat might naturally be supposed to belong to the class of books which are "caviare to the general," but "the general" in these days demand their share of caviare as well as the epicures. They dip into books on the same plan as they "take in the sights" at a county fair. It took just thirty years from the first publication of Fitzgerald's translation of the Persian philosopher's quatrains for the discerning public to discover its merits. The dramatic version (if the plan is not abandoned) is to be for Richard Mansfiefd.

Clever Children at Morosco's

The children run the show at the Grand this week, and I hope every child in San Francisco will be taken to see "Cinderella." It is as much the children's piece as is "The Brownies in Fairyland." That little vaudeville performance on the miniature stage in the fourth act is charming, and develops some extremely clever talent among the youngsters who take part. Though the children all do very well, there are certain ones that shine with particular brilliancy—notably Gladys Weller and Jenny Metzler, who do a Tyrolian song and dance. The one who takes the boy's part is a born dancer, as graceful as a fawn. The Lerner children are good, Ben Harrison Lerner making an enormous hit as "Moses Levey Cohen." Little Georgina Drake's "My Hanna Lady" is delightful. Arthur Roselle and Pearl Clough with their coon specialty are good enough for the Orpheum circuit, their turn being both clever and original. "My Sunflower Sue" beginning the fifth act is a pretty conceit.

AUTOMOBILES

The California Automobile Company has in connection with its Factory a station where automobiles will be cared for, repaired and delivered on Telephone order.

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FINE TAILORING

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Union Square San Francisco

Legal Notices

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HYMAN CLINOWSKY also known as HYMAN CHINOWSKY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, administrator of the estate of Hyman Clinowsky, also known as Hyman Chinowsky, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Hyman Clinowsky also known as Hyman Chinowsky, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 16, 1901

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for Administrator
308-10-12 Phelan Building

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie Kroutch, Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of said Mary Donegan, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANNIE KROUTCH,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25, 1901

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the application for change of name of EMIL MAX POPP

To the Honorable the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:—

Your Petitioner Emil Max Popp respectfully shows:—

That he is twenty-one years of age and a male person residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Your Petitioner was born in Austria, and his present name is Emil Max Popp. Your Petitioner desires to change his said name to Max Emil Saling.

The reason for the change of such name is, that he has been known by said last name, to-wit, Max Emil Saling, for the period of eight years, ever since he has resided in the State of California. The name of his step-father is Theodore Saling, and he has resided with him ever since the marriage of the said Theodore Saling to the mother of this Petitioner, and has ever since that time borne his name, and is known by such name to all his friends and associates. His said step-father resides in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and his said mother is dead.

In addition to Petitioner's said step-father, Theodore Saling, he has one relative, a grandmother named Josefa Popp, residing in Vienna, Austria.

Your Petitioner is known to all his business associates and to the people for whom he has worked, and to those with whom he is at the present time transacting business by the name of Max Emil Saling, and he is known to no person in the United States as Emil Max Popp.

Your Petitioner therefore respectfully petitions this Honorable Court for an order changing his name from Emil Max Popp to Max Emil Saling.

And your Petitioner will ever pray.

EMIL MAX POPP,
Petitioner.

J. F. RILEY,
Attorney for Petitioner.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco. } ss.

Emil Max Popp being first duly sworn, deposes and says:—I am the Petitioner named in the foregoing Petition. I have read the foregoing Petition and know the contents thereof. The same is true of my own knowledge, except as to the matters therein stated on my information and belief, and as to those matters, I believe it to be true.

EMIL MAX POPP.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March, 1901.

MARK LANE
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

[SEAL.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of Emil Max Po p For Change of Name. } No. 75850.

Upon reading the verified petition on file in the above entitled matter it is hereby ordered that said application be heard on Tuesday, May 7, 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court Room of said Court in the New City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department Number Seven, Honorable Thomas F. Graham, Judge, and it is further ordered that a copy of such petition be published for four successive weeks in the "TOWN TALK" a newspaper printed in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1901.

Robert Taber, erstwhile husband of Julia Marlowe, is reported as about to marry Lena Ashwell.

Mabelle Gillman is prima donna of "The Prima Donna" that was to open on Monday at the Herald Square theatre, New York, but Miss Gillman's illness caused a postponement of the performance.

Elizabeth Mayhew of Blanche Walsh's company is a daughter of Marie Wainwright.

Attractions Next Week

The Orpheum has for next week one of the biggest of all the big bills it has been able to present of late. All the newcomers are headliners. Francesca Redding should prove a great drawing card; supported by a clever company she will present "Her Friend from Texas" a rollicking farce by Will M. Gressy. Horace Goldin, the famous magician with the glib tongue, will vie with Miss Redding for honors; he is probably the cleverest magician in the world and will be assisted in his work by Jean Fransidi & Co. Signorita Barbareschi and Vittorio Castellano are two operatic singers from Italy who will sing selections from grand opera. Among the holdovers will be Prevost and Prevost, Hal Stephens & Co., Josephine Gassman & Co., George W. Wood, the biograph and Tschernoff's dogs in their last week.

Blanche Walsh in "More than Queen" will remain for one more week at the Columbia. Several good attractions are to follow, George Clarke in "When We Were Twenty-One" being among them. Blanche Bates will be here in July.

These are halcyon days at the Tivoli, there is rejoicing in the box-office on account of the big advance sales, and delighted crowds are flocking to see the great comic hit, "The Idol's Eye." Every performance has seen the house packed to the doors, and as the show is even better than last year, the chances are that the Eye will glimmer for many moons to come. The singing, acting, mounting and dressing are good. The dances and business for the musical numbers are cleverly done; Steindorff has charge of the music, and that is a sufficient guarantee for its excellent rendition. The benefit on Tuesday last for the California Eye and Ear hospital was a huge success. The insurance men filled the house on Friday. The piece will go all next week.

"Oh Susannah" will be presented at the Alcazar next week. Those who saw the piece when played here some months ago will recall the gist of the plot, it being on the "Charley's Aunt" order, though a decided improvement upon the latter conception of male masquerading in feminine attire. It will be commendably mounted and excellently cast. "The Conquerors," Paul Potter's play which attracted so much discussion when produced in the East, will follow.

"The Eight Foot Kick" by Annie Meyers is one of the hits in "The Idol's Eye" revival at the Tivoli. Arthur Cunningham, the new member of the company, has already made himself a favorite. "Fairy Tales" goes with all its oldtime swing.

Ladies "Knox" Straws just arrived.
Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street. Sole Agent

AMUSEMENTS

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FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager

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Week of April 15th — Matinees Saturday and Sunday

New York and London's great farcial hit

"OH SUSANNAH"

Next Week - - The Conquerors

Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

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Curtain Rises at 8 p m sharp

Evenings at 8 — Matinee Saturday at 2

"AND THAT IS NO FAIRY TALE"
The Greatest of all Comic Operas

"THE IDOL'S EYE" ("Hoot Mon")

By Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert

Hartman in his Great Character of "Abel Conn"
Wheelan as the Famous "Hoot Mon"
First Appearance of Arthur Cunningham
Paul Steindorff, Musical Director

Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents — Telephone, Bush 9

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, April 14th

Francesca Redding and Co. Horace Goldin Signorita Nice Barbareschi and Signor Vittorio Castellano Prevost and Prevost
Hal Stephens and Co. Josephine Gassman and Co. George H. Wood
Biograph and last week of Tschernoff's Dog Circus

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Tonight, Sunday night and for a Second and LAST WEEK
Beginning NEXT MONDAY
America's distinguished emotional actress

BLANCHE WALSH

In the Imperial Spectacle

"MORE THAN QUEEN"

The Most Gorgeous Production Known to the Stage

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

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WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager

MATINEE TODAY AND TOMORROW
Last Two Nights of

"CINDERELLA"

Commencing Monday Evening Next
Miss Florence Stone supported by John Webster Jr., and the Full Strength of our New Eastern Stock Company in an Elaborate Revival of

"EAST LYNNE"

POPULAR PRICES: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. — A Few Seats at 75c.
A Good Reserved Seat in Orchestra at Every Matinee 25 cents
Branch Ticket Office Emporium

Hunter Baltimore Rye warranted 10 years old, the purest type of American gentlemens drink. Its medicinal virtues are acknowledged by all Physicians. Particularly adapted for Home and Club use.

The Automobile

The Automobile Club of California is now assuming such a position of importance and promises to become such a prominent factor in the social and commercial future of San Francisco, that we believe a complete list of the members of this organization will be of especial interest at this particular time. The membership, as will be noted, is unusually exclusive for so new and open an organization, containing the names of gentlemen who are not only prominent in business circles but who have a social standing that is of the very highest. It is rarely that such a new organization is found to contain such an aggregation of capital as is represented in the Automobile Club of California. The folllowing is the list of members as it stands at this date:

President, S. D. Rogers, manufacturer of gasoline automobiles;

Vice President, J. M. Wilkins, proprietor of the Cliff House;

Secretary, B. L. Ryder, general manager California Automobile Company;

Treasurer, A. E. Brooke Ridley, representing eastern electrical companies and dealer in electrical supplies, Parrott building;

Earl C. Anthony, capitalist, residing in Berkeley;

G. A. Aldrich, capitalist, with business office at 530 California street and residing at the California hotel;

Albert C. Aiken, a prominent attorney with offices in the Mills building;

Prof. A. C. Barker of 927 Mission street;

Myles Baird, capitalist, residing at 2826 California street;

C. W. Bailey, bicycle dealer, 1807 Folsom street;

Dr. F. H. Bangs, one of the leading physicians of San Jose;

W. E. Boyer, 410 Schrader street;

Charles Blauth, a wealthy landowner of Sacramento;

E. L. Brayton, of the Pelton Water Wheel Company, 125 Main street;

M. H. Cook, 2115 Hyde street;

Dr. W. H. Clark, Official Physician Alameda county;

Harvey H. Dana, a prominent real estate owner of this city, whose recent heavy sales have attracted unusual attention;

W. H. Deming, of the Deming-Palmer Milling Company, 114 Sacramento street;

Charles W. Dibble, the leading bicycle and hardware dealer of Santa Clara;

Courtney E. Ford, a wealthy young clubman, member of the Bohemian club and residing at the Occidental hotel;

C. Wilson Frankel, General Sales Manager, California Auto Traction Co. Coast Agents American Electric Vehicle Company, 110 McAllister street;

William Hunt, a prominent bicycle dealer of San Jose;

A. M. Hunt, General Manager Independent Electric Light and Power Co. 327 Market street;

Frank Holmes, a wealthy rancher of Berryessa, Santa Clara county;

E. T. Henshaw, manager Henshaw, Bulkley & Co., dealers in engines, boilers and heavy machinery, agents Milwaukee steam vehicle, 48 Fremont street;

Charles J. Heineman, General Manager California Auto Traction company, 110 McAllister street;

Byron Jackson, proprietor Byron Jackson Machine Works, manufacturing engines, pumps, harvesting and agricultural machinery, 411 Market street;

L. H. Johnson, traveling salesman for Locomobile Company of the Pacific, 1255 Market street;

Dr. Kellog, member of the San Francisco Board of Health;

Dorville Libby, Coast Agent Century Company's steam, electric and gasoline vehicles. 1814 Market street;

S. J. Levy, commercial drummer, 1359 Post street;

Robert M. Lozier, professor in the Leland Stanford Junior University, Palo Alto;

Charles C. Moore, manager Charles C. Moore & Co., engineers and dealers in heavy machinery, also president of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, main office, 32 First street;

Walter S. Martin of 2040 Broadway, member of the Pacific Union, Bohemian, University and Burlingame clubs;

H. MacKnight, manager local branch of the Mobile Company of America;

W. H. Mohr, a wealthy rancher of Mt. Eden, California;

Dr. William Mason, the leading physician of Lodi:

George P. Moore, general manager of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, 1255 Market street;

O. N. Owens, superintendent Hercules Gas Engine Works;

C. H. Pennoyer, general superintendent Consolidated Light and Power Company of San Mateo, Redwood City and Belmont, residing at San Carlos;

G. A. Pope, member of the Pacific-Union, University, Burlingame, and San Francisco Golf clubs, residing at 2728, Pacific avenue;

P. F. Rockett, of 531 Page street, interested in oil wells in Northern California;

L. W. Sanborn, the wealthiest merchant of Salinas and vicinity;

W. C. Smith, a well known banker of Chico;

Judge W. Spinks, a circuit jurist of British Columbia, residence in Vancouver;

Joseph C. Saxton, President of the Saxton Automobile and Steam Truck Co., 626 Bryant street;

George H. Siebe, the well known wholesale liquor merchant of 322 Sansome street;

James Spiers, Jr., of the Fulton Engineering Works;

Dr. Frank J. Tillman of 1915 Larkin street;

H. C. Tilden, capitalist of 2626 California street, who has made over $200,000 in oil this year;

H. B. and W. H. Taylor, prominent clubmen and society favorites of Oakland;

W. H. Talbot, the big lumber dealer of 314 California street;

Thomas H. B. Varney, Pacific Coast agent for Rambler

"Locomobile"

STEAM MOTOR VEHICLES

SAFEST

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MOST RELIABLE

No Noise

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STYLE 2

Unexcelled for Hill Climbing

New Stock Just Received

(SEND FOR CATALOGUE)

THE "Locomobile" COMPANY

OF THE PACIFIC

1255 MARKET STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

bicycles and Waverly automobiles, also member of the big advertising firm of Owens, Varney & Green;

Albert G. Wieland, member of the Bohemian and Union League clubs, residing at the Palace hotel;

Fred Ward, the well known jobber of 48 Fremont street, and California agent for Riker Electric Vehicles and Foster Steam Rigs.

W. C. Waters, general manager Spreckels Sugar Refinery at Salinas.

Mr. L. H. Johnson returned to this city last Saturday from a trip to Bakersfield in a standard No. 2 "Locomobile." He covered 384 miles straightaway in six days riding time with 219 miles additional run in the different towns through which he passed. Long stretches of heavy adobe mud were encountered and successfully negotiated by winding and driving tires with rope. Heavy sand was also encountered in Stanislaus county, but this proved no obstacle to the "Locomobile," except in an increased consumption of fuel and water. Mr. Johnson left Fresno southbound at five minutes to nine A. M. and pulled up at Hauptli House in Selma at twenty-nine minutes past nine, making the run of sixteen miles in thirty-four minutes, an average speed of twenty-nine miles per hour. Continuing, he made five stops for water and three-fourths of an hour stop for dinner, reaching Bakersfield, 128 miles from Fresno, in eight hours and fifteen minutes. The roads from Fresno south were in good shape. No repairs of any description were needed on the entire trip and no adjustments possible with the exception of tightening the chain after running through the Turlock sand. The route was as follows: San Francisco, Oakland, Haywards, Livermore, Tracey, Newman, back to Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Tulare and Bakersfield. There were no runaways or accidents caused by the machine; horses paid less attention to it than in the early days of the bicycle.

Word has just been received that Judge Spinks succeeded in completing his Locomobile trip to Los Angeles in good shape. Despite the fact that the Judge is a novice at operating a steam engine, he did not have a particle of trouble in driving his Locomobile over the worst roads in the state. On the trip he covered, including many little side runs, 934 miles, and landed in Los Angeles with his machine in as good condition as it was at the start. In writing about the trip the Judge says: "Our roads in British Columbia are so much better than those I have just been over and I had so little trouble, that I am more than convinced Locomobiles have a great future in our part of the country."

Charles E. Anthony, the automobile enthusiast of Berkeley, has decided to sell the Locomobile he is using at present, which can be had at a good bargain. He has just ordered a new Locomobile touring rig, and consequently has no use for two vehicles.

George C. Moore, manager of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, has just performed a test with his private machine which shows what these popular rigs are capable of doing. In company with J. G. Russell, chief engineer of Del Monte Mills, he drove his machine eighteen and a half miles on one and a half gallons of gasoline and eight gallons of water. This is a performance of which the Locomobile people can justly feel proud.

Lew C. Black of San Jose has just returned from the east with the Coast agency for the Knox three-wheeled gasoline vehicles. These rigs attracted considerable attention at the recent Chicago Motor Vehicle Show and it is expected that they will meet with favor out here.

W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. has just placed an order for a new gasoline vehicle to be built in France, which promises to be one of the fastest motor vehicles that has ever been constructed. According to the designs the vehicle is expected to attain a speed of seventy-seven miles an hour, when the full capacity of the forty-two H. P. engine is utilized.

The membership of the Automobile Club of Great Britain has now reached a total membership of 736.

—The Automobiler

Locomobile for Sale

A STEAM RUNABOUT, in fine condition, for sale at a bargain. Reason for selling, owner going East.

CHARLES E. ANTHONY,
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Komfort $3.50 Shoes

Are worn by men and women who want something more than a simple foot covering. They are the trimmest looking and least expensive FINE SHOES offered in town

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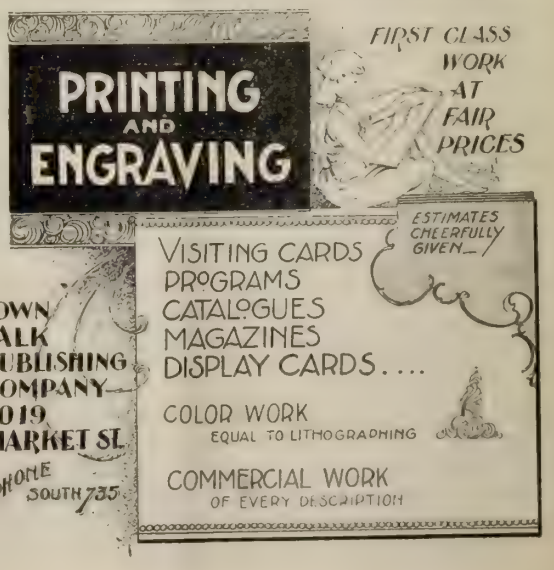

Governor Gage had a bottle of Chapin and Gore's Old Reserve Whisky at his elbow while writing his message.

Music World

The Charity Concert

The concert given for the aid of various charities, and to add to the Art Association's exchequer, on Tuesday evening at the Hopkins Institufe, was not only a society event but a distinctly musical one. Though every seat was not filled, the audience was large and as the tickets were placed at two dollars each, the sum realized was no doubt satisfactory. Sailors from the Seamen's Institute acted as ushers. They were in uniform and the effect was very pleasing. The concert was given in the Searles gallery, a stage having been erected at one end of the hall and elevated boxes ranged along the sides. The two shining stars on the program were Mrs. J. B. Casserly and Mrs. Gustavus Arnold. The latter has a magnificent, full, dramatic voice, which shows in every cadence the operatic training of its owner. It seems a pity such a fine organ should be lost to the stage, but I understand Mrs. Arnold has fully decided to remain in private life and devote her talent to the pleasure of her friends and the cause of charity. She sang Bruch's "Andromache aus Achilleus," the English text of which was given on the program, and an encore selection in a lighter vein. Mrs. Casserly rendered several old melodies on the harp, Scotch, Welsh and Irish, "The March of the Men of Harlech" proving particularly inspiring. An encore being insisted upon, she gave "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." Mrs. Casserly is complete mistress of her instrument, and plays with wonderful feeling. Her stage manner is simplicity itself, graceful, unaffected and irresistibly charming. The substitution of Donald de V. Graham for Edgar Mills, who was prevented by illness from filling his position on the program, did not cause even a ripple of dissatisfaction. Edgar Mills is in a manner an unknown quantity, while Donald Graham is a very known one. He sang in his perfect manner that old favorite, Handel's "Where'er You Walk." I was hoping his second selection would be that other old favorite, which no one else can sing so well—"I Love and the World is Mine"—but instead he sang a Venetian serenade. Mr. Van Linghem, the possessor of a fine bass voice, sang two classic relections and an encore and Miss Agnes Bergin's warm contralto was heard in d' Hardelot's "Invocation," with violin, 'cello and harp accompaniment. Miss Bessie Ames and her 'cello opened the second part of the program, her number being "The Swan" by Saint-Saens. Miss Ames also appeared in the opening number, the Schumann quartet in which Miss Hulda Andersen played the piano part; B. G. Lathrop, violin, and B. G. Somers, viola. Mr. Mills did not appear in the final number, Vail Bakewell substituting for him very acceptably. This last number consisted of selections from Lilli Lehmann's song cycle, "In a Persian Garden," quatrains from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The entire cycle was given here, when the work was new, by pupils of H. B. Pasmore, and is picturesque and pleasing. Mrs. B. G. Lathrop sang the soprano role on Tuesday night; Miss Agnes Burgin, contralto, Mr. Bakewell, tenor, and Mr. Van Linghem, bass.

The Final Hopkins Musicale

The last concert of the spring exhibition on Thursday evening April fourth under the direction of Henry Heyman, was one of the most enjoyable ever given at Hopkins. The vocal part of the program was given by pupils of Mrs. Marriner Campbell and without exception won not alone the sincerest admiration and applause but repeated encores. Mrs. Mary Carpaneto Mead gave two numbers in charming style and with a magnetism that carried her hearers by storm. "The Girls of Seville" (Denza) was repeated to oblige the insistent applause that followed its first rendering. Mrs. Mead's style is sparkling and noticeable for intelligent interpretation. Miss Stella Schwabacher was too ill to fulfill her number on the program which was omitted. Miss Elsie Arden, who hails from Santa Barbara, was the surprise of the evening. She gave Nevin's "O That We Two Were Maying" and Massenet's "Elegie" in a superb contralto of such timbre and depth that her hearers were thrilled. It is a splendid organ and one of such sympathetic quality that when development shall have added power to its other possessions one may predict, and safely, a future of unusual promise and, if she wills it, a career for Miss Arden. Mr. Herbert Williams gave two numbers—"Once," (Hervey) and on part two a "Clover Blossom" .Townsend), and "Violets" (Wright)—in a tenor voice of much sweetness and clarity. One of Henry Heyman's most advanced pupils, Miss Ethel Grant, gave the "Prize Song" from the Meistersinger, (Wagner-Wilhelmj) in fine style. In part two she gave the lovely "Jocelyn" berceuse (Godard) and the Delibes "Pizzicato" with markedly good technique and expression. Miss Grant is a Sacramento girl and has been studying under Mr. Heyman for some years with the concert stage in view. Mr. Heyman gives much encouragement for the prospect of a career before her in the near future. Mr. Emil Cruells opened and closed the program with solos on the grand organ and acted as accompanist for the instrumental numbers. Mrs. Marriner Campbell's pupils were accompanied by Miss Julia A. Tharp.

The week of April fourth Teresa Carreno played an engagement at the Auditorium theatre in Kansas City. The swell Kansas City set made an "occasion" of it and theatre and box parties were a decided feature of the engagement. The musical population of the town was out en masse and it is said that it has been long since such a furore has been occasioned in the town as has laid hold of it since the coming of Carreno whom they call the "Valkyr of the piano."

A Paderewski Tale

A funny but perfectly authentic story was told me the other day of an incident in which Paderewski, the pianist, figured conspicuously. It was when he made his last trip across the big pond that two ladies sitting together on the deck of the steamer watched the artist nervously pacing back and forth before them and occasionally tossing his golden mane, evidently lost in meditation. His long hair was a matter of scorn and decided annoyance to one of the ladies, and when she finally became so irritated she could stand it no longer, she turned to the lady next her and exclaimed:

"Ugh! I just wish I could run my fingers through that mop of hair! It would do me no end of good,"

"You may," sweetly replied the lady addressed, "he is my husband and you have my permission."

It was not long before the lady who told me the story became good friends with the Paderewskis, and one day, going into their stateroom, and discovering the great pianist seated at his piano (which always accompanies him) practicing, she seized the opportunity and taking advantage of the permission laughingly accorded her by his consort on that other occasion deliberately walked up to the great pianist and planted both hands in the midst of the luxuriant locks that made Paderewski the talk of the globe, after which she exclaimed triumphantly:

"There! now I feel better!"

"Just what the doctor ordered"—Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whisky

LOUIS CRÉPAUX.
(MEMBER PARIS GRAND OPERA)

Teaches: Tone Production / Tone Reflection

The technic of articulation in its relation to tone production

Lessons in Classes

First Term begins Aug. 15 and closes Dec. 15
Second term begins Jan. 15 and closes May 15

Studio: Y. M. C. A. Bldg, Reception Hours: 3:30 to 4:30 Saturdays Excepted

The Music Teachers' Association

Pupils of E. Cruells, A. O. Eckman, Mrs. G. H. Wright, H. W. Patrick, E. S. Bonelli, Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel, Mrs. E. V. Whiteside, Mrs. P. O. Peterson and Gustave Wedel took part in the very interesting "special night" of the Music Teachers' Association of California on Wednesday night. The program was: Remarks by the President, H. W. Patrick; piano, Eolienne, Sidney Smith, Tom O'Shanter, Miss Edna Murray; song, Good Morning (composed 1870), Grieg, Maria Roeckel; piano, Song Without Words, Mendelssohn, Miss Myrtle H. Bagnall; Rigoletto, Verdi-Prudent, Miss Bertha Baden; vocal, Elizabeth's Prayer, Wagner, Dormi, Dormi, Master Arthur B. Dodge; piano, Consolation, Mendelssohn, Ballade, Burgmuller, Ruth Christesen; piano (four hands), Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2, Liszt, Misses Josephine Rahlman and Cordelia Burns; duet, Upon my bed all weary (from Richard Cœur de Lion), Gutry, Masters Jerry O'Connor and Harry Maurer; piano, Berceuse, Chopin op. 57, Titania, Wely, Annie Miller; vocal, Recall our Love, Ethelbert Nevin, Love's Nocturne, Lawrence Kellie, Miss Alice Southwood; piano, Elude de Style, H. Ravina op 14, No. 1, The Mill, A. Jensen op. 17, No. 3, Miss Jessie Hood; mandolin orchestra, Potpouri Chimes of Normandy, arranged by May, S. F. Conservatory Mandolin Club; piano, Intermezzo (for left hand), Hollander, Invention, 2 voix No. 8, Bach, Miss Maybelle Kelly; Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2, Liszt, Miss Marie L. Chesworth; duets, The Bluebells of Scotland, Old Folks at Home, The Last Rose of Summer, newly harmonized by Jos. Roeckel, Madame Roeckel and Miss Elena Roeckel.

Mr. F. Dellepiane, organist of Plymouth Congregational church, has composed a beautiful instrumental solo entitled "Legende." It was rendered on the lute by Mr. Samuel Adelstein, accompanied by Mr. H. S. Stedman on the organ, at the union services held at the Congregational church in Alameda on March thirty-first and again at the Easter services held at Howard Presbyterian church, when Mr. William Hooke played the organ accompaniment.

At the Pavilion

The Art Exhibition conducted by the California club was formally opened on Wednesday evening in the art gallery of the Mechanics' Pavilion. Mr. Donald T. Campbell acted as master of ceremonies and after an overture by the orchestra the opening address was made by Mayor Phelan. Addresses were further made by Miss Katherine Ball, representing the art section of the club, and Hon. D. M. Delmas, who spoke on the art resources of California. The musical part of the program was rendered as follows: Selected songs by Mrs. Gustavus M. Arnold; song, The Gipsy King, (Treharne), Mr. Carl Yoho; vocal solo from Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni), by Mrs. Arnold, who was in fine voice and gave her solos with so much elegance and pureness of method that she won continued applause from the delighted listeners. Mr. Fred Maurer acted as accompanist. The gallery is most tastefully decorated and the exhibits placed to such advantage that the effect is more that of a private salon than of a public exhibition.

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World of Letters

Osteopathy Explained

An interesting pamphlet compiled by Dr. A. C. Moore is at hand. It is entitled "The Science of Osteopathy" and treats very comprehensively of that modern mode of healing. The name osteopathy (from *osteon*, *bone*, and *pathos*, suffering)—I quote from the brochure—"was adopted in an early stage of the development of the science which has to some extent outgrown the derivation of the word."

The idea intended, however, is not disease of the bone itself, but that the bones, being the framework upon which the body is built, and being of hard and unyielding structure, by their pressure upon other organs, may cause disease more commonly than any other structures. Thus, a slight dislocation might cause an obstruction to the flow of one of the fluids of the body or the irritation of some nerve, with the attending consequences. * * Osteopathy recognizes in a man a most perfect and intricate, and, to a certain extent, self-recuperating machine, which with every part or organ in its proper position and relation with every other part will run smoothly and perfectly; and that after replacement of parts displaced by accident, or any of the various forces incident to its surroundings and movements, a restoration of function and health will supervene. All recognize these conditions in the infinitely less complex timepiece, driven by a spring of human make; why do we not see them also in the mechanical body, different only in that it is driven by the God-given spring, or force, called life?

The nature of the human body's mechanism is described and the spinal origin of disease located as follows:

Emanating from each side of the spine are the spinal nerves with their sympathetic connections which control every organ of the body as to its action and its healthy development. This is the grand center from which the nervous control of all the parts of the body is disseminated. The nerves pass out from the spinal cord between bones, ligaments and muscles, with only a limited amount of space, and the infringement upon this space by the contraction of any of the muscles or by impingement of bone may cause a disturbance in any organ of the body. Upon these nerves the Osteopath must play as upon the keyboard of a piano, removing any pressure or obstruction which would cause discord in these nerves or in the functions of the organs which they supply. It is upon the spine, for this reason, that the Osteopath does the major portion of his work.

The kind of diseases treated by Osteopathy, and the results that have been obtained, are written of in detail and extracts are given from Landois, Gower and other noted writers on physiology, in reference to nerve affections. The names of the States in which the practice of Osteopathy has been legalized, with the testimony of Governors Grout, Stephens, Briggs, Pingrie, Shaw, Lee, Altgeld, McMillan, Tanner and Taylor, prove that the science has gained worthy recognition. Opie Read, the novelist, wrote:

Osteopathy is the new science of healing without drugs. Among its followers are the most prominent people of the world. I have at hand hundreds of testimonials from the most trustworthy of sources. A school of Osteopathy ought to be established at every health resort in the country. It is almost an instant freedom from weariness. It is the champagne of nature. In cases of nervous prostration it destroys the appetite for drink. I have seen and talked with some physicians who have investigated it, and all these acknowledge its genuineness.

The brochure is certainly worth reading. Dr. Moore, its compiler, is a graduate of the original School of Osteopathy, and founder of this science on the Pacific Coast.

The Dreyfus Book

A book which will attract more than ordinary attention is "Five Years of My

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Life." Captain Dreyfus' account of his imprisonment and exile. It is to appear simultaneously in England, America, France and Germany, and there is sharp competition amongst publishers for the manuscript, which is now ready. It is said to be written in a dignified and temperate style and with a rare and singular good taste, especially for these times. Captain Dreyfus has refrained from making use of the correspondence which passed between himself and his wife during his expatriation.

The Book Lover

Each successive number of the *Book Lover* is better than the last. It is a magazine which no book lover can afford to do without. There is none of the ephemeral chat and gossip which largely make up the contents of the other literary periodicals, but the articles are all of permanent and perennial interest. A few of the titles taken at random from the table of contents of the spring number are: Literary Landmarks in London; California Official Publications; Books That Were Never Written; Book Borrowers; Deserting Old Book Friends. Of especial interest is a reprint of some reviews of books published in the first half of the last century—Woodsworth, Keats, Lamb, Byron, Thackeray, Tennyson, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, and others who were then the new writers. The *Book Lover* is making a really extraordinary offer to new subscribers who deal directly with the publisher. Until the supply is exhausted the book numbers, three, four, five and six will be included without additional cost. When it is understood that the two first numbers, which are out of print, are bringing the fancy price of two dollars and three dollars the value of the inducement will be appreciated.

Maurice Hewlett has resigned his position of keeper of the records in the department of woods and forest, and will devote his attention exclusively to literature in the future. This, a contemporary plaintively remarks, leaves only Edmund Gosse and Austin Dobson of the literary coterie in the employment of the Civil Service. Only! It is a lucky Civil Service that could claim any one of them, much less all three.

"The Octopus"

Frank Norris' novel has been received for review, and will be treated at length next week. It is truly a great book; a work that will be much discussed because of the *thought* that is worked out in it. It is a novel with a purpose. Many of the characters are portraits—semi-portraits rather. Presley, with his great thought-poem, "The Toilers," was evidently suggested by Markham and "The Man with the Hoe."

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The Boston Censors

The action of the Boston library committee has called forth such universal comment that explanations are in order, and it it is now given out that the objection to the books is not based on moral ground, but is simply a matter of taste. The library has not at its disposal sufficient funds to purchase all the fiction which is morally unobjectionable, and it is necessary to make a selection. A corps of readers, some twenty-five or thirty in number, is employed, amongst whom are a goodly proportion of clergymen. If a book happens to be assigned to someone who does not like it, it is rejected. There does not appear to be any allowance made for the difference of opinion, prejudice and narrowmindedness, nor does there seem to be any obligation to furnish reason for adverse judgment. The public is left in the dark as to whether any effort is made to give a book a fair hearing—whether the committee merely takes turns alphabetically or in the order of seniority. One may easily imagine some straightlaced New England spinster shocked at a harmless love story. Perhaps the objection to "The Voice of the People" came from some belated abolitionist unwilling to admit that any Southerner ever treated a slave with humanity.

The antagonism between the Cavalier Virginians and the Roundheads of Massachusetts is active enough to militate against "To Have and to Hold." Apparently this is a local matter which need not concern the rest of the continent, but unfortunately there is an impression that in literary matters Boston knows all there is to know, so that Podunk Hollow and Milpitas are apt to fall into line. The worst of it is that foreigners are set in the conviction that New England is entitled to speak for the rest of the country in intellectual matters and we may expect endless sneers at American provincialism and prudishness, all based on the Boston library black list. That reading committee appears to be in urgent need of reorganization.

Francesca Redding, at the Orpheum

Book Destroyers

Two prizes of two hundred dollars and one hundred dollars have been offered in Paris for the best essays on the subject of "The Insects Which Attack Books and the Best Means of Destroying Them." The inveterate and careless borrower is about the most noxious. Lynching, burning at the stake or boiling in oil would prove effective as insecticides. Paris green, strychnine, rough on rats, arsenic or any of the common poisons administered in sufficient doses whenever one of the pests appears would soon destroy the domestic breeds. A strict quarantine should be enforced against book-parasites, as well as fruit pests.

New Books

Florence Finch Kelly's novel, "With Hoops of Steel," is meeting with unqualified praise from those best capable of appreciating its merits—the cattle men whose life it describes. It is said that the masculine vigor of Mrs. Kelly's style led her publishers to propose that she drop her first name and let her book appear as the work of Finch Kelly, with a view of gaining the advantage supposed to be with men in literary undertakings. Mrs. Kelly, however, objected

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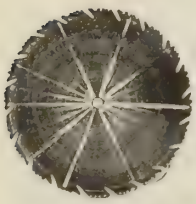

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to the ruse so often resorted to by others of her sex, and let her book go forth to stand or fall on its merits, without any fictitious aid from such masquerading.

Edith Wharton's new book, "Crucial Instances," will be issued shortly by the Scribners.

Gwendolen Overton's first novel, "A Heritage of Unrest," passed into a second edition within a week of its publication. There seems to be a disposition on the part of reviewers to speak of her as "Mrs." Overton and to hazard the opinion that she is an Englishwoman and no novice in the field of literature. It is not unlikely that Miss Overton will be cited as an example of sudden and overwhelming success on the strength of the reception given to her first book, but her success comes as the result of persistent hard work. "A Heritage of Unrest" will introduce her to a larger audience, but as a matter of fact she has been writing for about ten years, and those who have kept watch of her work were quite prepared to find her first long story of more than common interest as to plot and more than ordinarily well told.

The widow of Stephen Crane is not losing any time in pushing her market while there is power in the name. She is making the most of the literature of imitation; her next venture is to be a Revolutionary novel in which she will make use of her husband's ancestors as characters. As soon as this is off the stocks she will set about a biography of Stephen Crane.

Hardly a week passes that there is not chronicled the death of some old time author. Charlotte Mary Yonge, who wrote "The Heir of Redcliffe" and so many other romances popular in their day, died in England within the last fortnight. It is the fashion of the times to ridicule the work of these earlier writers and to deny them a place in literature; but I wonder how many of their successors will hold their first readers as long?

Animal Stories

Though animals have held a more or less important place in literature since the days of Æsop, if not before, it begins to look as if they were to supersede the human element in our day. We all remember the furore over "Black Beauty" and the host of imitations that followed it. Everyone who owned a cat or a dog, not to mention other pets, straightway began to write its biography, and generally tried to make it an autobiography. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has poured out sentiment by the quart over pet poodles and their hairbreadth escapes from the Harvard vivisectionists. "Bob, Son of Battle" was a notable book and Bob takes rank with any character in fiction within the last decade. Kipling's "Jungle Books" are not to be forgotten; Professor C. W. Roberts' late tale, "The Heart of an Ancient Wood," deals more with the animals than the people, and Ernest Seton Thompson's coyotes and bears admit no rivals in interest. W. A. Fraser is another author who has taken up zoo literature. "Mooswa and Others" was one of the popular books of the year, and he is following its success by "The Outcasts," which will deal with the strange companionship between an old buffalo and a wolf dog.

—*The Bookworm.*

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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

VOL. 9—NO. 451 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 20, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

Legal Notices

Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased.

of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, to the creditor

publication of this notice, to the said Annie Kroutch, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of said Mary Donegan, deceased, at Room 41

in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25, 1901

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix.

FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

for change of name of

To the Honorable the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

Your Petitioner Emil Max Popp respectfully shows:—

That he is twenty-one years of age and a male person residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Your Petitioner was born in Austria, and his present name is Emil Max Popp. Your Petitioner desires to change his said name to Max Emil Saling.

The reason for the change of such name is, that he has been known by said last name, to-wit, Max Emil Saling, for the period of eight years, ever since he has resided in the State of California. The name of his step-father is Theodore Saling, and he has resided with him ever since the marriage of the said Theodore Saling to the mother of this Petitioner, and has ever since that time borne his name, and is known by such name to all his friends and associates. His said step-father resides in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and his said mother is dead.

In addition to Petitioner's said step-father, Theodore Saling, he has one relative, a grandmother named Josefa Popp, residing in Vienna

Your Petitioner is known to all his business associates and to the people for whom he has worked, and to those with whom he is at the present time transacting business by the name of Max Emil Saling, and he is known to no person in the United States as Emil Max Popp

Your Petitioner therefore respectfully petitions this Honorable Court for an order changing his name from Emil Max Popp to Max Emil Saling

And your Petitioner will ever pray

EMIL MAX POPP
Petitioner

J. F. RILEY,
Attorney for Petitioner

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco

Emil Max Popp being first duly sworn, deposes and says:—I am the Petitioner named in the foregoing Petition. I have read the foregoing Petition and know the contents thereof. The same is true of my own knowledge, except as to the matters therein stated on my information and belief, and as to those matters, I believe it to be true.

EMIL MAX POPP

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March, 1901

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco
State of California

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of
Emil Max Popp
For Change of Name.

No.

Upon reading the verified petition on file in the above entitled matter it is hereby ordered that said application be heard on Tuesday, May 7, 1901 at 10 o'clock said day, in the Court R the New City Hall City and County of S California, Departm Seven, Honorable Judge, and it is furt that a copy of such for four successiv TOWN TALK" a ne published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1901. Judge of the Superior Court.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 20, 1901

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OUR OPINION

An Actor's Suggestion

Mr. Robert Downing, an actor of the robust school and a man of lusty parts who is now leading the strenuous mummer's life in this city, is—unlike many of his profession—able to think as well as act. He thinks that dramatic training should be added to the university curriculum, because he is quite sure that acting will sooner or later be taught in the great colleges of the country. "And why not?" he asks. "It ranks as one of the greatest of the professions, yet while lawyers, doctors and dentists receive their edutional training at the universities the stage is neglected and slighted. It affords a livelihood to many thousands of people in which the very highest salaries are paid. It is the most democratic of all professions, for favoritism does not enter. The public is the judge of talent and ability, and it is its approval that fixes the rank and standing of the actor and actress." All of which is quite true. The dramatic is one of the greatest of the professions. It educates and it ministers to the mind that is weary. Moreover, as Mr. Downing says, it affords a livelihood to many thousands of people, and it is one of the professions in which favoritism does not enter. The charlatan in the medical profession builds up a practice by artful advertising, and the lawyer of meagre ability often achieves fame and fortune by ensnaring clients with buncombe and bluff. The actor, to use a somewhat vulgar but eloquent phrase, must "make good" or retire to the obscurity of a thinking part. Some of the most prominent members of our legal profession are ignorant of the fundamental principles of law. They involve their clients in unnecessary and costly litigation, tangle up estates and lose cases through flagrant errors, but they have established social, political and fraternal relations through which they lure fat fees to their offices. Yet the study of the law is one of the branches of the university system, and as many lawyers are graduates of the universities, the circumstance might be urged as a reason why dramatic teaching should not be added. But of course if men were not educated in the law in the universities and lawyers were compelled to acquire a knowledge of their profession in the haphazard manner in which actors are trained there would be fewer brilliant men at the bar. Yet if they did not teach law in the universities we would be spared a host of bad lawyers. And if the dramatic art were taught in the universities the theatrical profession would be crowded with hamfat Hamlets and ranting Richards. There are too many of the one-night-stand variety of thespians on the road now, and the universities should not be shouldered with the responsibility of augmenting the evil. Great actors have mastered their art in the slow but exacting school of experience, and there has always been a sufficient supply to keep alive interest in the legitimate drama.

Johnson of Ohio

Tom Johnson of Ohio has the centre of the political stage. Tom Johnson was elected Mayor of Cleveland a few weeks ago by one of the largest majorities ever given to a candidate for that office, and his election is believed to be of real political significance. Tom Johnson is a rich man and a Democrat. Rich men are seldom Democrats, but Tom Johnson is both and he combines other qualities that endear him to many people in Ohio. He is looked upon as an honest man with positive convictions, and though he is somewhat of a crank he enjoys the confidence of people that exercise considerable influence in financial circles. He is therefore being watched by political observers who think it likely that he will loom up as the Democratic leader in 1904. Being a sound money Democrat he will not receive any encouragement from William J. Bryan, but Mr. Bryan's silver policy will be set aside long before the next campaign. Though a sound money man Mr. Johnson is also a single-taxer, and it is by reason of his views upon the subject of single tax that he is looked upon as a crank. He is known, however, to be a sincere man, loyal to his political principles and incapable of resorting to subterfuge to achieve success. The next campaign is somewhat remote, but the probability is that long before it is reached we shall be glad to hail a single-taxer as the successor to the friend of the Trusts.

An Indiscreet Monarch

The latest form of *lese majeste* in Germany is to quote from the Kaiser's speeches. And the Kaiser is such a loquacious monarch and says so many funny things that his subjects are sorely tempted to get into hot water at all times. From what we know about Germany's opera bouffe sovereign we should imagine that he would rather be quoted than to feel that his speeches did not attract attention, but the ban has

been imposed not by William but by the Ministry. So even a king may be deprived of the pleasure of having himself quoted. The trouble with William is that he talks too much. He had a little confidential chat with his soldiers the other day, and he told them that he feared the people were contemplating mischief, and he appealed to the army to stand by its oath, remain faithful to him and maintain his authority at all hazards. Scraps of the speech have fallen upon the public ear despite the efforts of the Minister of the Interior to suppress it. The police have dispersed meetings at which some of the Kaiser's sentences have been quoted, and to deter people from making citations, it has been decided to designate discussion of the matter as *lese majeste*. William is an indiscreet monarch, and the ministry will probably never be able to adjust a padlock to his mouth.

Topical Reflections

President McKinley is just beginning to experience a little of the uneasiness that usually afflicts the head that wears the crown. His troubles are crowding upon him. He reaped the benefits accruing from a successful but unnecessary war and now he must bear the load of complications that are coming with the reaction. On the eve of his departure on a junketing trip he finds the country on the verge of a crisis more serious than the one that confronted it when the *Maine* went down in Havana harbor. The impending industrial upheaval is more than McKinley bargained for when his followers were singing the song of the full dinner pail a few months ago. The murmurings of discontent portending troubles of great magnitude are becoming more distinct every day. The feeling that something is going to happen cannot be overcome. The Dignity of Labor threatens to engage in conflict with the Pomp of Power, and nobody cares to predict the outcome of the issue. President McKinley has the reputation of being a man of nerve and of remarkable coolness, but he must be doing considerable worrying just now. It is surely not pleasant to realize that his friends of the predatory plutocracy to whom he has been so kind have stirred up popular resentment; that the representatives of his Administration in Manila have been robbing the government in a most shameful manner; that his appointees in every department are exciting distrust, and that after two years and a half of beneficent American rule the Porto Ricans are in a worse condition than they ever were in when they owed allegiance to Spain. Perhaps Mr. McKinley doesn't care how he will be regarded by posterity, but if he is sensitive in respect to the probable view in which he will be presented in history he cannot be happy.

Fashion's Decrees

The fashion prognosticators assert that the dramatic story of the recovery of the lost Gainsborough picture is to result in a widespread revival of the feminine article of headgear known as the Gainsborough hat. Anent the prospective revival a masculine critic draws the usual conclusions with regard to the levity and lack of original thought in the fair but overdressed sex. He declares that there is neither rhyme nor reason in feminine fashions, and argues that as the picture hat suits only the very few it should not be worn by the very many. Why should anybody expect rhyme or reason in feminine fashions? The masculine biped cannot boast of reason or rhyme in his own fashions, and therefore he should not seek to criticise the female of his species. We wear what the tailor assures us is proper without considering the adaptability of the raiment to our own peculiar style of pulchritude. Fashionable milliners and fashionable tailors are in business to make a living, and the oftener they change the fashions the more they increase their revenue. There is nothing that the tailor likes so much as change, and his patrons accept his edict without questioning the soundness of his sartorial judgment. Change stimulates trade in the tailor's business; hence the rapid variations in the style of togs. And it is by a hungry attention to the tailor's modification of details that a man obtains the reputation of being "well dressed." Only a few weeks ago came the announcement that the single-breasted frock coat is coming into vogue. And it is not hard to trace the history of the garment. A few years ago when King Edward was yet a frisky Prince, suffering from an attack of embonpoint, his tailor prescribed a single-breasted frock, and "Tum-Tum," as the fat heir to the throne was then known at the Marlborough club, discerned the wisdom of the suggestion. This style of coat, lightly drawn together by two buttons on a link, creates an illusion. To the naked eye it reduces the abdominal display. The absense of superfluous cloth found in the old style Prince Albert coat gives the impression that the supply of superfluous flesh is less than the actual bulk, but the average American citizen is not in need of such a mask. Yet the single-breasted frock is coming into fashion along with the Gainsborough hat, and we must accept them.

"It is advisable that a man should know at least three things: first where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under the circumstances." Information on the last point will be furnished by Lewison's the Leaders Gents Furnishers—953 Market street, between 5th and 6th streets.

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The Saunterer

The Exposure of a Faker

Emil Steinegger, the San Francisco pianist who is perfecting himself in his art in Vienna, has written me an interesting letter from that city upon the subject of the "Hoff cure" which was recently exploited in the dailies. He says: "A number of consumptives from America have been arriving in Vienna of late, as a result of the sensational advertising that the doctor has been receiving in America. You know the American version. This is the other. The wife of an American jockey came to Vienna some time ago. She had tuberculosis in an aggravated form. She inquired for the great specialist. Nobody could be found who had ever heard of him. She is now under the treatment of a royal physician of high standing. As she reported that many Americans were coming over for the Hoff treatment I decided to investigate. Being acquainted with many phvsicians, chemists and medical students I inquired about the Hoff cure and could find no one who had ever heard of it.

Not a Prophet in His Own Home

"One of the chemists thought that there was a Dr. Hoff in Vienna and he picked up the directory and found, 'Dr. Adolf Hoff VII Bezirk Burggasse 42.' As this address is only two blocks away from the apothecary's shop, I thought it rather funny. Here was a doctor whose reputation had spread all over America, but his neighbors scarcely knew of his existence. I next inquired of Dr. Guth of the Royal drug store, and he said to me, 'You probably mean Herr Johann Hoff of malt extract and cough candy fame.' He had never heard of Dr. Adolf Hoff. He promised, however, to consult some of the University doctors and in the meantime I called on Dr. Adolf Hoff of Burggasse 42. Meeting the doctor I told him that I came in the interest of a consumptive friend in America. He eyed me suspiciously and then asked, 'Sind sie Arzt? (Are you a doctor?). No, I was no doctor. He then told me it was true that consumption could be cured. But if both lungs were affected he would not guarantee a cure. He told me about the case of Hammam, explaining that one of his lungs was affected, but he wasn't quite sure whether a cure had been effected. He believes that there is still one little diseased spot in Hammam's bad lung. When I asked him if I should advise my friend to come to Vienna he replied that it would do no harm, that he would at least 'clean him out.' Whether he meant of dollars or disease I do not know."

The "Vienna Sickness"

Continuing, Mr. Steinegger writes: "I afterwards met Dr. Guth and he told me that he and his colleagues had looked into the matter. They visited Dr. Adolf Hoff of Burggasse 42 and and to them he denied ever having heard of a cure for consumption. He told them that if he ever discovered such a cure he would communicate it at once to the Emperor. You can now draw your own conclusions as to the character of the famous Dr. Hoff. I hate to see Americans played for 'sure things.' Hence this letter. Consumption is called the 'Vienna sickness' by physicians here. Out of a thousand deaths a week over two hundred and fifty are from tuberculosis. So I think the 'great specialist' should begin working in his own farm-yard and help his countrymen."

'Raus Mit 'Em

Among the citizens selected by Mayor Phelan to extend the hospitality of this city to President McKinley is Pin Head McCarthy, superintendent of drainage at the California hotel. The blatant Kearney of sand-lot fame was a refined and cultured gentleman in comparison with this coarse-grained agitator who is now posing as the voice of labor while seeking by underhanded methods to disrupt the labor organizations of the city. Mayor Phelan may have been deceived as to the true character of McCarthy when he sought to repay him for political services by giving him a public office, but he is now cognizant of the man's unfitness. He ought to know that it is an insult to the American Federation of Labor which McCarthy is now snarling at as well as to the city at large to permit such a pestilential faker to serve on the McKinley reception committee.

Disgraceful Scenes

A score or so of McCarthy's heelers assembled at the entrance of the ball grounds last Sunday to browbeat and intimidate men and women in quest of wholesome amusement. Despite the outrageous conduct of the hoodlum representatives of this yelping Civil Service Commissioner nine thousand people entered the grounds and with few exceptions they expressed their indignation that such conduct as they had witnessed should be tolerated in an American city. I respectfully suggest that Mayor Phelan and Chief of Police Sullivan attend the ball game next Sunday, so that they may get an adequate idea of the sort of infamy that McCarthy is responsible for. It would probably be somewhat of a sensational revelation to the Mayor and Chief to observe the character of the people that attend the ball games after passing through a mob of howling hoodlums. If they do not care to attend the ball games, they would probably be satisfied with an expression of

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THE WORLD OVER.

opinion from Judge Sloss, who was there last Sunday with his family and who resisted efforts at intimidation. And, by the way, he differs somewhat from Dr. Leland, the Coroner, who paid the price of admission but who feared the wrath of the boycotters, being a practical politician. Notwithstanding the fact that it is generally known that the baseball boycott is the most outrageous attempt at infringement of personal rights ever perpetrated in this city, and that thousands of people go to the games to show their contempt for McCarthyism, Dr. Leland and that other practical politician, Judge Graham, turned back at the gate, indignant in spirit but weak of flesh.

Complications Galore

When the wife of a popular clubman obtained a divorce from her liege lord some months ago, it was whispered under the rose that the divorce was but a preliminary step toward matrimony. While still a wife, her friends said, she had been wooed and won by a rich young man from Sacramento, in the furniture business, who has a penchant for red lights for advertising purposes. The circumstance of his being fettered by marital bonds did not deter the gossips from predicting that the grass-widowhood of the clubman's wife would be of short duration. They knew positively that she was to become the bride of the furniture dealer. Others were confident that a fashionable physician was her fiance. But whatever was the program it was not pulled off for she is still a grass widow. The furniture dealer's wife meanwhile sued for a divorce, and it appeared as though the gossips knew what they were talking about.

A Shifting of Affections

Now the story is out that between the time the clubman's wife sued for a divorce, and the settlement of the furniture man's domestic complications, the latter shifted his affections to a dashing young Jewess from San Jose whose father is in the dry goods business. The Jewess is living in this city in a fashionable boarding house. She is a very attractive and charming young woman. Now the tea tabbies are wondering whether the furniture man intends making the garden city belle his bride. And events are being watched with a great deal of interest. Of course all this is not the most wholesome of gossip, but I must plead by way of justification the novel features presented. And at the same time I may suggest that the conduct of none of the parties involved can be challenged as unconventional in view of the elasticity of the up-to-date code of proprieties approved by fashionable society.

The Subject of Our Autobiography

In the several autobiographies of well known Californians with which TOWN TALK's readers have been favored, the subjects hitherto have all been of the masculine gender. Today, the subject is a woman, and one of whom her State is justly proud—"Roma," the songbird, Carrie Northey in her maiden days, and now in private life Mrs. Jesse Douglas. Roma has in her sketch given the salient points of her autobiography, and leaves me little to touch upon. She is too well known here and throughout the United States, having appeared in opera in nearly all the large cities, for a pen portrait to be necessary. But in her autobiography she says little of what I consider one of her greatest possessions, her talent for composition. Roma's "Violets" is perhaps the best known of all her songs, as it attained instant popularity. Anna Miller Wood, the contralto, considers "Violets" one of the gems of her repertory. "Only a Rosebud" was sung into favor by its composer during an engagement at the Tivoli. "My Heart Loves You Too" was also heard at the Tivoli, after Roma sang it and published it in the East. It is to my idea the most dramatically beautiful of her ballads.

"Charlie Millions made a horrid fool of himself last night," said Edythe.

"Indeed," said her Dearest Friend. "I thought so, when I read your engagement to him in the papers this morning."

The McKeowns

Anent the constant appearance of the names of the Scott McKeowns in the papers—rumors of an approaching divorce and subsequent denials of it, what the hotel people thought of Dorothy's practicing ragtimes on Sundays etc., etc., ad nauseam—a correspondent from Scott's home city writes, among other things:

It is amusing to me to see the fuss and feathers created in California about that man McKeown, his life, etc. To us who knew his father, his mother, his brothers and his sisters, it really does seem funny. They never had any standing in our country except they were rich. They seldom got their names in the papers except on subjects that would make an ordinary man blush. But out there because he made a little money and got a girl crazy after him because she thought he had money, he passes almost as a hero. But so the world goes, and ever will go. Notoriety is what we want, no matter how it comes, but it comes generally about as deserved.

Some Smart Set Gossip

The date of the Martin-Scott wedding has been definitely set for August though the exact day is still hazy. It will probably be an out-of-town wedding which, by the way, gives room for charming and artistic details, if less satisfying to the dear public who dote on "church weddings," as they can sometimes squeeze into a church crush. With the complications that arose over the religious differences of the young

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Variety is always a feature of the menu at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh.

people it was impossible to date the wedding day sooner. So the Harrison party had to steam eastward without waiting for the wedding of Mary Scott, who was Mary Crocker's inseparable friend. Mrs. Burton Harrison's nephew, Mr. Cary Hutchinson, is to be married on the thirtieth of this month and it was in order to be present at his marriage that the Harrisons hurried their departure.

Cary Hutchinson is making as brilliant a marriage as his cousin Francis Harrison did when he won the Californian heiress. Mr. Hutchinson's bride to be is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, and is a niece of Mr. William C. Whitney. The Dimocks bought the home of the late Charles A. Dana, but one of their wedding gifts to the young couple is a more spacious home in the same block. The Hutchinsons purpose making themselves felt in New York society next season, and as they have every requirement, not even the "sour-balled" predict anything but success. Thus will Mary Crocker Harrison have another buoy to bear her upon the social swim of New York. For the future Mrs. Hutchinson is very fond of her "Californian cousin."

She Prefers Black

Genevieve Goad Martin, who has persistently worn mourning for her dear departed, although the time limit has expired, is going to wear white at brother-in-law Walter's marriage with Miss Scott. That is unless the fair Genevieve changes her mind which is not at all unlikely since friends and relatives alike have failed to convince her that her mourning is "outlawed." The fact of the matter is, that the dazzling Genevieve knows how very becoming black is to her radiant blonde beauty, and as it makes her "interesting" she is loath to unsheath her lily-like self from the clinging black draperies that are so becoming.

In the chat of Madame La Bavarde in the *Bulletin*, the other night, Mrs. Langtry was referred to as the "immortal Lily." Of course it was the intelligent compositor that inserted the "t."

The Coming Delegate

In the dispatches of Tuesday it was related that Monsignor Martinelli was elevated to the Cardinalate and that Monsignor Mery del Val would probably succeed him as Apostolic Delegate to the United States. So far the Apostolic Delegates have kept out of the social whirl in Washington, but Monsignor Mery del Val has always taken an interest in fashionable life, and he will not decline the invitations that will be showered upon him. He is President of the Academy of Nobles at Rome. He belongs to an ancient Spanish family and his father is the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican. His mother is an Englishwoman and he was educated at Stonyhurst, the Jesuit college in England. He is only thirty-five years of age, charming and cultured and a social favorite in Rome. Though the Apostolic Delegate has no official recognition from the American Government, yet all the Catholic diplomats, except the Italians, regard the delegate as a brother diplomatist.

"Just what the doctor ordered"—Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whisky

The Yachting Seasons Opens

All the yachts, cat-boats and launches are in trim for the opening of the season, and the lovers of aquatic sports are happy. The Corinthians issued invitations early in the week for their opening day, with H. D. Hawks, John W. Pew, Charles L. Barrett, Thomas Jennings and others on the reception committee. The circular that accompanies the regulation cards of invitation is couched in rhyme, and reads:

April the twentieth, nineteen hundred and one,
Is
OPENING DAY
And marks the advent of another season's fun
And
Pleasure's sway.
The Yachting Season will thus be inaugurated,
And, as is our usual custom, duly celebrated.

First—

By a Reception in the afternoon to all the ladies fair,
From 2 to 6, when, with dancing and a song or two, we'll drive away dull care.

And then—

We'll await with hungry eagerness for the boat that leaves the city
At half-past six, and brings to us the boys. Ah! what a pity
To see it all just fade away—the Boston beans and chowder,
For as they gradually grow less, our crowd grows fastly crowder.

So when—

The feast is o'er,
And nothing more
Is left but the chairs and tables,
There is room for all
Up in the hall,
And songs and tales and fables.

Vallejo-McGettigan

Two prominent Californian families will be united when Miss Francesca Vallejo is married to Dr. Charles D. McGettigan. The engagement was announced this week and caused a flutter of surprise among the doctor's Press club friends as well as among his feminine acquaintances. For nobody thought Dr. McGettigan was a "marrying man." His profession has absorbed every moment since he graduated from the university, and he always refused social calls upon his time. But his fiancee is an old-time friend. Miss Vallejo and the doctor were boy and girl friends in Vallejo, and so to the residents of that section the announcement of their betrothal did not cause great surprise. Miss Vallejo is a granddaughter of the late General Vallejo, whose name is written in California's early history. One of the Vallejo girls, it will be remembered, married Dr. Frisbie of this city. They are all beauties of the piquant Spanish type, Francesca being one of the most charming of them all. An interesting circumstance in connectfon with this engagement is that Miss Vallejo is president of the San Rafael college alumni, and Dr. McGettigan fills the same office in the alumni of St. Mary's.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

She Will Try It Again

The despatches of Sunday stated that in June Marie Burroughs will be led to the altar by Mr. Robert Barclay MacPherson, the New York agent for Marshall Field. Marie Burroughs is so well known out here that anything in regard to her is interesting. Her real name, as most of us know, is Lillie Arrington, and though she was born in Berkeley she has lived in San Jose, Sacramento and this city, and is equally well known in them all. Lillie was a pretty girl with large, soulful eyes and when in one of the Authors' Carnivals at the Pavilion she made a hit with some recitations she conceived the idea of going upon the stage. In a short time she found herself a member of the Madison Square company in New York and it was with that organization she made her first bow to San Francisco as a full-fledged actress. This was in "The Rajah." Her later appearances with Willard in "Judah" and other plays, and then as a solo star, need not be recounted. It was when visiting this city with Kellerd as her leading man that she instituted divorce proceedings against her husband, Louis Massen. It was thought to be a collusive divorce and created a deal of talk.

Reminiscences

The Arrington family belong to California's early history. Old "Nick" Arrington was prominent here in early days. It was he who bought the carriage belonging to the noted demi-mondaine, La Belle Cora, which is one of the incidents chronicled in pioneers' memories. The Arrington girls, though not belonging to the exclusive social set, were much sought after for their beauty and wit. One of them married Mr. Lindley of Sacramento, one married Judge Leander Quint, and the youngest and prettiest wedded a Mr. Beeman. Lillie Arrington had two sisters; one of them went to Paris to study for the stage.

Adam Grant's Story

The probability is that when Marie Burroughs marries again she will receive her first message of congratulation from that dear old beau, Adam Grant. Though Mr. Grant is now quite an aged paterfamilias, the optic through which he admires feminine pulchritude is still undimmed, though, perhaps, his admiration never leads him beyond mere platonic affection. Mr. Grant tells a story about Marie Burroughs to illustrate her wonderful control of the emotions. He likes the story so well that he has told it a thousand times, and the same people have heard it so often that it has become quite a joke. He relates that he called on her in New York some years ago, and invited her for a drive. She was accompanied by her husband when she joined him in the hotel, and he never fails to state with much enthusiasm that, "she was elegantly gowned, and he, elegantly gloved." They seemed a most affectionate couple, but when she entered the carriage after waving Mr. Massen adieu she turned to Mr. Grant and remarked as though she were talking about a new gown, "I'm going to get a divorce from him." That is all there is to the story but Mr. Grant considers it the gem of his repertoire.

During his western tour the President will guard against homesickness by a case of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whisky.

The Potter Boys

The youngest of the Potter boys became a bridegroom this week, when Winifred White Potter—known as "Fred" to his friends—married Miss Elsie May Hume of Oakland, who was a co-ed of Stanford when he was a student at the same institution. There are three of the Potter boys. Their father is Ed. E. Potter the San Francisco insurance man. The brothers all went in for the higher education, Clarence and Fred attending Stanford while Murray, the eldest, after a course at Berkeley, went to Dartmouth. His marriage was an event of not very many months ago; his bride was a wealthy Boston girl. Clarence, the second son, took up the study of medicine and is at present practicing in this city.

"I think that she threw herself away on old Moneybags."

"She did, but I suppose she felt that his means would justify her end."

That "Stolen Duchess"

According to Henry Wotten, a globe trotting Londoner sojourning at one of our big hotels, there is one important question about Gainsborough's "Stolen Duchess," recovered recently in a sensational way: "Was the canvas stolen from the Bond street gallery a genuine Gainsborough or a fake?" The question evoked the hottest kind of controversy among the eminent art critics just before the picture was stolen and the dispute is bound to be reopened when it is again put on exhibition. Even so great an authority as Sir William Armstrong, who has made a special study of the picture's history and character, declares that other hands than Gainsborough's certainly worked upon the canvas. He declares that many authorities believe that Gainsborough's nephew, Dupont, who died at the age of thirty, was believed to be the real author of the portrait. A notion that had more probability was that Sir Thomas Lawrence completed the portrait begun by his great predecessor. Sir Walter himself believes that the hand that finished the portrait was even later than this. Sir Walter's opinion will carry as much weight as that of any man in England and he will no doubt be one of the eminent critics called upon by the Agnews to pass judgment when the picture is again put on exhibition.

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EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O.R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

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E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

When the canvas was put on view at Christies', right after Agnews had paid fifty-two thousand dollars for it—an immense price in those days—great throngs went to view it. One afternoon Millais, the celebrated artist, was met coming out of the building by a famous critic.

"Well," demanded the latter, eagerly, "what do you think of it?"

"I don't believe Gainsborough ever saw that picture," replied Millais.

In discussing it they agreed that it was a much repainted canvas by recent hands though upon work started by Gainsborough. But "fake or genuine Gainsborough" all art lovers agree that "no matter who painted it, it is a beautiful picture."

The Astute Sheedy

Pat Sheedy, the sporting man who negotiated the return of the picture, is well known in this city, though he has not been here for many years. His first trip to California was in the capacity of manager of the John L. Sullivan combination, when the big pugilist was on his famous knock-out tour. At that time pugilistic encounters were strictly prohibited in this city, but Sheedy came to San Francisco with letters from prominent Tammany officials addressed to Chris Buckley, who was then the Czar of local politics. Within twenty-four hours Sheedy had a permit for a contest in the Mechanics' Pavilion and he matched Sullivan and the Olympic club's heavy-weight, a man named Robinson, who proved to be the most cowardly man that ever faced the champion.

A Pen Portrait

If Sheedy should ever write the story of his life only those that know him would believe that it wasn't pure fiction. He has been a soldier of fortune in almost every city in the world where men risk large sums in games of chance, and his acquaintance is so broad that wherever he goes he may find friends. His reputation of being a "square man" has been a more valuable asset than his skill at faro or poker. He is a great disappointment in appearance and manner to people with preconceived ideas of what a successful gambler looks like. His large, fresh-colored face is smoothly shaven. He has a frank countenance and he is always well dressed. He talks not only intelligently but with considerable humor. Sheedy's second trip to San Francisco was in the interest of Jimmy Hope, the noted bank robber in whose behalf he hired attorneys at the time that Hope was trying to evade extradition to New York after serving a term in San Quentin. For assisting Hope in that matter Sheedy lost the friendship of Inspector Byrnes in New York, and was prevented thereafter from conducting gambling games in the metropolis.

What Sheedy Told the Priest

When Sheedy was on his visit to this city in the interest of Hope he became the intimate friend of many clubmen who enjoyed his company and his stories. As a raconteur he is without a peer for his fund of stories is inexhaustible, and every turn of a conversation reminds him of some strange and interesting personal experience in Paris, or at Monte Carlo or in Egypt. In the past two decades he has met nearly all the noted criminals of the world and he is familiar with their exploits. One night in a local cafe he remarked that if all men were compelled to confess their sins it would be necessary to erect more penitentiaries, and then he told the story of his visit to his old home in a New England town after an absence of fifteen years. He met the parish priest who told him that he had been reading about his exploits in the sporting world, and later on invited him out to a lot where he had played as a boy, and on which a handsome church was being erected. While he was admiring the church something was said about the cathedral windows for the purchase of which there was not sufficient money on hand.

"How much will it cost to put in all the necessary art glass?" asked Sheedy.

"About forty-five hundred dollars," said the priest.

Sheedy drew out a roll of bills of various denominations ranging from fifty to five hundred and handed the priest forty-five hundred dollars. The clergyman thanked him, and promised to have an announcement of his generosity made from the altar.

"Cut that out," said Sheedy. "When I was a boy serving on your altar I was within easy reach of the collection plates, and I used to pinch a few dimes every Sunday. I'm merely paying them back now with interest."

A Poker Story

While on the subject of gamblers I am reminded of a story which, though somewhat old, has never appeared in type. It is the story of the visit some years ago of Colonel Fred Crocker, of hallowed memory, Henry T. Scott and Russ Wilson to New Orleans to attend the Mardi Gras festival. While in New Orleans they spent their time in a fashionable club and played poker. They played it so well that they won all the money in sight, and when they left they were in most exuberant spirits. Shortly after getting on the train they met a gentleman who presented a letter from the club whose hospitality they had enjoyed, and who said that he was on his way to San Francisco. They soon began playing cards but the man from New Orleans did not join them because he knew nothing about cards. Would he care to learn? asked Colonel Crocker. Yes, he should like to learn. They taught him how to play hearts and he was phenomenally lucky. They taught him how to play poker and he won every dollar in the party. Colonel Crocker got off the train at El Paso and made a small "touch" for himself and friends. If you doubt the story ask Russ Wilson or Harry Scott about it.

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V V O
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Thompson-Leffingwell

Cards have been issued by Mrs. Elizabeth Neill Thompson announcing the marriage, on April eleventh, of her daughter Ethelwynne and Mr. Elmore Cornell Leffingwell. The marriage was celebrated in this city, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clarke, friends of the bride, Miss Ruth Clarke acting as her maid of honor. It was a quiet affair, with only relatives present. After a short wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell will take up their residence at the Hotel Plymouth. The bridegroom is well known and popular in newspaper circles and is an officer of the Press club.

Native Son Politics

The scramble for office in the Grand Lodge of the Native Sons is to take place next week at Santa Barbara, and the indications are for a lively session. Congressman Coombs, better known as "Weeping Frank" is to be the Grand President without opposition. Mr. Coombs is a remarkably successful job-chaser. He has served in the legislature and he has been Ambassador to Japan, and when he came back from the Orient the only thing he could find lying about loose was the job of librarian of the State library so he took it. Later on, for services rendered Senator Perkins in his fight for the toga he was made United States District Attorney. And now he is a member of Congress and is to be Grand President of the N. S. G. W.

The liveliest contest in the grand lodge will be the one over the Grand Oratorship. Two judges of the Superior court--Dooling of San Benito and McLaughlin of Plumas—are the aspirants for the honor. Dooling is one of the most learned jurists of the State but he is a modest man and not a good job-chaser. He has some staunch friends, however, and they are confident of winning. Steve Costello, who wants to be Grand Trustee, finds his chances somewhat attenuated by reason of the candidacy of "Sad" Jones, a member of his parlor, who wants to be Grand Secretary, and who has undertaken the absurd task of beating Henry Lunstedt, the perpetual Grand Secretary of the order. Jones is the only man in the whole order who would attempt to beat Lunstedt.

A Bandit's Son

Students of heredity will be interested to know that the eldest son of Bandit Evans of Evans and Sontag fame barely missed winning the *Examiner* prize of a trip East, in his school section. He is an exceedingly bright and well behaved boy and the neighbors speak in the highest terms of his good promise. Mrs. Evans, the wife, has had a hard and prolonged struggle for a livelihood ever since she walked into the county jail in Fresno, handed her imprisoned husband a brace of revolvers and stood by while he and the waiter, who had brought in the breakfast, broke jail, seized a team and escaped to the mountains despite the efforts of townspeople and shouting officers to bar their way. After her husband was sentenced to Folsom she lost their little home on the outskirts of Ventura and she and her five children had a hard time of it for a season. Then her mother gave her a lot near by on which she erected a cheap frame house. All of them set steadfastly to work and in time they were able to ease up a little and give the younger children a chance at an education. Mrs. Evans did house cleaning and washing and Eva, who cut such a figure in the several fierce gun fights between sheriffs and bandits near the house, picked fruit and worked in the canneries.

Then Eva married, but a divorce ended an unhappy experience. Now she is married again and is living happily in Portland. Another daughter, a very pretty girl, is bookkeeper in a prominent country store. Altogether, the mother has lifted herself and her five children out of a forlorn, destitute condition by clear grit, perseverance and hard work. Had young Evans won that competitive prize for his school district, which he so barely missed, his name and his father's story would have attracted wide attention and I've no doubt the dailies would have had a deal to say on education as a factor in heredity.

Only One of Them Left

The death of General McClurg, the Chicago publisher, will be a particular loss to Dr. Felix Gunsaulus, the Congregational divine, who now remains the sole survivor in what was once a striking trio of kindred minds. The trio consisted of General McClurg, Eugene Field and Dr. Gunsaulus. They were utterly unlike in personal appearance—the poet being thin and boyish in figure, the clergyman large and portly, and the publisher courtly and elderly. There was a nook in McClurg's old store, which was destroyed by fire I believe a few years ago, that was called the "Poet's Corner" and there a coterie of good souls used to gather every afternoon to discuss passing events. Prominent in the group were the three above mentioned. Then Eugene Field passed away and now General McClurg has gone.

Crowell-Robinson

Miss May Crowell, whose engagement to Lieutenant Edward Winsor Robinson, U. S. A., has been announced, is a younger sister of Mrs. Alpheus Bull Jr. The Crowells have always been prominent in the Unitarian set. Both Irene (Mrs. Bull) and May

In Ladies Purses, some very gorgeous designs are to be found at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street. Both with and without elaborate mountings.

Bernhardt's Vinaigre de Toilette

A most exquisite preparation for the toilet.

It removes wrinkles and blemishes of all kinds from the face, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

This is the preparation used by Sarah Bernhardt in her toilet and was prepared for her by us

THE GRANT DRUG CO.

38 & 40 THIRD STREET

Cor. Stevenson St.

are highly cultured. The former is one of the finest amateur pianists in the city.

The Bromley Breakfast

At the breakfast given last Sunday morning at the Bohemian club to commemorate the eighty-fourth birthday of "Uncle" George T. Bromley, there was a very choice assemblage of guests gathered about the table. In the absence of Raphael Weill, Colonel A. G. Hawes presided. Many pleasant toasts were offered, and messages of congratulation read from Frank Unger, Thomas Nast, Judge Henry Highton and others. Barton Hill, one of the club's old time members, recited an original poem, as did Clay M. Greene. And Lucius Harwood Foote contributed the following little gem:

TO UNCLE GEORGE BROMLEY

ON HIS EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY

Bohemia laughs at Time once more,
Nor heeds the grim scythe-bearer's score,
As here her clansmen throng to meet you,
With hearts elate and pride galore,
Ho! brave old boy of eighty-four,
Across this festive board we greet you.

High Priest of fun and frolic, he
'Neath frescoed walls or greenwood tree
Will bivouac on the field of battle.
What would the fete without him be?
Then let us give him three times three,
And make the clinking glasses rattle.

Hail stalwart Sire! with face benign,
As mellow as Falernian wine,
And sparkling as the Widow Clicquot;
Long may we hear that voice of thine,
As in the days of Auld lang syne,
Long life to thee my old amigo.

A Mysterious Face

There was a mystery at the Cunningham–Kessler wedding that has provoked no end of speculation among those that were on the qui vive for incidents not on the program. It was the mystery of a face—a man's face, long, thin and sorrowful—which peered through the red curtains that screened the stairs at St. Luke's. Ever and anon, as the poets say, the curtains parted just enough to frame the melancholy and mysterious face. When the bride passed into the church the eyes followed her longingly and during the ceremony they were observed to fill with tears. As the couple took their departure the sad eyes set in the mysterious face of pain followed them. Some timid and nervous people who observed the intentness of that gaze feared a tragedy, but nothing happened. This is not an idle narrative. That strange and weird countenance with its tear-dimmed eyes still haunts many people that were at the wedding. Was some disappointed suitor hidden behind those curtains ?

The California Automobile Company pays 5 per cent interest on its Bonds. Bonds and Dividend paying stock will be received as cash on surrender on account of any Automobile manufactured by the Company.

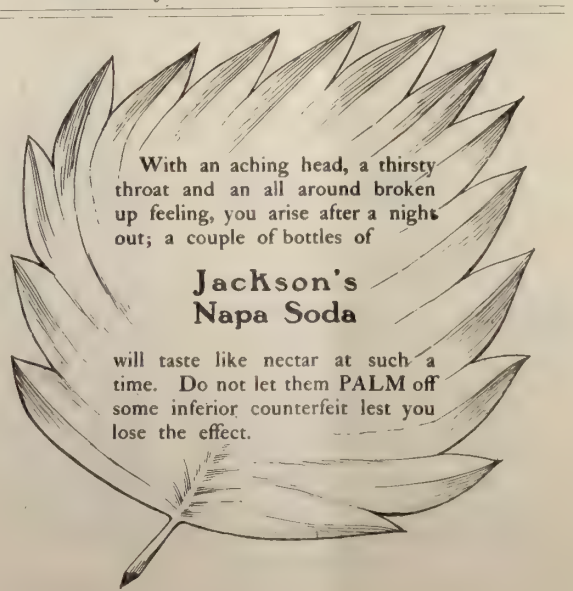
That Narrow Escape

News comes from Denver that Mr. Hughes, the jilted fiance of Miss Baxter that was, has thoroughly recovered from the shock. To a friend he confided that he feels that he had a very narrow escape. And from what I have heard the escape was even narrower than has been reported. Not only was the lingerie of the bride-elect ornamented with the initial of the groom to be, and the skirts of the trousseau stitched with the name of "Hughes" but the wedding invitations were actually engraved, and many of them had been addressed when Miss Baxter was prevailed upon to transfer her affections to the Californian millionaire. Under the circumstances the suspicion is warranted that Mr. Tevis exercised some potent charm over the Denver beauty. And yet he is not the most fascinating man in the world. It is said that he is never so eloquent as when talking about his rheumatism.

Old Houses Undergoing Demolition

I find myself writing frequently of late about the old houses of San Francisco that are disappearing. One is undergoing the process of disintegration just now that was formally inhabited by a very aristocratic family. This is the Tallant residence at the corner of Jones and Bush streets. When Tallant the banker was alive the house was also full of life. Mrs. Tallant was then the handsomest of San Francisco's society matrons, a stately and dignified woman whose prematurely silvered hair added to her distinction. Fred Tallant married Helen Landers, a reigning belle, who since her marriage has rather courted domesticity though occasionally one sees her at a large function.

Next door to the Tallant place is the old Norris house, where the Horace Davis' lived until they moved farther out, on the Heights. That was also once a most vivacious centre, with Mrs. Norris, her son Fritz King and her daughter to help dispense hospitalities. The house has a "To Let" sign on it now, and will likely in time be converted into a family boarding-house, the end of the majority of our erstwhile "old family" homes.



Just Another Sneak

Bill Noy, the Alameda butcher, whose daughter Julia married the aristocratic Jack McNear, son of the proud and haughty George W. McNears, is as mild a mannered Knight of the Cleaver as ever skinned a calf. It is rather late to tell the story, but it will keep without being put in brine. When Bill Noy was told that his daughter was going to marry Jack McNear, he was neither elated nor indignant. No feelings of pride inflated his bosom at the thought of his daughter's marrying into the elite. On the contrary, he—good, simple man—merely figured out that the marriage meant an addition to his family, so he remarked, "Well, it merely means the cutting off of an extra steak." But of course Jack McNear had no intention of boarding with his father-in-law. He is now in London with his bride, who is a cultured and charming woman.

That "Je Ne Sais Quoi"

An occasional correspondent writes me from Paris that a play entitled "Le Je Ne Sais Quoi" has made a great hit with American threatre-goers because it is regarded as a satire on the Boni Castellane menage. It deals with the matrimonial experiences of an American heiress, with a dot of a hundred million dollars. She marries a Marquis who proceeds to dissipate his wife's fortune in expensive orgies. He engages in a liaison with a Comptesse, a typical Parisienne, and to her husband he entrusts the task of initiating his wife, the Marquise, into the ways of the up-to-date French woman. The Marquise proves such an apt pupil that she wins the love of the Frenchman whereupon she returns to her husband and assures him that thereafter he will find her more congenial because she has acquired that "je ne sais quoi" which he had told her was so essential to marital happiness. It is a characteristic French comedy, but would scarcely be acceptable to an audience in America.

The Foote Freres

So Mr. H. S. Foote is after a Philippine judgeship! Well, it doesn't seem quite right for a Foote to be out of a job. And as Mr. H. S. Foote became a gold Democrat he naturally expects recognition from McKinley. When a Foote isn't holding a job he is trying to get some one else out of one, just for the fun of the thing. "Ole Bill" Foote couldn't feel contented when Colonel Irish was a director of the Blind asylum, but when Irish was fired and Foote became a Yosemite Park Commissioner, there was rejoicing among the "Ole Bills." In this connection I am reminded of an interesting story of how "Rom" Foote, a brother of "Ole Bill's," secured the removal of a Federal judge from the bench in Idaho during the first Grant administration. The judge was a Yankee from Maine, and he was cordially disliked by "Rom" Foote and several of his friends from the south. One day a new judge arrived in Idaho from Washington equipped with credentials entitling him to the job held by the man from Maine. The latter was amazed. He had not received any notice of his removal, and could not understand the action of President Grant, but he surrendered the bench and went on to Washington to inquire.

How a Judge Lost His Job

He was not long in getting an explanation. He was told that he had resigned. He was positive that he had not. President Grant produced the letter of resignation in which he had explained that he had to leave Idaho on account of ill health, and asked that the resignation be accepted immediately. He denied having written the letter, and then followed an investigation. Handwriting experts were called in and some declared the letter genuine while others pronounced it a forgery. Finally the judge was pacified by another appointment, but he never went back to Idaho. Now the facts of the case were, as I am informed, that one day, "Rom" Foote discovered a striking similarity between the handwriting of the obnoxious judge and that of his friend Jim Hawley, and that the latter wrote the resignation at Foote's dictation.

Anent the Jarboes

Can it really be that Paul Jarboe is financially ruined? In the suit brought against Prince Poniatowski by Jarboe and others last week, it was said that both J. J. Crooks and Jarboe had been driven into insolvency by the purchase of a power plant to work a marble quarry. It seems but a few years ago that Paul Jarboe was regarded as one of the most comfortably fixed young men about town. Though his father, the late John R. Jarboe, did not leave a fortune of Croesean dimensions, still his family was far from poverty-stricken. Mrs. Jarboe and her daughter Kate lived in Santa Cruz for the greater part of the time, when they were not traveling, their cottage being situated near Beach Hill. Mrs. Jarboe took time to write a novel, "Robert Atterbury," which, though widely discussed by the press, did not, I understand, bring its writer any especial financial profit. Paul, meanwhile, married, his bride being an heiress, Eleanor Dimond, the elder daughter of the late General Dimond. Her sister Maye wedded Joe Tobin about the some time. The junior Jarboes lived in fine style at Burlingame, alternating with visits to town and to Mrs. Jarboe, Sr.'s, Santa Cruz villa. Mrs. Paul Jarboe has been in poor health for a long time past, though at the time of her marriage she was a most robust young woman. Paul Jarboe's sister married Jerome Case Bull of *Munsey's*, and the ex-editor and his wife are alternating their literary labors with cultivating a ranch.

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Those Afternoon Teas

The California Camera club a few weeks ago started a new movement in its lively body, that of giving afternoon teas at regular intervals, to promote sociability among its members. The first of these functions was pulled off at the stated date, but was not the success its projectors had anticipated. There were several pretty feminine camera enthusiasts to pour the tea and chocolate, and the refreshments were as dainty as the most epicurean guest could desire. But nobody came. That is, just a few casual visitors dropped in but not half enough to fill the rooms or get away with all the delicacies provided. The second function was almost a duplicate of its predecessor, but did not dampen the ardor of the socially inclined members, who are still persisting in their good work. Today, another tea is to be given between the hours of three and five, and the committee hopes that the members will encourage this one by a large attendance.

Who Gave the Flag?

That flag of California silk which is to be given to President McKinley has, I am told, caused not a little friction among certain women's club women. The flag is on exhibition at the California club's affair in the art gallery of the Pavilion, and the supposition was that that club was the donor of the flag. But I hear that it was Mrs. Eleanor Martin who really presented the flag and to whom credit is due for the idea of giving the President such a beautiful souvenir of his visit here.

The Awful Hammer

Mayor Phelan, I fear, is becoming a confirmed pessimist. At the Monticello club banquet the other night when the Democrats were paying their respects to that grand old man, Thomas Jefferson, the Mayor took out his little hammer and proceeded to knock the Supreme court and the press. I have no fault to find with the Mayor but I should rather feel that he was more optimistic, for he is a young man with a barrel of money and brains, and it is discouraging to know that one who apparently has so much to live for has so much to grumble at. It must be acknowledged, of course, that the Supreme court has dealt harshly with Mayor Phelan, but nobody blames the court much for handling the charter without gloves in view of the hands to which its enforcement had been entrusted. And as for the press—well if the Mayor had not had such a wholesome respect for the press some months ago he would be in better spirits today.

Opposed to an Aristocracy

And by the way, the Monticello club is in disfavor among the Democratic hoi polloi. I have received letters from several of the rank and file criticizing the members of that organization, and charging them with being in a conspiracy to "hold out" jobs for the kid-gloved element in the party. They assert that the Monticello club is an aggregation of "high-toned gents" who "stand around and look wise when they are not banqueting in spike-tail coats." One indignant correspondent writes: "The Democratic party won't stand for an aristocracy. We killed off Chris Buckley when he got all swelled up with himself and fitted up a "Business Men's" club in a mansion on Stockton street, and we will kill off those guys of the Monticello club when they come before the people."

As a matter of fact the Monticello club is an organization of modest gentlemen, and as the dues are only one dollar a month the cosy headquarters are within easy reach of the average voter. It is not half so swell as the Republican club, the Union League, but it is on a plane above the Iroquois which gives banquets for the purpose of enabling spellbinders to eulogize Tom Jefferson and Max Popper.

The Comical Major

The Life-Saving Service which is under the supervision of Major Blakeney at this port is conducted in a manner that should suggest the funniest of plots for a comic opera. And I know of no character in all the realm of comic opera quite so amusing as the grave and pompous Major Blakeney. The Major is equal to Pooh Bah and Captain Corcoran rolled into one. Shortly after the Rio Janeiro wreck, Arthur Lotto, a *Call* reporter, had a thrilling experience on a raft in the Golden Gate while in tow of a tug. He ran up distress signals but was overlooked by Major Blakeney's somnolent lookout. He was rescued by some fishermen and a few days later he preferred written charges against the Lookout. He sent one copy to Major Blakeney and another to Chief Superintendent Kimball, and then he waited to be summoned to the investigation. But he received no summons. About ten days ago he learned that Blakeney had dismissed the charges. Upon inquiry he was told that Blakeney had made an investigation but did not think it necessary to obtain the testimony of the complainant.

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Tempests in Clubs

Just as the Sorosis club passed through a crisis the members of the California club began to see breakers ahead. I told of the row in Sorosis several months ago when certain ladies began to rebel against the blackballing of their friends, and I then predicted that the perpetual committee on membership would be ousted. To accomplish this it was necessary to amend the constitution and that has been done. And now it is said that in consequence Mrs. George Law Smith, Mrs. William B. Carr and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs have resigned. Three black balls were all that were necessary to keep out applicants for membership, and the resignation of the trio is now regarded as significant. The trouble in the Sorosis club is said to have been due to the social ambition of certain leading and influential members, who were on the alert for an opportunity to gain a little prestige. Though they pretended to be anxious to keep up the character of the personnel they admitted a few years ago the wife of a millionaire whose past was not above suspicion, but they drew the line later on at women who, though not so high in the social scale, were nevertheless without a past. The motives of the blackballers were therefore questioned, and in time the friction became intense.

Friction in the California

Mrs. George Law Smith, who figured in the Sorosis club affair, is responsible in a measure for the friction that was engendered in the California club. She and Mrs. Brice had charge of the hanging of the pictures at the club's Industrial and Allied Arts exhibition. An artist did the work but it was done under their direction. When the exhibition opened it was discovered that the picture of the president, Mrs. Lovell White, had been hung in a remote corner where it was scarcely visible and could hardly be found without the aid of a guide. Mrs. White was naturally indignant and so were her friends. But Mrs. White did not betray her feelings at the exhibition where in company with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brice she received visitors. They all seemed to be on the most friendly terms. Nevertheless, as a consequence of the hanging of that picture out of sight there is trouble brewing in the California club. So great was the indignation over the incident, which was regarded as an insult to Mrs. White, that the picture was given prominence after the first day, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brice explained their action by saying that it was influenced solely by the circumstance of the portrait being inartistic.

The Michael-Baum Incident

At the Pacific-Union club they are still talking of the Baum-Michael incident which is regarded as the most unfortunate thing that ever happened. Mr. Michael, by the way, has been elected a member of the club, but strange to relate Mr. Baum still retains his membership. In view of the letter that the latter wrote to block the entrance of Mr. Michael I can scarcely conceive of both men belonging to the same social organization. But the probability is that Mr. Baum will soon resign. There are members of this club who hold him in such contempt on account of his action that they have ceased to give him recognition. Under the circumstances Attorney Baum should find the atmosphere of the Pacific-Union club very unpleasant.

DR PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough. it never fails, try it, price 25c.

The child doesn't think about his heart; the youth doesn't think about anything else; the old man has no heart to think about—it was broken long ago.

A Novel Birthday Party

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewers and Miss Harriet Lewers of Honolulu are once more at the Occidental hotel and are entertaining as usual in their unostentatious but charming manner. Miss Lewers conceived the idea of giving a birthday party on Wednesday evening last in honor of her brother "Will," although that young gentleman was more than two thousand miles away at the time. He has been a member of the Maude Adams' company for the past season, assuming the character of the tailor-conspirator in "L'Aiglon." Toasts to the health and continued success of the absent thespian were quaffed while telegrams of congratulation and acknowledgment flitted back and forth between San Francisco and Cleveland, in which city the company is now appearing. Among the guests were Miss Bagley, Mr. D. B. Bagley, E. H. Paris, Miss Close, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewers and Dewitt C. Lockwood.

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Secure your seats now, as this is the only available place on land to view the launching and you can now get seats at the company's price. Don't wait until they are bought by speculators and you have to pay double for them.

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1817—1901

[This poem was read by its author at the birthday breakfast given by Raphael Weill to "Uncle" George Bromley on the occasion of his eighty-fourth anniversary, at the Bohemian club last Sunday.]

Through years that never aught but manly lustre shed,
He whom we feast today hath laughed at Time,
And with the reaper in his hand lopped off the head
Of each conspirer 'gainst the bond sublime
That binds man's heart to man's.
Through days, and nights, and weeks, and months of merry years,
That rugged heart of his could only beat
For Friendship and for Friendship's cause. Nor sighs nor tears
Have stilled its endless flow of nature sweet
That held Bohemia's clans.

Through countless revels that were big with song and wit,
His voice rang out the blithest of the best;
His tongue found words as sage as Plato ever writ,
His soul enlisted in an endless quest
For spirits turned to joy
Made every atmosphere he breathed a world of cheer
Wreathed all in smiles. Men loved him better far
That ever woman loved her lord. For none sincere
As Friend-love which no jealous lust can mar,
Nor passion's thrill alloy.

Through orgies that have youthful vigors drowned in wine,
And strong men's wits transformed to tongueless things,
His rum-proof mind, as though controlled by hands Divine,
Poured through his lips as smoothly as on wings,
The quips of jest and song.
Then when the nascient day dethroned the waning night,
And glared on kings of revelry laid low,
This King of Kings triumphant, swayed the merry fight,
And wit and song rang still in joyous flow
As through the whole night long.

So through these merry, merry years from one to eighty-four
This good old man hath lived without a foe,
Save he who scoffs at Friendship's care-destroying love
Or closes mind and ear its worth to know,
Or rails at all emotion.
And through the coming years (Please God a score at least,)
Let us each natal day in revel meet,
Unite our hearts and souls, dear George, in joyous feast,
And 'till the next, be all your joys as full, and sweet,
And boundless as the ocean.

CLAY M. GREENE.

April 14, 1901.

At Her Feet

Though 'twas upon the crowded street,
Naught did I care
Who saw me fall down at her feet,
Or heard me swear
By sun and moon and all the stars,
Earth, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars;—
By Odin and his battle cars—
I needs must swear!
Though 'twas upon the crowded street,
Naught did I care!

She shrieked and fainted dead away—
Naught did I care!
I lay there at her feet, and say—
How I did swear!
For underneath my tripping heel
Had crept a fell banana peel;
And this it was that made me feel
I needs must swear;
She shrieked and fainted dead away;—
Naught did I care!

April, 1901 —LOWELL OTUS REESE.

The Coquette

The coquette believes that a man is like a clock, to be stopped at will.

Sometimes she may be right—when the alarm has been set but for some reason fails to work.

More often she is wrong. The alarm goes off with a bang and then—

She stares aghast at her work.

—THE KEY.

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Every vehicle we own included in the reduction; none are excepted.

Each vehicle plainly tagged, showing old and new prices in each instance.

An opportunity of THIS KIND to buy fine vehicles of a reliable firm has never before been offered in this city.

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A Chapter of Autobiography

BY "ROMA"—[CARO NORTHEY DOUGLAS]

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY? Dear me! I thought I had done with ancient history long ago! But, here goes. I have gotten out my old dusty programs, date books and diaries and will try to grant your request. I was born (I *must* begin like this) in what is now called East Oakland, though at that time it bore the pretentious, stately name of San Antonio, in the year—well, now, as it is the custom for prima donnas never to tell their ages, if *you* care to know, just ring up Oakland Hall of Records and ask them for it; they *used* to be a lot of very obliging fellows in my day.

My first and earliest recollection of music was learning "Now I lay me down to sleep," standing by my mother's rocker with my elder sister, Mamie, on the opposite side, singing as mamma taught it and listening to Mamie's alto. Evidently this was to have been our debut number, for I remember the wonderful dresses we wore—pink, trimmed with countless rows of narrow black velvet—as we stood later, hand in hand, mites of four and three years old, on a table on the platform of old Platt's hall in San Francisco. I can hear my mother's last words of advice to Mamie (who *would* turn in), "Turn your toes out!" as we mounted the steep steps leading to that platform. For years afterwards, we two sang on Sunday nights at that same hall. I remember papa was usually called "The Sledge Hammer," he being a blacksmith in those good, old days, and having the reputation of saying what he knew in a fearless manner; we were known thereafter as the "Two little Sledge Hammers."

I've been hammering away ever since then. Now I can see myself at a big round table in our huge music room at home sitting next to papa. It is a "Singing School" night and the room is filled with the music lovers of San Antonio, led by that dear old man—long since dead—Elliott. I am learning to read those black notes on all those long lines and my father instils into my baby brain the movable "do." How easy that has made music for me!—a different "do" with each change of signature—I tell you, *that* was the rock on which I built and it has never failed me. If all the public schools, seminaries, and the upper colleges of music, the fashionable teachers and the broken-down-singer-professors would throw out of the window and brain the ever muddling "sciences" of music and go back to the movable "do," there'd be more musicians in the world.

Next I remember Mrs. Yelland, widow of artist Yelland, teaching me piano; how I hated scales! When I wasn't hiding behind the gooseberry bushes in the back yard to escape my music lesson, I was manufacturing melodies of my own at the keyboard or turning forward the hands of the clock to show how long I had practiced! It was at this time I started composition.

Now begin my school days in the little old shanty in East Fourteenth street where Eliza Brown corroborated my father's previous music principles. Next I find myself in the choir at Presbyterian church. The town has flourished and is now called East Oakland. Here later in this East Oakland Presbyterian church on the old hill above the "gully" I am soprano soloist, where on my thirteenth birthday I am baptized "Carrie Northey" and duly elected a faithful member of the flock. Out of this choir, we formed a quartet—Mamie, Dan Lawrence, Al Hawthorne and myself,—and in the years following, while attending Franklin Grammar and Oakland High schools, we gave our services in sweet charity's sake for concerts, old fashioned church socials, entertainments, charades and surprise parties and strawberry festivals.

Then I began earnest work with Alfred Kelleher and to him I owe my common sense in phrasing and breadth of purpose; he carried me safely onward on the good road I had started. In the few years between 1880 and 1885, I attended the Harmonic Society under D. P. Hughes which met every Monday evening in Oakland. Then too, I find myself soprano soloist at the Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian and Congregational churches in Oakland, and at Dr. Scott's in San Francisco. I remember drilling three hundred children for a big production of "Cinderella" and conducting the same from the orchestra chair during a tour through California and the Pacific coast.

Next comes Boston and the New England Conservatory, where I studied voice under John O'Neil; harmony, theory, Italian and dramatic action. I worked hard and finished the prescribed course of three years in exactly thirty weeks, carrying off a gold medal which I prize beyond any of my jewels. While there I organized the New England Conservatory Concert Company and we gave concerts in and around Boston during my entire stay. Then comes a short season with the "Boston Ideals," afterwards formed into the "Bostonians," and a week with the Russian Royal Opera Company, on its first visit to America. Then during vacation, I toured west as far as Ohio and through Pennsylvania on a concert tour and later in the year I returned to California to attend my sister Maud's wedding.

Then the citizens of Oakland, headed by Fred Campbell, wished to show their appreciation. The old Oakland Colisseum, now the Dewey theatre, was engaged. I brought Caro True-Boardman the latest Boston fad, "Tableaux D'Art" and with her help and some musical people we gave a concert to less than eighty-five dollars, which did not cover expenses. *Oakland appreciation!*

Next I was engaged in Fowler's Tableaux D'Art Company, playing California and the coast; it disbanded at Portland, and thence I left for New York where I was engaged in concert work under Major Pond, John Bragg, Ben Johnston and others. Then good-natured Donnelly & Girard persuaded me to join them in "Natural Gas", which, playing westward I left later on to join a quartet company composed of Alfred Wilkie, Marie Barnard, Wilmot the blind organist, Gus Thornton, Fletcher Tilton, Signor Martinez and Mae Thorne. It was to Mae Thorne that I dedicated "Violets" as a mark of appreciation and esteem. I have heard it sung many times by many beautiful voices in many cities and foreign lands, but no one has ever sung it as she did or so touched my heart strings as her glorious voice did.

Next I find myself in the Jewish Synagogue under the Rosewalds, sitting next to Carrie Milzner, Marie Barnard and Alvina Heuer. In December 1891, Alfred Wilkie's quartet, composed of Mae Thorne, Porter, Martinez, Wilkie and myself, played the southern California towns and while at Santa Barbara I met a Mr. Jesse Everson Douglas, an expert accountant who was engaged by the counties in preparing certain claims against the State. On our return to Oakland at the end of the season, I resumed my position as soloist of Presbyterian choir under Benjamin Clark, and from this church, July 27th, 1892, I married this same "Douglas, tender, and true"

(Now at *this* part in the children's story books, it reads, "And they lived happy ever afterwards" and yet I remember another old saying,

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins."

Ah well! be it as it may, I retired from the glare of the footlights, the smell of grease paint and powder and settled down to a life of ease in San Francisco. As "Mrs. Douglas" I was engaged to sing at Dr. McKenzie's church. Alas! the first Sabbath evening, some Oakland Presbyterian friends had called on some San Francisco Presbyterian friends and turning out en masse to church, had recognized "Caro Roma" in the choir loft and the next week I received my month's salary in full. Thus ended my first and only Sunday in McKenzie's church.

Fortune proved a fickle jade, for six months after our wedding day, it found us homeless, moneyless and, of course, friendless, since the possession of money is often friendship's gauge. We went to a quiet, homelike hotel in Oakland and there I was initiated into the mysteries of "claims" and worked with my husband, elbow to elbow, collecting data, writing incessantly and preparing huge papers for the final checking. While there, I organized the Treble Clef club, the first woman's musical club of its kind, and also gave a series of afternoon recitals at the First Unitarian church. With me was associated Miss Marion Albright, now one of the Mrs. Brays of Fruitvale, a clever, beautiful and talented girl, returned home from an extensive course of elocution at an

Eastern college; we were further augmented by Olive Reed Batchelder, alto, and Dorothy Goodsell, accompanist.

Now just here, I must ask for your kind judgment and friendly consideration. You have often spoken so kindly of "Roma's big heart" and her kind treatment of all those seeking her advice and help, that I wish to write the next few sentences in red ink instead of black. The only times in all my life when I asked the people of my own town to turn out and show their appreciation of an artist who had at all times given not only her money but her talents *gratis*—I repeat, the only times I ever asked them to pay "two bits" as an entrance fee to the two entertainments, the programs of which were not only musical and good, but of Eastern stamp, were at the Colisseum when eighty-five dollars did not pay for expenses and at these later afternoon recitals where again the receipts did not even equal expenditures! I have never asked since and never expect to again. From that time, *Charity* and I were strangers and I refused ever afterwards to sing unless paid—and paid *well*, too—for it. Others have called Oakland and San Francisco "jay" towns and said all sorts of cruel, harsh things of both of you; this is the first time I have ever penned my personal musical experience. Melbourne was equally as indifferent to the peerless Melba. Blessed are those who can *forget* many things—I cannot!

It was not long after this that I met George Lask in the street and he asked me to call at the Tivoli next day. I went, and on July 17, 1893, I bowed in "Indiana" to my first Tivoli audience. Those good old days! Let's see; there were Teddy, Tillie, Gracie, Fan, George Olmi, Irene Mull, Phil Branson, Bauer, Neilsen, and dear Mr. Kreling over us all, he whose word was a bond and who neither asked nor gave a contract to remind one of one's duty. It was a year later, in July 1894, that Mr. Douglas' claims were passed upon and with a snug, good fortune in my stocking, we turned our eyes eastward to make New York our future home.

The season of 1894-5 was the worst in the history of things theatrical; managers only took companies out to either strand or desert them if unsuccessful. I can recall now "Trip to City" closing after the first week; "Rickett's Troubadours" deserted by Ricketts at Portland, Oregon, after thirteen weeks of awful towns with salary owing us, riding home to New York on "Charity" tickets provided us by a lodge of Masons and Elks; then a trip through the South with the United States Marine Band of Washington, under Fanciulli and with President Cleveland's permission—also a failure.

Next came a contract signed with Grau for swell concerts, concerts at seaside, "At Homes" and the usual summer season, followed by another failure, "Fatted Calf" stranded in New Orleans; we reached New York and later played the New England circuit to good business with the same piece. In November, 1895, I signed with M. B. Curtis as leading lady; legal troubles arose and we were closed after three nights in New York. I was then called to California by a telegram announcing my mother's illness. I landed on February eleventh, 1896, and opened at the Tivoli a second time sixteen days later, closing in June, '96. Went home to New York in July and opened in August at Washington; after a short season started for Quebec to sing French opera and it was while there that I left the stage as prima one night, to take up the conductor s baton, singing my role from the chair, and gaining an English medal for my pluck in saving the performance. I conducted the remainder of the season.

Christmas, I landed home and the following February, 1897, went to Castle Square, Boston, the first Eastern stock opera company, where I remained the entire season, a most successful one in every way, financially and artistically. On April eighteenth, Easter Sunday, we produced Max Hirschfeld's "An Claire de la Lune."

I turned my eyes towards New York again, stopping over at Nantucket to give a concert, reaching home on May fourth. Two days' rest and away to Cleveland, Ohio, with a fat contract to fill and a sick husband to nurse back to health; sang at Haltnorth's all summer. While at Castle Square in February, I signed with May Irwin for August following, and left Cleveland to attend rehearsals in New York. The piece was a failure and I handed in my two weeks' notice to open in Boston the next day with "My Boys" which closed its long season in New York on December eighteenth. Ten days later I joined Frohman's "Salt of the Earth" company, arranging all the music used in this dramatic production. In January, '98, I opened again at the Zoo in Boston under Kane for a season of opera and while there, Mrs. "Jack" Gardner helped to "swell" our audiences by promenading the Zoo holding on to a "doped" lion! In March '98, Mr. Douglas' business again claimed his immediate attention and I reluctantly turned to the Pacific coast with him, and opened at the Tivoli in April for a very short season of four weeks. It was not *then* the same old Tivoli to me. Then follows a trip with my "better half" all over California working on claims again, helping as best as a woman can with figures and technicalities. July fourth I sang at the State Agricultural Building in Sacramento to thousands. Eleven days later I played "Beggar Student" at the Tivoli, their prima donna being ill, and followed in "La Giaconda" in August. We left 'Frisco in November '98, sailed for London the following month on the *St. Paul*, arriving at the Hotel Cecil the last day of the year.

New Year's Day, 1899, I began an engagement with the Gramophone company, making records which have since been spread over all the world wherever there's a "drop a penny in the slot" machine. I am still making records when I can spare the time. On Washington's Birthday, 1899, I opened wide my doors to London society; I offered it good music and good things to eat and drink. It came en masse—a chattering mob—and I was launched socially upon the wonderful wave of prosperity in a foreign country. Five days later I signed a three years' contract with a big concern down town and was launched as a "star" in "The American Heiress" which proved a great success. It is still playing in the provinces and is to visit New York in the autumn. After that season follows a round of pleasure combined with golden sovereigns. "At Homes" paid well, concerts were as numerous as the flowers in May. I visited Lady So and So, Duchess This and Countess That and they returned my call on *my* day at home. On November sixteenth, I sang at Windsor Castle for the good woman who has just died and was presented to the Court of St. James later on in the season. One whole year of making friends and money passed all too soon and in January 1900 with a party of foreigners, I joined Joe O'Mara for a trip through Ireland where we played five weeks of one night stands, treated like kings and queens and seeing the "beautiful Isle of the Sea."

June first, I gave my own concert at St. James' hall where I sang my song cycle for the first time, to a packed and enthusiastic house, the receipts of which not only equaled the expenses but left a good fat nest-egg over besides. I thought of the Colisseum in Oakland and the afternoon recitals—well, there, I have closed that chapter years ago. All July was spent in a round of congenial work and then I was "loaned" by my shrewd managers to dear old Turner for this season of grand opera, his sixteenth annual tour all over this country.

This brings me down to date, and in looking forward to my future contracts which will keep me busy for some years to come on this side of the wide, wide ocean, I can justly say that I have *earned* through hard work all the happiness and success I am now enjoying. No one has helped me; there's been no man's blank cheque book for me to fill in at my pleasure to *buy* my way to Success, neither a woman's perfumed note of influence to open the portal for me. It has been *work*, *work*, *work!*—ever and always filling each hour of my day and my dreams at night, leaving no room for idle, careless moments from which are born temptations ending in degradation and shame; yes, *work* which has made me what I am. My voice has been my one true friend through shadows as well as sunlight, through successes and failures, which has never deserted me. In grateful return, I treat it as such, guarding it as the richest jewel I possess and living that life which may never cause it to be ashamed of me, its mistress. And all I have, all I am or even hope to be, I owe to God alone—the Giver of all good things—and am content to do to the best of my abilities my daily duty as I find it, knowing that whatever happens is best; for some day, somewhere, I shall *know* at last, what I poor mortal, only now believe.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

Will be here next month, and will be present at the launching of the battleship *Ohio*, with several distinguished Ohioans and members of the President's staff. The only available land on the Bay front where an unobstructed view of the scene may be had has been secured by the company of which R. Hesse is the manager and P. J. Knight the secretary. Seats are now selling for the great event on May eighteenth and can be secured from the secretary, at 916 Market street. Prices for seats are $2 and $3 each; it is well to secure them early. The Western National Bank is the company's depository; Lawrence C. Manor, attorney.

$1 weekly; suits to order from genuine Scotch. $15 up; fine dress suits, $20 up elegant overcoats, $15 up; L. LEMOS 1117 Market street, between Seventh and Eighth.

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"More than Queen"—a feast for the eye.
ALCAZAR—"Oh Susannah"—a feast for the risibles.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"East Lynne"—a feast for the tear glands.
TIVOLI—"The Idol's Eye"—a feast for the ear.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—a feast for the general anatomy.

Attractions Next Week

The Alcazar will have the strongest attraction for its Monday night's bill that has been seen in San Francisco for many a long day. This is Paul Potter's play "The Conquerors" which first startled New York, shocked it and then forced the Gotham play-goers to embrace it and give it a long run. When its run had barely begun, it was cleverly burlesqued at one of the vaudeville houses, a sure evidence that the original play had "caught on." "The Conquerors" is said to be as realistic in its situations as the great picture "The Rape of the Sabines" which is somewhat in the same vein as the play. Its scene is laid in Brittany, on the day following the battle of Sedan, and the manner in which the conquering army conducts itself gives the motif of the play. It is said to be a drama of such realism that to many it seems coarse. Still, after "Zaza" we should be able to stand any degree of realistic acting. A splendid cast will interpret the piece, with Barton Hill, the veteran actor, in a leading role. Marian Nolan, the shapely Californian Venus, will appear; also the three clever Georgies—Woodthorpe, Cooper and Russell. The entire strength of the Alcazar company will appear.

The Columbia will be dark for a fortnight after which it is announced that James A. Herne's production of "Sag Harbor" will open here on May sixth. Arrangements have been completed for a limited Henry Miller season at the Columbia next month, with the star in repertory and in Mr. Miller's production of "Richard Savage." Margaret Anglin in her latest success and Gus Thomas' "Arizona" are futures at this theatre, also Annie Russell in "A Royal Family." Miss Russell is a charming actress, and first became known to fame when in Nat Goodwin's support in the East.

The Orpheum offers for next week Barnes and Sisson in an original farce comedy, "A Marriage Broker." Alf Grant is a mimic and one of the cleverest in the business. Clayton, Jenkins and Jaspar have a combination of fun entitled "Fun in Darktown." Clayton and Jenkins are well connected and Jaspar belongs to the famous Jackass family. Madame Marion Von Schrader is an operatic singer who has just returned from Europe, who made her debut in vaudeville at the Orpheum. Mademoiselle Adelaide is an aerial artist of considerable ability. Among the holdovers will be Francesca Redding and company, the great Goldin, Josephine Gassman and pickaninnies and the biograph.

The new company that Mr. Morosco has engaged has made a fine impression, and "East Lynne" has drawn well this week. It shows most commendable enterprise on the part of the management that for next week it will produce "Under Two Flags," which has been one of the reigning successes in New York this season. This is the Edward Elsner version of Ouida's novel and is said to be an admirable one. The character of Bertie Cecil is one that appeals particularly

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"EAST LYNNE"
Commencing Monday Evening Next
Second Week of Miss Florence Stone supported by Jack Webster and our New Stock Company in Edward Elsner's Version of Ouida's Popular Novel
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to women, and Bertie Cecil has been the ideal man of more than one woman, since her schoolgirl days. Cigarette, the vivandiere, is the heroine, and in the Morosco production will be played by Miss Florence Stone, the new leading lady, who has already made a host of friends here. Jack Webster, also already a favorite, will be the exiled Bertie. Saturday and Sunday matinees are the rule at the Grand.

There seems to be no stopping the run of "The Idol's Eye" at the Tivoli, and to judge by the crowds that throng the theatre the people wish to prolong it indefinitely. The "Eye" holds a packed house in its hypnotic power nightly, and numbers are drawn not once but several times to witness the brilliant show. The new baritone Cunningham has scored a big hit both with his singing and his playing of the part of the fire-eating Cuban. To get an early view of the "Eye," seats must be secured some time in advance.

MARIE LOUISE RIMES, the commercial artist who has established a new and greatly needed industry upon the Pacific Coast, has removed to much larger and more commodious quarters, rooms number 700 to 705 of the Emma Spreckels building.

Coming from Chicago less than a year ago because of some bronchial troubles which necessitated a milder climate during the winter months than that of the great city by the lake, Mrs. Rimes, who enjoyed a most enviable reputation as an artist in colors and had long been in close association with the best eastern advertising ability, opened a modest office on the fifth floor of the Emma Spreckels building. Her coming was timely, for the manufacturers and merchants of San Francisco were just awakening to the importance of good illustrations; and while for a time she did comparatively little business, it was not long before the best and largest buyers of cuts upon the coast recognized her superior ability and the uniform excellence of her work, also appreciating the advantages of having their work done at home under their personal supervision and at a fair price. It consequently followed that on the first of this year, she added another room and now, to keep pace to the demand of her trade, has been compelled to take the large suite upon the seventh floor, where she enjoys superior advantages of both light and room. This suite was originally designed by the architects of the building for their own use.

Mrs. Rimes' force for the past three months has ranged from nine to seventeen people, and now in her present quarters she expects to employ not less than thirty artists, and she covers the entire range of commercial art work—Mechanical, Architectural and Fashions.

But Mrs. Rimes has a grievance. She says it is no trouble to land big orders; that the people who know and buy good work, and buy it largely, naturally come to her—but that she is not getting as much from the small consumers of cuts as she would like; that they are still wasting their money on paper, printing, postage and time, by buying "stock cuts" which do not represent their goods, or else are using the work of the "two-bit artists."

It is the small orders that Mrs. Rimes with her greatly increased capacity is now especially seeking. She is looking for the merchant or manufacturer, who, when he buys costly newspaper space, wants to get the greatest value out of it—or the printer who does not have with every little job to look up some straggling artist, but who by sending the commission to her thoroughly organized shop, is sure of a uniformly good cut, turned out in the time required and at a reasonable cost.

Mrs. Rimes is in no manner associated with any engraving house in San Francisco, but were it not that her present business required all her time, attention and energies, she would doubtless put in her own plant, having had some flattering offers from eastern engraving houses of note, to join hands and make such an addition to her business; but she feels that the volume of business she can give to any engraver, and her manner of payments, entitles her to the lowest trade prices that can be made and the promptest and best service, and as long as she receives such from the present local engraving houses she has no desire to add to her cares by entering the field of process engraving.

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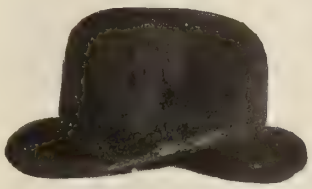

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The Automobile

It is a pretty condition of affairs if peaceable citizens are not permitted to go in the vicinity of the Presidio without being molested by a gang of hoodlum soldiers. Not content with mobbing two ball players nearly to death on Sunday, they tackled an automobilist on Monday with every intention of putting him out of business and wrecking the vehicle in the bargain but this time they ran up against a snag that had not been calculated upon and as a result there are several of Uncle Sam's rowdies who will hereafter give automobiles a wide berth. Monday afternoon Joseph Saxton essayed a spin in his Locomobile,choosing the route out through the Presidio. Arriving at the Lombard street entrance he dismounted for a moment to look at his torch and while so engaged was surrounded by a crowd of apparently interested soldiers. Suddenly one of them jumped into the vehicle and started to throw open the throttle. Saxton, however, was not to be caught napping and in a twinkling he jerked the uniformed ruffian out of the machine and sent him spinning into the crowd. This was the signal for a rush upon the nervy operator but in quicker time than it takes to tell there was a bunch of would be heroes who looked as though they had been in contact with a pile driver. Joe Saxton is about as powerful a man as one would want to meet in a hand to hand confiict and fifteen years in the circus business made him perfectly familiar with just such a scrimmage as he mixed in on Monday. And he lost no time in getting into prompt and forcible action. Three of his assailants were put out of the calculations entirely and it is doubtful if they realize even now what ever struck them. Blackened eyes and broken teeth followed in rapid succession, but at this juncture, seeing reinforcements arriving, Saxton thought discretion the better part of valor. Jumping into his rig, he pulled open the throttle to the last notch and sped away in safety before any of the others could reach him.

Through an oversight, the name of F. A. Hyde was omitted from the list of members of the Automobile Club of California published in the last issue of TOWN TALK. Mr. Hyde is not only one of the wealthiest members of the organization but he is rapidly becoming one of the most prominent as well. It was his strong argument before the Park Commissioners that practically caused the latter to look with more favor on the motor vehicles and allow them a right of way through the park. Mr. Hyde has been mentioned quite frequently of late as the man for the next president of the club, as has also Mr. Talbot. The latter, however, states that his time will not permit his even considering such an office, which leaves the unanimous choice thus far in favor of Mr. Hyde. He has the energy and ability necessary to successfully fill such an important position and we confidently believe the club could not find a better choice for the presidency if it searched the country over.

The California Automobile Company is rapidly getting into shape for business at its new factory in McAllister street. Most of the machinery has arrived from the East and is now being installed as fast as possible. Work is also well under way upon the electric plant with which the factory is to be fitted. The company is in splendid shape financially, nearly all of its stock having been disposed of,or rather its five per cent interest bearing bonds. It is capitalized at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and as Manager Ryder puts it, "Is in a position now to discount all of its bills and does not have to go into debt for a single cent." The new officers chosen at the recent election are as follows: President, William Corbin, general manager Continental Building and Loan Association; vice-president and manager, B. L. Ryder; secretary, A. E. Rudell, assistant secretrry Pacific Coast Lumber and Furniture Company; assistant secretary, Joseph G. Crawford, United States Medical Examiner for Pensions; treasurer, Bank of California; attorneys, Page, McCutcheon, Harding & Knight. The company is now working off special delivery wagons for Pattosien the furniture man, and for the *Evening Bulletin*.

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

The action of President Foster of the California and Northwestern Railway in putting a stop to the carrying of automobiles on the ferry boats of his company came a big surprise to the powers that be in automobile circles. They were resting secure in the belief that all troubles of this nature were over. However it is believed that President Foster, when he has a thorough understanding of the situation, will rescind his action; especially when he sees the automobile traffic crossing to the Marin county shores on the opposition line of ferry boats.

The management of the bicycle races which are to take place in San Jose during the forthcoming celebration in honor of the visit of the President, has announced that several automobile events will be included in the program. George Moore, manager of the Locomobile branch, states in connection with this, that he will enter his light machine in any event that is given in San Jose. The track is a three lap affair, built of cement and banked to maintain a speed of two minutes or less. In the parade that is to be held on the morning of the races, it is expected the Automobile club will be largely represented.

—*The Automobiler.*

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Music World

Music at Miss Westgate's

A delightful musicale was enjoyed at the home of Miss Elizabeth Westgate, 1117 Paru street, Alameda, last Saturday afternoon. The rooms were filled with invited guests, among whom was Mrs. King of the New York *Musical Courier*, and during intermission refreshments were served. The program opened with a Grieg sonata in four movements; lento dolorosa, allegro vivace, allegretto and allegro animato. It was for piano and violin and was given with fine effect by Mr. Stewart, violin, and Miss Westgate, piano. Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter, who has but lately returned from New York where she has been studying with Oscar Saenger, gave in a strong, sympathetic soprano and with delightful expression and facility, Henschel's lovely "Spring" and an Irish folk song, "You'll Come Back My Darlin'" by Arthur Foote. This was followed by a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, op. No. 1, Beethoven, allegro, adagio cantabile, scherzo and finale presto, by Miss Westgate, piano, Mr. Stewart, violin, and Mr. B. Frank Howard, 'cello. It was a most enjoyable number and very well given, the performers keeping well in unison and as they practice regularly together there was perfect understanding between the instruments that made a very pleasing effect as a whole. At the close of the all too short program Mrs. Brown-Dexter was urged to sing again and gave with touching effect, "Tatters" by Gerald Lane, and "When I'm Big I'll Be a Soldier."

At the California Club

The programs given at the California club's exhibition, afternoon and evening, have been excellent from the start. On the second evening among the principal features were solos by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt on the piano, Chopin, waltz and polonaise, given in her usual artistic and finished style, a flute solo by Mr. Rodemann, Handel's "Where'er You Walk" by George McBride, rendered in fine voice, a vocal duet by Herbert Williams and Harry Wood Brown, piano solo by Miss Marie Giorgiani, soprano solo by Miss Florence Julia Doane, violin solo by Harry Samuels accompanied by Miss Ehrman, and the grand aria from "Don Carlos" by Madame Tojetti accompanied by Signor Lucchesi. Harry Wood Brown also gave a solo, which was so well liked that he returned and sang the Torreador song from "Carmen," Frederick Kramer accompanying. Miss Queen Montgomery sang two coon songs, somewhat out of the general high tone of the program but not bad in their way, a criticism that applies equally well to the ragtime solos of Frederick O'Connell. Mrs. Buckingham was in charge of the music, which reflected credit on her efforts to entertain the guests. Mrs. von Meyerinck had charge of the program Monday night, and many of her talented pupils took part. Every night has seen greater interest taken in the exhibition and larger audiences in attendance.

A Musical Evening

An "Evening with Schubert" was given last Tuesday in the commodious and well arranged rooms of Mr. Percy A. R. Dow's new studio at his residence 1511 Larkin street. This was the nineteenth of these "Pupils Evenings," and the large number present indicated that these interesting and profitable events are in no wise losing their attractiveness. Several charming voices were heard for the first time, together with others presented on previous occasions. The entire evening was given up to the study of the songs of the great Lied composer and a number of beautiful songs not too often heard were given together with some of the better known and therefore more "popular" ones. These were the songs and the singers heard during the evening, topical sketches of Schubert being interspersed: The Linden Tree, Mr. Carl Crichton; Who is Sylvia, Miss Ruette Lynch; Standchen, Miss Emma

Next Tuesday evening Miss Maude Fay will sing with the Orpheus club in Oakland, her numbers being "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin," Elizabeth's Prayer from "Tannhauser" and some French and Italian songs.

On April twenty-second Mrs. Frances Edgerton will have the assistance of Miss Heath and Miss Boston, two of Mrs. Von Meyerinck's pupils, in entertaining the Women's Press club at Century hall.

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Bartholdi; Am Meer, Mr. C. W. Merwin; Longing for Spring, Miss Louise Graff; Mignon's Song, Miss Lillian Snyder; Ave Maria, Miss Alice Morray; Morning Greeting, Mr. Scott Kent; To be sung on the waters, Hark, Hark the Lark, Miss Dorothy Churchman; Faith in Spring, Miss Marion Coyle; Hedge Ryses, Miss Margaret Best; Du Bist Die Rich, Miss Corinne Gyle; Des Doppelganger, Miss Wilhelmine Koenig; Das Wirtshaus, Mr. Andrew Wood; Margaret at the Spinning Wheel, Mrs. Richard Robb; The Omnipotence, Mr. Walton Webb. The twentieth of these evenings will occur next month and will be devoted to oratorio.

Souls that Lack Music

It is lamentable to note the lack of fine feeling and appreciation which allows people to carry on a conversation in a perfectly distinct and audible tone of voice during the rendering of a musical number, particularly when said number is given by an artist in the profession. It was a matter of keen distress to those who could understand and appreciate Mrs. Mansfeldt's lovely interpretation of Chopin at the California club exhibition that two women in close proximity to the piano declined to be suppressed and continued their discussion of embroidered fabrics through the entire number. It is not alone the interruption of the music but a performer simply cannot fix his attention on his subject to his own credit while such a distraction is close at hand. It a shock to the sensitive nerves of a musician at all times and in a place where conversation is likely to be carried on the manager should request all auditors to be quiet during the rendition of a solo.

IT REFRESHES THE SYSTEM

The leisure class—meaning men who are not engaged in any business or profession—is practically unknown in America. In San Francisco, the man who is prominent in society is also well-known in the business world. He keeps up his social duties, but does not neglect his business for this reason. Night after night he goes to dinners, dances or theatre parties with suppers afterward, yet he manages to keep up and look as fresh in the morning as if he had gone to bed with the birds. And how does he manage to keep his health, and retain his youthful, unfatigued appearance? The question is easily answered. He drinks Jackson's Napa Soda, which is the most refreshing nerve-reviver known to man. *Jackson's* is the thing—no other produces the same good effect.

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A Coming Concert

Next Tuesday evening an interesting event musically will come off in Sherman-Clay hall. This will be a concert for the benefit of the Porteous club of girls, which under the auspices of the social science department of the California club, has been organized for study and social intercourse by young women employed by the day. The club is in no sense a charitable institution, its aims being the same as those of the Y.M.C.A. or Y. W. C. A. and its rooms on the third floor of the Supreme Court building are fitted up like those of any clubhouse. On Sundays the members keep open house for their friends. Classes in singing, shorthand and typewriting, cooking, sewing, needlework and physical culture are open to all members. The dues are twenty-five cents a month but these are scarcely sufficient for the club's needs; hence, the concert to aid its exchequer. The following artists and members of Madame Von Meyerinck's school have kindly volunteered for this occasion: Mrs. Cecilia Decker Cox, alto, Miss Maude Fay, soprano, Miss Lulu Feldheim, alto, Miss Helen Heath, soprano, Miss Mae Cullen, soprano, Hazel Sexton in recitations, Cecil Cowles, child pianist; with a chorus from the Porteous' singing class. The program will include two scenes from the fairy opera "Hansel and Gretel" by Humperdinck, to be given in costume with scenery and accessories.

Mrs. Elizabeth Regina Mowry sang last Saturday evening at the entertainment given by the St. Alban's Society, making a splendid impression and winning a rousing encore. Her number was De Koven's "Can I Forget?"; as an encore she sang "Yours" by Bingham.

The Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society gave an entertainment last Saturday evening at which a fine musical program was given and the Greek symposium in one act, "A Promise," was performed.

Miss Carolyn Boyan is the contralto at Grace church in Providence, having been re-engaged in March for the entire year.

The special music to be sung at St. Dominic's church tomorrow evening, will include: Organ prelude, Meditation, D'Evry, Paques Fleuris, Mailly; O Filu et Filiae, Gregorian, contralto solo, Miss McCloskey, tenor solo, Mr. D. M. Lawrence; Sanctus, Saint Saens; violin solo, Miss Kavanaugh; soprano solo, Miss Roeder, Lion Loetare (The Palms) Faure; O Salutaris, Saint Saens; Tantum Ergo, Widor; organ postlude, finale sonata No. 2, Lemmens, organist and director of choir, Franklin Palmer.

—*The Music Critic.*

A College Story

"For the Blue and Gold" is the title of a new book of college life from the pen of Joy Lichtenstein. Mr. Lichtenstein is a student of the University of California, and it is his Alma Mater which furnishes forth the scenes and personages of the book. The author is a young man, and this is no doubt his first excursion into literary fields. It would therefore be unfair to criticise too severely certain shortcomings of style and manner; for instance, a hardness of outline, a lack of atmosphere and ideality. On the other hand, the book is full of ideas, of observation, of experience, the whole rendered with photographic clearness and minuteness. It can hardly be called a story, as there is no plot, and the sentimental interest is of the most shadowy texture. It is simply a record of one year in the University life of James Rawson, freshman from Riverside, who, notwithstanding his rural origin, succeeds in becoming president of his class, after having achieved the glory of saving the day for Berkeley in the annual football game. Rawson is a good type of college youth, physically strong, of character fearless and independent, and not afraid of work either mental or menial. Withal, there is no suspicion of the prig about him. If not well invented he is certainly well found. But the chief distinction of the book is as a photograph of manners. It represents college life with minuteness and fidelity. It is full and overflowing with local interest. It reproduces work, play, slang, class rivalries, college politics, club life, the rush, the gridiron, in short the thousand interests which make the University a little world in itself. If Mr. Lichtenstein were more of an artist he would distribute this wealth of material, this cumulation of observation and experience over a larger surface instead of packing it down into one volume. [A. M. Robertson, 126 Post street, San Francisco. publisher].

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"The Octopus" is the first of the three novels which are to compose what Frank Norris has chosen to call "the Trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat." As outlined by the author, "The Octopus, a story of California," deals with the production; "The Pit," a story of Chicago, takes up the distribution, and the third, "The Wolf," a story of Europe, will tell of the consumption of American wheat, and "will probably have for its pivotal episode the relieving of a famine in the Old World community." The story of "The Octopus" is founded on the Mussel Slough affair which took place some twenty-five years ago. It was the culmination of an infinite number of encroachments and aggressions on the part of the railroad company, which finally led to armed resistance on the part of the settlers in the lower San Joaquin valley, and the shooting of farmers by the railroad forces very much as Mr. Norris has set forth in his book. The conflict shook the State as perhaps no other occurrence since the breaking out of the civil war has done, and in many of the rural communities, for years afterward, the talk of establishing railroad communication would call forth violent opposition. Mr. Norris has a large subject, and he has wisely taken a large canvas on which to paint his picture. There are twenty-seven characters, each distinct and individual, and the story is told in six hundred and fifty-two pages of absorbing narrative. "The Octopus" is not a book to be lightly taken in hand in a spare half hour while waiting for the dinner bell. It is to be undertaken in no spirit of levity. There is tragedy in the air from the first page to the last. Bonnville, the railroad town, is typical of a score of minor communities dependent on the great corporation for their very existence, and Genslinger, editor of the *Mercury*, is even yet a familiar character. In fact, it is commonly regarded as an open secret that the railroad company is the real editor and owner of at least one paper in every settlement along its lines. S. Behrman—he is always spoken of as S. Behrman—is another well known and easily recognized. He is the corporation's handy man, the local banker and money lender, and the local agent for the company.

He was a large, fat man, with a great stomach; his cheek and the upper part of his thick neck ran together to form a great tremendous jowl, shaven and blue-grey in color; a roll of fat sprinkled with sparse hair, moist with perspiration, protruded over the back of his collar. He wore a heavy black moustache. On his head was a round-topped hat of stiff brown straw, highly varnished. A light-brown linen vest, stamped with innumerable interlocked horseshoes, covered his protuberant stomach, upon which a h·avy watch chain of hollow links rose and fell with his difficult breathing, clinking against the vest buttons of imitation pearl

Magnus Derrick, who holds Los Muertos rancho, and is looked to for leadership by the other farmers, is as much of a contrast in appearance as in character.

The Governor was all of six feet tall, and though now well toward his sixtieth year, was as erect as an officer of cavalry. He was broad in proportion, imposing an immediate respect, impressing one with a sense of gravity, of dignity and a certain pride of race. He was smooth-shaven, thin-lipped, with a broad chin, and a prominent, hawk-like nose—the character-

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istic of the family—thin, with a high bridge, such as one sees in the later portraits of the Duke of Wellington. His hair was thick and iron-grey, with a tendency to curl in a forward direction just in front of his ears. He wore a top-hat of grey, with a wide brim, and a frock coat, and carried a cane with a yellowed ivory head.

Harran Derrick is the son of his father and the active manager of the ranch. Annixter, another of the farmers, is in his way as much of a brute as McTeague or Bennett of Mr. Norris' former stories, but in Annixter the brute is tamed and the man comes uppermost at last, through his love for Hilma Tree.

He was a ferocious worker, allowing himself no pleasures, and exacting the same degree of energy from all his subordinates. He was widely hated and as widely trusted. Everyone spoke of his crusty temper and bullying disposition, invariably qualifying the statement with a commendation of his resources and capabilities. The devil of a driver, a hard man to get along with, obstinate, contrary, cantankerous; but brains! No doubt of that; brains to his boots.

Caraher, saloon keeper, preaching anarchy and advocating the use of dynamite, has his indirect grievance against the railroad corporation, and Dyke, the discharged engineer who invests his savings and mortgages his homestead in order to establish a hop ranch, only to find himself beggared by a doubling of freight rates, are other characters who figure prominently. Presley, the poet, friend and protege of the Derricks, and Vanamee, the mystic, have little to do with the story, yet the reader will be loth to spare them, or Father Sarria, the mission priest. It would be useless to attempt to give, in the space of a brief article, even a skeleton of the plot or a list of the stirring incidents of the story. It is a chronicle of contrasts. There is always the black shadow in the background, the skeleton at every feast, the tentacle of the octopus reaching out to grasp. The rejoicing in the first rain, after a dry season, is spoiled for the Derricks because the implements they need for their work, though already at the Bonnville depot, must be hauled to San Francisco and back in order that the company may collect the additional freight; Presley's day of dreaming closes with the slaughter of the herd of sheep which had wandered out on the track

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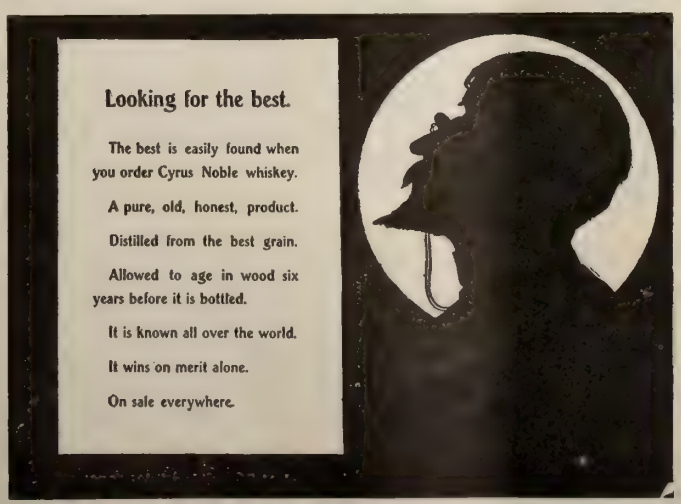

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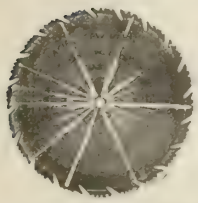

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and were run down by the engine; Annixter's barn dance, ending with the news that the railroad company had fixed the price of its "sections" at more than ten times the price it had intimated when the settlers were induced to go on the land; Magnus and Harran Derrick with their elation at the suggestion of the Orient as a new market crushed by the adverse decision of the court; Annixter's return to Quien Sabe with his bride, and the hold-up of the train by Dyke, crazed by his absolute ruin brought about by freight rates which were practical confiscation: the meeting of the League when so much was expected because the farmers thought they had two of the three railroad commissioners with them, only to find that Lyman Derrick, the son of Magnus, had betrayed them all and belonged, body and soul, to the enemy; Osterman's rabbit drive coming to a close in the tragedy of the irrigating ditch, and even the little picnic planned by the Annixters spoiled by the running down and capturing of the old friend and neighbor, Dyke, with S. Behrman conspicuous; the grand dinner at the railway magnate's mansion, and Mrs. Hooven, widow of one of the murdered ranchers, starving in the street. In the hands of a less skilful writer than Mr. Norris the result would be forced and unreal. But Norris has left the incidents to tell the story and there is nothing theatrical in his methods. When S. Behrman meets his fate, smothered in the hold of the ship loading with the wheat from Los Muertos, which the charitable ladies of San Francisco have bought to send to the relief of famine-stricken India, there seems to be a providence at work after all. There are some wonderfully truthful descriptions of the landscape of the San Joaquin valley under different conditions—the dry, stubble fields, and the white dust of the dry season, the viscid 'dobe after the rain, the first tender green when the wheat has come, and the glorious gold of the harvest. The plowing and planting, and the harvesting are all painted by a master hand. Chapter I of Book II is a satirical photograph of San Francisco society—"San Francisco! It is not a city—it is a Midway Plaisance." One would need to quote it entire to do it justice. Mr. Norris has made as much use of the sense of smell in this book as in its predecessors, but happily all its odors are not unpleasant. The flowers of the Seed ranch counteract in some degree the more unpleasant smells which are almost as insistent in print as in reality. Much of the description, as well as the constant repetition and reiteration of personal traits and characteristics could be spared by the hasty reader, but "The Octopus" is not a hasty reader's book. Those who think it adds interest to their reading to find living counterparts for characters in fiction can easily identify the people who sat to the author for their portraits. Indeed, for that matter, many of the incidents are chronicles of real happenings. "The Octopus" should settle the question of Frank Norris' right to a place in the front rank of writers. The book is furnished with an excellent map of the country around Bonnville, by which the story can be accurately followed. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

—*The Bookman*

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Legal Notices

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY DONEGAN, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Annie Krouteh, Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Annie Krouteh, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of said Mary Donegan, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANNIE KROUTCH,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Mary Donegan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 25, 1901

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the application for change of name of EMIL MAX POPP

To the Honorable the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:—

Your Petitioner Emil Max Popp respectfully shows:—

That he is twenty-one years of age and a male person residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Your Petitioner was born in Austria, and his present name is Emil Max Popp. Your Petitioner desires to change his said name to Max Emil Saling.

The reason for the change of such name is, that he has been known by said last name, to-wit, Max Emil Saling, for the period of eight years, ever since he has resided in the State of California. The name of his step-father is Theodore Saling, and he has resided with him ever since the marriage of the said Theodore Saling to the mother of this Petitioner, and has ever since that time borne his name, and is known by such name to all his friends and associates. His said step-father resides in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and his said mother is dead.

In addition to Petitioner's said step-father, Theodore Saling, he has one relative, a grandmother named Josefa Popp, residing in Vienna, Austria.

Your Petitioner is known to all his business associates and to the people for whom he has worked, and to those with whom he is at the present time transacting business by the name of Max Emil Saling, and he is known to no person in the United States as Emil Max Popp.

Your Petitioner therefore respectfully petitions this Honorable Court for an order changing his name from Emil Max Popp to Max Emil Saling.

And your Petitioner will ever pray.

EMIL MAX POPP,
Petitioner.

J. F. RILEY,
Attorney for Petitioner.

State of California, } ss
City and County of San Francisco. }

Emil Max Popp being first duly sworn, deposes and says:—I am the Petitioner named in the foregoing Petition. I have read the foregoing Petition and know the contents thereof. The same is true of my own knowledge, except as to the matters therein stated on my information and belief, and as to those matters, I believe it to be true.

EMIL MAX POPP.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March, 1901.

MARK LANE
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

[SEAL.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of Emil Max Popp For Change of Name. } No. 75850.

Upon reading the verified petition on file in the above entitled matter it is hereby ordered that said application be heard on Tuesday, May 7, 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court Room of said Court in the New City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department Number Seven, Honorable Thomas F. Graham, Judge, and it is further ordered that a copy of such petition be published for four successive weeks in the "TOWN TALK" a newspaper printed in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1901. Judge of the Superior Court.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 27, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Not So Easy Now

The United States Supreme Court has dealt a severe blow to Dakota's most thriving industry. According to a decision of that Court, one party to a marriage cannot secure a dissolution of the contract unless both have shared in the change of domicile. This ruling does not put an end to collusive divorces, but it makes it impossible for husbands and wives to rid themselves of inconvenient and cumbersome partners by the old familiar trick of removing to a State where incompatibility of temperament is regarded as sufficient ground for the issuance of a decree of separation. A national uniform system of divorce is of urgent necessity in this country, but pending its enactment we must be satisfied with decisions which knock out laws of the free and easy variety. The decision which is to play havoc with Dakota's most famous industry will also affect the business of members of the bar in this city who thrive upon domestic infelicity. It has not been much more difficult to obtain a divorce in California than in Dakota. A statutory residence for divorce purposes was to be easily obtained in this State by a dissatisfied husband or wife, before that ruling of the Supreme Court was made. And under our system many divorces were obtained without the knowledge of more than one party to the action. There has seldom been a time when there was not a complaisant judge on the bench willing to "stand in," order a summons published in an obscure journal with a circulation of less than one hundred, and grant the decree upon the testimony of the plaintiff corroborated by that of a kind friend or hired perjurer. But now that both parties must be on the scene, it will not be so easy to obtain a divorce by fraud. Collusion, however, is still one of the fine arts to be practiced with impunity when both husband and wife are tired of each other, and care not for the welfare of their offspring.

Revive the Canteen

With the next session of Congress will come, perhaps, the restoration of the soldiers' club. An object lesson was necessary for the enlightenment of the fatuous fanatics that lobbied the anti-canteen bill through Congress and they have had it. From reports that are received almost daily by the War Department about the effect of the abolition of the canteen, the experiment of making the soldier a total abstainer inside the bounds of military reservations is far from being satisfactory to the cranks that talked so loudly and illogically against compromising with the liquor traffic. The increase of drunkenness has been marked and complaints of the riotous conduct of the soldiers on leave have been numerous. New saloons have been opened near all the military reservations, and bad whisky of the quality which is said to incite people to desperate conduct, and even to prompt rabbits to attack bulldogs is sold in large quantities to our country's defenders. It has been clearly demonstrated that the canteen prohibition not only promotes drunkenness but discourages discipline. Even the most incorrigible cranks, if they be sincere, should be eager to recede from the position which they took, now that it is apparent that the legislation which they secured works great evil, and fails to accomplish their purpose. It is characteristic of human nature to resist restrictions upon personal liberty, and unreasonable restrictions promote wanton resistance. The school-boy, being prohibited from smoking, smokes as many cigarettes as possible every time he gets an opportunity, not because of his appetite but because of the prohibition. He takes advantage of opportunity not knowing when he will have another. When the soldier had his club he drank in moderation, but now that he can get liquor only when he is on leave he tries to make up for lost time and to fortify himself against future thirst.

How We Have Improved

Magistrate Cornell of New York, speaking of that metropolis the other day, said: "This is not a moral city." Whereupon the *Sun* reminded him that there was no such thing as absolute morality in a great community anywhere. "When big towns are concerned," says the *Sun*, "morality is only a comparative thing. The important question is a different one —is New York in general better and safer than it was twenty-five years ago?" If that is the important question for New York, it is perhaps also the important one for San Francisco. If morality is only a comparative thing when big towns are concerned then we should not worry about what the sensational preachers say but merely content ourselves with a comparison between San Francisco's morality of 1901 and the morality of the city of twenty-five years ago. The comparison is not easy to make. A quarter of a century ago vice was more rampant and within easier reach of the naked eye than it is today, but whether we were more moral then than now it would be difficult to ascertain. In such matters statistics are not reliable. We have more arrests and more divorce

suits now, but our population has greatly increased. We have more churches too, but within the past twenty-five years the clergy of some denominations have knocked the foundation from under religion by disputing the authenticity of the Bible, and as a consequence there is less religious zeal per capita than there was in the seventies. It would be surprising, indeed, if morality increased as religious faith and zeal decreased. We may be assured of one thing, however; that judging from appearances the city is a more wholesome place of abode than it was twenty-five years ago, and for that we should be pleased. Vice is no longer permitted to flaunt itself as was its custom in the heyday of the landlords of Morton and Dupont streets; a refined Tenderloin has been substituted for a blear-eyed Barbary Coast, the subterranean music-hall is but a memory of the degenerate past, and the thriving rotisserie with its enticing conveniences is all that remains to be appreciated as the survival of the fittest, a landmark on the primrose path, to encourage the pleasure seeker on his way. So from external observation the conviction is forced upon us that the morality of the city has improved in twenty-five years notwithstanding the effect of smart theology on religious faith. We have at least thrust practical vice into the background though we study the theoretical article quite freely in the theatre. Moreover, we have rescued the city from the political bandit, and have enjoyed a spasm of reform in politics, so it must be conceded that we have improved morally as a community.

Machine-Made Literature

The *Academy* (London) has offered a prize for the best opening and closing sentence of an unwritten novel. This leads the *Book World* to comment thus: "Dickens used to say that he had more difficulty in finding a suitable commencement of a novel than in all the rest of the book combined, adding that perhaps after all the ending was even more difficult. Now we are to have opening and closing sentences written for us. This is another step toward the establishment of a factory where men and women will be employed at a weekly salary to manufacture literary work. The days of inspiration seem to be passing away; in fact, the very idea of inspiration is laughed at as being old-fogyish. Each year sees our literary work become more mechanical, and a time may come when, as Nixon Waterman says:

> "If Shakespeare were alive today,
> Alas! he'd not be in it;
> He couldn't make his writings pay
> For just a single minute."

These literary prize contests remind me of one of Frank R. Stockton's odd conceptions, wherein he describes a "picture factory" in which each employee had his specified task—some putting in backgrounds, others painting trees, houses, cows, or whatever else was wanted, but the sky men kept their hands away from trees, and the dog-men left cows alone, while the "family portraits" (conventional figures with faces blank, to be filled in to order) belonged to a different department entirely. Every one did what he could do best and kept at it on the principle that practice makes perfect. While there is not much likelihood that these short-cuts will affect real literature, even in the remote future, they are all signs of the times. We are in too much of a hurry to go slow. It is no longer "while you wait," for no one is willing to wait. Everything must be machine made, and we accept the imperfections rather than put up with the slower methods necessary for better work. Our grandparents read their serial stories with thanksgiving, and cheerfully waited a month for the heroes and heroines to be rescued from their harrowing situations. We must have everything in the compass of a short story. Gerald Stanley Lee says:

> "The epic is telescoped into the sonnet and the sonnet is compressed into quatrains. Tabs of poetry and couplets are signed as masterpieces. The novel has come into being, several hundred pages of crowded people in crowded sentences, jostling each other to oblivion, and now the novel jostled into oblivion by the next novel is becoming the short story. Kipling's short stories sum the situation up. So far as skeleton or plot is concerned they are built up out of bit of novelty put with an infinity of Kipling. So far as meat is concerned they are the Liebig's Extract of Beef of fiction. A single jar of Kipling contains a whole herd of old-time novels lowing on a hundred hills."

It is a critical fad of the hour to fling a stone at Kipling, but it is not Kipling, but the host of his incompetent imitators who should receive the scoring. Because he did well what he could do in his own way, it was not necessary for every penny-scribbler to try the same thing, and having proved their own incapacity, it does not avail to blame Kipling. It is a big mistake to classify all printed matter as literature. There is not a day in the year that some enterprising soap manufacturer, patent medicine man, shoemaker, or some such, is not offering a series of prizes for stories glorifying his wares. The contestants are usually schoolgirls or society dames with idle time and a desire to pose as cultured. People with serious occupations to occupy them have no time to waste on such nonsense, and, moreover, they have a shrewd suspicion that it takes more than merit to win the prize. Poems and stories written to order, even for the best publications, invariably fall below the standard, not only of good work in the abstract, but of the authors themselves. It is a common thing to see advertisements offering to purchase original plots for long or short stories, but it does not follow that individuals or syndicates making the purchase can use their raw material to good advantage. It was recently reported that a literary bureau had established a department for the purpose of furnishing proper "local color" to order for any spot on the globe, but even if this is so it is not a

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guarantee that the purchaser of a few thousand words will be competent to do more with his white elephant than set it down in a desert of his own platitude The *Academy* will collect a variety of opening and closing sentences, but with nothing to precede or follow one would like to know on what basis a conclusion as to their merits is to be reached. When plate matter was first made use of in newspaperdom it was said that any one who could handle a hammer and saw could get out a paper. It wasn't necessary even to know how to read, as some one would happen along in time to see that all the matter headed the same way. Plate matter has still its place and its use, but it has not caused a revolution except in the rural districts, which now have their local weeklies and semi-weeklies instead of going without news or depending on the city papers. It is a poor grade of authorship that cannot furnish its own plots, local color, and beginnings and endings. Such writers might make artisans, but not artists. After all, why not look at it philosophically? No one is obliged to read what does not please him, and it all goes to make work for the printers.

The Saunterer

Snubbed In Bohemia

If the snubbing of Mayor Phelan at the Bohemian club last Saturday night was the result of mature deliberation, those that counseled, planned and executed it have no reason to exult. If the overlooking of the Mayor was the result of inadvertence it was most unfortunate. But whatever the cause of his being anchored conspicuously in the background on such an occasion, the circumstance of his not having been bathed in the limelight is deplored by his friends and by friends of the new Administration of the club. If it did nothing more than promote discussion it would be regretted, for discussion of such a subject becomes painful to all concerned.

Why He Should Not Have Been

The occasion of the alleged snubbing was the banquet in honor of the retiring president of the club, Vanderlynn Stow, and the new president, Mr. Deering, presided. All the club wits were there to contribute to the feast of reason. It was naturally expected that Mr. Phelan would be called upon to augment the flow of soul. There are several reasons why he should have been; he is Mayor of the city, he is an ex-president of the club, he contributed more than any other member to the purchase of the redwood grove from which the decorations of the banquet room were taken, and he has done more for the club than any other member, his liberality being evidenced by the works of art which ornament the walls of nearly every room. Moreover the Mayor is a felicitous and graceful talker, and therefore it is reasonable to assume that he was intentionally overlooked.

The Event of the Evening

Of course the snubbing of the Mayor in the club is a club affair, and the motives that inspired it if it was intentional do not concern me. But as it is being discussed outside of the club I am constrained to publish the news, and tell of the gossip which it has provoked. It appears to be the consensus of opinion that personal feelings should not be permitted to actuate club officials in such a manner under such circumstances. It may be urged that nobody has the right to assume that failure to call upon any particular person in a gathering of so many clever people was intentional and prompted by a desire to inflict humiliation. The case is an exceptional one, however. Even though official distinctions may not be recognized in Bohemia, Mr. Phelan has been so closely identified with similar affairs that his obscurement last Saturday night was looked upon as "the event of the evening."

She Was Left Out

An *Examiner* reporter went last week to write up a certain club of girls and to obtain the pictures of the fair ones. He was met first by a young woman of uncompromising aspect, who told him that the club abhorred publicity and of all things hated newspaper mention. She regretted that it would be impossible for her to furnish him with names, notes or photographs. But the reporter found other members who were unprejudiced against publicity. They gave him their pictures and all the notes he needed for his story. When the article came out, it so happened that the name of the first member was omitted from the list. And then the office was much surprised to receive a visit from the uncompromising maiden, who was in a most indignant mood. She objected to publicity, she said, but it was very exasperating to be made conspicuous by omission. But newspaper reporters must enjoy their little revenges.

Catching a Princess

Anent the ways of journalists, I am reminded of the ingenuity of Ashton Stevens as exercised by him the other day, in securing an interview with the

During his western tour the President will guard against homesickness by a case of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whisky.

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THE WORLD OVER.

Princess Pomari, of Tahiti, who came to town recently with her aunt, Mrs. Atwater, wife of a former United States Consul to the islands. Mr. Stevens does not confine his literary work to dramatic criticism these days. He does a little special reporting on the side. When he was detailed to interview the dusky Princess he found that the hardest part of the job was to catch the lady, for she was very shy. After one or two failures to obtain an audience he resorted to subterfuge. Going to the Bohemian club he sat down and wrote to Princess Pomari on the finest bit of crested stationery he could find. He wrote something in this strain: "Mr. W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the New York *Journal*, Chicago *American* and San Francisco *Examiner*, presents his compliments, and desires to express regret at the annoyance to which you have been subjected by newspaper interviewers. He has appointed me special commissioner to wait upon your Highness to discuss certain matters of international interest, and I shall be pleased to call at your convenience," et cetera.

The Interview

A messenger boy conveyed the message and returned with an answer. Special Commissioner Stevens was invited to meet the Princess that very day. He was accompanied by artist Johnson who was instructed to obtain a sketch of the Princess and to carry out his scheme Stevens decided that Johnson should be his private secretary for the occasion. Calling at the residence of Princess Pomari they were ushered into the presence of Royalty and after the special commissioner made his obeisance he turned to his secretary and instructed him to take out his note book and to take notes of the conversation, and he warned him to be more careful than he was on the occasion of the interview with the Russian Ambassador. Thereupon the artist, who played his part well, proceeded to sketch while Stevens talked. And thus was the interview obtained. When they were about to leave Stevens resolved to humiliate Johnson by way of a joke. Dropping his glove, he pointed to it, and exclaimed: "Johnson, my glove." And the artist picked it up.

It Was a "Property" Dollar

Josie Gassman was asked to take part last week at one of the California club's programs at the Pavilion exhibition. She took Buffalo Bill, one of her pickanninies, along with her, but when she prepared to mount the platform with him, he rebelled. It frightened the little heart of him to think of going on a platform so close to the audience. To stimulate his obedience, Josie gave him a dollar, and the bribe took. The "turn" went off all right. As Josie was departing with the "pick," one of the managers who had observed the dollar episode remarked:

"That's pretty high pay for your assistant."

"Oh," responded Josie, "that's all right. I'll make him give it back when we go home."

A Diplomatic Scandal

My Washington correspondent writes me that Countess Cassini has returned to Russia. The Countess has been the subject of much salacious gossip in Washington for several months, and her connection with the menage of Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, almost caused an explosion in diplomatic circles. It appears that there was considerable doubt as to her relationship to the distinguished diplomatist, and as a consequence she was recently snubbed at a diplomatic dinner. Now Count Cassini is said to be of the opinion that the Foreign Office in London has used the lady as a pretext to discredit him in the eyes of the Administration because it believes a war between England and Russia inevitable. As the Countess was not invited to a dinner given several nights ago by Secretary Root, he believes the whole Cabinet is involved in this anti-Russian conspiracy. But now the Countess who was the innocent means of embarrassing her country is on her way home.

A San Franciscan in New York

A correspondent writes me that the most artistic studio in the Carnegie building is occupied by a San Franciscan—Miss Charlotte Thompson. Miss Thompson designed the furnishings of her studio herself, and they are both original and picturesque. Its occupant is feeling especially happy just now, for Grace George—Mrs. W. A. Brady, wife of the manager of Grismer's plays—is considering her "Suit of Sable," which Florence Roberts produced with such success out here. Other plays are in consideration by prominent actors and managers.

They Will Show Paris

Paris is going to be taught something by two clever San Francisco boys. It is "Gus" Spreckels who thought out the scheme, and who will put up the expenses for the trip and the subsequent venture. E. Dassonville and Oscar Maurer are going to Paris to introduce the "new" photography there. It was Arnold Genthe who brought the "new" photography to San Francisco, perfecting his experiments in lighting while he was acting as tutor to the little Von Schroeders. Dr. Genthe could go to New York any time, and make a fortune there, but he prefers to stay here. But Gus Spreckels thought that Europe should not be left out in the cold in the matter of artistic photographs. He found that Paris was rather behindhand in camera art. And that is why Maurer and Dassonville are going to Paris. They are ardent disciples of Genthe, but there is no slavish copying in their work; each has an individual style. They are sure to make a hit in Paris, which always has its eyes wide open for artistic work. One of those whose encouragement has persuaded the young San Franciscans to start out in this foreign field is Miss Lillie Lawler, who is full of enthusiasm over the "new" photography and its exponents.

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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A Widow's Mourning

Madame La Bavarde of the *Bulletin*, who has become the accepted oracle of the elite in this neck of the woods, has taken exception to my statement in reference to the wearing of mourning by Mrs. Genevieve Goad Martin. According to Madame Bavarde, "Andrew Martin has not been dead two years, the customary time for a widow's mourning." Why should there be "a customary time for a widow's mourning?" Mourning may be de rigueur in the case of a widow for a period of two years, but who is the arbitre in such matters? Surely Madame Bavarde will not contend that grief is subject to the limitations of conventionality. I know that the code of etiquette governing pink teas also deals with funerals, pallbearers and kindred topics, but the true aristocrat is not guided by stereotyped conventions that do not conform with his or her notion of propriety.

She Is Not Conventional

And, by the way, Mrs. Genevieve Goad Martin is not a conventional woman. I should be reluctant to think of the beautiful widow as a conventional young matron. Her marriage to Andrew Martin was a most unconventional affair. According to my recollection she mourned her first love a single year when she became the bride of the second, and as the second was on his deathbed at the time and lived but a few weeks after his marriage, there is surely not good and sufficient reason for stretching the second period of mourning into two years. And after all why should anyone wear mourning for any length of time? When worn for a period fixed by the canons of good form, it becomes prima facie evidence of a lack of moral courage rather than of grief or of a desire to manifest respect for the dead.

Few people are aware of the fact that mourning originated in a superstition. It was thought at one time that the spirits of the departed returned to haunt living relatives. And the surviving kin undertook to deceive the troublesome spirits by donning black raiment as a disguise. It is strange that such a custom should, in time, be adopted for the purpose of parading grief.

From the Orpheum Circuit

To kiss your wife,that's Faith, ; to kiss a young girl, that's Hope ; to kiss an old maid, that's Charity.

Matrimony seems very clear sailing for awhile ; but you must look out for squalls—then get a nurse right away.

Industrious Children of the Rich

A writer in a New York publication recently discussed the "overdressed and pampered infants that one sees on Fifth avenue with worn and blase countenances." Some of that kind are to be seen now at Del Monte, which, by the way, has come into vogue of late as a winter, or rather a spring resort. But the pampered scions of the Eastern rich that have lately been in evidence at Del Monte have attracted attention to their thrift and industry which are, perhaps, inherited. Guiding adults through the maze for hire and accepting tips for running the elevator are among the lucrative diversions of the children of the wealthy from the busy, bustling East.

McCarthy and McKinley

Last week I mentioned Pin Head McCarthy, superintendent of drainage at the California hotel, as a member of the McKinley reception committee. I have since discovered that that is not the only misfortune to be deplored. He is chairman of the committee. Think of that! Fancy King Edward VII visiting St. Petersburg and being received by a committee with the chief of the Nihilists at its head! The case is a hypothetical one but it approximates the impending reception of McKinley by Pin Head McCarthy. This man McCarthy should be suppressed instead of being thrust into prominence as the chairman of a committee to receive the President of the United States. It is true that he occupies the position of executive officer of a certain organization of honest workingmen, but he is not the sincere friend of workingmen. He obtained that position by political manipulation to further his selfish ends, and he is even now engaged in disrupting unionism.

Pin Head's Sentiments

Mr. McCarthy has anarchistic notions. When he was a member of the Board of Freeholders he objected to the insertion of a clause in the Charter increasing the power of the police, on the ground that it was designed to affect the rights of strikers. And he then declared that during a strike in Chicago the police destroyed private property to invoke public sentiment against the strikers. A few weeks ago he declared that he had no confidence in the Supreme Court of the State because "the courts are always against workingmen." And it is a man with such sentiments, a flamboyant faker, eager for a recrudescence of Kearneyism, who has been selected to act as chairman of a public committee to receive the President of the United States. I should like to know if the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association approve of the activity of McCarthy at this time.

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The Ways of Murphy

So Mr. S. G. Murphy of the First National bank is once more accused of having taken advantage of his position as president of that institution to fatten his private purse. He has not yet been convicted of trying to defraud the estate of Lafayette Woodward, for the suit involving the bank stock claimed by the administrator of the estate has not yet been tried, but the case recalls to mind another queer transaction which was ventilated in the Superior court some years ago, and in which the president of the First National bank figured in a very unenviable light. The more one hears of Mr. Murphy's peculiar way of doing business the stronger grows the doubt as to whether he is running a pawn shop or a bona fide banking institution.

He Just Helped Himself

That transaction of years ago to which I refer was the gravamen of an action instituted by Mrs. D. D. Colton, widow of the famous railroad magnate from whose name was derived the title of the celebrated "Colton Letters" written by C. P. Huntington. Huntington, it appeared during the trial of the action before a jury in Judge Hunt's court, had purchased from the widow the old Colton mansion on Nob Hill. A check for fifty-four thousand dollars was paid into Mrs. Colton's private account at the First National Bank, and President Murphy helped himself to eight thousand five hundred dollars out of that account with the ease and grace of a highwayman, and with as lofty a contempt for the rights of the owner.

A Verdict Against Him

It may seem strange that a private bank account could be tampered with in that manner, but that is what happened to Mrs. Colton and the directors of the institution offered her no redress. She was obliged to institute suit for the recovery of the money, and her attorney Crittenden Thornton gave Mr. Murphy such a lashing that he has probably never forgotten it. The haughty Mr. Murphy's defense was that he negotiated the sale of the Colton residence for Mrs. Colton and that he was entitled to the money as commission. Even if that were so he had no right to appropriate the money to his own use without Mrs. Colton's permission. He must have known that if she disputed his claim, the only legal way to obtain the money was upon a judgment of court, but what cared he for the law? The money was in his possession and he was acting in a fiduciary capacity and he took it. People have been indicted for embezzlement for doing that sort of thing, but Mrs. Colton was satisfied to get her money back, and she did, for Judge Hunt instructed the jury to render a verdict in her favor.

Because It Was Irregular

And now President Murphy is accused of holding out certain stock of the First National bank belonging to the estate of Lafayette Woodward. He is charged with having secured it in an irregular way at a price ten thousand dollars less than what it is worth. He declares that the charge is malicious. There is a letter in the case written by the man who obtained the stock for Murphy in which a very suspicious proposition was suggested. Mr. Murphy says that he did not act in accordance with the suggestion because it was irregular. Fancy Mr. Murphy of the Colton case declining a proposition because it happened to be merely "irregular!"

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The Bruguiere Boys

Local amateur thespians declare that Francis Bruguiere has caught the stage fever badly since his engagement to pretty Lily Convere of the Alcazar company and that he contemplates making his bow before a San Francisco audience at an early date. Shades of our forbears! What would that old stiff-necked patrician, Bruguiere pere, say could he rise from where he is and see the sight? Even the mere mention of the engagement itself would have been enough to play the "anvil chorus" on his nerves. He would have thought that the Bruguiere family was going to the demnition bow wows since his demise. Far different is it with kind-hearted Mrs. Bruguiere. She has completely taken her daughter-in-law-to-be to her heart and home and is as eager to make it a happy union as are the young folks. Miss Convere comes of a very good family and it was very recently, in order to help them, that she decided to go upon the stage. She is a cousin of Cora Smedberg, a very popular society girl. Society matrimony forecasters have it that Dan Cupid is doing his best sniping away at Louis Bruguiere and that ere the summer moons have waned there will come the report of another engagement in the family. At present he is building a handsome country residence at Monterey. The wise ones quote the old saying: The ladybird isn't far away when the summer nest is a-making.

The Hooking of Tevis

And now the story is being bandied by the everlasting tea-tabbies that the Baxters were financially embarrassed: hence Mrs. Baxter's championship at the last moment of Hugh Tevis against the almost triumphant Gerald Hughes, who is not so rich by several ciphers. They say that on the second day after Tevis met the beauty at Monterey he determined to have her and he jumped into the contest with all the vim and astuteness of his crafty father herding a stray hundred thousand dollars into the Tevis strong box. At one time he was very devoted to Bertha Foote and many a gossip in Cupid's court believes she might have been Mrs. Hugh Tevis instead of Mrs. Stanley

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Jackson had she listed. Tevis sent her a magnificent bracelet studded with diamonds at the time of her wedding. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, the mother, has taken quite a fancy for the young wife and proposes to make a great deal of her. Already several elaborate plans for her social display have been discussed and the young Mrs. Tevis will no doubt soon be a very important factor in the swim. Behind the lorgnettes on the verge comes the whisper:

"Doesn't she seem a little bit too self-possessed and self-conscious ?"

But the happy couple don't overhear any such envious whisperings; they don't hear anything but themselves. Voila, c'est la lune de miel.

"I hear that Jack Wit is quite a king now in club circles,' said the first newspaperman, "does he crack jokes like he used to do in the old days?"

"Jokes!" returned the second newspaperman, "I suppose you might call them that—but they are *bons mots* now."

Delaware Was King

At a popular club the other day they were talking of "men occupying extraordinary positions," when Paul Neumann, who was gently tapping his knee with a morning paper over which he had been glancing, broke in, "Here is a case in these columns that beats all that you lads have dragged on the carpet. It's the case of Oliver H. F. Delaware of New Hampshire. His death is mentioned in this morning's telegrams and it brings to my mind the story of his life. I think that after you've heard it you'll all readily admit that Delaware carried the belt for holding the most extraordinary position of any man on this continent. As I recall the case, he owned what was dubbed the 'Delaware Territory,' and it came about in this wise: Some time about 1857, in running a survey line between the states of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, a strip of land was accidentally left out by both states. It was on this land that Delaware lived. Neither state would acknowledge his citizenship and he established a territory of his own, under his own government, and known as the 'Delaware Territory.'

"He made laws and those that lived in the territory submitted to them. He issued Thanksgiving and fast day proclamations, for he was very religious, and the people duly followed them. He had no fears of the tax collector or the assessor for both states had to admit that he was outside their jurisdictions. In fact, he was as independent of any state power as any foreign sovereignty. This condition of affairs continued for more than forty years. Then Delaware's unique position in the federation of states created so much talk that New Hampshire and Massachusetts appointed a joint commission to rope him and his territory inside the Union again. Forthwith the survey lines were run again and in such a fashion that Delaware's territory was tacked on to New Hampshire. But fancy Delaware's extraordinary position during those forty years; living right in the heart of that bunch of hold-fast Yankee states and yet independent of them all. It'll be many a century before another man gets into such a unique position, even in this age of freak things." And every man in the discussion admitted that Delaware held the belt in his line.

"I see that they are agitating the idea of one tongue for all men."

"Yes; but each woman will be obliged to have one all to herself as of yore."

Pacific-Union Finances

President James W. Byrne of the Pacific-Union club presented his annual report to the board of directors the other night, showing that the club begins a new year free from debt and with over twelve thousand dollars on hand. The Administration of Mr. Byrne has been the most successful in the history of the club, and the efficiency which he has shown is the subject of general commendation. The financial report is an interesting document showing as it does the cost of maintaining a swell club, and the various items of expense and revenue. For instance, it is interesting to know that the receipts from wines and liquors aggregated thirty thousand two hundred and forty-seven dollars, and that the profit from that source was over seven thousand. The "kitty" in the card-room paid the club fourteen hundred and eighty-eight dollars. The amount received from dues was forty-eight thousand dollars, and from the renting of rooms, fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifteen. The receipts from all sources aggregated one hundred and sixty-three thousand, two hundred and forty-two dollars, and the expenses were twelve thousand less.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, who is giving a series of lectures under the auspices of the California club, has been much entertained since his advent here.

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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Barrymore's Retort

Since the collapse of Maurice Barrymore numerous anecdotes of the popular actor have been going the rounds. I am reminded of one, the story of an incident which is said to have led to the sundering of the ties that existed so long between Lily Langtry and Fred Gebhard. When the Jersey Lily played "As in a Looking Glass" in this country, Barrymore was her leading man, and in one of the scenes he assisted her in putting on a wrap. He did this somewhat awkwardly on one or two occasions, and one night when the curtain went down she turned to him indignantly and remarked:

"I see that you are not accustomed to assisting ladies."

"My mother and my wife are the only ones that I was ever accustomed to assisting," he replied.

"I said *ladies*," snapped the actress.

"Oh," said Barrymore, "I see, you refer to women of the demi-monde."

And it is said that Mrs. Langtry immediately reported the incident to Gebhard and demanded that he chastise her leading man. Gebhard refused, saying that she had invited his offensive remark.

Another story about the actor, but one which has been told in type, relates to his appearance as Orlando in a performance of "As You Like It" for a charity benefit on the grounds of a society woman's summer home near Hoboken. As the sky looked threatening his hostess proposed that the performance be postponed.

"No madame," said Barrymore, "it will not rain today; God will not permit a charity like this to be ruined by rain."

It rained, however, and everybody was drenched. After the performance, when Orlando was shaking the water from his cloak, he exclaimed, plaintively:

"And it is thus that infidels are created!"

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Talbot have closed their town-house and have opened Casa Ramona, Redwood City, for the season.

Alice and Tod

That sweeping London success achieved by Alice Neilsen, according to the cabled reports, has excited misgivings in the hearts of her friends. It is usually the case when London is going wild over an American star that the unfortunate manager of the show is bargaining for a reduced rate at a transatlantic steamship office. But Alice Neilsen is such a sweet little singer that it is hard to conceive of her not making a hit with the London chappies. So I am prepared to learn that for once the cable has told the exact truth. Fortunately for her the clubmen of London were prepared to give her a warm reception. She went over loaded with letters to prominent members of the Marlborough and other clubs, and I suspect that not a few of them were written by Tod Sloan who stands "aces up" with Albert Edward and many influential members of the royal set. Miss Neilsen and Tod Sloan are very good friends, and before the pretty prima donna went to London it was said that if she found herself in need of a bank-roll on the other side, all she would have to do would be to hit the cable and that the premier jockey would smartly respond. Little Tod is believed to have cut quite a figure in Alice Neilsen's affairs of late.

Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Parrish Ayers and the Misses Mary and Caroline Ayers have returned from their Eastern trip, and taken a home at Redwoods for the summer.

Pull Down the Blind

A disrobing scene on the stage usually meets with the approval of lovers of the bedstead drama but the one that is being enacted nightly on the fourth floor of the Palace hotel, Market street front, while it affords delectation for people of the Peeping Tom variety in buildings across the way is a trifle too realistic. Perhaps the young couple have no desire to take people into their confidence, but if they have not I should think they would have no objection to pulling down the blind.

The James L. Floods have gone to their country-place in Alma for the season.

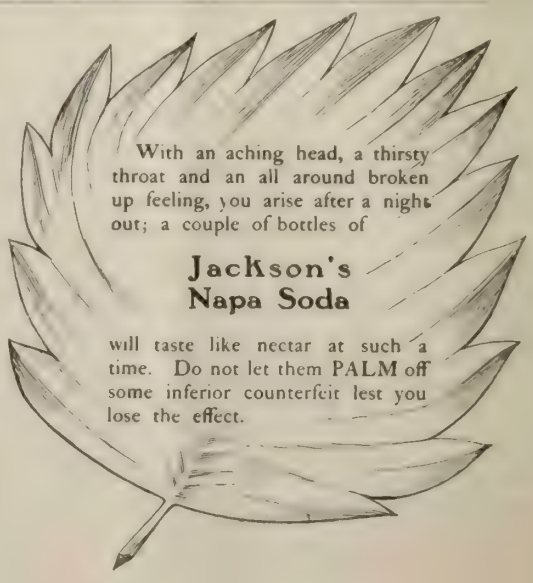
The Late John Craig

Jack Craig, the *Post* reporter who died at the Waldeck the other day from injuries received in a fall which fractured his skull was one of the most athletically built young men about town. A day or so before his death he met one of his friends and shook hands with him. The vice-like grip caused his friend to say:

"You'll never shake hands with *me* again."

And poor Craig did not. For he died before the other saw him again.

Not everybody remembers, by the way, that Jack Craig was the former husband of Daisy Uhlhorn, the present wife of Mr. Eugene Deuprey, and a half-sister of Gertrude Atherton.



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The Cattle King and the Spirits

It is safe to say that Cattle King George White will never find surcease of domestic trouble as long as "Magi," the alleged spirit in control of Mrs. Whitney, has a say in the direction of the capitalist's worldly affairs. The long and the short of it is "Magi" is not going to let Mrs. White or any outside pirate, buccaneer, or bunco-sharp waiting to welcome McKinley get away with a dollar of White's money if he can help it; and up-to-date Magi has shown conclusively that he can out-trust any trust on record in the matter of hogging everything to himself. Magi is the leading spirit that is supposed to control Mrs. Whitney: he talks only through her lips. He says himself he comes from the highest heaven and knows all there is to be known. For the last five years, though life seemed to be dull in the highest heaven "the man who knows it all" has been putting in the biggest part of his time trying to thimble-rig the Cattle King out of what pocket money he has. White met him while on a round of ruinous table tilting seances and "tests." "Magi," through Mrs. Whitney, had the happy idea of introducing him to a spirit bride. White cheerfully paid for the introduction. The payment was so easy that more spirit brides were dug up to his account, for White was honest if was a gay old boy and he paid almost as roundly for spirit brides as he did for worldly wives. The next step was for Magi to give him tips on the way to conduct his spiritual household. Quite naturally, in the course of time, Magi was advising White about his private business as well as his spiritual wives. People who have tried to keep tab on Magi and White figure out that it has cost the Cattle King something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the past five years.

He's Good To Pa Whitney Too

The Whitneys have lived royally, that is as royally as they know how, during the time that Magi quit his bunk in the highest heaven to look after White's affairs. Pa Whitney doesn't waste his time thinking, spinning or worrying. He has an allowance of eighty dollars a month "spending money," keeps his team and drinks and smokes like a gentleman should. If the eighty dollars won't last a week, why, he calls on Ma Whitney and she digs into her capacious pockets and hands him a fistful—Magi does the rest. Bum-Bum, the chief control of an opposition medium across the street from Mrs. Whitney, declares on his word of honor as a seventh son of a seventh Bum-Bum that White furnished one-half the money, namely, three thousand dollars, to purchase the Stockton street house for Mrs. Whitney. Magi told him to, according to Bum-Bum. This same veracious spirit, and he stands A. 1. in the control books of the best mediums in town, likewise stoutly affirms that when White married his last wife he fitted up a suite in the Stockton street house with the richest kind of furniture. Under Magi's advice it was all bought in Mrs. Whitney's name. Bum-Bum declares that when the present row between White and his wife broke out Mrs. Whitney whisked the furniture to her private residence to save it. Magi says Bum-Bum is an old liar for spreading such yarns. Bum-Bum defies him to tell frankly where the furniture is. Magi is mad and refuses to talk on the subject. So there you are.

The Cattle King's Securities

But the worst story that Bum-Bum tells on Magi is the disappearance of a big bunch of securities during the divorce suit of White's first wife, some five years ago. Mrs. White No. 1 was moving heaven, the earth and hades to locate White's property and he was striving his best to conceal it. At that time White was figured out to be worth nearly half a million dollars but it was adroitly hidden about the State. Under Magi's direction a snug sum of it, estimated at about one hundred thousand dollars, was converted into portable securities and locked up in a safe deposit box down town. Not a soul knew it was there save Magi and White, but somehow the attorneys for the wife got wind of the secret. Maybe a rival spirit of Magi told them, maybe—but that is another story. Anyhow they got wind of it and Magi —this shows how clever and vigilant he was—had barely time to warn White of the raid planned by the other side. White managed to save the securities by a hair's breadth but he was in a cold sweat when he got home with them. Luckily for him Magi was waiting for him—Magi never speaks only through Whitney's lips—and he advised the capitalist to turn them over to his medium for safe keeping. Bum-Bum declares that Magi also stipulated that the securities were to be left in her charge for five years or White would surely lose them through trouble. White has had trouble enough since then, heaven witness, but Bum-Bum seems to think the biggest trouble of all will happen when White tries to get them back.

Bum-Bum Calls White a Lobster

White is a very level-headed old fellow when it comes to dealing in beef, horses and country lands, but when he gets to snooping around midiumistic circles looking for spirit brides and tips on how to circumvent his neighbors, even Bum-Bum says he's a lobster. Magi, through the kind offices of his medium,

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Mrs. Whitney, tried to straighten him out and keep him in the right path, but it has cost White several hundred thousand dollars, two worldly wives and heaven knows how many spiritual brides, and he is in more trouble than ever. The wife who has just sued him is a pretty girl about twenty years old. Her parents, brothers and sisters live south of Market street. Her marriage was an odd turn of fortune. She and her chum decided that it would be better to get married than work, so they visited a matrimonial bureau to try their luck. There chance led her against old George White, a man nearly fifty years her elder. He became smitten with her face and figure, showered jewels and bright dresses upon her and she became his wife before a priest. It was like a dream in fairyland to her and her folks.

Indignation of Magi

The worst cut up figure among White's acquaintances was Magi. He bucked, kicked and snorted as only a man who knows it all from the topmost heaven can, but protest, kick and object as he would, he couldn't turn old George White from the possession of that alluring face and figure. So Magi, through Mrs. Whitney, bowed to the inevitable and let the marriage proceed, but the novelty of the thing had hardly begun to wear off with the husband before Magi was getting in his deadly work. Bum-Bum has already told about the furniture episode. He is likewise crammed with stories of the yarns that were rigged against the young wife, and of charges whispered against her which she vehemently denied and which led to many stormy scenes between the couple. Bum-Bum avers that this was all in line with what Magi had sworn when the engagement was announced, namely: Let White marry her if he insists, I'll see that their wedded life doesn't last long. And it hasn't.

Bum-Bum says that White won't get any rest till Magi gets all his money. He doesn't dare drop Magi for Magi knows too much of his private business and the tricks he played on wife No. 1, and on his business associates. It's only fair to state that Magi says that Bum-Bum is an unmitigated old liar and has no standing in the spirit union in the topmost heaven. So the whole thing's up to White.

Last of the Tule Club

The famous old Tule club of Stockton has been broken on the wheel of time and its members have drifted into the order of Buffaloes with the eleven-cent initiation, and into kindred organizations of good fellows. The Tules were as unique in their way as the Cuttysarks, only the police didn't have to get out their red lanterns to find out what the Tules were doing. Their headquarters were "up the river somewhere" and the chief spirits of the towns and surrounding countryside belonged to it. The leading diversion, among a score of "high dives," was the giving of "the dinner" by the "next fellow." No matter where a member happened to be at the time, and no matter where that dinner was given he was expected to drop everything and chase it up under penalties that would daunt the spirit of any man who had hopes of good living. In consequence of this rule the "next fellow" was always devising some devilish out-of-the-way place and time for his dinner that would raise the hair on the heads of his hilarious predecessors. For instance, Billy Ashe planned a feed in the wilds of Fresno that broke the shins and hearts of his fellow members. But according to club rule they had to try and reach it and when they had finished their run-amuck from the bay counties to Fresno they counted themselves well repaid when they had but tasted the promises of the feast. Tom Williams gave his dinner on one of the tule islands in the San Joaquin river and more than one member of the club traveled several hundred miles before he passed through the last stage of tule and mud and reached the tables where he was welcomed with cheers and a reviving cocktail.

J. D. Peters, the Stockton capitalist, gave one of the last big unique dinners of this gleeful organization of glad spirits. At that time he owned the steamer *Herald*. After wiring proper notices all over the State that his "dinner would be given, etc, etc," he one day fitted out the *Herald* with a glorious spread and slipped slowly down the river. Pursuing and anxious Tule club members were on his spoor from the moment he cast off the lines. They followed him in launches, fishing smacks and any old thing they could pick up, and in this wise most of them overtook the steamer and clambered aboard. For two days anxious members hunted for the *Herald* for they knew the law of the club commanded them to run down that jolly crowd at dinner. The steamer somehow ran into a three days haze and when the banqueters came to themselves they were in Vallejo and two belated irate members were indignantly demanding how in hades the feasters could expect them to be present at a dinner given on a boat that had been "lost on the bay for two days."

Out of consideration of the efforts of all good Tule club members who were not web-footed the dinners thereafter were always given on land. But the next dinner on land had its vicissitudes as well as good cheer. It was given in a gap near Cape Horn in the Sierras and the lucky fellows who located it had to be let down with ropes over a cliff to the banquet table. But they never regretted it.

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The Love Chase

Just before the season at Aix closed, Baron du Roncas Blanc was summoned by telegram to his mother's death-bed. Before leaving for the family chateau he yielded to his wife's desire to let her go on a "little lark" to Leman, where she was to meet their old friends the La Potinieres and thence go direct to the Chateau du Roncas-Blanc to join him. By this arrangement the astute little Baroness would gain three weeks of liberty for herself—and she proposed making the most of them. Madame was twenty-five years younger than her husband and as pretty as a Watteau painting. Though petite, she possessed a will stronger and bigger than her own fascinating little self, and what she willed, she generally accomplished.

Her first days of liberty were spent in Switzerland, where she coquetted to her heart's content, never once dreaming of overstepping the proprieties, when one morning came a letter from her ardent admirer the young and handsome Viscount Adalbert de Saint-Gingolph, who had learned of her temporary widowhood, through the columns of the *Gaulois*. This letter was dated from Italy, and he informed the Baroness that he would join her at once.

"Quite an ingenious idea, with all Paris here," exclaimed the little Baroness, "as well give rendezvous on the Place de la Concorde! But then men never stop to reflect."

Then this little pink of the proprieties sat down before her writing table and wrote the following letter to Adalbert:

MY DEAR VISCOUNT:

You must not think of joining me in Switzerland. Fancy what an interesting story the gossips would weave of the innocent little Baroness du Roncas-Blanc and the dashing young Viscount de Saint-Gingolph! No, we must not meet here. I promise, however, to consider your desire, and later on will inform you of my plans, until then au revoir,

ANGELE.

But how was the meeting to be arranged? Suddenly the Baroness discovered she had never visited Lake Maggiore, and decided therefore that instead of returning to France by Geneva and thence into Provence by Chambery, Grenoble and Gap, she would go by way of Genes and la Corniche; this route would, of course, be much longer, but then it would afford her the opportunity desired—to meet the Viscount de Saint-Gingolph. The decision made, she despatched her maid, with the greater part of the luggage, to the Chateau of Roncas-Blanc. As to the antique Baron, he was given a very vague idea as to his wife's itinerary, being left entirely in the dark as to whether she would travel with the La Potinieres or simply join them at Leman.

As soon as the maid departed, the Baroness sent the following telegram to the Viscount at Hotel Danielli, Venice:

Territet, Wednesday, September 28th., 4:30. Everything has been arranged. Shall sleep tomorrow, Thursday, at Brigue. Shall pass Simplon Friday. Will dine at Grand Hotel Pallanza, Lake Maggiore. Please manage to arrive there the same evening, but if possible, after me. ANGELE.

To which the Viscount immediately replied:

To Baroness du Roncas-Blanc, Grand Hotel des Alpes. Telegram received and understood. Will leave Friday morning at 9:30 A. M. Arrive at Pallanza about eight in the evening. ADALBERT.

"But in this life, one is never sure of anything except death and taxes," said the pretty Baroness, as she scribbled off a second telegram to Adalbert which ran thus:

The la Potinieres have been suddenly seized with a desire to visit Pallanza, and wish to make the journey with me, though did not signify their intention until this morning. Have therefore changed plans at the last moment and invented a despatch presumably from my sister, who has just arrived at Lucerne from Rogatz, where she awaits me to accompany her to Bellagio. She reached Lucerne yesterday. Of course it is really true that my sister is at Lucerne and that she is going to Bellagio and equally true that I shall accompany her. I leave tomorrow, Friday, for Lucerne. At 2:40 o'clock shall be at Lugano. Will stop at Hotel Splendide. Manage to arrive the same evening from Milan by the Grand Line. ANGELE.

But the Viscount, who had been thrown into a state of ecstatic joy by the first telegram, found it impossible to remain longer at Venice, so when the second telegram reached there he was sentimentally roaming about Verona, where he had gone to nourish his fever with tender memories of Romeo and Juliet. On Friday, after having paid a flying visit to the Cathedral and taken a glance at the "Last Supper" and a peep at the Musee Brera, he departed to join the Baroness by the train dubbed *acce'erato* by the Italians, but which carried him very slowly to Arona, where it arrived forty-two minutes after scheduled time. Naturally he missed the boat and was compelled to wait for the one which ran in connection with the directissimo of Turin and was as usual thirty-seven minutes late!

The Viscount consoled himself, however, with the thought that he would reach Pallanza after the Baroness—which was just what the little lady requested. It was one of her tenets in these delicate affairs that the man in the case should always arrive after the woman, so that if by chance the little game were discovered, the cavalier should appear to be following the lady, instead of the lady following the cavalier.

The Viscount ascended the stairs of the Grand hotel at Pallanza, Lake Maggiore, and presented himself at the office, and inquired if there was any mail awaiting him. Being informed in the negative, he asked in the same detache air if Madame la Baronne du Roncas-Blanc were stopping there, and being informed by the same polite clerk that no such person was at the Grand began to feel horribly uncomfortable.

"Has the train from Simplon yet arrived?" asked the Viscount.

"About three hours ago," said the phlegmatic clerk.

Then it flitted through Saint Gingolph's mind, that perhaps through prudence the Baroness had not registered.

"But Sapristi!" he exclaimed, "she should at least have left a note for me. How am I ever going to find her in this immense caravansary?"

After a moment's reflection he concluded there was nothing to do but to wait. To kill time he entered the smoking-room and to his horror was tapped familiarly on the shoulder, while a well known voice exclaimed:

"Bonjour, Viscount, in the name of Heaven where did you drop from?"

"Patatras!" said Adalbert (sotto voce); "that infernal trumpeter La Potiniere!"

Quickly recovering his self possession, he blandly informed La Potiniere that he had dropped in at Pallanza simply en passant, and would probably leave the next morning.

"Ah by the way," said La Potiniere, "we were just talking of you the other day with that charming little woman, the Baroness du Roncas-Blanc."

"Indeed," replied the Viscount indifferently, though inwardly greatly agitated, "the Baroness is a funny little creature, isn't she? By the way, is she stopping here?"

"No, we left her at Territet, or rather she is no longer there, for she left yesterday for Lucerne."

"Lucerne!" exclaimed the Viscount, losing for a moment his self-possession, "but what in the world possessed the Baroness to go there?"

"To join her sister," cooly replied La Potiniere, "from Lucerne they go to Bellagio."

"To join her sister!" repeated the Viscount in amazement, "and going to Bellagio!"

"Yes, Bellagio on Lake Como," said La Potiniere, closely scrutinizing his friend's troubled expression.

"Ah yes, I understand," replied the Viscount vaguely, "but of course the Baroness will spend a few days here at Pollanza?"

"No, from Bellagio she goes to join her husband at the Chateau du Roncas-Blanc."

"So much the better," retorted the Viscount sharply, completely losing his temper, and bidding an abrupt good-night to La Potiniere, he escaped to his room.

The Viscount was perplexed. What under the sun had happened? Going to Bellagio—what can be the real motive of her journey there? Is Madame hesitating?

And while he acknowledged to himself that her small ladyship was considerable of a humbug—he yet decided that she was quite incapable of playing truant to the most ardent of lovers. Suddenly he had a light, a faint one to be sure—but still a light. Since the La Potinieres insisted on coming to Pallanza, the little Baroness, he concluded, had been obliged to change her itinerary and go elsewhere, so he had merely to await a telegram—only the telegram should have been awaiting him—but then the service in Italy is so poor—and consoling himself with this pleasing illusion he dropped off to sleep.

At five o'clock he was awakened by the musical chiming of a neighboring church bell, and his thoughts wandered to the little Baroness. Suddenly he became possessed with the idea that the telegram announcing changes of journey had arrived at Venice, after his departure. The mystery he felt was now solved. But not until four o'clock in the afternoon did he receive the Baroness' telegram addressed to the Hotel Danielli, at Venice, giving him rendezvous for Saturday evening at Lugano.

He had not a minute to lose, so he quickly decided to take the next boat which left at 4:10—but alas! the boat had

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already gone. For once it had started on time. With all the trains that were going out there was not one that would land him at Luino that evening, so he was obliged to resign himself to his fate and wait for the five o'clock boat on Sunday morning, which would bring him to Lugano at 10 A. M.

Meanwhile the ardent Adalbert sent three telegrams to the Baroness at Lugano, one to the Hotel Splendide, another to the Hotel du Parc in case she failed to secure apartments at the former, and a third to the Bureau Restant. These precautions taken, the Viscount felt decidedly more tranquil and to kill time he paid a visit to the La Potinieres. When he bade them good-bye, he assured them that he would leave early on Sunday morning for Paris via Mount Cenis.

Meanwhile the three telegrams sent by Adalbert reached Lugano on time and fraternized delightfully in their respective boxes, with the three sent by the Baroness from Lucerne to the Hotels du Parc, Splendide and Bureau Restant—for she on her part had neglected nothing. Indeed in addition to the telegrams she had inserted a personal most artfully worded in the "Stranger's Gazette," giving the Viscount rendezvous at the Hotel Victoria, Luino, either Saturday evening or in any case Sunday morning. Her plans would have succeeded admirably, if the Viscount's boat had not failed to connect with the train to Ponte Tresa, which caused a detention of an hour and a half.

Vexed at the delay and exasperated almost beyond endurance, the Viscount was promenading furiously up and down the quay, when he suddenly tumbled into the arms of Mrs. Grundy, in the person of the notorious old gossip Madame la Comtesse de Caquay-Bombecque. After mutual explanations— rather vague ones on the part of Adalbert as to his presence at Luino, which the dowager appeared to accept with a grain of salt—the Countess suddenly exclaimed:

"How drole, Viscount, to meet you here this morning. Your very particular friend, the pretty Baroness du Roncas-Blanc, was with us only yesterday.

"Luino bored her," the dowager went on, closely watching his expression, "she remained only a short time and left this morning on the 7:18 boat for Pallanza; you must have crossed each other. Strange you did not see her."

The Viscount listened with amazement to the dowager's tale and with a much mixed up story as to his luggage etc. he bade her good morning.

One thing was quite clear, that the Baroness was just at that moment arriving at Pallanza, therefore there was nothing else to be done but to return there. He had just time to catch the 9:40 boat, which would reach Pallanza at 11:15—in time to catch his bird before she could possibly fly to another perch. A few minutes later he was sailing away to Pallanza.

Now had the Viscount gone only as far as the Hotel Victoria, he would have found there a note, written the evening before, which ran thus:

My dear Viscount:

Today, while leisurely sauntering along the beach, I fell into the arms of that detestable old gossip, the Countess de Caquay-Bombecque, so leave here early tomorrow morning. Decidedly there is only one place in the world where one may feel secure—Paris. Fortunately I ascertained that you could not possibly arrive here this evening, so leave by the first boat tomorrow. Follow me to Baveno, Hotel Bellevue. Through motives of prudence, I told the Countess de Caquay-Bombecque, that I was going to Pallanza. Adieu, Angele.

While this letter was reposing at the Hotel Victoria, the Viscount was inquiring for the Baroness at Hotel Splendide, Pallanza. Nonplussed at not finding her there and not desiring to fall again into La Potiniere, he took refuge at the Eden hotel patronized almost exclusively by Germans. Meanwhile the Baroness had become equally impatient and from her window at the Hotel Bellevue at Baveno, watched anxiously the boats as they came and went, but as the Viscount failed to arrive, she retelegraphed to Luino, Lugano and even Venice, but of course received no response. Suddenly she concluded that her lost Romeo was still at the Hotel Splendide at Pallanza awaiting her, and throwing prudence to the winds, she jumped into a boat and was rowed thither.

But hardly had she arrived on the quay, when she fell into the arms of her friends the La Potinieres; how she ever explained her presence at Pallanza neither she nor they could ever understand. The first effusions over, Madame la Potiniere carelessly observed that the Viscount de St. Gingolph left Pallanza on Sunday morning for Paris via Mount Cenis.

"Yes," calmly answered the Baroness, inwardly boiling with rage, "so he has returned to Paris."

Even admitting, thought she to herself, a misunderstanding, he should at least have had the courtesy to wait—but never mind, she meditated, I shall give him a lesson in patience.

And making her adieux to the La Potinieres in the same inexplicable fashion as she had greeted them, she stepped into a boat and was rowed back to Baveno, where she hurriedly packed her trunk and took the 4:25 boat for Arona, whence she telegraphed to her husband:

"Have just arrived here after a most delightful journey. Shall be with you soon. Dovie."

The Viscount would undoubtedly have encountered his fair Juliet on Monday morning had he not overheard a gentleman tell another about a beautiful woman gowned in violet who had left the Eden for Stressa and intended stopping at the Hotel des Isles. He concluded at once that this woman was his Baroness, so was immediately rowed to Stressa. The lady in violet was pointed out to him—but she was not Madame la Baronne.

There was still one corner which the Viscount had not yet visited—Baveno—so thither he rowed, alighting at the Hotel Bellevue, and being informed by the clerk, that if he had arrived five minutes earlier, he would have seen Madame du Roncas-Blanc.

"Sapristi!" exclaimed the Viscount, "but when does the next boat return to Pallanza?"

"At 7:35," answered the clerk.

The Viscount consulted his watch and he found he had just time to return to Pallanza, pack his valise and catch the train for Arona. But here he met with another disappointment—for after inquiring at the Italia, Posta, and Albergo Reale, the three principal hotels, he could obtain no information whatever of the missing Juliet. Suddenly he concluded that she had gone to Genoa. Happy thought! By daybreak he was up and off, speeding toward the city of Christopher Columbus, where he alighted at the Grand Hotel Isotta.

Here he was informed that a lady answering the description of Madame du Roncas-Blanc had arrived that night from Arona, but had immediately left for the depot, ostensibly with the intention of taking a train in the direction of Nice. The Viscount breathlessly demanded a carriage and hurriedly stepped in, congratulating himself that he was at last off. When the carriage arrived on the quay, the conductor was shouting:

"The train for Nice, second platform, all aboard."

The Viscount rushed forward but was held back by the guard.

"For the love of God, man, allow me to pass," pleaded Adalbert, but the guard sternly refused to allow him to proceed further.

Just then the train passed out of the depot, and as it turned the curve the Viscount perceived at the door of the end of the car, the pretty face of Madame du Roncas-Blanc!

The Baroness recognized the Viscount, and both waved handkerchiefs and threw kisses at each other—a moment more and the train was out of sight.

[Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.]

A clean house means clean carpets; phone South 250 for City Steam Carpet Beating Works and you will be satisfied, Geo. H. Stevens, Mgr.

Raised on High . . .

worn low, the Oxford Ties we are at present offering will stand the most critical inspection—another way of saying that their appearance is unexceptionable, their *comfort* and *durability* praiseworthy. SUMMER SHOES are here in great variety; it's our pleasure to show them to you. Excellent Values, satisfaction guaranteed.

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Our London Letter

My dear "*T. T.*":

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth and the time of the singing of the birds is come." This old giant, London, is awakening out of his long sleep; the flower girls with their sweetly-laden baskets are making the streets beautiful; the trees along Piccadilly and in the Park are thinking of putting on their emerald gowns,and ladders and paintpots show that London is spring cleaning. And it is high time! For weeks it has poured and poured; the streets have all been thrown up or "stopped," as we say over here, and the sombre hues of winter and royal mourning have been most depressing. Now there's a sweet promise in the very air; the shops have taken down the black and purple and filled the windows with all the gentle, softly-beautiful young shades and tints for my lady s fair eyes and with which to drape her beautiful figure.

One by one the swells are returning to town and as usual the select few will start the wheel of Fashion going until,in a few months time, we will be living in one continual whirl of gaiety and pleasure. Yesterday was "church parade" and we strolled leisurely to and fro in Hyde Park or sat on the newly painted green benches (at one penny a sit) to note who was in town and how he and she were gowned. It was too early yet for the "utterly too too," but still there were a few smart gowns in evidence and all with the bolero and tucks. Will they never go out? Paris says "yes," for I found them on the wane when I ran over this week for a few days during my one whole week's vacation. There it was all stitched straps and gold buttons, or chiffoned applique.

It rained incessantly and I was glad to return home to London and work. Tomorrow night, Alice Neilsen makes her bow to a London audience;the house was sold out a week ago. Her name is blazoned in big glass letters on the front of the theatre and all London is on the qui vive to see another American comic opera and to pass judgment. They are playing at the same theatre where "The Belle of New York" opened under the same Musgrove management;they will have the usual large orchestra of thirty musicians which will seem splendid for the newly arrived Americans to sing to instead of the usual fifteen or twenty. Of late, Londoners have tired of the American songstresses sent over, for none have pleased since the day of Edna May. "The American Beauty" was a failure even with the fair Edna in it; the "Casino Girl" followed suit,with Gillman; Madge Lessing came to Drury Lane Pantomime, had a few lines and has done; poor Rankin was hissed off and booed at and so the field is ripe for Alice to show what she can do. She comes at a good moment, to be followed in a few weeks by Edna herself in a new opera under Frohman, and it will be war to the knife, operatically speaking, between these two pretty-faced women.

There's a long list of new productions for this week and next, principally among which is charming Gertrude Elliot's new play under her husband's direction. She is now perched high and dry on the top rung of the ladder, is a great favorite socially and gaining new laurels each season. Keith Wakeman is playing in "Lady of the Ostend" and has captured Londoners by her beauty alone; she stars next season in a play by Mrs. Sheldon who predicts success for her fair protege.

The "American Women in London" have taken up their permanent quarters at the Princes and have opened the season in great style with teas and luncheons; there's a swell affair on for next Saturday afternoon. I hear the King is expected. He, by the way, is having a high old time turning out long forgotten boxes and places, firing the old staff of servants and putting in younger blood, going through the royal pantries and cleaning up the silver—in fact, he's doing a bit of spring cleaning on his own hook, preparing for his first Levee and Drawing Room.

"Sassiety" is to offer us a sweet morsel of sugared scandal in the shape of a Royal divorce in which two Dukes figure conspicuously and as they are prominent Army officials there promises to be a smell of burnt powder and the sting of bullets, not to mention a splendid fight.

Philip Mighels is quite ill; this glorious London climate (*nit!*) has played havoc with his lungs and I believe he and his charming wife, Ella Sterling Cummins, intend to return to U. S. A. in the fall if he does not improve. Dr. Fletcher McNutt is in town poring over his medical books and hovering over hospital cots, digging away at his chosen profession. Jennie June Croly, the olden time American writer and editor, has her rooms just across the hall from mine and I have much pleasure in listening to her reminiscences of old days. She's a wonderful woman still.

Charley Stilwell, the ex-newspaper writer and detective, has returned to America to accept a position at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, as government detective. It's a good thing he won't have to depend upon his own legs to catch the crooks for he's too fat to do much chasing at a lively gait. Dr. Edgar Dinkelspiel is at Cambridge "hunting germs" and spends his week ends with Dr. McNutt in town.

We have just finished our London season at the Standard, and play suburban theatres for the rest of the season; we've had one week's vacation and shall soon turn our eyes toward Scotland for our next tour.

There's really a new electric tram in town and old conservative London is rubbing its eyes actually trying to believe they are not still sleeping. There's a ride of four miles for four pence—eight cents—and the cabbies are furious. There's also the new "Tube" with a real, live "elevator" and soon the old dirty underground must go. American enterprise (like American blood) will tell, and dear old London has been compelled at last to give way to modern systems. It is only a question of time now before there'll be running hot and cold water in the bedrooms and a real bathtub in the bathroom; the closet built in the wall and the ice refrigerator will soon follow. The streets are all torn up to admit of underground wires and pipes, flats are being erected all over town, the old buildings being torn down, the tenement doomed and soon—very soon—London will be a modern city. It's a dear old place after all, for one can get accustomed to almost anything in this world by cultivating a bit of patience and looking out for the bright spots around one's daily life.

Now I'm off to Croydon on the underground and over London Bridge to warble "Martha" for my dear gallery gods. Best luck, *T. T.*

Yours,

London, Easter Monday. Roma.

In the Oil Realm

In our last edition the Olga Oil company saw fit to call attention to the splendid opportunities they offer. We have since taken occasion to investigate to some extent the holdings of this company as well as the business standing of its officers particularly with reference to the oil business.

Mr. W. S. Badger, president; Mr. James S. Osborne, vice president and treasurer; Mr. C. C. Darling, Jr., secretary; Mr. J. G. Scott of Agnews, California and Mr. Frank H. Buck, of Vacaville, compose the officers and directors of the company. The most of these gentlemen are known all over the state and the fact of their names being connected with the operations of the company inspires confidence and insures success. Their holdings are in the famous Kern River District and lie four miles north of Bakersfield in Section 30. 28. 28 and are surrounded by producing wells ranging from three hundred to one thousand barrels per day, many being on the same quarter section and within seventy-five feet of their line.

Acreage, location and management commend this company to anyone wishing to make a good investment, and not a speculation and it is to the interest of those contemplating investment in Oil stocks to investigate for themselves at the company's office 66-67 Chronicle building, where they are assured of courteous treatment. —The Reporter.

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

ALCAZAR—"The Conquerors"—a powerful drama, finely acted.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Under Two Flags"—full of life and dash.

TIVOLI—"The Idol's Eye"—still drawing crowded houses.

ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—an admirable bill.

Barton Hill received a very warm welcome at the Alcazar on Monday night, when he made his entrance as Major von Wolfshagen in "The Conquerors."

Jesse D. Halstead, the Alcazar's press agent, is a benedict since last Tuesday. On that date Miss Josephine Culver and Mr. Halstead were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, the ceremony taking place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Edward Hoff, in Green street. The happy pair are honeymooning at Los Angeles, Catalina and Coronado.

The juvenile stage world received a sad loss recently in the death of little Georgia Gladys Loos, a most promising child actress. She was a sister of little Anita Loos, and the two had appeared in several prominent productions at different theatres. Little Gladys was only ten years of age and was the daughter of R. Beers Loos, the well known newspaper man and manager.

Attractions Next Week

The best thing the Alcazar has presented its patrons in many a long day, "The Conquerors," is doing an immense business, and will not be withdrawn at the close of tomorrow's performance, but will hold over another week. It is well worth seeing. "Friends" will be given soon at this theatre, and a season of Florence Roberts is promised.

The most successful plays produced during the present season have been those dramatized from popular books, and next week at the Grand we are to have a dramatization of Archibald Clavering Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York." It has lost none of its interest since its first production and there should be large houses during its revival. Jack Webster will appear as Burton H. Barnes, and Florence Stone will be seen to advantage as Marina Pauli—the two principal characters in the book—and the other members of the stock company will have important roles. The play calls for beautiful and elaborate scenery, which is being painted by Frederick McGreer, the celebrated scenic artist. There will be the usual Saturday and Sunday matinees.

The famous Agoust family of jugglers will be the headliners at the Orpheum next week—they are without doubt the greatest jugglers in the world. McIntyre and Heath, the favorite black-face comedian, will appear in a frivolity they call "The Man from Montana." The Davis children, three clever youngsters, and big favorites in the East, are now here. Among the holdovers will be Goldin, Barnes and Sisson, Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper, Alf Grant, Mademoiselle Adelaide and the biograph.

The Tivoli is still doing the banner business with "The Idol's Eye," and the merry piece will probably hold the boards for several weeks to come. After the run of the "Eye" comes an elaborate production of an opera entirely new to the San Francisco public, "The Toy Maker," which made a tremendous hit when produced in Germany. The book has been adopted to the American stage and is said to be extremely clever. The music is by Audran, the composer of several of the most popular of musical pieces, notably "The Mascot" and "Olivette."

"Sag Harbor" will reopen the Columbia, after another week of darkness. Chrystal Herne takes the role of heroine of the play, Janie Caldwell. "Arizona," Frank Daniels, and Henry Miller are Columbia futures.

☞ Try Kelly's Corn Cure, 25 cents. 102 Eddy Street

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MARK THALL, Manager

* * *

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

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The Davis Children — Barnes and Sisson — Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper
Alf. Grant — Mlle. Adelaide — The Great American Biograph
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Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
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Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30 and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

The Automobile

The decision of the Fire Commissioners to provide Chief Sullivan with an automobile has aroused considerable interest among the local dealers. The competition for the honor of furnishing this vehicle is not, however, as keen as would naturally be imagined and it will be less so when the required specifications are announced. While it is the general belief that a steam vehicle will be chosen, we have it from a reliable source that the Chief has his mind set upon an electric machine. The Chief believes that for his purposes an electric machine will be more satisfactory and practicable than any other style. In order, however, to fully meet all of his requirements, the firm that secures the contract will necessarily have to build a special machine, strengthened in all parts and fitted with specially constructed batteries. There is not an electric machine on the market, nor any other style for that matter, that is capable of standing the wear and tear to which it will be subjected in the service of the San Francisco Fire Department, as it is turned out for ordinary purchasers. The speed with which the Chief drives over our rough streets would wreck an ordinary automobile inside of a month. The light weight steam vehicles, while they have the speed, are not built to sustain any such strain and the ordinary electrics are too heavy. Of the three electric agencies here, two have declared outright that they will not make any bid whatever and the third one has thus far been noncommittal. Dorville Libby, representing the Century Motor Vehicle Company and Charles Heineman, manager of the Coast branch of the American Electric Vehicle Company, will both keep out of the competition, which practically leaves the field open to Fred Ward and Son, agents for the Riker vehicles, so far as the local dealers are concerned. Whether any Eastern concerns are to be asked to submit bids is not known.

Up to date nineteen permits have been issued to automobile drivers by the Park Commissioners. Those who have successfully passed the examination and been awarded the lucky bits of pasteboard, together with the permanent numbers that have been allotted to each, are as follows: No. 2, P. F. Rockett; No. 3, A. E. Brooke Ridley; No. 5, Charles C. Moore; No. 10, Charles J. Heineman; No. 11, G. A. Aldrich; So. 13, A. C. Aiken; No. 22, Earl C. Anthony; No. 30, George P. Moore; No. 32, Miles T. Baird; No. 36, Jos. C. Saxton; No. 42, W. S. Arnold; No. 43, R. R. L'Hommedieu; No. 44, L. T. Andrews; No. 45, James Keenan; No. 47, W. H. Kellogg; No. 49, F. A. Hyde; No. 51, William Ede; No. 52, L. H. Johnson; No. 53, J. P. Edwards.

—*The Automobiler.*

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Go on the Excursion to the Santa Cruz Mountains

Every spring the Southern Pacific gives a popular low rate excursion into the Santa Cruz mountains, the idea being to give those who intend to go down there for their summer outing a chance to look over the country and select a location. This year's event will take place on Sunday, May 5th, and the rate and other details will be substantially the same as in former years. That is, the excursion will be by the narrow gauge, leaving San Francisco at 7:45 a. m., and ample stops will be made at Alma, Wrights, Laurel, Glenwood, Campus, Felton, Ben Lomond, Rowardennan and Boulder Creek, so as to give excursionists time to look around. Round trip tickets will be $1.25, and the excursion will be in charge of William H Menton, the company's excursion passenger agent. Five or six hours will be divided among the places named. Those who wish may stop off at intermediate points and join the train on its return.

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There is something new in shirts for evening wear, something that will become immediately popular with club and society men, actors and singers. This is the patent, non-bulging shirt-front, made by Geo. P. Ide & Co. of Troy, N. Y.,—San Francisco branch, 526 Market street—and for sale at The Hastings, Lick House block.

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Consolation

A sob of sorrow moaning through the strings,
As Recollection ponders on the past;
Is this the only solace Memory brings
To soothe a soul that shivers in the blast?
How soon the feast was followed by the fast!
How quick the fruits and flowers turned to dust!
How swift the waters sped on which I cast
The bread of life, that cometh back a crust!

A crust! Ah no! though bleak may be the shore
Of Life's once tempting tide, whose waters hold
The dreams of youth, that in their depths were drowned,
Not fruitless is the flood; its waves restore,
What Folly flung to them, a thousand fold,
When on the strand some pearl of song is found.

April, 1901. *Louis A. Robertson.*

Comrades

It was in the remotest corner of hell.

"I," said the first ghost, "was the moving spirit in the Reign of Terror; I was the guardian spirit of the Inquisition; I also presided at the Dreyfus iniquity and my last position was with the Sultan of Turkey as general overseer of the American industry!"

The other ghost swelled up. "And I," said he proudly, "was the original inventor of the Mother-in-law joke!"

Then they fell upon each other's necks and wept.

—The Shade.

On the Third Floor

As he was "an old friend of the family" she unhesitatingly accepted his invitation to lunch.

She was comparatively inexperienced for she had never dined out except with her uncle, and then only in the main dining room.

But on this occasion he—the old friend—escorted her to the elevator.

"Third floor," he said to the young man.

They were received by an unctuous head waiter who led them into a suite of handsomely appointed apartments.

She surveyed them with a startled glance, but suppressed all semblance of the indignation that filled her breast.

Seating herself at the table in the centre of the main room she calmly removed her gloves. Then addressing the waiter, she said:

"Waiter, please close those folding doors; I feel a draught."

The surprised garcon obeys. The "old friend of the family" reddens slightly.

"And waiter," she continued, just as garcon was about to depart, "leave *that* door open. I like plenty of fresh air. Not ajar, waiter, but wide open," and again garcon obeyed, and the "old friend of the family" perspired.

The lunch was over in half an hour, for it was only a cold lunch.

—The Head Waiter.

$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

Content

Oh ye who seek Content with worried feet,
Learn thou at last 'tis foolish to pursue;
Sit down resigned upon some lowly seat,
And lo! the willful maid will come to you!

—Lowell Otus Reese.

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Music World

A Feast of Song

Last Friday afternoon was the occasion of a feast of song tendered the ladies of the Century club by Mrs. Marriner Campbell, its retiring ex-president, through the medium of her talented class of pupils. The other women's clubs of the city as well as some of our leading women musicians and music lovers were present, and the afternoon was most profitably as well as enjoyably spent, since Mrs. Campbell's methods are so sincere and far reaching along the lines of melodic interpretation, it is a genuine pleasure to attend a function where she is the leading spirit. The program was opened by a graceful address by Mrs. Campbell herself, after which on introducing each singer to the audience some apt remark or explanation was made anent the composer who was to be interpreted; and as in every case the song was fitted to the peculiar style and character of the pupil, the program was thereby rendered doubly interesting. There were many really remarkable voices among the flowers in this "rosebud garden of girls" too many in fact to particularize since all was so really worthy, but I give the program in full as it was, all through, unusually good and quite out of the ordinary. Many of the names will be recognized as those of musical favorites. Special mention must be made of the opening number, a Musin mazurka for violin, very well rendered by Miss Violet Johnson, a youthful violinist who handles her bow with a flexible wrist of uncommonly good strength and control for one so young and in the tone she produces gives evidence of something noteworthy later on in her career. The program was: Violin solo, Mazurka, Musin, Violet Johnson; Oh, Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair, Horatio Parker, Florence Doane; Spring Has Come, Maude Valerie White, Cornelia Keep; Lapp Maiden's Song, De Koven, Florence Perkins; My Little Love, Hawley, Margaret Maguire; Foi che sapete, Mozart, Alyce Moore; The Bird and the Rose, Horrocks, Miss Alice Harrier; (a) Synnove's Song, Halfdan Kjerulf 16, Snow Flakes, Cowen, Miss Rebecca Delvalle; (a) Auf Wiedersehn, Louis Luebe, (b) Thou Art Like a Flower, J. Wilson Smith, Ruth Weston: (a) Love is a Sickness, H. Parker, (b) A May Morning, Denza, Mrs. Edith Klock; (a) Tell me Thy Heart, Sir Henry Bishop, Allan Water, old English, Florence Walbey; (a) The Jocelyn Lullaby, Godard, (b) Spring, Henschel, Edna Smart; (a) Violets, Ellen Wright, (b) Irish Love Song, Margaret Ruthven Lang, Mary Carpeneto Mead; (a) Ave Maria Luzzi, (b) O Love Stay by and Sing, Jules Jordan, Margery Marks; (a) Vilanelle, Del Acqua, (b) Sultana's Song, Bemberg, Marie Partridge; The Lady of the Lea, Smart, Isobel Kerr; Sombre Foret, Rossini, Florence Doane; (a) Oh, Rendimi, Rossi, (b) Is This a Dream?, Sullivan, Isella Van Pelt. The accompanists for the afternoon were Mrs. W. J. Batchelder, Miss Julia R. Tharp, Miss Neamata Van Pelt and Miss Grace Marshall.

Mrs. Mary Milliken–Ross, a prominent vocalist of Sacramento and former pupil of Mrs. Marriner–Campbell, has been in town for the last week and attended the recital of Mrs. Campbell's pupils at Century hall on Friday.

There has been during the week a reception and musical program daily at Byron Mauzy hall in Post street, the occasion being the opening of the hall after the fine decorating Mr. Mauzy has been having done to the interior of the building and incidentally the throwing open for inspection of the piano factory on the second floor. Some prominent musicians have lent their talent to the program which though informal has been interesting.

"Tannhauser"

The Wagner society lecture on "Tannhauser" last Monday night was well attended and the lecture was rendered more interesting by demonstrations of the subject in hand given by a double quartet selected from the society, with the aid of Miss Lilly Roeder as Elizabeth, Walter B. Anthony as Tannhauser, and George McBride and Claus B. Peterson alternating as Wolfram, James Hamilton Howe, the society's director, presiding at the piano. Mrs. Fairweather, the lecturer, gave a somewhat extended discourse on Wagner in general and "Tannhauser" in particular, from the new point of Wagnerian view which interprets Wagner allegorically, as it were, and attributes to Wagner, as a motive in writing the splendid operas which are becoming more and more popular as the great composer is becoming better understood, a very high and spiritual plane of thought and an effort to depict the struggle of soul against flesh. Under this new treatment Wagner, the intensely human and great hearted composer who knew exceedingly well himself, from a standpoint of experience, the pitfalls weak humanity is subject to, becomes a sort of John Bunyan to music through the medium of his musical creations. Not a Damrosch interpretation, perhaps, but interesting from the very novelty in connection with Wagner the man as we, by study of his private life, have learned to know him. The society, however, is very earnest in its study of Wagnerian themes and Mr. Howe himself is not the least among the interested ones and is doing all in his power to make the society and its aims a success. At the next lecture the full chorus will be used. Miss Lilly Roeder's "Prayer of Elizabeth" was finely given and elicited much applause. George McBride's "O, Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star" was splendidly done and an encore was demanded though not responded to as the program was too long. The number of Mr. Anthony and Mr. Peterson were also well received. It is a much needed movement, this study of Wagner, and those who are earnest and willing enough to take it up seriously deserve all the encouragement possible.

A Flying Uisit

So quickly did he come and go it is not generally known that for a few days we have had Jean Girardy, the noted cellist, again in our midst. An unexpected telegram announced his coming en route to Australia where he is to give a series of concerts and it was with Sir Henry Heyman that he made his stay while here. He was accompanied by his manager, Mr. A. H. Canby, who is, by the way, a prominent member of the Lambs and Players clubs of New York and a whole host in himself, as he is a familiar and beloved figure in the managerial world, a gentleman personally of great ability and a man who holds an enviable position both socially and professionally, as he is well known all over Europe and the United States. Jean Girardy is well known here as it is not long since he appeared before us professionally and delighted our people with his exquisite handling of his instrument. He is conceded to be the greatest living cellist today, though he is scarcely past the attainment of his majority; the coming December will make him twenty-three years of age. Though still so young he is every inch an artist and has an exceptionally lovely personality. He is almost childlike in his modest setting aside of his own attainments and ability. He is highly educated in every way, which is somewhat rare among musicians of note. He is withal refined and cultivated and despite his youth, very serious minded and thoughtful, and a charming conversationalist. Though Girardy has played all over Europe and in every country with exceptional success, his head seems not to have been affected by it as is the case of many artists whose self esteem has attracted not a little from their otherwise good qualities. Girardy expects to give a concert in Honolulu en route to Australia and on his return to San Francisco it is hoped that he will give some concerts here though that has not been decided upon. He will return this way about August.

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An Oakland Singer

Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter, who has but recently returned from New York where she has been doing some very earnest work under the tutelage of Oscar Saenger, tells a most interesting story of her wanderings while in the East which brings in many familiar names of Californians who are sojourning in the land of snow and cold winters. While in New York Mrs. Dexter substituted for our own Beatrice Priest-Fine, who sings in Robert Collyer's Unitarian church, a position which Mrs. Dexter filled, by all reports, with the utmost satisfaction to all. In Boston she met Anna Miller Wood, our well known contralto; in Chicago, Mr. Richard Yarnley, a cellist, also one of ours, also Miss Beresford Joy the contralto who hails from our town. In Newark, N. J., she was entertained by our Olive Reed Cushman, and in Washington D. C., through the courtesy and kind interest of Congressman Landis, Mrs. Dexter spent a delightful and memorable hour with the President himself in his private study. Mrs. Dexter is at present holding one of the best choir positions on the coast as soprano of the First Presbyterian church in Oakland with Grace Morei Dickman, as contralto, Clement Rowlands, baritone, and Algernon Aspland tenor. She has done much concert work in the East and it will probably not be long ere we have the pleasure of hearing her on this side of the Bay. Before going East Mrs. Dexter was the pupil of D. P. Hughes of Oakland and Mr. Saenger, who has given to the musical world such singers as Jacoby, Pasquali, Leon Rains, Sara Anderson, Elizabeth Leonard and many others, complimented Mrs. Dexter highly upon her voice, which is one of exceptional sweetness, sympathy and strength.

The first concert of the eighth season of the Orpheus club took place on Tuesday evening at the Unitarian church in Oakland. The club was directed by Edwin Crandall the new leader and the following program given. Hymn to Music (Lachner), Her Day (Scott), the Orphans (a) "Ans dem Hohen hed" (Mendelssohn), (b) "Ouvre Les Teux Blues" (Massenet), (c) "La Foletta" (Marchesi), Miss Maud Fay; "Dearest, Awake" (Storch), Pilgrim's Chorus (Tannhauser), Wagner, Mr. Herbert Medley; Drinking Song (Brusch), Orpheus club; Prologue (I'Pagliacci, Leoncavallo), Mr. Herbert E. Medley; "Nellie Was a Lady" (Stephen Foster), Orpheus club; Elsa's Traum (Lohengrin, Wagner), Miss Maud Fay; To Thee, O Country (Eichberg), Orpheus club. The club has added many new members to its list of late, and as the new director is exceedingly popular the future work of the club may be looked for with interest.

The Wednesday Morning club of Oakland gave a "Shuett" program at their concert on Wednesday morning. The program was rendered by Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, contralto, Miss Helen Hagar pianist, Mr. Alexander Stewart violinist, and B. Frank Howard, cellist. Those concerts are very popular and the programs given certain to be of a high order and out of the beaten path.

The third concert, first season, of the Alameda Orchestral Society (fifty pieces) will be held next Monday evening. Theodor Vogt is the society's director, and A. Rodemann, flutist, will be the soloist of the occasion. A program of selections from Jensen, Massenet, Tschaikowsky, Delibes, Haydn, Schubert, Reissiger and Wagner has been arranged for the occasion.

One of the most artistic numbers at the Porteous club benefit concert on Tuesday evening, was contributed by Mr. B. Weyl, the baritone, who gave the song cycle "Eliland." Mr. Weyl's voice is of fine quality and has been splendidly trained. He is a pupil of M. Louis Crepaux.

A concert in aid of the British Benevolent society will be given at Sherman-Clay hall next Tuesday evening. It will be under the direction of Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, who will be assisted by Mrs Birmingham, Mrs. Dexter, Messrs Fickenscher, Apsland, Blair and Van Linghem. Miss Kathleen Parlow, a juvenile violinist of great promise, will make her debut.

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The regular monthly musical service at Trinity church will be held tomorrow, Sunday evening. The program has been selected entirely from the works of Sir John Stainer, who died early in the present month. Sir John Stainer was for many years organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and he stood first amongst English composers of church music. The selections to be sung at Trinity include three of Stainer's best anthems: "Awake! Awake!," "Lead Kindly Light," and "O Clap Your Hands," also solos and choruses from his cantatas, "The Daughter of Jairns," "St. Mary Magdalen," and "The Crucifixion." The soloists are Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, H. M. Fortescue and T. G. Elliott. During the offertory Dr. H. J. Stewart will play selections from Stainer's organ works.

At the Cercle Francais

On Wednesday of last week a very entertaining program was produced at the French club under the direction of Leo Cooper. Every number was of fine quality. The musical numbers were given by Robert Lloyd, Mrs. Eva Tenney, Henry and Una Fairweather and the dramatic selections by Miss A. Smart and Fred Gilbert, who appeared in the comedietta "Gentleman Jim;" Miss Cecelia Haas in Brooks' "The Swan Song," with violin obligato by T. F. Rosenthal; Mrs. Grace Zeigler in character sketches; W. S. Sieberst, George Dennison, Miss Alice Poorman and Miss May Sullivan in the farce "Lesson in Whist." The farce was especially well received, and Mrs. Ziegler's character sketches also made an undoubted hit. She gave Baker's "The Idyl of the Period," Dunbar's "Little Brown Baby" and Baker's "Frost Bitten."

Miss Grace Barker Marshall, pianist, and Mr. Bert Georges, bass, will give a recital of modern classics next Monday evening in Sherman-Clay hall.

Mrs. Alvina Heuer Willson will spend the summer with her mother in San Francisco, at 2117 Taylor street.

Miss Frances Wertheimer, who has lately returned from five years' study abroad, will give a piano recital at Sherman-Clay hall next Thursday evening. Miss Wertheimer is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsig. She will be assisted by Oscar Frank, baritone, John R. Lewis, violinist, and S. Martinez, accompanist; Henry Heyman, musical director.

Some Local Singers

The weeks following Easter are always a busy time for singers—church choir work, concerts, recitals, lectures and appearances at "charity" affairs following each other in rapid succession. On these occasions one is sure to find one or more familiar names on the program. There is Homer Henley, for instance; who does not enjoy his great voice, his sure intonation, his intelligent interpretation? The choirs of Grace Episcopal church and the Temple Emanu-El have Mr. Henley as a member. Then, there is Miss Lilly Roeder, one of the most charming of our young singers, the soprano at St. Dominic's. Miss Roeder's runs, trills and dramatic expression are unusual in such a youthful singer. She lately, by the way, added a new leaf to her laurel-wreath of church, temple, concert and operatic successes when she sang the other night at the Wagner Society's concert, under James Hamilton Howe's direction. However, it is not only in the large churches that one finds beautiful and well-trained voices. Drop in occasionally at St. Agnes' church, on your way to Golden Gate park, and listen to the rich, sympathetic, dramatic soprano, Miss Agnes Devlin, and to Mr. E. V. McGinty, the young basso-baritone. Again, in the choir of St. James' church, is heard the sweet, birdlike soprano of Mrs. Ed. Burns. Her interpretation of sacred music is something to remember, long after one leaves the church. Another promising singer is Miss Kitty McShane, who is so often heard at teas and receptions, her dainty renditions of ballads being especially enjoyable. Then there are those busy young minstrels, Arthur McPhee, Charles Betts, Hugh Callender, J. Braiton and Frank Healey, who, while studying the classics, have added to their repertory all the popular songs of the day. One of this group of popular singers, Mr. Christ Wheelan, the baritone, is now winning laurels in the East. Charles Schwertfeger is singing oratorio parts in San Jose and Sacremento, as well as in this city. A star that shot up to a splendid height, Miss Saidee Walsh, lately retired to the quieter walks of matrimony; it is to be hoped that her wonderful contralto will not, in spite of this change in her plans for a career, be entirely lost to the public. In spite of its changeable climate San Francisco is certainly a blessed spot for vocal development, but of course this must be laid to the credit of the many good teachers of voice that we have here. All of the above mentioned singers are pupils of Mr. Joseph Greven, studyng either wholly or partly under his instruction. And they are but a few of those who show the admirable results of his training.

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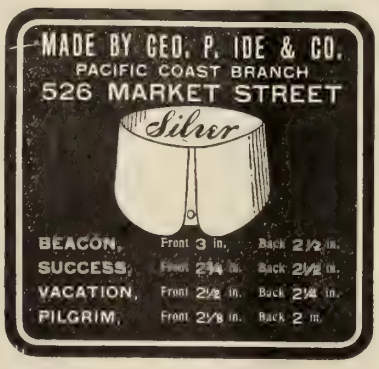

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"When We Dead Awaken"

"The Ibsen drama, "When we Dead Awaken," was put in rehearsal lately in New York by one of the large companies but its production was abandoned. However, considerable interest has been aroused in the drama, which is one of the strongest of the Norway an author's works. This sketch shows, if Ibsen had continued his drama

What Might Have Happened].

The Professor threw down his chisel in a fit of impatience.

"I can't work, today, Irene," he said, "come and pet me for awhile."

But Irene stared at him, making no move to come nearer.

"I am not a child," she said coldly.

"Oh, I know that well enough," returned the Professor, laughing, "but let us throw off our dignity once in awhile. I want to be amused. Maia was an adept at it."

He should not have said it, but he did.

Irene walked out of the room, in stern, unforgiving silence.

"Oh, God," she prayed, when she reached her own room, "was it for this that I buried my self-respect? To be a toy, a plaything—and he said I should be his guiding-star, to climb with him to a glorious height."

She ran over in her mind the events of that mountain trip, ending with the yielding to a moment of passion that had ended in the prosaic divorce of the Professor and Maia, followed by two more prosaic marriages—herself and the Professor, Maia and the Bear-Hunter.

What would Irene not have given to be single again, alone with memories of the husband and children she had "killed," and even with the fear of the straight-jacket before her?

The Professor had changed greatly since his student days. Oh, how she had loved—and hated—him then! Loved him because she loved him—hated him because he could model her and not feel a breath of desire to clasp her perfect figure in his arms. And she had made him famous! She had inspired the "Resurrection," his great work—but Maia had possessed him first.

"Come, Irene," cried the Professor, intruding his cheery voice upon her gloomy thoughts, "come and take a walk."

"But I thought you wished to work upon the 'Madonna of the Future' all morning."

"I am tired of working, and I want my wife—and a long walk."

"Well, go alone, then," answered Irene, "I feel altogether too weak to do any pedestrianizing today. Why, remember I stood for two hours for you last night and two more since breakfast."

The Professor pulled on his boots with an impatient ejaculation. A thought came into his mind of his Maia, the unwearied companion in many long tramps.

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To be sure, Maia had never stood as his model for a "Resurrection" or a "Madonna of the Future." She had only looked on while he worked at those portrait busts with invisible animal faces. But a man never thinks of such trifles. The Professor wanted a companion for his ramble; Maia was not there and Irene would not go.

He was about a mile away from home when he met a robust-looking woman trudging along in an opposite direction. They came face to face before he recognized her.

"Maia," he said,

"Yes," she answered as unconcernedly as if they had never parted. "I thought I'd drop in and see how the old place looked."

"And you," she should have added, for the words were in her thoughts.

"But your husband?"

"Dead," answered Maia shortly, "just as well. Drank himself to death."

"You are heart broken?" questioned the professor.

"Not now," she replied, "such wounds are easily healed. Bear-hunters, you know, are not always kind to their wives, and after a time he began to forget that women are not bears. Still he loved me after a fashion."

"He couldn't help it," answered the Professor, feasting his eyes on her rosy cheeks, the health that emanated from every pore in her body.

"Perhaps. And I loved him—when we were out shooting bears. In the house, sometimes, I longed for someone who could talk about something else—books, for instance, or art."

The professor had unconsciously retraced his steps, and they found themselves at the portal of the villa.

Maia walked up the stairs in a most natural manner, and entered the open door. Then, in the hall, she sat herself down on a settee and burst into tears. The Professor found himself kissing the tears away. He had never pursued this course with Irene, but it seemed the only thing to do when Maia was the weeper.

Then he remembered Irene and tore himself from Maia to rush upstairs in haste.

Entering Irene's room, he found it empty. A note pinned to the frame of the mirror stared him in the face.

"We might as well end this," she wrote, "we mistook a moment of passion for the forerunner of a lifetime of love. I am going back to my Sister of Mercy and my lonely travels. Finish the 'Madonna of the Future' without me.

"Irene."

He wondered that the shock did not kill him, but he felt only a sensation of pique, of wounded pride.

Maia had stolen upstairs after him, and had read the note over his shoulder.

Once upon a time such an action would have seemed to him reprehensible. But he was ready to forgive anything now.

"I'll go back to my portrait busts," he said, "and put my 'Madonna of the Future' in the attic."

"You will *not*," answered Maia, "why can't I pose for you? Am I not more like a future Madonna than that—icicle?"

Her arms were around his neck.

"I always loved you," she said, "but you wouldn't see. Your eyes were blinded by the memory of Irene."

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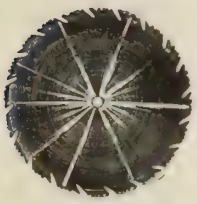

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World of Letters

Even a somewhat belated mention of a few of the season's new books may not come amiss now that the spring's restlessness is upon us. The multitudinous individual who later on will, if not a true lover of nature, be bored to death in the deadly dullness of the long summer afternoons at ranch or seaside or in the shadows of mountains cool, may divert himself in selecting from the many charming works to provide a destraction from "the wrath to come." Among the new books is "The Memoirs of the Countess Potowka" of the once royal house of the Poniatowski, edited by Casimar Stryienski and translated by Lionel Strachey. These memoirs of the fascinating Countess are told with delightful naivete, which lures one on until the last page is reluctantly closed. The Countess Potowka was in a position to observe the character of Napoleon at close range, as when a portion of his army idled over Poland, he was the honored guest of the Potowkas and for the time being showed himself domesticated and human to the lovely women and brave men of that brave, hard-pressed land. A grand fete, in his honor, was arranged; the vivid description, rivals the accounts of the fairy-like scenes of the French court at Versailles. The blood chills at her recounting the cold horror that struck terror to the gay, light hearts of the guests, when impending destruction faced them, when tongue-like flames, sudden and fierce, heralded awful disaster and death. The Countess made a wonderful escape from a horrible end. It was the curse of the unexpected, the fatality of accident. This was the period when Napoleon was in thrall to the Greuze-like beauty of the Countess Waleski, when in disregard of the sacred rites of a royal hospitality, he received her secretly under the roof that honored him. He even paid venturesome court to the Countess Potowka herself, whose tact closed her eyes and made deaf her ears while never wavering in her duty as hostess and to her traditions of royal conduct. These memoirs are finely illustrated from treasured paintings and portraits, and the career of the fascinating woman recorded in pages illuminated with interest places her high in the ranks of Poland's fateful history. This fine volume is issued by the Doubleday, Page Co.

The Little, Brown Co., have bought out Francesca Alexander's latest book entitled "Hidden Servants," old tales and ancient legends, re-told in rhyme. "Hidden Servants" being the first told in the work. An old hermit had spent years in a desert cave, fasting and praying and tears penitential trying

"To make his soul like a polished stone
In God's great temple."

As time fled on, his mind was beset to have revealed to him "how he had grown in the Master's grace" that he would be granted to find if there was a man in all the world

"Whose soul in the heavenly grace had grown
To the self-same measure as his own."

When an angel appeared to him, and bade him go on the morrow to the

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market-place of the nearest town, where he would see a poor Mountebank playing his tricks.

"He is the man thou has prayed to know
His soul as seen by the light divine,
Is neither better nor worse than thine,
His treasure on the Celestial shore
Is neither better than thine own nor more."

Drawing the Mountebank aside after his performance he questioned him as to what his life had been. Confessing himself to the hermit as only a poor wanderer—alone and friendless — on being further pressed he disclosed his secret that as a robber "only a year ago his comrades had carried away a poor Sister who was gathering flowers in her convent garden. The robber oppressed with a sense of desecration and touched by the frightful and appealing eyes of the sister, stole her away from his sleeping comrades at risk of their own lives, and bore her safely to her convent, being thankfully assured that the Lord would remember him. With changed heart he deserted his companions and his life of crime and poverty-stricken lived under the mask of a Mountebank, secretly praying and penitent, until the evil dress of his past dropped from him leaving his soul purified, ending his days while sharing the Hermit's cave. Alone once more the hermit as in the years agone, prayed again.

"Only to know, before he died
If he were worthy to stand beside
One of God's children great or small
Who served him truly."

This time the angel directed him to the humble home of two struggling women doing their homely work, made great under the eye of God, evidencing to him that the most menial thing may be temple-work, making the soul

" . . a polished stone
In God's great temple."

He must not think His people a scattered few for

"The hidden servants are everywhere
And some to even themselves unknown."

The hermit returned to his cell and gazing afar at "the starlight glow" in the cottage windows, said reverently to himself:

"How many God's hidden servants are!"

There are other rhymed legends re-told from personal hearing, sometimes as with Elias Lounrot, from the Finnish peasants gathering the ancient runes, so did Francisca Alexander from the lips of the Italian peasant, treasure these old tales, some from Ancient books, some from friends. "The Bag of Sand" has a tragic pathos that would give it first rank with some. Here and there shine a line of real poetry above the rhyming as

"When one listened—the fainter tones,
Of a spring that bubbled between the stones."

"Hidden Servants" is a text book of faith and hope-giving, guised in sweet poesy, surging the soul in deeper waves of trust and love, or a re-echo

" . . . Like the fainter tones
Of a spring that bubbles between the stones"

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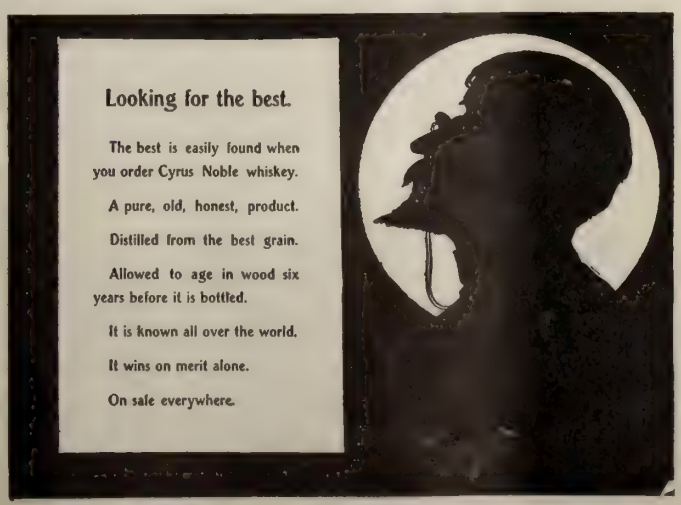

"The Spiritual Significance," or "Death as an Event in Life," by Lilian Whiting. In struggling through the narrow path to seek "The Gates of a New Life," many in the long centuries have sat under the Bo-tree waiting for a vision of the Unseen. Science has added its clear light, volumes have been written, still the veil is not lifted nor may be until God's own time, beautiful theories have awakened a sense of nearness, until there is belief that the Seer stands upon the borderland, nigh unto the portals of the Infinite. The Kaballah of the ancient Jews sought the immortal in the "Ancient of Ancients" and tell us we cannot interpret even the first line of Genesis without the secret and hidden key of the initiate. Paracelcus said, long ago, "Those who are able to rise on the wings of their own unfettered genius into the realms of independent thought may receive the truth"—the truth for mortals, but even Swedenborg's Angels gave him no facts. The trance that wrought such exaltation in the saintly Catherine of Servia left us no certainty except "the faith that makes us whole." The Yogi's supreme self-abnegation gave spiritual uplifting, the prayer of faith gives eyesight of the soul, which beholds the eternal promise, but never yet unto human vision has the inner veil that conceals the eternal been lifted, until the soul soars into the Divine Presence, when

"The soul can fling the Dust aside
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride"

can we do more than reverently seek "the vision and achievement" that Miss Whiting teaches so purely and beautifully, leaving to her hearers a higher elevation, a greater faith in the promised inheritance of those who ask and shall receive. "Spiritual Significance" is the the author's latest work. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

It is reported that Joaquin Miller has purchased seven hundred acres of land in Nueces county, Texas, and intends to shake the dust of California from his boots and make his future home there. California is, of course, expected to don sackcloth and ashes, but I am of the opinion that nothing of the kind will happen. We can readily spare all our cranks and fakirs, literary and otherwise, and give them godspeed, on the single condition that they will refrain from laying claim to special consideration from California forever more.

W. H. Howe has collected a number of ancient and modern epitaphs, and published them in a volume to which he has given the appropriate title, "Here Lies." It ought to make entertaining reading.

M. Henry Lapauze has published a work on Ingres, the famous French painter of half a century ago. The book is beautifully gotten out, and contains six hundred illustrations. As the price is fixed at four hundred dollars, there is not much danger that it will be vulgarized by becoming popular.

The *Bookman* for May is to contain a paper on Bret Harte's country, to be written by Will Clemens. It is safe to predict that there will not be an original line in it. Will Clemens is famous for his re-hashes, but he has not the art of recasting his material, or rather, he does not take the trouble to assimilate. He is one of the "popular" style of authors, ready with a biography the day after a death or a nomination. His study and research are carried on by the aid of a clipping bureau, and his products are mere scrap books. He is a relative of Mark Twain, and takes care to let the world know of it.

—*The Bookworm*

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Legal Notices

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the application for change of name of EMIL MAX POPP

To the Honorabl the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California: -

Your Petitioner Emil Max Popp respectfully shows: —

That he is twenty-one years of age and a male person residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Your Petitioner was born in Austria, and his present name is Emil Max Popp. Your Petitioner desires to change his said name to Max Emil Saling.

The reason for the change of such name is, that he has been known by said last name, to-wit, Max Emil Saling, for the period of eight years, ever since he has resided in the State of California. The name of his step-father is Theodore Saling, and he has resided with him ever since the marriage of the said Theodore Saling to the mother of this Petitioner, and has ever since that time borne his name, and is known by such name to all his friends and associates. His said step-father resides in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and his said mother is dead.

In addition to Petitioner's said step-father, Theodore Saling, he has one relative, a grandmother named Josefa Popp, residing in Vienna, Austria.

Your Petitioner is known to all his business associates and to the people for whom he has worked, and to those with whom he is at the present time transacting business by the name of Max Emil Saling, and he is known to no person in the United States as Emil Max Popp.

Your Petitioner therefore respectfully petitions this Honorable Court for an order changing his name from Emil Max Popp to Max Emil Saling.

And your Petitioner will ever pray.

EMIL MAX POPP,
Petitioner.

J. F. RILEY,
Attorney for Petitioner

State of California. } ss.
City and County of San Francisco. }

Emil Max Popp being first duly sworn, deposes and says: —I am the Petitioner named in the foregoing Petition. I have read the foregoing Petition and know the contents thereof. The same is true of my own knowledge, except as to the matters therein stated on my information and belief, and as to those matters, I believe it to be true.

EMIL MAX POPP.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March, 1901.

MARK LANE
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

[SEAL.]

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the Matter of the Application of Emil Max Popp For Change of Name. } No. 75850

Upon reading the verified petition on file in the above entitled matter it is hereby ordered that said application be heard on Tuesday, May 7, 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Court Room of said Court in the New City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department Number Seven, Honorable Thomas F. Graham, Judge, and it is further ordered that a copy of such petition be published for four successive weeks in the "TOWN TALK" a newspaper printed in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1901. Judge of the Superior Court.

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San Francisco, May 4, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Clergy Should Intervene

It is generally understood in business circles that the feeling of unrest which is now disturbing industrial affairs is destined to break into a storm in a very short time. Big strikes are imminent, and serious consequences are predicted. Capital and labor are bound to suffer whatever may be the result of a series of strikes throughout the country, and if trouble can be averted no effort to that end should be spared. The situation is growing more strained every day, and something should be done by way of anticipating a clash. Such is the prosperity of the country that the time is propitious for lightening the burdens of workingmen, and there should be no disposition on the part of employers to treat their employes with contempt. When industrial revolts are expected, the influence of the professional workingman is to be feared. His vocation is gone when harmony is restored, and it is therefore to his advantage to fan the flame of discontent, to demand unreasonable concessions, and to excite the indignation of the employer. At such a time as this there is needed an influence which commands the respect of employers and the confidence of employes. It is possible to avert trouble by the interposition of a self-constituted Board of Arbitration, and as the purpose to be accomplished is one of human interest, the suggestion that the matter receive the attention of the clergy we hope will be received in good spirit. It is, perhaps, in their power to accomplish much good. The metal workers in this city have given due notice of their intention to demand shorter hours on a certain date, and it is reported that the foundrymen intend to close their places of business rather than make the concession. Perhaps the demand of the mechanics is not unreasonable under existing circumstances. None of the parties interested should object to inquiry into the question involved. Surely it would not be regarded as impertinent interference on the part of the clergy if they were to take a hand in the adjustment of a matter of such vital importance. The labor problem is becoming a more serious one to society every day, and sooner or later the church must seek to establish a more cordial relationship between capital and labor. It is natural to suppose that the church would espouse the cause of labor, and certainly the employers of a community would prefer to treat with representative clergymen than with the blatant agitators of the Pin Head McCarthy type who are ever ready to complicate affairs in their own interest.

The Uncertainty of Public Office

According to the New York *Sun* the uncertainties of public life in the United States have been declared frequently to be an obstacle to the largest measure of usefulness among American statesmen. After citing numerous instances of long years of usefulness in public office the *Sun* asserts that the chances of promotion in official life here were never better. With few exceptions, however, the men that boast of a long public career are citizens of the New England states. The people of New England keep in mind the fact that they can get the best results in the way of appropriations from the old-timer in Congress than from the novice. That is why it has been easy for Hoar of Massachusetts to retain the toga since 1877, and why Hale and Frye of Maine and Platt of Connecticut have been kept in the Senate for over twenty years. Stewart and Jones of Nevada are exceptions but conditions in the sagebrush State are different from those existing anywhere else. The statesman from California is perhaps more sensible of the uncertainties of public life than the professional politician of any other State. He must be a very shrewd man with a very large purse who can get himself elected for three terms to the Senate from California. Occasionally, as in the cases of Loud and Maguire, we are kind to our Congressmen, but they were exceptionally fortunate. In the East they elect men to the gubernatorial job who have long records of political service, and quite often promote them to the Senate, but that is seldom done in California. President McKinley, when elected in 1896, had a record as Governor of Ohio for two terms, as member of the House of Representatives for a long period, and as local officer in Ohio, as county prosecuting attorney. Cleveland was everything in New York from Sheriff of Buffalo to Governor of the State. Out here it seems as though the better we know a man the less use we have of him. We beat Pond, a tried and satisfactory official, with the unspeakable Markham, a carpet-bagger from Los Angeles, and we took up the unknown and subservient Gage to flout Maguire. And, in the language of Senator Carpenter, though we elect our Governors with varying pluralities they invariably go out unanimously. So—if we may hope parenthetically—let it be with Gage. Public life in California, whatever it may be elsewhere, is beset with uncertainties, a circumstance, by the way, to which may be attributed the poor character of the

service we get. Many of our officials, realizing perhaps that faithfulness goes without reward, succumb to the temptation to make hay while the sun shines.

Flats Should Be Tabu

If one were to make even a partial list of the causes to which the non-church-going habit is attributed, the collection would prove as amusing as a comic almanac. The *Living Church* contributes one which has at least the merit of originality. According to this organ, living in flats is unfavorable to religion, and the argument is supported by the theory that the apartments are so small that there is practically no privacy for prayer, meditation or Bible reading. The *Living Church* is practical enough to see that pulpit thunder will not succeed in banishing the flat, and therefore makes an eloquent plea for keeping the churches open at all hours on week days as well as Sundays, in order that people who have the inclination to devotion may not lack the opportunity. The idea of blaming the flat for the religious shortcomings of the community savors of the sea phrase, "any port in a storm," but the remedy suggested is not without its merits. With the example of the Catholics before them it has taken the other denominations a long time to discover that they might make more use of their church edifices than the mere holding of two brief Sunday services and a weekly prayer meeting, varied by an occasional bazaar or chicken dinner in the Sunday-school room. The Catholic churches are open every day in the week and all day, and remain open during the evening, whether there is service or not, and there is no hour in which some devout worshiper is not present. The sanctuary lamp is always burning, and there is always the parish priest or curate within call. Religion is not a matter of best clothes and church festivals, but a part of every day life. Another point which might be worthy of the attention of churchmen is the circumstance that those most in need of privacy and quietude, the dwellers in flats and tenements in the poor neighborhoods, are not likely to have time at their disposal to make long journeys to the fashionable regions in which the churches are located. When a locality begins to "run down" and the more fashionable and wealthy members of the congregation betake themselves elsewhere, the church loses no time in following, and those who remain are marooned, so far as religion is concerned. The church building is sold and usually demolished, and the pastor washes his hands of the matter. The stray sheep are outside his pasture and he is under no obligation to trouble himself about them. The Catholic church never abandons a field once occupied, and no matter how much a congregation may dwindle there is always provision for the remnant. If the people are careless and indifferent it is their own fault as individuals, not the neglect of their spiritual superiors. And so one may go into the Cathedral or St. Ignatius', or any of the churches denominated "fashionable" and find the devout in good clothes at their meditations, or one may make pilgrimage to the poorer parishes and meet the housewife with her basket of marketing by her side, and the laborer in his toil-stained garments snatching a few moments from the busy day to devote to better things.

The King's Salary

The question of King Edward's salary has been settled, and his royal Highness need no longer worry. He can pay off all old bills and meet his creditors with becoming dignity. And he will have no occasion to worry over his tailor bills or any of the other things that beset the path through life of the man with expensive habits. Parliament has decided to grant King Edward two and a half million dollars a year, which will make our President's salary look like thirty cents. But then the King's job is one that involves great display. He couldn't take a run across country such as Mr. McKinley is engaged in doing with as little cost as will be incurred by the Major. Such a simple function as opening Parliament requires the expenditure of a large sum. The King rides in a gilt coach, and wears rare and costly robes, and gives a big dinner and makes a show that causes the populace to stand agape at the glittering court with officers in appropriate uniforms and hundreds of seemingly unnecessary grooms and footmen. The King is to get a big salary but he won't be able to sink much of it. He has to welcome visiting Emperors and other monarchs and keep half a dozen big establishments going under forced draught throughout the year. And of course he must play the races occasionally by way of royal diversion, and the King is no "piker" as they say on the turf. Whenever he puts up a finger on the track it means a "swell bet." But the papers in England advanced curious reasons why Parliament should be liberal to King Edward. One was that to keep the King good it was necessary to be liberal. It was not contended that he might go into business with Colonel Mazuma, but that if he were poorly paid he might run into debt, become dissatisfied, form a sort of Court party, and run the government to suit himself. As he "reigns but does not govern" according to the constitutional theory there should not be much fear of his jumping the traces. But it was stated that an eminent authority had declared that the British constitution could survive anything but a King of genius, and it was argued that popularity was to be feared as greatly as genius. And Edward is popular. There is no doubt that a big salary has a tendency to keep a sovereign good, and no better reason could be advanced for increasing the pay of our President. If Mr. McKinley were getting two and a half million dollars a year, he would, perhaps, discourage trusts.

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The Saunterer

Our Napoleon of Finance

Will Crocker is in a dreadful state of trepidation over the prospect of his becoming a pauper. Fancy a Crocker in the Poor House! It is a shocking thing to think about. The Will Crockers occupy thrones in the holy of holies of the San Francisco elite, and they always have appeared to be sheltered from the hostile winds of adversity, but not satisfied with a large inherited fortune they have flirted with a fickle goddess in the green pastures of speculation. They have gone over the jumps into a quagmire of financial complications, from which it is by no means easy to emerge. It is a long story, and to tell it all would require more space than I can spare, but if you would like to hear it, just ask Will Crocker to tell you his troubles. He is so full of his subject that he has been spellbinding the lamp-posts on the street corners with it. He can't talk about anything else.

He Meets Crocker

Behind the story of Will Crocker's financial complications looms up the aristocratic figure of Prince Andre Poniatowski of the old world. And whatever happens Mr. Crocker may solace himself with the knowledge that he has been a Prince's banker and that Poniatowski concedes to him the distinction of being the Prince of bankers. This may not be an elegant paraphrase of Jack Casserly's famous epigram but it will do. When the Prince came to California in quest of a bride he was regarded as an exceptionally desirable parti. Though he had no record as a financier, through his veins there surged the blood of the nobility, and what more could a rich girl want? After looking over the field Prince Poniatowski decided to become the brother-in-law of Will Crocker. So he married Mrs. Crocker's sister. Then it was that the Crockers made the astonishing and pleasing discovery that they had not only a Prince in the family but also a Napoleon of finance.

Anxious To Harness Rivers

Poniatowski had never cornered the vintage of Bordeaux, nor had he ever started a panic in the bourse of Paris, but he had learned how to spend money in gay Paree, and having handled large quantities of the long-green he became quite confident of his ability to lure it into his coffers. California impressed him as a wonderful field for development. He felt that it had been sadly neglected. He went out into the giant forests of the State and he said, "Here are millions of feet of timber; why not chop down those trees and market the lumber? They are spread-out their branches inviting capital. Now is the time to invest." Then he looked upon the rivers of the State and exclaimed, "Harness the streams! God created these rivers to work for us, but we must harness them. These streams are concentrated power, but to get their service we must harness them. There is a fortune in store for us if we but harness the rivers of the state." Will Crocker listened in rapturous admiration to the Napoleon of finance. The idea of harnessing the rivers struck him as being very fine, and the suggestion that the forests be chopped down and utilized was excellent. He had the money and the Prince from the old world had the brains. So he put up the money to harness the rivers and chop the giant redwoods in glad expectation of the profits to come.

Crocker and The Artist

But the Prince's enterprises have proved very expensive. He is a fine fellow, with large ideas and a whole lot of grit and perseverance, and perhaps if Will Crocker had more money and sand, there would be all kinds of profit in store in time. But Will Crocker is impatient and likes money. Indeed, after hearing of Rollo Peters' experience with him I should imagine that Mr. Crocker thinks an awful lot of a dollar. Once upon a time, if I may digress to tell the story, Mr. Peters borrowed one hundred dollars from Will Crocker. It was supposed, at least it was supposed by the artist, that it was a friendly loan, but a few months later while he was at work near Monterey he received a letter from the multi-millionaire which satisfied him that he was laboring under a misapprehension. The letter was in a friendly strain, the writer expressing the hope that the artist was doing something worthy of his brush but it closed with the reminder that the interest on one hundred dollars was overdue.

D. O. Mills' Great Stunt

And now Mr. Crocker is feeling that the profits on the river-harnessing enterprise are overdue and he has begun to talk. Consequently I imagine that the Crocker-Poniatowski relationship is somewhat strained. And up at the Pacific–Union club they are saying that something is going to happen but I have no idea what it is. I know that some days ago a London banker named Schuetzer or something like that arrived, and that he is looking into certain enterprises promoted on the other side by the Prince. That he is a big frog in the financial pool there can be no doubt. D. O. Mills walked all the way across the dining room at the Pacific–Union club to shake hands with him, and

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when Mr. Mills gets so enthusiastic as that over a man, it is a safe bet that the individual cuts some figure in the financial world. But Mr. Mills was not the only Pacific-Unioner to enthuse over the man from London. The visitor was registered at the club three times in less than an hour, and Will Crocker was responsible for one registration. I suspect that Mr. Schuetzer, or whatever his name is, came out to examine the harness on those rivers.

Proctor the Promotor

Though the Prince's electric power scheme threatens to be a failure, the titled Pole has not been altogether a failure as a promoter. He has interested foreign as well as domestic capital in his projects, and after all it is the ability to entice capital that makes the successful promotor. George H. Proctor was such a man, but Mr. Proctor, by the way, has levanted to parts unknown, and his creditors are beginning to tell shady stories about him. They were paid in drafts on Brown Brothers, the New York bankers, and the drafts have been returned. Horace G. Platt received one of those drafts, for Proctor owed him about three hundred dollars and the debt is still in existence. Proctor was a clever man at the game of "interesting capital" and he got considerable money from guests at the Palace hotel while stopping there. Whither he has gone nobody knows.

A Friend of McKinley

Some years ago Proctor appeared in London with a pocketful of letters of introduction from prominent men in America. One of them was from William McKinley, President of the United States, who vouched for Mr. Proctor's integrity and financial ability. The signature to the letter was verified by a cousin of the President in the consulate service to whom it was shown by a nobleman. After that Proctor cut a wide swath. It was about that time that Lord Thurlow who is now in something like financial straits in this city, met Proctor. Shortly after Lord Thurlow came to this country to invest several million of dollars of English capital in a tin mine in Colorado. Owing to a defective title the money was sunk. Lord Thurlow, next turned up in New York where he again met Proctor, and the latter invited him to come to California to work up a good scheme. The scheme was the Eureka railroad project about which a great deal was written a few months ago. Proctor depended on Lord Thurlow to interest British capital in the scheme, but it appears that the Colorado tin mine failure had shaken the confidence of Dukes and Princes in Thurlow's acumen and the backing was not forthcoming.

Yellow Journalism

Occasionally an Eastern newspaperman drops into San Francisco with a fund of gossip about affairs journalistic on the other side of the continent. I encountered one the other day in the person of a reporter who has worked on all the yellow journals from San Francisco to New York. He reports that the merry war between Pulitzer of the *World* and Hearst of the *Journal* goes steadily on, and that notwithstanding the giant strides made by the Californian editor in New York the *World* has held its own. Of course, Hearst made Pulitzer hump himself to keep in the forefront, and as a consequence the working newspaperman has prospered. Just before Hearst went to New York to invade the field of metropolitan journalism, it was customary for Pulitzer, who is "strictly busi ess," to give orders to "redooz sellries," but when the young Napoleon began gobbling up all the cracks of the profession the proprietor of the *World* found it advisable to be more liberal.

Why Olga Was Arrested

It is the struggle for supremacy between Hearst and Pulitzer that has put such a high premium on freak journalism. To be a successful freak journalist one cannot be content with gathering the news and writing it up entertainingly. Any ordinary reporter is supposed to be able to do that. The genius is the fellow that manufactures news, by making the opportunity for a sensation. And to encourage that sort of genius Pulitzer has established a roll of honor in the *World* office. To get on the roll of honor is to become a fixture on the pay-roll, to be beyond the managing editor's power of discharge for any cause. The *World* man who thought of the arrest of Olga Nethersole for playing Sapho, as an expedient for supplying news, was rewarded by being placed on the roll of honor. Of course nobody in the *World* office cared whether Olga Nethersole was outraging decency in a New York theatre, but to cause her arrest for doing so was regarded as a capital stroke of news-building. It enabled the *World* to make a fight and it did not matter much whether it was won or lost. It enabled the *World* to pose and to freak a story and to beat the ministers at their own game, and therefore it was a big thing.

Slavery and Lotteries

There is seldom an element of sincerity in those newspaper crusades against vice, but they serve to create a thirst for news and that is why they are made. Because they disgust you, don't imagine that they have the same effect upon everybody. It has been demonstrated that they increase circulation, and circulation wins advertising patronage. The ideal newspaper such as Christ would conduct were He an editor would have a large clientele but not large enough to attract the attention of Lydia Pinkham's advertising agent. William R. Hearst is a successful newspaper proprietor, and he has demonstrated the efficacy of "crusades against vice." He is making one now against slavery in Chinatown, and it has "caught on" too. It is being handled by some of the cleverest

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newspapermen in the country who are employed on the *Examiner*, and who are following out his ideas. It has received the approval of the clap-trap clergy, and the endorsement of the Grand Jury. The co-operation of Federal officials has been secured and so fiercely has the *Examiner* thundered against the police for not putting an end to prostitution in Chinatown that the officials of the department have trembled in their boots. Meanwhile the *Examiner* and the other dailies have been publishing the winning lottery numbers in flagrant violation of a law which was passed after I had drawn attention to the evil, and the editors have been arrested for doing so, but their anti-vice fights, and their other little private affairs, take up so much of their space that they have none left for news of journalistic depravity.

A well-nourished cow was seen browsing on the roof of Marchand's restaurant the other day.

"I suppose," said a passerby, "they're laying in a supply of milk in anticipation of the cooks' and waiters' strike."

Greenway Becomes a Merchant

Ned Greenway has become a member of the Merchants' Association. Think of that—Greenway, leader of germans, ex-boss of the **400**, the gay butterfly of society, entering upon cheek-by-jowl intimacy with men in trade. But he had to do it. One of his rivals in the wine business became a member of the Merchants' Association, and there was nothing left for the gallant Ned to do but join, also. That other Bohemian, Willis Polk, artist and banjoist, has also found it expedient to become a representative merchant. Greenway's rival in the wine business, Mr. Harry Veuve of the Pacific-Union club, will perhaps be the next to put his name up. This is indeed a commercial age.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and F. C. Hotaling sailed on the *Mariposa* for Honolulu last Saturday.

A Society Amateur

That photograph of Charlotte Cunningham that was reproduced in so many papers at the time of her marriage with Lieutenant Kessler, and which was so much praised for its faithful likeness to the subject, was not the work of a professional. It was done by Pedar Bruguiere. Pedar does all sorts of things well, but as a photographer he can give points to some of the highest priced professionals. He has taken more than one society girl, and those who have not posed for him are dying to do so. He has been urged to give up his present profession and to open a studio. He is promised the patronage of the smart set if he will—but he won't. And when Pedar Bruguiere says he won't he is rather sure of keeping to his word.

When the President Comes to San Francisco

All sorts of social events are brewing for the pleasure of the McKinley party when it reaches town. The President is well supplied with relatives out this way, and each remote sapling of the McKinley family tree has made up its—generally her—mind to entertain the Nation's Executive. But one of the swellest functions to be pulled off in the President's honor will be the dinner at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's Broadway home. The decorations are to be quite out of the common, I hear. The prominent Ohioans that form the gist of the "distinguished visitors'" party are not all strangers here; they will come in for a large share of attention. Ex-Governor Buckland of Ohio is to be the guest of Wilbur G. Zeigler during his stay here.

The President is going to devote quite a while at the home of the George Morses, notwithstanding the predictions of the envious. Mr. McKinley is very fond of his niece, Mrs. Morse, and he has expressed a desire to meet her friends at her home. The Perkins family have accomplished a great social scoop on the other side of the bay by inducing the President to agree to visit their home. They are falling over one another in Oakland in their eagerness to get an invitation to the Perkins' reception.

One by Adoption T'other by Marriage

Princess Hatzfeldt, formerly Miss Prentice, daughter of a reputable Sacramento grocer, is at the Holland House, New York. She came over after a long absence abroad to attend to her interests in the estate of C. P. Huntington. The titled husband of the lady is with his wife. He is interested by marriage in the Huntington estate.

"You must have drunk ten quarts of champagne last night," said Cholly Soak to Billy Club, the morning after the stag dinner, "but I never saw anyone keep his head as you did."

"Yes, and I have it yet," sighed Billy Club.

And then he pressed the button for a plain soda.

From the Spirit World

The *Call* published a picture of Mary Atkins Lynch the other day with the announcement that she established the first seminary on this coast and would be among her old pupils and address them on Founder's Day at Mills' College. The announcement created quite a stir in educational circles, for Mrs. Mary Atkins Lynch has been in her grave for many years. Her old friends wondered how she was going to perform the remarkable feat of re-appearing among them. Upon investigation it was learned that the *Call* was in error, and that Mrs. Mills was responsible for the publication of the picture and the strange announcement. Mrs. Mills believes in spiritualism and in talking about Founder's Day to a reporter, she said, "Mrs. Lynch will be with us." She did not explain that she meant the deceased would be with them in spirit and so the reporter went off and wrote up the weird tale.

During his western tour the President will guard against homesickness by a case of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whisky.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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Some of Mrs. Lynch's Pupils

A good many women prominent in San Francisco's club and social world were pupils at the original seminary, established by Miss Atkins (later Mrs. Lynch) in Benicia. Annie Hedges, the recognized beauty of the school about the beginning of the sixties, is now Mrs. E. W. McKinstry. Josephine Sather, a classmate of Annie Hedges, is the widow of Emil Bruguiere. Maggie Swift married Edgar Mills, and Jennie Woodworth became Mrs. Bruner. Among later pupils of the school was Georgia Taber, now Mrs. Jack Bivens. John C. Lynch, Internal Revenue Collector for this district of the United States, is a step-son of Mrs. Atkins-Lynch.

The Attic to Go

That most unique of Bohemian dens—the Attic—down at the corner of Clay and Kearny streets, where the mummers love to congregate about the time that the electric lights go out, is soon to be closed. The lease is drawing to a close, and Ben Benjamin, the turf editor of the *Chronicle*, who has played the host to many scores of soubrettes, prime donne, leading ladies, leading men and vaudeville stars, is soon to follow the ponies over the Eastern circuit. It's a pity that we are to lose both "Benny" and the Attic, for there never was a better fellow in the newspaper business than the *Chronicle's* turf editor, and as for the Attic—well, no bachelor in or out of the swim could ever boast of a more cosy or artistic den.

Julia Deane's Conquest

And probably nowhere in San Francisco were such charming little receptions held as those over which Benjamin and his journalistic confrere, Bert Hunt, presided. Once or twice a month the most congenial people in the theatrical profession sipped their tea in the Attic and generously applauded one another as each contributed to the merriment of the occasion. And though they all loved Benny, strange to say, nobody ever suspected him of playing favorites, until —well the secret is out—the other night when a reception was given to the members of the Neill company. And now it is rumored that Julia Deane, with the noiseless artillery of her smiles, played havoc with the Benjamin affections. I intervewed Benny on the subject and his reply was, "It's a josh."

"The Aristocrats"

To the members of our snobocracy commend for perusal the pages of "The Aristocrats," a book which is now attracting attention in literary circles. It is an exceedingly fine satire on our fake aristocracy and it presents a number of amusing characters that we meet every day at Blingum and the club. Lady Helen is the most refreshing of them all, though there are many people of the anaemic variety that she would certainly shock. She is confounded and bewildered by our mysterious social distinctions. When she is warned against visiting certain people because "they are fast" she exclaims:

"What! am I really to meet an American woman who has committed adultery? How much at home I shall feel! So many of my friends have, you know."

Shocking of course, but you will like her. She is from England and our "aristocracy" amuses her. We meet the people that she met, and we don't see the ridiculous side of them until she outlines them in ironic fashion. She meets "brilliant" women who pretend they don't read sensational papers, and men of the dilettante class that shrink from the filth of politics but make no effort to sweep it away. She meets one of our literary chaps who says:

"You think I am an ass, and I am. I have to be, I nearly starved trying to be a man, so I became an emasculated backboneless poseur to please the passionless women and the timid publishers. * * * * To be great in English literature you've only to be dull; but to be great in American literature you've got to be a eunuch."

The Wedding of the Week

The marriage of Miss Caroline Lilienthal and Mr. Milton H. Esberg, on Wednesday, though quietly celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, was a most ornate affair. The bridal bower was one of the most picturesque that has been seen at any home wedding of late years, being entirely of white wisteria. The bride looked as stately as a princess in her white satin gown. The happy pair have gone to Southern California for their honeymoon. They will be among the large entertainers next season.

The Mysterious Roses

I am surprised that none of the Sunday Supp. special writers, on the lookout for sensational stories, has discovered the Girl of the Roses. She is a very pretty brunette of demure demeanor and she is a saleswoman in one of the large drygoods stores on the south side of Market street. Every morning a gift of roses greets her upon her arrival at the store. Sometimes it is a single American Beauty sometimes a cluster of tea-roses and occasionally a large bouquet of La France or Duchesse roses. But the gift is always wrapped in tissue paper, and is sent from some unknown florist's place. No other girl in the store is thus favored and the pretty brunette has not the slightest idea of the mysterious donor's identity.

The Doctor's Experiment

In the story of Dr. Shurtleff's insanity which has been denied, reference was made to a young girl who was adopted by the noted insanity expert, and whose death was supposed to have affected his mind. The fact is that she was the subject of one of his most interesting experiments. She was born of an insane

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mother, but the doctor thought the insanity germs might not be inherent in the child's brain. He wished to prove that insanity is not necessarily hereditary. Everything was done to keep from the child and the girl, as she grew to womanhood, all disturbing influences. The doctor began to think his experiment a success when an incident occurred that destroyed all his plans. One day Georgia Shurtleff was dressing to go to the city, where she was to attend a Patti performance. She heard two ladies talking and they mentioned her mother. One said:

"I wonder if Georgia knows that her mother died in an insane asylum?"

Soon after, when the girl did not come down to start for the city, they went to look for her. She was standing before a mirror, muttering strange words to herself. That was the beginning of the malady that finally caused her to be confined in a madhouse. She was a charming girl of singularly mild and sweet disposition.

And Nurses Must Have Pedigrees Now

A story comes my way about the tilt between two smart matrons of the local swim. It was all about a nurse. The first matron dismissed her childrens' nurse for a trifling cause, and the latter hearing that a millionaire's wife was in need of a nurse for her one child applied for the situation. The matron received her application and after some hemming and hawing agreed to consider it. A few days later the following conversation occurred over the telephone between the two matrons:

First Matron: "Did you have a nurse named Norah?"

Second Matron: "Yes."

"What did you discharge her for?"

"I did not need her any longer."

"Was she a good girl?"

"Good!" Here followed a eulogy of the departed nurse's character.

"Well, let me tell you that she had a *besmirched past*."

"That is a falsehood. Why, she was with me for seven years."

"It is *true*. And I am surprised that you could recommend me a servant of such character. I took pains to look up her entire pedigree."

And now there is a coolness between two young society matrons who were formerly friends.

General Lee Entertained

At the dinner given by Mayor Phelan to General Fitzhugh Lee, the other night, that reputed prince of postprandial spellbinders, Horace Platt, was called on by his host after Senator Perkins had spoken. The facetious Platt pointed with pride to himself as Senator Perkins' successor. Perkins seemed to take it seriously, for his face blanched. And now I hear that Platt really expects the toga as the price of his apostasy. Chief Justice Beatty, who, by the way, is an alumnus of the University of Virginia, was also called upon by the Mayor, who asked him what the great Virginian, John Marshall, who leaned to the assertion of Federal authority, would have decided if the question of the right of State to secede had been raised in his time. General Lee had raised the question but the Chief Justice held it was *stare decisis*. Incidentally the Chief Justice paid a high compliment to the Mayor, proposing the health of the host whom he referred to as "a gentleman who has greatly improved municipal conditions, and who on all occasions fairly represents the culture, intelligence and patriotism of the West." In view of the fact that the Mayor is always at war with the Court, this generous approval of his Administration was somewhat unexpected. At the conclusion of the banquet General Lee was suggested as the next nominee for President on the Democratic ticket. Billy Foote heard about it and promptly invited him to the McGovern fight. The "Ole Bills" are wondrous quick.

"Now," said the restaurant keeper, "I am willing enough to agree with the waiters' demands with just one little proviso."

"Name it," said the arbitrator.

"If I pay them the wages they ask, they must forego their tips."

And his employes decided they preferred the old salary schedule.

A Story About Mrs. Hearst

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is not so completely wrapped up in her generous schemes for the advancement of the State university that she ignores the minor opportunities of doing good that fall to the lot of a rich woman. I heard a story the other day that illustrates her manner of doing the "little kindnesses that most leave undone or despise," that the poet wrote of. A poor woman with an unfortunate husband and a family of children to support had managed to eke out a scanty livelihood by sewing, until her rickety machine went all to pieces. A sewing machine agency agreed to supply her with a new machine, but she scarcely dared accept the offer since her income seemed too precarious to admit of regular payments. Somehow, through some ladies of Dr. McKenzie's church Mrs. Phoebe Hearst became aware of the poor woman's need. The day Mrs. Hearst left for the East the woman was surprised by the arrival of a sewing machine at her house, accompanied by a receipted bill. It was only by chance that she afterwards learned of the identity of the good fairy to whom she was indebted.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.
V V O
Scotch Whisky
Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

MOORE'S
Poison Oak Remedy
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Footlight Favorite

Fannie Liddiard, mentioned in Roma's London letter in this week's issue as having achieved a voice at last, was one of the most popular soubrettes the Tivoli ever had. She came here with an Australian company that opened at one of the downtown theatres but which was struck with a withering frost. Its leading lady finally drifted into the Tivoli company, where she at once made friends on both sides of the footlights. Her especial admirer was Commodore McCarthy of the San Franciscos. Fannie enjoyed ploughing the raging main in reality as well as she did in "Ship Ahoy" on the stage. She had no voice to speak of, but her figure was perfect and her presence charming. When she finally left, to accept a larger engagement elsewhere, Billy McCarthy's was not the only heart torn by her departure. The Commodore, by the way, soon braced up under his affliction and a successor to la belle Liddiard appeared in the person of another Tivoli singer, Edith Hall. The latter, as everybody knows, is now the Commodore's wife. Since her marriage she has completely shaken the dust of the stage from her nimble feet.

The Pestiferous Philbrook

Horace Philbrook, the wild-eyed self-made martyr, has lost his suit for damages against Van R. Paterson, and it it is to be hoped that he will now cease from troubling. Philbrook has been a common scold and a public nuisance for years. If the stocks could be revived for his special accommodation it would then be possible to mete out the punishment that fits the crime. Some years ago Philbrook started out to pose as a martyr, and he did the stunt so well that there was some likelihood of his being elected to public office by way of rebuke to the Supreme Court. Yet there was no more occasion for rebuke to the court than there was pretext for sympathy for Philbrook. For years he had been going around challenging the honesty of judges who had decided cases against him. He seemed to think that the way to practice law successfully was to intimidate the judiciary and finally he became so bold as to file in the Supreme Court a brief reeking with coarse insult to one of the justices. He was disbarred, and ought to have considered himself lucky in escaping without having his carcass filled with lead.

Hayne's Proposition

That Philbrook was not entitled to sympathy was evident from his refusal to follow the advice of Robert Y. Hayne. Hayne was chairman of the committee of the Bar Association that asked for Philbrook's disbarment, and he suggested to the latter after he had been disbarred to consult some lawyer in whom he had confidence, and obtain his opinion as to whether the attack on the court was justified. "If he tells you it was not," said Hayne, "and you then go before the court and state that you had been advised that you were in the wrong, and that you accept that advice, I'll petition the court to set aside the order of disbarment, and it won't be necessary for you to make an apology." Philbrook declined to accede to the proposition. And yet he has been posing as a martyr and the victim of a conspiracy.

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

Probably a Joke

From a press despatch I learn that "Uncle Hermann" does not approve of a match between Lily Oelrichs and Mr. Peter Martin, because Peter has all the harum-scarum traits of the man from the wild and wooly West. "Uncle Hermann" is of course Mr. Oelrichs, of San Francisco and New York, the somewhat blase husband of "our own" Tessie Fair. The report of "Uncle Hermann's" objecting to Peter Martin must be a joke, but Mr. Oelrichs has spent so much time in this city of late years that, perhaps, they are still taking him seriously in New York. Peter Martin is a young man of ebullient spirits. He has had several wild escapades, and has shocked a few people, but a man of Mr. Oelrichs' type isn't qualified to shy stones at him.

When a woman forsakes the world for a man, the world hears it, but fifty men may go to hell through love of heartless women without a word of comment.

Delmas and Rea

In the "Speeches and Addresses of D. M. Delmas" recently published by A. M. Robertson of this city, I came across the address of the noted attorney, to the jury, in the case J. P. Jarman vs. Jas. W. Rea which was tried before the Superior Court of Santa Clara on October 22, 1898. And I was reminded of a story of the remarkable effect of that speech. On no other occasion, perhaps, was the wonderful power of Delmas's oratory so clearly demonstrated. The defendant in that suit is the well known political boss of Santa Clara county. The suit was for damages for slander, and the jury was composed of personal friends of the defendant. So close was the relationship existing between one of the jurors and the defendant that immediately after the impanelment he telephoned to Rae to assure him that everything was "all right." Much to Rae's astonishment the plaintiff obtained a verdict. In great indignation Rae demanded an explanation from the juror who had assured him of his fealty. "Well," said the juror, "we couldn't help it. Everything was all right until Delmas began talking. When he compared you to Boss Tweed 'who perished in a dungeon amid the curses of a state which he had plundered, of a nation which he had disgraced and of mankind which he had dishonored,' it was all off. We were all for you but that speech swung us around."

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms OR, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York

Sole Agents in the United States and Canada

E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

Jubilant Heirs and Lawyers

The decision of the Supreme Court knocking out the trust clause in the Fair will sent thrills of delight up and down the vertebrae of the heirs and their attorneys. The wires were kept warm with telegrams of congratulation for quite a while after the news reached the street. Several despatches were sent from the Pacific-Union club to Hermann Oelrichs in New York telling him how happy a few of his cronies were. For Hermann needs the money. He drew his fifty-thousand dollar bequest long ago and he has been eagerly awaiting the wiping out of the trust. Mrs. Oelrichs will probably be more liberal now for after all the attorneys and trustees are paid she will be richer by at least five millions. When Mr. Oelrichs returns he will probably be permitted to employ a chef and a valet at the old Fair mansion on the hill.

Some Complicated Law

The decision of the court has caused a deal of comment in legal circles. Chief Justice Beatty's opinion is viewed with some surprise, because while he reverses his ruling made upon the original hearing of the case, nevertheless he decided again in favor of sustaining the trust clause. He was of the opinion that the language of the will was designed to create a "trust to convey real property" and that sort of a trust is acknowledged to be illegal. Yet Chief Justice Beatty believed that the trust clause could be construed to be valid and he so construed it. And Justice Henshaw who changed the complexion of the court by reversing his position declares in his latest opinion that he never doubted that the will contained "a trust to convey." Yet he appears to give ample reason for determining upon the rehearing that the defect in the trust clause could not be cured. The simple fact is that there is plenty of law to warrant a decision either way, and that the whole matter resolves itself down to the question whether such a trust subserves public policy. Justice Harrison was probably the most emphatic in his judgment as to the soundness of the will, and it was the opinion of some of the attorneys that he should never have acted in the case. When he was elected to the bench he was the partner of W. S. Goodfellow, the trustee who was most anxious for the clause to be sustained. Moreover, the firm of Jarboe & Harrison of which he was a member acted as counsel for James G. Fair for nearly twenty-five years.

The attorneys who are destined to get big fees out of the case are George A. Knight, Charles J. Heggerty, Charles S. Wheeler and Reuben Lloyd. Knight & Heggerty will split up at least a quarter of a million. Wheeler and Lloyd will get over one hundred thousand each, and ex-Governor James H. Budd has a contract for one hundred thousand flat. Russell Wilson also comes in for a small slice, and Mr. William F. Herrin will probably get a handsome fee though he was not identified with the trial of the case before Judge Slack.

The California Automobile Company pays 5 per cent interest on its Bonds. Bonds and Dividend paying stock will be received as cash on surrender on account of any Automobile manufactured by the Company.

The Stork Postpones a Wedding

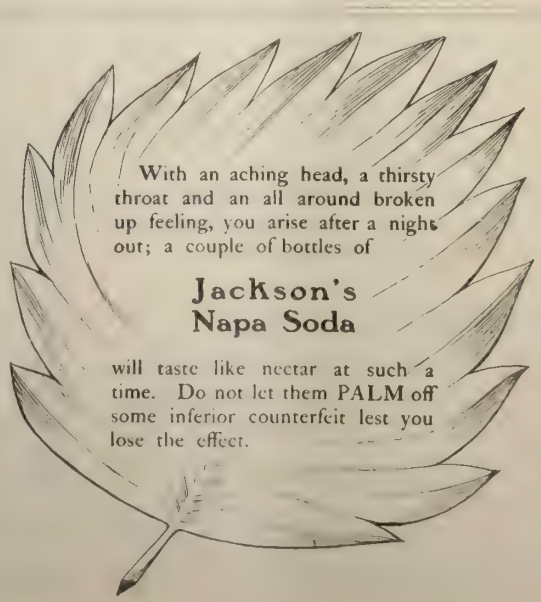
Girl friends of Mrs. Kimball, who was Ella Thomas, have been calling on her in troops to offer allegiance and admiration at the throne of little Baby Thomas, who has just arrived. Mrs. Kimball came up from the big prune ranch near Los Angeles, where she has been living ever since her marriage, in order that the warm hearts at the Thomas home in Pacific avenue might be the first to welcome the little one. The aunt, Mollie Thomas, went so far as to postpone the date of her own wedding so that no exciting discussion should occur in the household to distract the attention from the mother and the expected wee stranger. Miss Thomas has, in a measure, disappointed her most enthusiastic friends by insisting on a quiet home wedding instead of following the example set by her sister. Ella's nuptials of a year ago framed in orange blossoms, old laces and the toned splendor of the Unitarian church, were the delight of her acclaiming friends. Many looked to Mollie to try and eclipse the scene. But she and her inseparable friend, Daisy Van Ness, have thoroughly discussed the very momentous question and the edict is announced—a quiet home wedding.

Miss Therese and Miss Ella Morgan are receiving the sincere sympathy of their friends over the illness of their father. Mr. Morgan has been seriously sick for some time.

On the Oakland boat, Tuesday afternoon.

First Woman: That siren sounds like a dog howling.
Second Woman: Siren? What is a siren?
Third Woman: It is a girl who wears short skirts.

The Native Daughters' memorial service to be held tomorrow at Native Sons hall, is the result of an inspiration given by the Elks memorial service. The Grand Secretary, Laura J. Frakes, attended the last Lodge of Sorrow and was so impressed by the solemnity, dignity and beauty of the service that she proposed a similar observance to the local Native Daughters. The suggestion was embraced and the memorial service is the direct result.



Why Gage Didn't Stand

So Governor Gage didn't wish to become a member of the Union League club! And yet, General Barnes, who understands English fairly well, thought that Gage asked him to propose his name. How strange! The story that I hear among the wise ones close up to the Republican leaders is that some kind friend gave the Governor a startling tip that the house manager of the club had given an order for a supply of new black-balls in anticipation of the demand. And it is even said that an assistant in Attorney General Ford's office seconded the application just to beguile the Governor into a feeling of security, because it was feared that he might get an attack of pedal gelidity. The fact is that General Ford is a little too independent to please Gage,and that he has many warm friends in the Union League club.

The Lottery Crusade

The dailies ordered Mayor Phelan to break up the Chinese lottery evil. The Mayor ordered the police to do so but instructed them to play no favorites. Consequently the police have arrested the white lottery dealers, and also the editors of the dailies for printing lottery lists, but the dailies are not enthusiastic over the good work of Chief Sullivan and his men. The fight against the white lotteries was started by TOWN TALK, and I therefore heartily commend the authorities for bravely doing their duty. If one daily newspaper were to refuse to accept the money paid by the lottery companies, ostensibly for advertising, and were to lambaste its contemporaries for being subsidized by the gamblers it would then be in a position to do some very fine posing. Meanwhile they must all be discreetly silent.

Society will be There

The annual exhibition of the San Francisco Kennel Club at the Pavilion has come to be recognized as just as much of a society event as are Mrs. Salisbury's cotillions. The show will open next Wednesday and it promises to exceed any of its predecessors in point of the variety and value of the dogs shown. Nearly every society man or woman who owns a canine has entered it for a prize, and there are plenty of exhibitors, also, who are not of the swim. The dogs, however, are all pedigreed though the preliminary circular stated "No pedigree required to show your dog." There will be a fine showing of American and English foxhounds, some having been sent out from the East to be entered. The Burlingame club is sending a special exhibit of English fox hounds. The prizes offered this year are of decided value.

McCormick Vice Mills

Mr. W. H. Mills having withdrawn from the Press Department of the Southern Pacific company to give his exclusive attention to the Land Department, President Hays has turned over the advertising affairs of the corporation to Mr. E. O. McCormick, the general traffic manager. During most of the years of McCormick's experience as a railroad man in the East, his official relationship with the press was such that he became acquainted with all the leading newspaper men of the country. And wherever he has been stationed the newspaper men were his friends. It was not long after his arrival in this city that the newsgatherers of the dailies learned to esteem him for his cordiality and good fellowship. He is probably without a peer as an advertiser in the railroad business. Mr. Mills, who won distinction by his superb management of the Southern Pacific exhibit at the Paris Exposition, goes to Buffalo to again exploit the products of the Coast.

Always something new—Novelties in Gents Neckwear on display at Lewison's the Leading Gents' Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th streets.

The Notorious de Chimays

According to my Paris correspondent, domestic ill luck striped with gross notoriety, seems to follow the house of Chimay. The Duke of Avaray,one of the greatest nobles in France and one of the most influential members of the Jockey club, is being harried in the courts by his divorced wife. The contest is over their sixteen-year-old son who at the time of the divorce was awarded to the father on account of the character of the mother. No woman of the French aristocracy has figured in the courts more than this blue-blooded Duchess of Avary. Her vagaries, eccentricities, to put the term mildly, and her escapades have furnished countless chapters to the chronique scandaleuse of the last seventeen years. The Duchess is a woman of ravishing beauty. She is the only daughter of the late Count Eugene de Mercy Argenteau and of his wife, nee Princess de Chimay.

Her life reads like that of Clara Ward of Detroit, who became a Princess de Chimay, but whose ultra-notorious record, bad as it is, even with Rigo, hardly rivals that of the other warm-blooded de Chimays. Rose de Mercy-Argenteau was allowed to run wild up to the time of her marriage and to associate, when a mere child, with certain very rapid ladies of the ultra-fashionable aristocracy of Paris. They were well known for regarding extravagance in language, in conduct and in dress as almost a duty. Her great beauty completely infatuated the Duke of Avaray, who was considered one of the greatest catches in the French nobility. Contrary to the general run he was rich, noble, chivalrous and not tainted with vice. The honeymoon was scarcely over when the trouble began. The conduct of the Duchess at last became so impossible, that in 1889 the husband was obliged to ask for a separation, chivalrously basing his complaint on the extravagance of his wife

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President McKinley

And the Launching of the Battleship Ohio

Saturday, May 18, 1901

Grand Stand adjoining the Union Iron Works

Reserve your seats NOW—EACH SEAT NUMBERED with COUPON attached. Ushers to escort you to your seat. Procure your Tickets NOW and avoid Speculators' Premiums

Room 58, 916 Market Street

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P. C. Knight, Secretary R. Hesse, Gen. Manager

Dawson Meyer, in charge of seats

whom he had married without dowry, a penniless girl. Her actions became so flagrant that a few years afterwards the Duke was obliged to ask for a divorce. He allowed her a handsome income, as he believed that a Duchess of Avaray, even if divorced, should live handsomely. But she was insatiable for money to squander on herself and her flaming life and has besieged the courts ever since, demanding a bigger and bigger allowance. Lately she has tried to turn the screws harder by endeavoring to get the boy away from the Duke.

The Two Princesses

According to the students of French society there are three things to be offered in her excuse: First, she is a woman of the most extraordinary beauty and fascination; second, her rearing was absolutely uncontrolled and unrestrained; and last but not least, she has the Caraman-Chimay blood in her veins. Her mother was a sister of that Prince Alphonse Chimay who married and divorced the heiress of the man known in Paris as the Assassin. Subsequently the divorced Princess Chimay married her English butler, Jobson by name, who had figured as a co-respondent in her trial. The rich and beautiful Clara Ward cut out a great pace for herself in French society when she married into the Chimay family, but she was clearly outclassed by the noble Princesses of that line. Compare the methods of the two women in their present positions: Both divorced and the most notorious beauties of their decadent sets, but the Duchess queens it as royally as ever in her voluptuous surroundings and turns the screws on one of the wealthiest men in France to provide her with the wherewithal, while the Princess Chimay-Ward has just signed a contract to appear in a New York vaudeville house. Some time ago her family, fearing the notoriety her appearance on the stage in this country might occasion, gave her fifty thousand dollars if she would bind herself not to appear before the footlights. She grabbed the money then as she and Rijo wanted to enjoy an oriental time in Egypt. She plans now to get around this family promise by appearing only in a stage box while Rijo does some fiddling on the stage. The idea of the vaudeville managers is that the twain thus disposed will form a living picture to represent her and Rijo falling in love with each other at the Paris cafe chantant. As she is not to put her foot on the stage, and as she is to get one thousand dollars weekly for the act she feels that she will not break her agreement with her family. Fancy the voluptuous Duchess de Avaray resorting to such petty tricks to raise money for the nourishment of her decadent appetites. But then, as my Paris correspondent explains, she has "the real Caramay-Chimay blood in her delicate veins."

The Latest O'Rell Utterance

There are only two places in the world where a beautiful woman, fashionably dressed, can walk comfortably without being stared at by the women, like a Barnum's freak out for an airing, Paris and New York—and perhaps Bond street, London, during the season. Everywhere else she has to ride or hide. There is only one spot on the earth where such a woman can go about in all freedom and security without running the risk of being followed and otherwise annoyed by idle men, and that is Fifth avenue, New York.

Thus spake the syndicated oracle, M. Max O'Rell, in a late issue of the *Journal-American-Examiner*. I always thought the pleasant-tempered author of "John Bull and His Island" was a fairly observant writer until I read this. He might have had the tact, at least, to say that beautiful and well-gowned women are so common in the United States that no one would think of casting a second glance at them. M. O'Rell should come to San Francisco. Not that our women are especially well-dressed—in that respect they cannot compete of course with New York women—but just that he may see a city where women are never followed or stared at. If Mrs. Joe Tobin promenades Market or Kearny street she may possibly be pointed out as "the most stylish woman in the city." But that is more because she has been thus distinguished by the newspaper critics of styles than because she is the only modish woman in the city. I fancy it would be the same anywhere, even in the Paris, London and New York that M. O'Rell writes so oracularly about.

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman entertained about forty friends at her studio on Thursday evening, at a delightful musicale.

To Find Your Summer Camp

Go on the Excursion to the Santa Cruz Mountains

Every spring the Southern Pacific gives a popular low rate excursion into the Santa Cruz mountains, the idea being to give those who intend to go down there for their summer outing a chance to look over the country and select a location. This year's event will take place on Sunday, May 5th, and the rate and other details will be substantially the same as in former years. That is, the excursion will be by the narrow gauge, leaving San Francisco at 7:45 a. m., and ample stops will be made at Alma, Wrights, Laurel, Glenwood, Campus, Felton, Ben Lomond, Rowardennan and Boulder Creek, so as to give excursionists time to look around. Round trip tickets will be $1.25, and the excursion will be in charge of William H. Menton, the company's excursion passenger agent. Five or six hours will be divided among the places named. Those who wish may stop off at intermediate points and join the train on its return.

A Perfectly Pure

OLIVE OIL

of the Finest Quality and Delicacy of Flavor

Crosse & Blackwell's Pure Lucca Oil

Unequaled for a Fine Mayonaise or Salad Dressing

SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD

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212-214 Market Street San Francisco

Roma's Breezy Letter

SHE WRITES OF ALICE NIELSEN, FANNIE LIDDIARD AND THE BIG FEET OF BRITISH WOMEN . . . . . .

MY DEAR T. T.: CHATHAM, APRIL 15, 1901.

Well, it is all over. "The Fortune Teller" after a few prunings and polishings will sit down for a London rest. The production was splendid. Musgrove threw his ducats left and right and had the newest, brightest and best of everything in the way of dresses and scenery. The press complained of the piece and its foggy plot, the public waited until the second act hesitating whether to applaud or not and at the end of the opera admitted that the company were all hard workers and Alice a singing soubrette, the brightest of many who have appeared on this side. Now if she'd only cultivate just a quiet air and drop the old Wigwam style, she'd soon give Edna May cards and spades, for Alice's baby face is quite as pretty as Edna's spirituelle type and Alice can sing while poor Edna can only charm by her wonderful simplicity of manner. It is the quiet, still, low-voiced style that suits English people—the soft strings and the sobbing 'cello, more than the loud brass, the cymbals, drums and the howling, loud-mouthed manners. You see, T. T., there is so much intrigue and rottenness in this big town that people want to see simplicity and innocence on the boards.

En passant, the "Belle" is to be revived next season and it is not unlikely that Edna May will resume her old role. If so, Fannie Liddiard will play the prima donna in the piece. I don't believe I've ever told you about Fan's voice; she's a full fledged soprano and sings jolly well, too, bless her heart and beautiful legs! She's the same dear, good friend and a good artist; she has signed another contract under Musgrove to remain in England for next season but I fancy it will be her last as Cupid has offered her a better one in a lovely Scotch home.

Mrs. Doan *is* Viva Cummins and she has booked up her summer socially and professionally in and about London. The one idea of the entire family is to make enough money to spend their last days on a California ranch.

The King and Queen have returned to Buckingham Palace for the season which promises to be a gala one, indeed. Already things are brightening; tomorrow is our last day of mourning for the good Victoria and Earl Roberts has asked that we lay aside black for brighter hues.

That awful thing—Christian Science—has made its entry into conservative London homes and people are dying because of neglect. I don't know how long it will last.

What do you think I read in a London paper the other day? That American women in London hotels, ashamed of the size of their feet, (good Lord!) keep in their trunks a pair of shoes several sizes too small and then at night upon retiring, put *these* outside the door to be cleaned to make the English women believe they have small feet! It added that the American women cleaned their own shoes in the privacy of their boudoirs rather than let English servants see them! Big feet, indeed! For all the *hams*, on earth—awkward, huge, enormous, elephantine things—commend me to the English women's feet! Big feet, indeed! We *may* wear a four but eights and nines and tens are ordinary here! If it wasn't for a fellow here named Jacobus, who makes heels three and four inches high, the English woman's foot would be the laughing stock of the world. Number nine is the smallest ladies' size stocking you can get in this whole town.

How the English people hate to *have* to admit that the best of everything comes from U. S. A. They have to come to us for the improvements in all the branches of industry. The British government has just placed a big fat order of nearly a million pounds for American telephones, switch boards, etc. The British manufacturers are simply tearing their hair in rage over it.

Just fancy Scotland yard, the English Police Headquarters, having no telephone! And just imagine if you can the largest city in the world having no ambulance wagon connected with any hospital or morgue. They put the unfortunate victims on a sort of "push cart" and two policemen wheel them over rough stones to the nearest hospital. Of course most of them bleed to death before they reach the gates.

Lady Francis Cooke, nee Tennie Claflin, an American, is having a lovely time over the death of Sir Francis. Someone accused her of having done away with him in order to get his ducats and of course it reached her ears. She went to the authorities to have her husband's body exhumed but they didn't see it at all; she has had to settle down with the limelight of suspicion turned on full glare upon her, expecting further trouble. She entertains lavishly during the season; the town house is a dream and his gallery one of the most famous in England. I believe Sir Francis gave that and his library to the city.

Apropos of Gainsborough's long-lost "Duchess," there's a feeling of doubt on the subject. It is rumored that some clever American (of course!) has schemed to make a big investment out of a cleverly handled brush. It is bound to come out, later on; just now it reads like yellow-backed fiction. It has done *some* good, however, for the milliners are rejoicing over the Gainsborough hat craze and I can assure you they cost a bit, too, with their velvets and long, waving plumes.

Yours, ROMA.

Love's Captive

Come twine those arms about me,
That I may hold you near,
And whisper that sweet story in my ear—
And whisper that sweet story that I so love to hear.

Oh fold those arms around me,
Your head upon my breast,
Against my heart's wild throbbing there to rest;
To know the heart's wild throbbing that tells I love you best!

One jet stray tress ensnares me;
Ah! bind me with that hair!
Prisoner to those tresses shadowy there;
As dark as eyes beneath, dear, that drive me to despair.

Those eyes, so fond and tender,
Whose depths eternity
Shall never see effaced from memory;
Can never be effaced—they've grown so dear to me!

With lingering lips caress me;
A god I'm made by this!—
While throbs the life blood tingling with each kiss;
While throbs my life blood tingling through every vein with bliss.

Ah, love, thy gentle beauty,
So infinitely sweet,
By subtle web hath bound me at thy feet;
Those silken threads my spirit holds captive at thy feet!

E. B. WHITMAN.

The Gay Landlord

Now comes the summer of my content
To be made glorious by all the gay belles
And charming brides
And ravishing matrons
That make
Society.
To San Rafael Ho!
They're coming
For the summer.
Lo!
'Twill be a hummer.
Already yet,
As we Germans say,
I hear the soothing swish
Of silken skirt.
Yea
Even now
They're knocking
At the door of my hotel.
Who called me Flirt,
My conduct shocking
And my amours rude?
I'm King Lothario!
Cavalier servente!
I want no prude
To patronize
My hostelry.
I fraternize
With the fair
For I'm the lustful host!
I make the most
Of opportunity.
Bring on
The damsels gay,
And let
The corks pop
And the wine fizz
The King of the Harem
Is ready
For biz.

THE SULTAN.

Where the Jewels Went

[Being a Part of the Evidence in the Celebrated Divorce Suit of the Mansfield-Beekmans.]

I

From Mr. Mansfield-Beekman of Burlingame to his daughter, Mrs. Clinton Love, in Paris.

DEAR TRIXY,

I want to send as a wedding gift to one of my little New York nieces the sweetest thing in diamond hair ornaments that can be purchased. Look me up one in Paris, also a set of brooches in emeralds, rubies and sapphires, three and each of different design. Price no object. You can bring them with you on your return, as that will be ample time.

Affectionately,

DADDY.

II

From Mrs. Clinton Love in Paris to her sister, Miss Lily Mansfield-Beekman in New York.

DEAR SIS,

As I have decided to stay over a few months, and am afraid my change of plans may put Papa out in the matter of his wedding gift, I am sending his commission of jewels to you by Cecil Doane, who is sailing this week. Why not tell Papa that you can deliver the jewels to the bride—which of our cousins is she, by the way?—yourself, and thus get them to her so much more safely than if Papa had them go by way of San Francisco? The brooches are superb, and the star for the hair a dream. Papa must be very fond of the bride to be. By the way, *our* invitations to her wedding must have miscarried, for neither Mamma nor I have received one. Be sure and write which of the girls is *the* one. Mamma will return in a month or so, whether I come or not.

Best love from

TRIXY.

III

Wire from Mr. Mansfield-Beekman in San Francisco to his daughter Lily in New York.

Don't deliver jewels to bride. Send them by express to me. Wish to see them myself before sending.—FATHER.
[18 paid]

IV

From Miss Lily Mansfield-Beekman in New York to her mother in London.

DEAR MAMMA,

I am so homesick that I cannot wait another day for you, so am leaving on today's train for home. I will find out from Papa the details of the wedding—I also failed to receive an invitation and have heard nothing of any of our cousins being on the verge of marriage. The jewels must be the loveliest things seen an age, far more magnificent than any of yours or sister's or mine, judging from what Cecil Doane, who brought them over, said. They were packed so nicely I did not like to open the box, so expressed it direct to Papa. Will write again when I get home.—LILY.

V.

Scene: Library in Mansfield-Beekman residence in Burlingame, California. Dramatis personae, Mansfield-Beekman pere and his daughter Lily.

Lily: And now, daddy dear, I must see those jewels—I'm just wild to see them.

M. B.: They are up in town, in the safe in my office, all ready to send off.

Lily: But I have a much safer way of sending them. You know that Englishman that came across the continent with me—Cecil Doane? Well, he returns East in a day or so, and will take the jewels with him to New York.

M. B.: I'd not like to trust them to a stranger.

Lily: But he was the one to whom Sister entrusted them, from Paris.

M. B.: Well, I'll see.

Lily: By the way, Papa, who is our cousin that is to be married?

M. B.: Nettie—don't you know?

Lily: But I saw Nettie the day before I left and she said nothing about it.

M. B.: I meant Nellie—you remember, that pretty little Jersey girl who looks so much like Trix.

Lily: Oh, Nellie! Funny I did not hear about it. I was there to dinner several times.

M. B.: Well, it is Nellie.

VI.

Scene, a vaudeville theatre in San Francisco. Dramatis personae Miss Lily Mansfield-Beekman and Mr. Cecil Doane.

Lily: What a stunning blonde sitting over there in that front seat. What elegant jewels she has on—did you ever see such brooches in your life?

C. D.: Oh, yes, I—that is, I have seen jewels as beautiful in Paris and New York. (*Sotto voce:* Brought them over myself). Nor exactly the proper thing at this kind of a show, eh? Who's the lady?

Man in Seat Back of Them: See that woman with those sparkling pins on? That's Phryne Sweet, the highest-priced in her line. Present favored gent in her suite is —— [name lost]. Got a wife, too, in Europe now, I hear Spends half his income on La Sweet.

VII.

From Miss Lily Mansfield-Beekman in Burlingame to her mother in New York.

DEAR MAMMA,

I was so glad to hear that you were really homeward bound. Be sure and take a good rest in New York before speeding westward. And go and see Cousin Nell in Jersey and ask how her jewels pleased her. Papa sent them off before I had a chance to see them. Strange Nell sent no word to *us* of her wedding.

Lovingly,

LILY.

VIII.

Wire from Mrs. Clinton Love in New York to Miss Lily Mansfield-Beekman in Burlingame.

En route home. Some mistake about Nell. No wedding. Mamma goes with me.

TRIXY. [13 paid].

IX.

Sixteenth street station, Oakland. Arrival of overland train, Dramatis personae, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield-Beekman, Mrs. Clinton Love and her sister Lily.

Mrs. C. L.: And papa, what did you mean by saying Cousin Nell was married? Why she has not even the ghost of a fiance. She was *so* surprised.

Mr. B. I must look up the invitation for you, but I know the bride got her present all right.

Mrs. C. L.: Well, it wasn't Nellie.

Mrs. M. B.: How well you are looking (to her husband).

Lily: Yet papa works so hard Why, he has to stay over half the time to finish up his work nights.

Mr. M. B.: That's how you can afford to take trips East and abroad, my dears.

X.

Scene San Francisco theatre, with audience in state attire. The Mansfield-Beekmans, pere, mere et filles, in the audience.

Mrs. M. B. (to her husband): Do you know who that blonde is, over there? See—I mean the one in the very low gown with a diamond star in her hair and three brooches on the front of her bodice.

Mr. M. B.: (looking everywhere else but the place indicated): Where? The only blonde I see is Mrs. Silly Sheckels.

Lily: Oh, I see who you mean, mamma. And I can tell you who it is—that is a demi-monde, Phryne Sweet, and it

was her favored friend who bought the jewels for her. He's a rich old man with grown daughters and a wife for whom he doesn't care a rap. I heard it all when I went to the Vaudeville that night with Cecil Doane.

Mrs. M. B.: Look, Trixy, how bold the creature is! Staring directly at us.

Lily: But what elegant jewels!

Mrs. C. L.: Jewels! I should say so—a diamond star (looks with apparent indifference at her father) and brooches of emeralds, sapphires and rubies. A small fortune indeed.

Mr. M. B. (whispering): Shall I buy you some like them, Trixy, dear?

Mrs. C. L.: Beg pardon?

Mr. M. B.: I understand what you infer, my dear—but please don't say anything and you shall have *six* brooches and *ten* stars better than those.

(On stage, vocalist comes out and warbles, and conversation ends.)

XI.

But Mrs. Clinton Love was evidently above bribery, for the Mansfield-Beekman divorce suit was filed the next week, and the plaintiff gained her case with large alimony.

—The Gossip.

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

Alcazar—"The Conquerors"—second week of the splendid show.

Grand Opera House—"Mr. Barnes of New York"—very Gunteresque and thrilling.

Tivoli—"The Idol's Eye"—twinkling to large houses.

Orpheum—The Agousts lead the bill.

Alice Nielsen and the London Press

Through the faithful scissors of my London correspondent, I am enabled to give the following opinions of the London critics on Alice Nielsen, who made her bow in "The Fortune Teller" on April ninth, at the Shaftesbury theatre. The *Telegraph*, which is the leading daily and whose critic is the carper par excellence in the London newspaper world, had a column about the production, from which I extract the following references to the star:

Miss Alice Nielsen and the company which appeared last night at the Shaftesbury came with a reputation from the other side. For a portion of the first act it seemed that the reputation had been appraised too highly. We saw a young, petite lady, with no particular force or personality, we heard her sing a song or two of no special quality. * * * As the evening progressed an entente cordiale was established. The newcomer had to fight for it, but she won her way, and her companions legitimately shared in the honors. Miss Alice Nielsen is to be congratulated on her success. She is not of the "fashionable beauty" order. She is merely an intelligent, interesting pretty girl—a stranger in a strange land facing a fresh public with confidence in herself and her talents. * * Miss Nielsen herself advanced in favour steadily and surely, until the rendering of a florid number in the second act brought down the house in downright hearty fashion. * * The audience, taken in the bulk, displayed no objection last evening, for by that time its earlier frigid attitude towards Miss Nielsen had worn away. The ballad she sang in her bright Hussar uniform—a ballad recalling "Sing, sweet bird," and similar favourites, where voice and flute divide the honours—broke down the last icy wall of reserve, and the fair American, with her bright, fresh, flexible, and well-trained voice, had conquered.

The *Standard* in half a column of criticism mentioned the star in these terms:

Miss Alice Nielsen found special favour with the audience by reason of her charm as actress, and even more particularly as vocalist. * * Miss Nielsen is a cultivated vocalist with an exceptionally pleasant light soprano voice, which she employs with excellent effect, one great merit in her singing being that she never forces her tones. Some of her music is ambitious, notably a song with flute obligato in the second act, after the fashion of Lucia's famous aria in Donizetti's opera. This Miss Nielsen rendered with excellent taste and skill, whilst her slighter numbers were very prettily delivered, and she acted with vivacity and a sense of fun. Success is not often so speedily and surely secured as it was by this accomplished young lady.

And the *Star* says:

Miss Alice Nielsen, the principal lady, who doubles her part, is a charming creature, small, slim, and blonde, with a flexible and melodious

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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voice, which she uses always with ease, and on occasion, as in the floriture and trill in the second act, with brilliance. Acting and singing are like a kind of delightful play to her, and she seems to make a sort of child like appeal to the audience, as to a group of amusing friends. She has the doll-like self-composure of the American: a doll with dainty changes of expression, and sudden petulant outbursts from its blonde immobility. She moved simply and fantastically through a medley of picturesque nonsense, to which Hungarian dresses lent a piquant novelty of color. . . . Mr. Victor Herbert's music was written with some elaboration, as a rule tellingly, with a really serious intention. It made a loud and clangorous spectacle, to which Miss Alice Nielsen lent a quality of genuine charm.

The *Morning Post* dismisses the production in a paragraph, of which the star gets about four lines, thus:

Miss Alice Nielsen, who plays the part of the heroine, sings quite prettily when she does not attempt to make herself heard through a rather deafening orchestra.

At the Alhambra theatre, opening next Saturday for a a week's engagement, will appear a bunch of Native Son talent called the Columbia minstrels. There will be eighty performers in the organization, comedians, soloists and specialists. The first part of the program was specially written for the native minstrels by Lee Johnson.

"One of William A. Brady's new productions next season will be a religious drama, founded upon Biblical scenes and characters, but in which the Saviour is not actually represented," is a communication received this week from Mr Brady's press agent. I should fancy such a play would be another case of "Hamlet" minus the melancholy Dane.

Happenings in the Music World

Miss Beulah George, a prominent pupil of H. B. Pasmore, will give a benefit concert at Century hall next Friday evening. She will be assisted by Miss Zueletta George, contralto and Mr. Pasmore basso, and by the Pasmore trio, Mary, Susan and Dorothy, in ensemble and solo work. Miss George is the young woman whom Emma Nevada pronounced the most perfectly trained young singer she had heard in America. Miss George is very popular and has sung with great success this season for the Century club, Sorosis, the Mills club and the Daughters of the Revolution and for the Saturday Morning club of Sacramento, the Adelphian of Alameda and the Ebell of Oakland, besides appearing in a number of concerts in this city.

Miss Frances Wertheimer, graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, assisted by Mr. Oscar Frank, baritone, Mr. John R. Lewis, violinist, a pupil of Henry Heyman, and Mr. Sigismundo Martinez, accompanist, gave a concert on Thursday night that occurred too late in the week for comment, which will be given in next Saturday's issue.

Mr. Willard Batchelder left for New York Tuesday, where he will make especial study of Dr. Holbrook Curtis' celebrated method of voice culture.

Attractions Next Week

Though the Alcazar could easily retain "The Conquerors" for another week, the management has decided to take it off after Sunday night to make way for a revival of "Friends." This strong melodrama in which we first saw Selina Fetter and Edwin Milton Royle, with Lucius Henderson, has been before presented by the stock company and will likely draw good houses again. It has lots of meat in it.

The Tivoli will have "The Idol's Eye" for another week. It is still drawing crowded houses.

The Orpheum offers another big bill for next week. In addition to the Agoust family, by this time the talk of the town, and McIntyre and Heath, of whom the public never tires, there will be on the bill three European importations.

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The Four Huntings Zeb and Zarrow Patterson Brothers
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Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Beginning NEXT MONDAY, May 6
First time here of James A. Herne's new play
"SAG HARBOR"
Chicago Times-Herald said—"Greater than 'Shore Acres'"
3 Months in New York
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Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30 and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

The Four Huntings are acrobatic dancers and their act is said to be a decided novelty. Zab and Zarrow, comedy bicyclists, are big favorites in Berlin. The Patterson brothers are daring athletes and in their triple horizontal bar act they introduce their world's championship somersault, from bar to bar, covering a distance of twenty-one feet and over an eight-foot brick wall. Hamilton Hill has been re-engaged for one week and Barnes and Sisson will present a new sketch. The biograph will again show the famous picture of Queen Victoria's last public appearance. This is said to be the best picture even taken of Her Majesty and is one of the best ever shown on the biograph.

The Columbia will reopen for the season on Monday night, offering as the attraction for two weeks James A. Herne's latest comedy, "Sag Harbor," which had a big success in New York, where it ran three months, and in Boston where it played to crowded houses for a little less than four months. "Sag Harbor" has just finished a return engagement at Chicago. The cast includes Julia Herne, whose delightful artistic skill is given great scope in the role of Martha Reese, "an orphan;" Frank Monroe, who appears as William Turner, born and raised in Salem, Mass., now Sag Harbor agent for steamer *Antelope*; Forrest Robinson, as Benjamin Turner, his son, "boat builder;" J. Wooster Dean, as Frank Turner, Ben's younger brother, seaman in the U. S. Navy; W. T. Dodge, as Freeman Whitmarsh, house, sign, and boat painter and glazier, who also "leads the choir;" W. F. Whitman, as George Salter, Ben's foreman, and John D. Garrick, as Hosea Stevens, barkeeper at Nassau House. There are ship-carpenters, men-o'-warsmen and bay men galore. Marion Abbott plays the part of Elizabeth Ann Turner, William's "maiden sister;" Mrs. Sol Smith appears as Mrs. Russell, "a widow," while Chrystal Herne, Mr. Herne's youngest daughter who, by the way, is to play Glory Quayle in "The Christian" next season, is cast as Janie Caldwell. Henry Miller comes next to the Columbia.

It seems not so long ago that the Grand Opera House stage was given over to the Bernhardt production of "L'Aiglon." Next week the Grand will again produce a play founded on the life of the unfortunate Duc de Reichstadt—"The Son of Napoleon." "The Eaglet" in English, in a simple version of the historical tale, will probably be very interesting. Florence Stone will have the title role, Jack Webster will be Michel Lambert and the other members of the stock company will complete a strong cast. The Saturday and Sunday matinees are popular.

The Robert Downing Institute

Every elocution teacher that hangs out a sign "Instruction in Dramatic Art" is not really a teacher of dramatic art. There is a vast difference between teaching elocution and teaching dramatic art. To give instruction in the latter, one must have been thoroughly educated in the principles of the art, and possess as well a wide culture and practical experience. One cannot jump upon the stage a full-fledged actor or actress without having obtained the normal and academic training essential to that end. Mr. Robert Downing, who has lately located here and established an Institute of Dramatic Art, is one of those who are fully able to teach those aspiring to a professional career. His long experience on the stage, associated with such great stars as Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Fechter, Mary Anderson, Adelaide Neilson and Charlotte Cushman, certainly qualifies him to judge of a student's ability to pursue a stage career. Mr. Downing does not take every pupil that offers. He discourages those who his observation teaches have no real aptitude for the stage. Already a large number of talented students have registered with Mr. George Hemple, the registrar of the Downing Institute. Among the pleasant features connected with the institute is the benefit derived from participation in performances of the Alcazar and Central theatre companies, also a stock company which will be composed of advanced pupils, to produce plays from time to time here and in adjacent towns. The institute is situated in the Central theatre building. Mr. Downing's office being on the second floor. It is fitted up in artistic simplicity in harmony with the taste of its occupant.

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The Birth of the Red Rose

The White Rose wedded the cold North Wind
She was foolish, the blossoms said,
To leave her happy life behind,
The cold North Wind to wed.

But she tossed her head with haughty grace,
And smiled with a smile serene,
As she turned to her lover her fair, young face—
The fairest ever seen.

He was kind for awhile, but the blossoms knew
He would soon be off and away;
So quickly the halcyon moments flew,
Till came the end of the day.

He left the Rose for brighter flowers
And buds that bloomed in a day;
He left her alone in the silent bowers,
And cruelly went his way.

She faded and pined, in her quiet way,
Till one day—came the Sun
And gladdened and glorified the day,
And was kind to the lonely one.

She glowed and blushed with pleased surprise,
As he praised her perfumed grace,
And she changed, as she lay on his throbbing heart,
To a Red Rose, with velvet face.

As she blushed and smiled in the Sun's warm eyes,
The cold North Wind passed by,
And gazed on her beauty with surprise;
She gave nor smile nor sigh.

San Jose, May, 1901. —Jessie Juliet Knox.

Lawyer: Do you wish me to institute a divorce suit for you?

Demure Lady: Well, I don't exactly know. I was married to Mr. Brown in Reno after getting a divorce from Mr. Jones whom I married in Colorado where I was divorced from Mr. Smith.

Lawyer: I think I should have an abstract of title made so that you may know if you have a husband.

The Clever Wife

A young man with a fine Baritone voice fell in love with a Sweet Girl, who unfortunately could not Play. When she was a Child she had always Hated to Practice and her Indulgent Mother had never Forced her to do anything that was Repugnant to her Feelings.

She could play Tennis and Golf, and could Ride like a Centaur, and row like Charon, but she knew no more of the art of Paderewski than a Scavenger knows about Drawing Room Chat.

But the Young Man with a fine Baritone voice was hit by one of Cupid's Arrows before he stopped to Find Out if the Sweet Girl could manage Piano Accompaniments. It was in fact, several weeks after their Marriage that the absence of this Accomplishment in his Bride began to Impress itself upon his Understanding.

He was asked to render two Solos at a Charity Concert, and it became necessary to Try Them Over. And then the Cold Hard Truth burst upon his Intellect that his Sweet Young Wife was unable to figure out Successfully the Difference between a Sharp and a Flat, the Treble Clef and the Bass.

But though she was Unmusical the Sweet Young Wife was not Devoid of Wit.

"Do not Worry," said she to her Sorrowing Spouse, "though I cannot Play the Piano, I have a Dear Friend who Can. She will come and Practice with you if I Ask her.

And every evening thereafter, the young wife's Chum came over and played the Young Man's accompaniments while he sang.

When the Charity Concert was over the Chum, who though Charming was rather Conventional, said that she thought she ought not to come over so Often.

"Why?" asked the Sweet Young Wife.

"Oh, People may Talk," returned her Chum.

"How Absurd," laughed the Other, "Why it is *I* that asked you to come and Play—not my Husband. Besides, if I were so Selfish as to let him Marry one who cannot help him on with his Music, the only Remedy is for me to provide a Substitute."

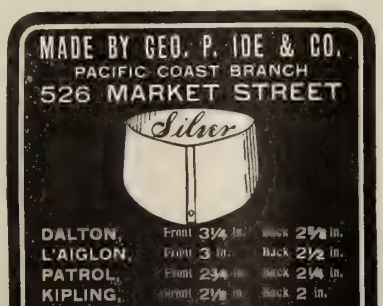
The only Moral of this is that Jealousy is not always an Accompaniment of Love, and that "The Kreutzer Sonata" climax does not always Happen.

—The Fabler.

"I guess the man was right," said the wife of the unsuccessful writer, "who said that penmanship is an index to character."

"Why?"

"Don't you notice that your manuscripts always begin beautifully and end in a scrawl?"



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The Automobile

The chief interest in automobile circles is at present centred in the forthcoming celebration in San Jose, upon which occasion there is to be held an automobile and bicycle parade and races for both bicycle and motor vehicles. The Automobile Club of California has been invited to attend the carnival in a body, accompanying the invitation being an immense key conveying the freedom of the Garden city. A station house has been provided for the automobilists, with a capacity for housing one hundred machines, together with all of the tools necessary, supplies and competent help to keep the vehicles in proper condition. All of this is tendered gratuitous with the compliments of the carnival committee. The Garden City Wheelmen will take charge of the members of the Automobile club upon their arrival in San Jose and see to it that nothing is left undone to add to their enjoyment. On Tuesday morning, May fifteenth, the big parade will be held. On the afternoon of the same day, the races will be held at Cyclers' Park and in the evening the illuminated parade will take place. The automobile race will be a three mile event in which it is expected at least five or six machines will be entered. George P. Moore will enter his Flyer. P. F. Rockett, who won the event at Ingleside last September expects to be there to defend his honors. McKnight has signified his intention of competing and as he is the hero of a score of successful contests in the East, should make things decidedly interesting. Woods of San Jose may enter his Foster rig, if he returns from Yosemite in time. He is now in the valley with his vehicle, having the honor to be the first to enter this season. As to the other possible entries I am not in a position at present to say anything.

It begins to look as though the contemplated trip across the continent from San Francisco to New York, which was sprung upon the public some time ago by Alexander Winton, is to be an assured certainty. Charles B. Shanks, who is to accompany Mr. Winton on the long trip, arrived here a few days ago and is now stopping at the Occidental, awaiting the arrival of the noted chauffeur and the big machine with which the deed is to be done. Mr. Shanks is a representative of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and it is in the interest of his paper that he is to undertake the hazardous journey. Almost a year ago, before any intimation had been given out about this contemplated trip, it was stated in this department that if the across-the-continent trip was ever made it would first be done by either Elliott of this city or Alexander Winton, and in a gasoline carriage. The former lacked the proper backing in the enterprise or he would have been the first to undertake it. Now Elliott will have to sit back and see another capture the honors that would certainly have been his. I have every confidence in the ability of both Mr. Winton and his machine to complete the undertaking, although it will be the most severe strain that either automobile or operator have yet undergone. Bicycle riders have found the trip fraught with all sorts of dangers and obstacles but their pathway was strewn with roses compared to what an automobile will have to contend with. Mr. Winton has had more experience than any man in America in driving an automobile over long distances and under forced pressure. In such contests he has competed successfully with some of the most noted chauffeurs of Europe, and it was he who drove his machine from Chicago to New York, a distance of seven hundred and seven miles in the fast time of forty-seven hours. The start will probably be made from this city either on the fifteenth of this month or the first of June, when the roads over the Rockies will be passable.

Mrs. Charles C. Moore has the distinction of being the only woman operator thus far to pass the examination for admittance into Golden Gate park. She appeared before Engineer Saville this week and went through all of the turns and twists to his complete satisfaction.

The California Automobile Company succeeded in disposing of several blocks of its interest-bearing bonds during the past week, to the extent of a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars each. These bonds are being rapidly bought up and the company feels so encouraged with the outlook for business that it will shortly commence the erection of a three story addition to its present factory. *The Automobiler.*

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Music World

A Classic Recital

The recital of modern classics given by Miss Grace Barker Marshall and Mr. Bert Georges on Monday night proved to be a most interesting as well as enjoyable entertainment. Both young people have been working hard in the six months that have elapsed since their last public appearance with the result that the work on this occasion showed marked improvement in every way. Miss Marshall has acquired more of strength, decision and maturity of interpretation and Mr. Georges' melodious basso has broadened and deepened wonderfully. Mr.Georges was a pupil of Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker before he went East and in New York he simply went on with the voice studies begun in San Francisco. The good groundwork received under Mr. Rolker's tuition enabled him to proceed directly on the upward road in his art without any backward steps. His songs on Monday comprised selections from Korbay, Loewe, Neidlinger, Wilby, Woodman and White. The Hungarian Folk Songs (Korbay) were quaintly lovely and his "Song of Sir Giles" (Wilby) particularly good. The song "Edward" (from Percy's Reliques) was the most forceful and dramatic of all his numbers and showed the improvement in the strength of his tones better perhaps than any of the others. Miss Marshall's best numbers were the three from the suite founded on quartrains from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,by Arthur Foote. The compositions are very beautiful and wonderfully descriptive of the quaint verses from which they are taken. Her other number was made up of two Russian morceaux (a) the Rachmaninoff Prelude and (b) the "Spinning Wheel" (Pachulski). The friends of the young musicians turned out in flattering numbers and applause was not stinted, every number being well received.

The Alameda Orchestral Society

The third concert of the Alameda Orchestral Society under the direction of Theodore Vogt was given in the Unitarian church of Alameda on Thursday night. The church was filled with an interested audience and the orchestra comprising fifty pieces in all gave a program of a very high order and in a very creditable manner. Mr. Rodemann gave the Taffanel fantasie on Thomas' "Mignon" in elegant style and to a vociferous encore responded with a Saint-Saens' "Romance". Mr. Rodemann gets wonderful warmth of expression from his instrument which is generally called cold and incapable of the finer shades, but he carries his knowledge of phrasing and accentuation to so fine a point that he produces an effect almost to be marveled at. The program which included a dainty Berceuse by Theodor Vogt himself was: a) Festival Procession, b) Bridal Song "Wedding Music," Jensen. c) Aragonaise "Le Cid" Massenet. b) Chanson Sans Paroles, Tschaikowsky. Valse Lento, "Sylvia" Delibes. Fantasie "Mignon" Thomas-Taffanel, Mr. A. Rodemann. a) "Serenade" Joseph Haydn. b) Berceuse (for strings) Theodor Vogt. Overture "Die Felsin muhle," C. G. Reissiger. The Unfinished Symphony No. 8 B minor, a) Allegro Moderato, b) Andante con Moto, Schubert, and "Zug der Frauer" Lohengrin, Wagner.

A Concert By Blind Artists

A benefit in behalf of Miss Lila Whaley, who has recently been graduated from the Berkeley School for the Blind, will be given by blind artists at Byron Mauzy hall, next Wednesday evening. Miss Whaley has been blind since she was three years old, but by natural aptitude and perseverance has become an accomplished musician. The object of the benefit is to assist her in taking a course in music at Berlin. Those who will take part besides Miss Whaley are Baby Blanche Trelease, Mrs. J. Lou Hallett, Miss Zyphre Perlaide, Lewis Andrews, Henry Foster, Louis Teiss, Lucien Bacigalupi and pupils from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

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Boys' Brigade Concert

The concert given for the benefit of the Boys' Brigade at the Howard Presbyterian church last Friday evening, attracted a goodly number of people, and the program, which was under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Deane Moore, was in every way a success. The numbers given were: "Spring Song," Hawley, Ladies chorus of seventy voices; "The Lass with the Delicate Air," Dr. Arne, Male Quartet; trio, Miss Helen Davenport, Miss Edith Moore, violinists, Miss Ruby Moore, pianist; "In Thy Name," Carolyn Wood, Miss Ethel Stealey; chorus, Spinning Song from "Flying Dutchman;" "Fedelin," Brahms, solo parts by Mrs. C. F. Rilliet and Miss Eunice Gallagher; chorus, "Songsters of the Grove" Wakerlin; a, "Hedge Roses," Schubert, b, "Bird in the Wood," Taubert, Miss Emily Klemm; "Honor and Arms," (Oratorio of Samson), Handel, Mr. Delevan B. Bowley; chorus, "Down in the Dewey Dell," Smart; "Ave Maria," Gounod, Mrs. Jessie Deane Moore, violin obligato, Edith L. Moore. The accompanists were Miss Ella Lawrie and Miss Gertrude Hutchinson.

A Ballad Concert

The Ballad concert given in aid of the British Benevolent Society, on Tuesday night last, presented a fine, if somewhat lengthy program. The music was in charge of Wallace A. Sabin and so many good things were given it might easily have been used for two entertainments. Arthur Fickenscher never played better nor was more appreciated than in his two numbers. Mrs. Birmingham gave delightfully some old Scotch songs. Her voice never sounds so well as in the simple, pathetic old ballads that call for her deepest tones and tendrest expression. Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter was charming in An Irish Folk Song, Foote, "Within a Mile of Edinboro," and Henschel's "Spring," which she rendered with real bird like facility. There is a refreshing breeziness in her voice. Little Kathleen Parlow showed surprising temperament in her rendering of Wieniawski's beautiful "Legende" and rendered equally well De Beriot's "Scene de Ballet." She plays intelligently and with expression born of understanding of her themes and real feeling of her subject, while her bowing is correct and produces a full, even tone one could not hope for in a mere ten-year-old. Mr. Robert Blair was recalled after "The Gallant Salamander" and gave "A Man's a Man for a That." Among other things Mr. Van Linghem gave "Ay Wankin O" by Mr. Sabin, a song in the true Scotch style and a gem of its kind. Mr. Algernon Aspland gave two solos, "Then You'll Remember Me" and the "Pilgrim of Love" by Bishop. The last number on the program was omitted owing to the lateness of the hour, and as the audience sat waiting for the vocalists to appear, Mr. Sabin hit upon a clever device for informing his audience of the omission without announcing it. Upon the piano lay the music of previous numbers, and as Mr. Sabin finished the accompaniment to the number last rendered, he picked up Mrs. Birmingham's first solo and held it with the title toward the audience. It was Henschel's "No More."

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One of Last Week's Concerts

The concert given by the Porteus club on Tuesday evening of last week was a success in every respect. The ladies in charge of the affair, Mrs. Arthur Cornwall and Mrs. Damkroeger, had the satisfaction of seeing a large audience and the artistic success was such as to reflect great credit upon the participants and Mrs. Anna Von Meyerinck, who arranged the program. Those who participated more than came up to the expectations of the audience. Mrs. Decker-Cox's beautiful and well trained voice is always a pleasure to listen to, and she did herself full justice in the brilliant aria from Eckert, "Love Ceaseth Nevermore," beside singing a Brahms duet with Miss Heath. This dainty little singer was quite a surprise. She has lately developed remarkably and sang the part of Gretel in the two scenes from Humperdinck's opera "Hansel and Gretel" with an ease and gracefulness that was quite charming. As she has undoubted histrionic talent, the future promises much for her. Miss Cullen sang and acted the boy's part in the opera very acceptably, especially in the second act. Miss Feldheim's rich contralto was heard to good advantage in two Rubinstein numbers and Hazel Sexton, who is only nine years old, gave some recitations, besides singing in the sweetest kind of voice the "Sandman" in the opera, with so much enthusiasm and evidently inborn talent, that one can safely predict a career for her, with the careful training she is receiving at the Von Meyerinck school. She was most generously applauded. Cecil Cowles, another little girl of about the same age, gave some piano soli quite cleverly, but was evidently not at her best, laboring as she did under nervousness or stage fright. Miss Strauch gave satisfaction at the piano as accompanist and Mr. Fickenscher played for the performance of "Hansel and Gretel" with his accustomed style and finish. The guardian angels made a pretty picture, as they grouped themselves around the two sleeping children.

A San Francisco Singer's Success

From the Alameda *Argus* of April twenty-seventh, I take the following from Miss Elizabeth Westgate's "Andante and Allegro" column. Speaking about the Orpheus club concert on April twenty-third, she says: "Miss Maude Fay sang with much repose and charm, and when her number called for it, with dramatic fire. Miss Fay will certainly not be unhappy to be told that her singing of 'Elsa's Dream' impressed the audience more than any of her other solos. There are few young singers in this neighborhood can give it as cleverly." Immediately after the Orpheus concert Miss Fay was engaged to sing at the vesper service of the Unitarian church in Alameda, on the following Sunday, and pleased her hearers so much that she was re-engaged for this Sunday.

Miss Paraskova Sandelin is meeting with much success at Fischer's concert house, where she appears twice in every evening's program. During the last year Miss Sandelin has improved so much that her instructor, Signor Abramoff, predicts great things for the young singer. Her voice is clear and powerful and she sings with remarkable dramatic power for one so youthful.

—*The Music Critic.*

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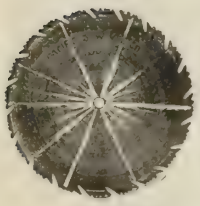

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"What can I do for you?" asked the City Editor.

The Beautiful Girl unwound the wrappings from a large photograph, and held the picture up before his admiring gaze.

It was her own portrait.

"I should like to have you run it in the paper," she said.

"Are you going to be married?" asked the City Editor.

"Not that I know of," she returned with a blush.

"Going to make your debut as a singer? Going on the stage?"

She shook her head.

"No, nothing at all," she answered, "I just thought I'd like to see my picture in the paper."

"But we never run pictures unless the subjects have done something to bring them into prominence."

"And can't you publish it, then?"

Her voice faltered and there were tears in her eyes.

"I am very sorry; I should like to oblige you, but it is impossible."

Slowly she swathed the photograph again in its cover, and turned to go. Then her face brightened. She took a card from her pocket-book.

"Here," she said, "is my name and address, also my telephone number. If somebody commits suicide, or is murdered and you can't get her picture, let me know and I'll bring mine in. I don't care how or what, or why, but I want to have it in some time. You will, won't you?"

"I won't promise," he said, "unless, of course, it is your intention to commit suicide or murder."

"I don't like to do anything quite so horrible," she said.

And then as if from an inspiration she added, "Would an elopement do?"

"Yes," he replied, "an elopement would be all right."

"But—" she beamed ravishingly on the journalist, "I never had a sweetheart."

She looked entreatingly at him.

"If you were to disappear for about twenty-four hours and somebody notified the police we could publish your picture," said the City Editor.

"Can't you take a day off?" she asked, demurely.

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World of Letters

"The Religion of a Gentleman," by Charles F. Dole, is a book commended to the earnest study of the young man, a book to infuse the higher thought in the minds of of the serious reader, young or old, teaching the valuation of all sorts and conditions of life as ways and means toward betterment. Whatever is sent of joy or sorrow, of pleasure or pain, is the chemistry of final recompense and the fulfillment of the law. [Thomas Y. Crowell Co.]

"Helps For Ambitious Girls," by William Drysdale, is a work interesting and exhaustive, advising, informing and directing, explaining the advantages and difficulties which may beset the student in all the various paths by which success is sought. The advice and oft-times warning is honestly given, and if it sometimes leads to disillusion of bright hopes, it is the cruelty that is kindness in disguise. A most valuable—even necessary—book for any young woman contemplating a career in whatever capacity the trend of her talents leads her. As the motto on the cover says: "Nature fits all her children with something to do." [T. Y. Crowell Co.]

"Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days," by Geraldine Brooks. A series of delightful sketches, relating incidents in the lives of the brave women of those interesting times which listed the strength and character of the persons involved. As one notice says, "From Anne Hutchison, first of American club women, to Mistress Sally Wister, most charming of Colonial diarists." There are ten sketches of the most noted women of the day, including Martha Washington. The women in these pages represent all sections of the colonies and all phases of Colonial life. The reality of the incidents narrated is enhanced by the illustrations. [Thomas Y. Crowell Co.]

"The Joy of Captain Ribot," by Armando Palacio Valdis. The fine insight into the subtlest shadings of the mental attitude of the characters, the suppressed feelings, the consciousness of unspoken love, the knight faithfulness of the hero to a hopeless cause, render this work of Valdis also a psychological study, and is of absorbing interest. [Brentano.]

"Cashel Byron's Profession," by Bernard Shaw, is a story with a fresh, original plot. Both the hero and heroine are unusual types and show logical sequence in the development of character under the condition of their lives. [Brentano.]

"Napoleon III at the Height of His Power," by Imbert de Saint Armand: A recounting of the career of the French Emperor, and its influence against all difficulties and barriers. The vicissitudes of Napoleon's early life, his faith in the divine right of rulers was a prophecy with him. His assumption of the part of a modern Paris bestowing the apple to a Spanish Venus, the transformation wrought in the highways and byways of the French capital, distinguished him as a man with a will and power to act, offset by foibles which emphasized his weakness and his strength. Saint Armand's work is an addition to literature and history. [Chas. Scribner Sons.]

"In the Great West," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. The author's identification with the various phases of pioneer life, his interest and adaptability to all classes, his keen observation and sense of humor, his faithful picturing of life and manners in crudeness of a new and undeveloped country, renders his book a record for the younger generation of the same people to read with interest and wonder, as those of today read of the pioneer times of the past. A book of interest to all. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

"Dr. Dumany's Wife," by Maurus Jokai, translated from the Hungarian (Magyar) by F. Stienitz. The scene of this story is 1876, and opens with a graphic description of a railway accident on the St. Gothard train. The tale involves also, "the wild times of stock

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"The Mills of the Gods," by Louise Snow-Dorr: A story of the vicissitudes of a family whose ups and downs do not interfere with their actual happiness, which rises above the variations of fickle fortune, an evenly colored plot with a tinge of mystery in the person of an eccentric old uncle, a tale of modern home-life to while away a dull hour. The impersonations are natural enough to be real living people. [Barnes & Co.]

The R. H. Russell company of New York has brought out so many art books, editions de luxe, and lovely volumes for children that one could fill pages in expressing admiration. "The Moon Babies," verses about the Chinese children, by G. Orr Clark, is illustrated by Helen Hyde. Olga Nethersole in some of her most notable impersonations—as Sapho and others, drawings by C. Allan Gilbert, is published by arrangement with Marcus R. Mayer.

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Lee & Shepherd have brought out during the year many works of occult nature. "Rita," by Laura Richards, is one of the best stories. "Snow White," is also a charming story by the same writer.

"Le Duc De Reichstadt," with portraits of the Duc De Reichstadt and of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, as the Duc De Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon," is a fascinating little brochure, giving particulars of the childhood of the unfortunate little Prince, showing his generous impulses when a very young child. The delight of the excited populace of Paris when the booming of the cannon reached twenty-one, indicating that a son had been born to the Emperor. The little "Roi de Rome" was looking from a window of the palace, and his attention was attracted by a woman and little boy—both in deep mourning. The little boy held a folded paper, and seemed desirous of calling the little King's attention, who asked his governess, Madame de Montesgnion: "Pourquoi a pauvre petit est-il habille tout en noir?" demande le roi de Rome — "Sans doute parce que son papa est mort," repondit la gouvernante.

"Je crois qu'il a quelque chose a me dire," reprit le prince, "et je voudrai bien lui parler."

Madame gave the order to have the mother and child brought into the presence of her princely charge. The woman was the widow of an officer who had lost his life in Napoleon's army. Being left destitute, her little son carried a petition to the Emperor to have a pension granted her. The little "Roi de Rome" offered the little visitor some of his sweetmeats and promised to carry the petition to the Emperor. The next morning at the hour he was taken to pay his respects to his father he did not fail to carry the petition. Approaching the Emperor, he said: "Tiens, papa, voici la petition d'un petit garcon dont le pere est mort a cause de toi; il demande une pension pour sa mere qui est pauvre et a bien du chagrin."

"Ah! Ah!" s'ecria l' Empereur, "tu veux deja donner des pensions, toi? Tu commeces de bonne heure. C'est tres bien." It is hardly necessary to add the petition was granted, also orders given for remitting all arrears. This delightful brochure was written by Madame, and G. Castegnier. [William R. Jenkins, New York.]

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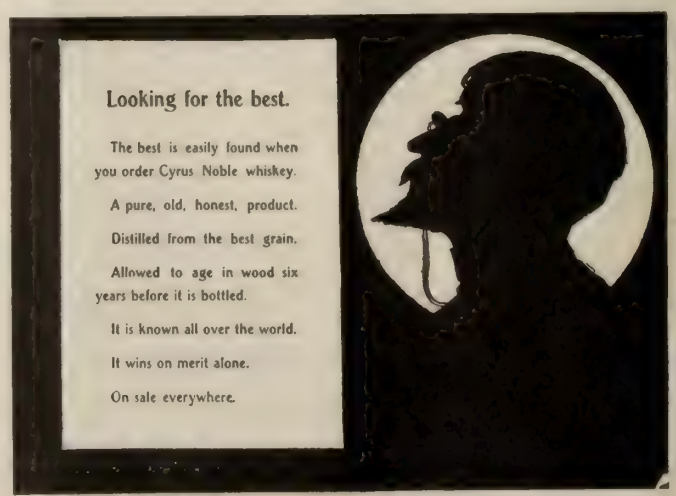

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San Francisco, May 11, 1901

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OUR OPINION

Friendly Advice to Men

Under the caption, "Friendly Advice to Women," an editorial writer in one of the dailies urges the dear creatures to be tidy, to be "trim and neat" and to refrain from talking foolishly. This is very good advice, but women should not be expected to refrain from talking foolishly if they are unable to think sensibly. Women talk as they think, and many of them have not the brain capacity for profound thought. Even many that have enjoyed the advantage of higher education, join clubs after leaving college and read papers that aresilly. There are brainy women in the world, and they attract a great deal of attention because they are so different from the female that predominates in society. And there are bright women with brains who talk foolishly because it is natural for them to do so. They have the brain capacity for bright thoughts, but to be brilliant and sensible at all times wearies them, and the most sensible of them have foolish intervals during which they are refreshingly silly and charming. What a dull world this would be if all the women were always sensible! The foolish talk of women is not so intolerable as their "knocking gossip." "Don't knock" is the advice that we should give. And we have no desire to confine the advice to the foolish sex. The spirit of envy knows no sex. In all the professions there are men afflicted with the consuming passion of jealousy. They never lose an opportunity to disparage the ability of others that are more successful. And there are men that don't need the pretext to "knock." It is second nature to them to bear false witness against their neighbor. None of their acquaintances is immune from the poison of their back-bite. It is distilled in a malignant heart, and lubricates the sharp tongue of envy. The man with the hammer is the most dreaded of mortals and the most despised. Occasionally he is devoid of malice. He is merely an idle and reckless defamer. When he knows something good of a man he is silent, but the evil that men do stirs his eloquence. These are traits that are more common than you would think upon casual reflection. Perhaps you do a little knocking yourself when you are in the humor. At the end of some day try to recall how many times you have wielded your hammer since morning. And if the frequency surprises you, ponder and resolve to amend.

The Hill Boom

The David Bennett Hill boom is growing. That the boom amounts to something is evident from the fact that it has aroused the ire of Republican leaders and Republican newspapers all over the country. In the East they are saying that Hill cannot be elected President because he will exasperate the West; that the reorganizers of the party expect to win under the leadership of a Western man. The Hill boom is somewhat premature, and a politician can make no worse blunder than that of prematureness. It gives his enemies warning, and they proceed to call attention to his weak points, but the arguments that are being made against Hill at this time are not of sufficient weight to worry his friends. The Hill brand of Democracy is growing popular. It is favored by those that were never enthusiastic over Bryanism, and they are quite numerous. It is endorsed by the conservative element in the party, and also by practical politicians. Hill was a candidate for the presidency in 1892, when he was backed by the delegation from the great State of New York, but Tammany methods were resented and Hill was beaten. Now Richard Croker is uncompromisingly hostile to Hill, but the forces that are engaged in reorganizing the party in the East and in the South are looking upon the ex-Governor of New York as the most available man for leadership in 1904.

The Professor that Never Kissed

Professor Algie R. Crook, of the Northwestern University faculty, enjoys a rare distinction. He has never been kissed by a woman. Poor Algie! And yet, perhaps, he never would have been famous had not the newspapers discovered that he had successfully held himself aloof from the kissing female. Now, it is said, he is being deluged by offers of marriage from earnest women all over the country. And he is abashed and humiliated over the gossip the affair has provoked. "Science, austere science," says one of his admirers, "has made Professor Crook the wonder that he is," and the same admirer describes the professor as a gracefully formed man with abnormal back development of the head, and with rather thick lips. "The sweets of his lips," says this enthusiastic friend of the professor, "are ungarnered." When Professor Crook was interviewed on the subject of his ungarnered sweets he said that he had no time to waste on the other sex, and that the scientific atmosphere is inimical to the love germ. The strangest

part of the story is that Algie Crook is the product of a co-educational institute—the Ohio Wesleyan University. The story would not seem incredible were it not for the statement that the back of the professor's head is abnormally developed, and that his lips are thick. If he had a flat head and thin lips we could more easily understand his abstention from osculation. His theory about the scientific atmosphere being inimical to the love germ is of course absurd. His aloofness cannot be explained on that hypothesis. Some of the greatest of scientists were irreclaimable victims of the kissing habit. The scientific mind loves research, and the scientist is a paradox that has never had the curiosity to find out what there is in the kiss. Perhaps Professor Crook is not a scientist. Or, perhaps, he has kissed.

The Immoral in Literature

The old and ever new subject of the immoral in literature is again brought forth for its semi-occasional airing, the recent action of the Boston library committee having furnished the excuse. Morality is an elastic term. It does not mean the same to all communities nor to all the people of any community, nor is it a fixed quantity in any class of society. There are still amongst us a considerable number of the generation who looked to see the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah meted out to those communities that permitted the original performances of "The Black Crook," and some of the fiercest objectors lived to accept complacently enough far worse. There are people in our own city, still far from gray, who can recall the uncertainty with which "the better classes" regarded the Tivoli, and the half relief, half disappointment that was experienced by these same "better classes" when they ventured in and discovered that it was respectable. Time was when the mere mention of a book as a novel was enough to condemn it, while the term novelette was a curse in itself. "Jane Eyre" has been alternately condemned and commended ever since it made its appearance, and one need not travel far to find good people who condemn Thackeray's masterpiece as immoral. Immortal it certainly is. Within the last two years the Sunday school people of Illinois rose up against Kipling, and the surrounding States, not to be outdone in righteousness, took up the cry. Moral Oakland had a spasm over "The Forest Lovers," and a Lake county teachers' institute called for the excommunication of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." Reverend Dowie, the Faith Curist, bespoke "the hottest corner of hell" to be specially reserved for Stanley Waterloo, one of his productions being inimical to the reverend gentleman's means of making a livelihood, and therefore, of course, immoral. There are other holy and righteous people who object to "Paradise Lost" because they think Satan is made too interesting, and if Anthony Comstock and his ilk were to be permitted an unrestricted censorship the whole art and science of typography would be restricted to the production of reports of the doings and dealings of the society for the prevention of vice. The good ladies of the virtuous East, whose maternal duties seem to be confined to attending meetings where they can talk about children, discovered the grossest immorality in the Mother Goose rhymes and fairy-tales which have been the delight of childhood for centuries. The question of the morality or immorality of a book is to be decided by the reader. Common sense would suggest that many books should be kept out of the hands of the young of both sexes until their minds have developed sufficiently to understand, but it is not even a matter of doubt whether a hard and fast command that "thou shalt not" has ever availed anything, and it is equally certain that a book which has been Bowdlerized for the benefit of "the young" has failed of its mission. Much of the extreme solicitude for "the young" is wasted, for it is often beyond the capacity of their minds to comprehend wherein the objection lies, but at the same time they are stimulated and their curiosity is aroused as soon as they discover that there is any attempt at concealment. There are prurient minded people enough who can scent out hidden immorality and discern double entendre and doubtful significance in the alphabet or the ten digits, but such people are not to be taken as guides for the rest of the world. The morality of a book is to be determined by its effect on the individual reader. People who suffer from moral indigestion should learn to diet themselves according to their infirmity, and not demand that all the world shall subsist on literary gruel because they cannot eat meat. There are a good many people who are not to be trusted with an education, even at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Slanderous Preachers Grilled

The historical committee of the Society of California Pioneers, which is composed of S. W. Holladay, Willard B. Farwell, Charles D. Cleveland, Almarin B. Paul and Edward E. Chever, has issued a small pamphlet, "refuting certain slanderous and false statements made from time to time against the pioneer men and women of California by preachers of several religious denominations." *Town Talk* has referred to those slanders on more than one occasion, and though we do not believe in taking too seriously the sensational and irresponsible preachers who are ever looking for the mote in the path of the sunbeam, we do not hesitate to commend the pamphlet as an instructive bit of literature. One of the first of the clerics dealt with is J. Q. A. Henry, who asserted on one occasion that "nearly all the prisoners in San Quentin under twenty-five years of age were native born." It appears

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from the records that when this statement was made there were four hundred and seventy-seven prisoners under twenty-five years of age in San Quentin. Of that number sixty-two were native born Californians. Dr. Henry was informed of the facts but he went away from California without retracting his falsehood. The next pulpit slander answered came from the lips of the unreliable Dille, who said of the pioneers:

"Unlike the pilgrims they emigrated in order to obtain freedom from worship instead of freedom of worship. They came not for conscience but for coin."

Two years later Dr. Dille, who evidently doesn't keep tab on his own sermons, and who surely has a bad memory, answered an editorial abusing Californian pioneers published in an Oregon paper. He said:

"These harsh words applied to the pioneers are utterly devoid of truth. These men were the pick of the best families in the East, the sturdy, brave lads who were willing to face hardship, toil and danger. . . . They laid the foundation of the Christian church, the Christian home and the Christian school."

Dr. Dille spent two years in revising his views. Nevertheless he gave evidence of more fairness than Henry possessed. The venerable Dr. Stebbins was the next to line up with the slanderers of the pulpit. He declared that the honor that bound the pioneers together was the honor usually found among thieves. To this the historical committee replies:

"The honor which prevailed among pioneers rendered the use of bolts and bars upon the frail doors of the merchant's warehouse a needless requirement; which inspired the miner with such a sense of respect and confidence in his fellow laborers as to cause him to leave his gold in his tent unguarded, and the possession of his mining claim assured and guaranteed by the presence of pick and shovel as a title deed to the wealth that might lie hidden upon the bed-rock below."

and statistics are invoked to disprove the whole diatribe of Pharisaical criticism. It is shown from church records that the pews were crowded every Sunday and that often there was not standing room in the sacred edifices. "How often are the churches of the reverend gentlemen of the class referred to filled to overflowing now?" asks the committee. The pamphlet closes with the following:

"Where is his (the slanderer's) warrant for declaring 'I am holier than thou' when his profession is tainted by the presence of so large a percentage of corrupt and unscrupulous men who disgrace the cloth they wear and the reverential title which the clerical calling exacts from their fellow men? Where then and by what right should the modern preacher presume to make pioneer men and women subjects of his criticism, when the past record of his professional fellowship presents such an array of vulnerable points of attack in contrast with the spotless record of these pioneer men and women?"

The "modern preacher" of the sensational school is the yellow journal of the pulpit. He is always doing freak things for his own edification. He likes to appear aggressive, and he picks out what he regards as easy marks to fire at.

The Saunterer

Galatea

Resplendent beauty! at thy feet I kneel
  In adoration of a form so fair;
  Like some poor devotee I linger there,
Till soul and sense with wild emotion reel;
Ah, why thy radiant loveliness reveal,
  If, in the end, to doom me despair?
  My pleading voice shall never cease its prayer,
Till through thy veins the crimson torrents steal.

Then shall I hear those silent lips of thine
  Thrill all my pulses with a low reply;
And see those eyes with kindness answer mine,
  And feel thy heart awaken with a sigh:—
Glowing with love, at last, thy trembling frame
Starts into life, I hear thee speak my name.

Shortridge and His Cold Feet

Sam Shortridge accepted a fee from the Chinese brothel owners to protect the inmates from the authorities. The *Examiner* proceeded to attack Mr. Shortridge for engaging in that sort of business, and as Sam is an aspirant for the United States Senatorship he couldn't—to use an eloquent bit of curbstone argot—stand the gaff. It was unfortunate for Sam that he should get involved in an *Examiner* fight. By deserting his clients he testified to the power of the press and his own weakness. He classified himself amongst the invertebrate of the human family, and there is talk in legal circles of the advisability of calling the attention of the Bar Association to his case, for it is contended that it was a breach of professional ethics to desert a client after accepting a fee.

Perhaps Mr. Shortridge can prove that he returned the fee after his change of heart. But that is unlikely. If he did, however, the circumstance of his returning the money could not be pointed out in extenuation of the offense to the members of the Bar Association. No lawyer ever returns a fee. That is one of the offenses against professional ethics which is never committed.

His Peculiar Flop

Nothing in the Chinese cases has caused so much discussion as Shortridge's flop. On the very morning of his sudden change he was very bitter in arraigning the attitudes of the witnesses for the government. In a voice pregnant with sarcasm, he turned on Dr. Gardner, the interpreter for the government, and demanded to know who he was—a doctor of divinity or of medicine. The doctor is very diffident on the point and forbore to answer. Shortridge demanded to know if he was white or Chinese, and wound up by stating that he understood the interpreter was one-half Chinese. "In that case," continued the lawyer, "I may ask before this case is over to have him returned to China on the ground that he has not a proper certificate."

Gardner winced in his seat and made no show of answering. During recess Shortridge went out to lunch. There came a telephone call and a discussion

and when he went back to court he surprised everybody by announcing that he withdrew from the case and that his colleague would continue in his stead to defend the owners of the Chinese slave girl. That night his colleague likewise received a telephone call and next day he, too, arose in court and announced that he also would withdraw from the case. The daily papers, outside of the *Examiner*, did not have representatives present, as the case is the *Examiner's* special fight, so they did not have the story of Shortridge's sudden burst of invective against "the government's hirelings," just before he received the important telephone message.

Whether Shortridge's flop carries him nearer the senatorial toga remains to be seen. Certainly it lost him the good will of his Chinese clients. He received a three thousand dollar retainer from them to go into this case and they will probably ask for the return of part of this as he dropped their case at such a critical stage. Outside of this he received fifteen hundred dollars a year to look after certain Chinese interests. About all he had to do to earn his salary was to look wise. Ah There may not be drawing the fifteen hundred dollar salary this year, but it certainly won't be Ah Shortridge after the flop he has made.

Huntington, the Lothario

It is rather late for a Huntington anecdote but I heard one the other day that has been frequently told by Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, but which has never appeared in type. Watterson tells the story to show that Huntington was somewhat of a Lothario in the days of his young manhood. The incident of Watterson's narrative occurred when Huntington was building the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad through Kentucky shortly after the war. He kept in touch with the workmen every day, but it was noticed that late every afternoon he went back to the neighborhood of a certain camp. And it was learned that there he spent considerable time in the company of a buxom young woman, the wife of a mountaineer, a typical Kentucky hunter. One day the hunter returned home unexpectedly and surprised the railroad magnate. Quickly raising his gun he leveled it at Huntington and then announced that he would allow him three minutes to say his prayers. Instead of devoting himself to prayer Huntington opened negotiations.

"In the history of the world," he said, "there never has been a situation so strained, a misunderstanding so serious, that a compromise was not possible. Even among the ancients, the fate of nations was sometimes arbitrated."

About this juncture the hunter began to be interested. The eloquence of Huntington diverted him momentarily from his purpose. He lowered his gun and as soon as Huntington could no longer see into the barrel he mustered up courage and proceeded to plead poverty. He said he was willing to make a cash settlement but as he had been spending a lot of money on the road and as times were hard he could not give as much as he should like. As a matter of fact money was exceedingly scarce in Kentucky in those days. A five-dollar bill had not made its appearance in the rural districts in years, but still Huntington did not expect to get off for less than twenty or thirty thousand. But while he was still talking about his financial distress the hunter interrupted him with the query:

"How would three and a half strike you?"

Huntington closed the bargain on the spot.

Another Big Will Contested

There have been several rumors that the Princess Hatzfeldt might possibly contest the will of C. P. Huntington. I have just heard that the matter has been definitely determined by her advisers, that the form of the contest has been drawn up and that McNaught & Redding, the New York lawyers, have been engaged as her counsel. The Joseph D. Redding of the firm is very well known here as a clubman and bonvivant. He went East some years ago to show the legal lights there what kind of a figure he could cut in the law and this is his first great opportunity to show the stuff that is in him. His compensation in the case has already been fixed in a document safely tucked away in his safe. If the Princess wins her case, Joe Redding's fortune will be made. The Princess will endeavor to show the court that she was regularly adopted by the railway magnate, that she was raised as his daughter and that time and again he acknowledged her adoption and regularly cared for her as a daughter. and finally that when he came to outline his will undue influence against her was brought to bear on him.

It will be remembered that shortly after Huntington's death and the filing of his will in New York a number of Eastern lawyers and agents came out here and scoured the State in quest of all evidence bearing on Huntington's early life and any children that might claim to be of his blood. At that time the matter of the adoption papers of the Princess was closely inquired into and every scrap of record bearing on them was carefully copied and sent East. Now it has just leaked out that each side was gathering evidence should a contest ever be decided upon. So there promises to be a lively scrimmage over Huntington's millions, unless, as in the case of his partner, Hopkins, the lawyers see an easier way of earning their big fees by patching up a compromise.

The Work of a Degenerate

It is an ominous sign that literature of the degenerate school is much sought after by publishers in these

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latter days. Even our own Doxey who has transferred his "Sign of the Lark" to New York, and who was always a seeker after the curious in modern literature, whether it was Gelett Burgess of a freak Jap, has taken up the task of exploiting the decadent. And he has given us something in poetry that is more grewsome and ghoulish, more eloquent of a jaded passion, of wearied flesh and a blase heart than anything that I ever read. It is "The Book of Jade." To excite curiosity Doxey has concealed the name of the author but vouchsafes the information that he is a graduate of a leading American college. Those that are familiar with the works of one of Doxey's favorite writers may not find it hard to guess the author.

Some Sample Lines

"The Book of Jade" is an affectation. It is the work of a poseur. He affects to be enraptured with death, to dote on corpses, to enthuse over festering decay. It is clever but foul. It betrays an effort, a straining after ugly effects. The author is a genius intoxicated by his own vanity. Perhaps a faint idea of the character of the verse may be derived from these lines from a sonnet entitled "Languor" which is perhaps one of the least offensive:

I think how pleasant such a thing must be,
That all thy lovely limbs should fall away,
And drop to nothing in their soft decay.

Then may thy buried body turn to me,
With new love on thy changed lips like fire,
And kiss me with a kiss that shall not tire.

When Oelrichs was Young

Editor Town Talk: In the last issue of your newsy and interesting weekly you discussed the report of the prospective engagement of Lily Oelrichs of New York and Peter Martin of San Francisco, and you stated that "Uncle Hermann" Oelrichs objected to Martin because of the latter's ebullient spirits. The inference was that Mr. Oelrichs is a mild-mannered society gentleman who is easily shocked by reckless convivial chaps of the Martin type. I think you are mistaken. Mr. Oelrichs, too, has a record for unconventional escapades. I remember, when, some years ago, attired in evening dress, he jumped into a swimming tank in the New York Athletic club. He is surely not prejudiced against Peter Martin, even though the latter did pull a chandelier out of a ceiling in a public restaurant. NEW YORKER.

I did not state that Mr. Oelrichs was prejudiced against Peter Martin, but I declared that it was so reported in the press despatches. Mr. Oelrichs may have soaked his evening clothes in a swimming tank many years ago, but he is not frisky enough to do such a thing now. It is possible that at this late day he would look with disfavor upon such an undignified act. Old men like to forget the follies of their youth. And "Uncle Hermann" is no longer young. He is well advanced in the sere and yellow leaf period.

He Arrives and She Departs

From Eastern advices I learn that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs had arranged to sail for Europe on the *Lucania*, which left New York on May fourth. It was just about that time that Hermann Oelrichs arrived in New York after a long separation from his wife. And yet nothing was said of Mr. Oelrichs going to Europe with his wife. Strange, isn't it, the apparent indifferenc that exists between husbands and wives in the smart set? A husband joins his wife after being separated nearly a year by a whole continent, and then she takes the first steamer for Europe as though she wished to vary the monotony by putting the wide ocean instead of the broad land between them. There's one advantage in wealth—if you're tired of your husband you can develop a sudden craze for globe-trotting.

The Flower Show

The grand nave of the Ferry building is to be the scene of this year's exhibition of the California State Floral Society. It is regarded as an important event, for the interest in floriculture has largely increased during the past two years. Society will likely attend in force, since it is considered the proper thing to know all about flowers, and to discourse learnedly about orchids and the other rare blooms. Among the society women interested in the exhibition's success are Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. Richard Spreckels and Mrs. J. R. Martin. The flower show will extend over three days. The premiums and prizes offered to exhibitors are valuable and there will be two gold medals and two cash prizes, beside those detailed in the printed premium list.

The King Raising Cain

An occasional correspondent, in touch with British royalty, writes me from London that King Edward has been raising Cain in the royal household. He has started a panic among those that have basked in the light of royal favor for years, and the papers are suppressing the news. Having familiarized himself with practical details like a sensible business man, he ascertained that tradespeople were being sandbagged on all sides by servants and even by attendants. To get the trade of the royal household it was necessary to charge exhorbitant prices in order to satisfy the greed of those within the charmed circle. There has therefore been a clearance of the old staff at Windsor. Since Edward's accession telephonic service has been established at Windsor, and among other reforms has been that of the removal of the Frogmore menagerie. The late Queen owned two kangaroos from Australia, a couple of ostriches from South Africa, a zebra presented by King Menelik, an American bull bison and other beasts presented by foreign potentates. King Edward shipped them all to the London Zoo where there is better sanitation for animated nature.

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A Bloodless Victory for Otis

Even in Los Angeles there has been considerable heart-burning engendered by the coming of McKinley. Seekers of the social limelight are quite numerous in the southern city, and when they learned that the President was scheduled for a short stay there, writes my correspondent, they began skirmishing for invitations to the projected functions. Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis of Rubicon fame out-maneuvered the social strategists with the aid of his type-writer, the same little machine that did such good service in the Philippines. He beat everybody to the President with an invitation to a dinner and reception at the Otis home, and then he was beseiged with requests for invitations to attend. It was a great social scoop for Otis. None of the achievements of his type-writer in Luzon compares with this. The only other person in Los Angeles to achieve social distinction through the President's visit is Mr. Homer Laughlin, a wealthy Ohioan who recently settled in the citrus belt. But neither Otis nor Laughlin is of the Los Angeles smart set, and consequently the representatives of the elite have been overlooked. Hence the heart-burning. One woman whose husband recently acquired a fortune, but who has not been vouchsafed the entree, is said to have offered a large sum of money for an invitation to one of the receptions.

A Newspaper for Sale

Early in the week the news leaked out that the *Post* was for sale, and then came the rumor that it would probably be purchased by James D. Phelan and be conducted by Fremont Older of the *Bulletin*. Mayor Phelan may have considered a proposition to buy the *Post*, but I doubt whether Mr. Older could be induced to sever his connection with the *Bulletin*. As soon as it was known that the *Post* was for sale there was excitement in newspaper circles, for it was at once feared by W. R. Hearst's rivals that he would break into the evening newspaper field. For a long time it has been understood that Mr. Hearst was anxious to control an evening paper in this city, and when it was learned that the *Post* was on the market the supposition was that Hearst would make a bid. Several offers have been made for the paper, one of them being from Mr. John D. Spreckels, but the price demanded has not been reached. The owners are holding out for over one hundred thousand dollars.

Too Much Ohio

Judging from all that appears in the dailies these days about the coming of McKinley, his trip to the Coast is being made for the sole purpose of exploiting the hospitality of the Ohioans. California is going to run a sideshow to the Ohio circus. If McKinley was desirous of being received by the citizens of his native State, why didn't he take a run over to Canton instead of coming all the way to California? When he projected his trip to this city it was for the purpose of witnessing the launching of a battleship which is to be christened the *Ohio*. He accepted an invitation from an organization of Ohioans to come out and see the vessel launched, but the money that is being raised for the purpose of entertaining him during his stay is being subscribed by Californians. He is to be the guest of California—not of the Native Sons or of the Pioneers or of the Republicans, but of the Golden State. Not satisfied with conducting the ceremonies at the launching of the ship, the Ohioans have been making preparations to seize the Presidential coat-tails as soon as they float over the border of the State and to hold on to them until they reach the point of departure.

"You're a cannibal, and worse," said the turkey-cock to the setting-hen.

"Great goodness! what under the sun do you mean?" she cackled.

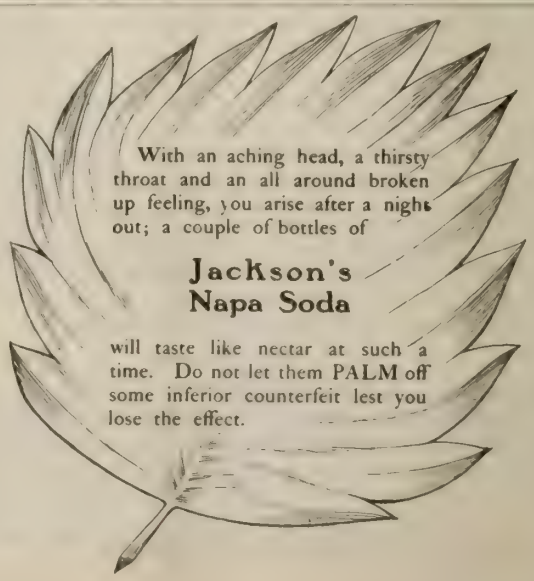
"Why, I saw you eat a bit of omelette just now, in the scrapings from the breakfast table."

"Well?"

"That omelette was made out of two of your own eggs."

Why They were There

Some weeks ago the police authorities were notified that two suspicious characters were prowling around in the neighborhood of Duboce Park. A detective was dispatched to the scene, and he soon learned that the suspicious characters were private detectives who were hired by the wife of an attorney, prominent in the smart set, to watch a certain flat in the neighborhood. The flat is occupied by two dashing young women who operate type-writers in railroad offices. One of them happens to be on friendly terms with the attorney, having worked for a time in his office. I am quite sure that his interest in her is merely of a fatherly nature, for he obtained for her the job in the railroad office, and I saw him with her one night at an Olympic club function. Moreover, he is an elderly gentleman with a married daughter, and I know he is a highly moral man for he once upon a time defended a millionaire newspaper proprietor in a libel suit and grew very indignant over the disclosures of the plaintiff's defection from the narrow path. If his wife, through misconception of the character of his attentions, should institute divorce proceedings, quite a breeze would be raised in society in two counties.



Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

The Martin-Scott Marriage

Cupid has been quite active of late in mustering recruits into the Catholic Church. His latest convert in this city is Mary Scott, the fiancee of Mr. Walter Martin. As soon as Miss Scott decided upon becoming the bride of Walter Martin, religious differences came up for discussion, and Miss Scott promptly resolved upon being baptized in the faith of the earliest Christians. So she followed in the footsteps of her friend, Miss Cole, who became Mrs. Crimmins, and the marriage ceremony, which is to take place in Burlingame, will in all probability be performed by Archbishop Riordan. The date set is June twenty-sixth, and a marvelous wedding gown is being made by a prominent New York house. Mary Scott, like some of her most intimate friends, is not going to trust a local modiste with such an important work of art. The bridesmaids have already been asked, with a request that they keep it secret for a while. However, they forgot to swear me to secrecy, so I'm merely anticipating a bit in naming them. They are Carrie Taylor, Frances Hopkins, Georgie Hopkins and the two young daughters of Downey Harvey. Downey Harvey, you know, is a half-brother of the bridegroom.

The Gowns of the Bridesmaids are Ordred

I wonder if Scott pere will follow the magnificent example set by Mr. Hopkins at the recent weddings of his two daughters when he presented the gowns as gifts to the bridesmaids. The bills, as I happen to know, passed the thousand-dollar mark in each instance. This fashion of presenting the bridesmaids with their frocks is not a new one, having come into vogue some ten years ago. At some of the ultra-fashionable weddings the gown, hat and shoes of the bridesmaids figure up nearly three hundred dollars each. Then there are favors which may cost from a penny to almost anything. But Hopkins pere is one of the few local generous papas who have countenanced the fashion, and it behooves papas of fashionable daughters to take him aside and give a sound talking to. Hopkins pere, it may be mentioned, has only one marriageable daughter left and she is very much in Cupid's care. Do you wonder at it when her father gives such magnificent weddings and wedding presents?

By the by the Martin-Scott nuptials will be the third big wedding this season in which Carrie Taylor has been prominent as a bridesmaid. She acted at both the Hopkins' weddings. What is it the little birds sing about being thrice a bridesmaid in one season?

Mary Scott and her mother got back from the East last Tuesday and soon thereafter their intimates knew that the final details of the elaborate trousseau had all been settled. They drove direct to the residence of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, where they are now staying, as the Scott home is undergoing alterations.

Raphael Weill returned from Paris early this week, and his fellow Bohemians welcomed him at an informal dinner on Tuesday at the club, followed by a banquet on Thursday of larger proportions.

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A Happy Family

Now that the Spencer Buckbees are building a mansion in Pacific avenue, next door to the Stubbs' home, there will likely be a lot of entertaining done by Mrs. Buckbee when the new house is finished. The Buckbees have been married for some years and have been living for some time out in Clay street near Laurel. Mrs. Buckbee was Miss Durbrow before her marriage; she is a very charming and gracious woman. The Sam Buckbees are also a happy pair of thoroughly congenial tastes. Ever since the marriage of Julia Crocker and Sam Buckbee, the young couple's home has been in the old Clark Crocker residence at the corner of Sutter and Octavia streets. Mrs. Sam enjoys the distinction of giving the best dinners of any of the young matrons in society. The elder Buckbees, pere et mere, reside in California street. Occasionally Rev. Dr. Buckbee follows his profession and preaches a sermon for some Baptist church temporarily minus a pastor. Usually, however, he is found in his son's real estate office. Miss Annie Buckbee resides with her parents. She is the only unmarried one of their children. She is a lovely girl, clever and a favorite in society, and is one of the most active workers among the Doctors' Daughters. There is another Buckbee fils, residing in Chicago, and a daughter, Mrs. Currie.

A Good Illustration

Apropos of harmony in wedded life, Robert Downing gave an excellent illustration of how often the term is misused. A young woman said to him:

"Oh, but there is always harmony during at least the first year of married life."

"Not at all," returned the actor, who is used to pointing his discourses before women's clubs by pat illustration, "it is only a mix-up—not harmony. Let me show you."

And he took a bottle of turpentine and oil from a shelf. "You see," he said, "that these are two distinct elements. But I can soon make them appear as one," suiting the action to the word and shaking the bottle violently.

"They are now apparently in perfect accord," he observed, setting the bottle back upon the shelf, "but in a short time they will settle into their respective forms—like the 'harmony' of the 'honey-year.'"

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How He won Distinction

"That man," said a friend of mine, pointing to Jere Lynch at the Poodle Dog the other night, "won distinction by writing a book that was clever enough to make Ambrose Bierce question that he wrote it." Mr. Lynch, by the way, recently returned from Egypt, the scene of that book whose authorship is still under a cloud. Some people suspected Harry Dam of having written it—the same Harry Dam who is discussing scientific, ethical and religious problems for Hearst's string of papers.

The Governor's Italian Hand

That resolution which was introduced in the Board of Regents by Mr. A. W. Foster, providing for the dismissal from the medical faculty of Berkeley of all professors who, by reason of being political job-holders, may be incapacitated from giving strict attention to their duties at college, has been traced to the fine Italian hand of Governor Gage. The Governor has never forgiven the doctors who were firm in their convictions that bubonic plague had entered this port. It has been long since satisfactorily demonstrated to the world that the plague was here; the experts sent out from Washington pronounced it plague, and nobody, not even the subservient Jinslow Wanderson, maintains now that the members of the Board of Health were wrong in their diagnosis of the original case. Anderson and Gage are now the twin targets of ridicule for the entire reputable element of the medical profession, and consequently they are sore. And the supposition is that Gage and Anderson are after the official scalps of Doctors Williamson and Lewitt, but I should be greatly surprised if it were adopted for it is more far-reaching than its authors supposed.

Surely the Governor of this great State should be engaged in more profitable business than that of wreaking his petty revenges. He fired Dr. Bazet from the State Board of Health for being true to his convictions, and though he can never recall that shameful act, he can at least quit trying to make it disagreeable for the other scientific gentlemen for whose judgment he was willing to substitute that of the absurd Jinslow Wanderson. But, perhaps he is trying to find another job for Colonel Wanderson, A. M., of the Chicago university.

A Matron's Eyebrows

Up at the Knickerbocker, the swell boarding-house in Van Ness avenue, owned by Bradbury the spitter, there lives a society matron whose husband is well known in the world of finance, and whose eyebrows are causing a great deal of speculation among the feminine boarders. Somebody has discovered that those particular eyebrows are not of the species to which sonnets have been written by sentimental odesmiths. They are supposed to have been made in Paris. Probably there never was so much gossip and speculation over such a comparatively unimportant feature of femininity. A lady with a wooden leg, or false set of teeth, or fictitious hips couldn't provoke more comment by reason of her delinquencies than has this matron with the alleged artificial eyebrows. It is so common a practice for women to reinforce nature with manufactured embellishment that it seems to me most unreasonable for the tabbies to get so excited over a little bunch of hair above a lady's eyes. If a toupee is not tabu why shouldn't a lady buy her eyebrows in Paris if she hasn't any at home? The question that appears to agitate the Knickerbocker tabbies more than anything else is whether the eyebrows are removed every night or whether they are glued on in Paris and renewed annually.

A Visiting Journalist

John M. Lathrop of the Philadelphia *North American* is enjoying a vacation in this city, and expects to leave in a few weeks for the South Seas. He has not been in robust health of late, and has been allowed an indefinite leave on salary to recuperate. Mr. Lathrop is one of the bright newspaper men that seceded from the Hearst school when Sam Chamberlain left the New York *Journal* to go to Philadelphia to take charge of John Wanamaker's paper and give the somnolent Quakers a taste of metropolitan journalism. Chamberlain, McEwen and Lathrop made things hum in Philadelphia, and in a short time the *North American* became known as one of the greatest dailies in the country. Chamberlain returned to the Hearst roost a short time ago, but McEwen and Lathrop are still on the Wanamaker pay-roll, and they have rounded up several of the old *Examiner* staff of the early nineties. Mr. Lathrop was a popular member of the Bohemian club before he went East some years ago, and by the way, since then he has had a taste of army life. Filled with enthusiasm he enlisted shortly after the sinking of the *Maine*, and shouldered a gun in Cuba. When the fighting was over he again joined the editorial council of the *North American*.

Runs in the Family

Oddly enough Mrs. Baxter's own engagement and marriage is almost a parallel with that of her daughter's, whose Tevis-Hughes' juggling recently consumed so much space in the public prints. When Mrs. Baxter was the belle of Knoxville, Tenn., two very well-known young men, the McClures, became very much enamored of her. They were brothers and she could hardly tell which she liked the better. Both were encouraged and both courted ardently, each

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thinking he was the favored swain. The gossips of the time had it that she was secretly engaged to each of them. At last the peculiar condition of the love affair reached a crisis where the impetuous brothers told the belle she must publicly choose between them and fix the wedding day. So the belle made her choice and the lucky McClure swain received the congratulations of his friends while the other left on a foreign trip to get what consolation he could out of distance and travel.

The successful McClure swain, mindful of the old proverb of the cup and the lip, hastened the arrangements for the wedding day as quickly as possible. The cards were out, the feast prepared and the trousseau ready, when, presto! there appeared upon the scene Lieutenant Baxter, gallant in brand new brass buttons and braid and as spick and span as anything ever graduated from West Point. He had a pleasing wit, a ready tongue, and he was as delightful in the language of love as he was ardent in wooing. The belle was completely captivated by his suit. In her whimsical fashion and without more ado she upset the McClure wedding feast, scattered the cards and was away with the new Lochinvar while McClure was left lamenting. She became Mrs. Baxter, in the same topsy-turvy fashion that her daughter became Mrs. Tevis.

First Native Daughter: I am thoroughly disgusted. Here I gave ninety-eight cents toward the fund of thirty-two dollars that our parlor raised toward the President's entertainment, and my picture has not yet appeared in the paper.

Second Native Daughter: That's too bad, but don't worry. As soon as they run out of pretty pictures they'll have to take the plain ones. And they're nearly out now.

A Shadow over the Wickershams

What evil star hangs over the house of Wickersham? Scarcely had the Petaluma banker died when the children divided and fell to wrangling over the million or more he left. Fred Wickersham, backed by his sisters, successfully defended the will against his brother Frank, who lived in Fresno. Frank's constitution was weak and the excitement and disputes brought on lung troubles, under which he succumbed in the midst of the contest. But he bequeathed his belligerent spirit and his lawsuit to his wife and since then she has been carrying on the battle for a larger slice of the Wickersham estate. And now the harassing contest is beginning to wear on the frail constitution of Fred. His physicians are greatly concerned over his life and have just ordered him south in hopes of prolonging it. And the shadow still broods over the house of Wickersham.

The Higgins' Hoodoo

Col. Tom Brady, the Beaumont oil speculator who is taking a McKinley flyer this way, is a veritable "gusher" of anecdotes appertaining to what he firmly believes is the greatest oil field on earth. The famous Lucas spouter is certainly the king of oil wells and one of the Colonel's most interesting anecdotes deals with the well, which is now rated at several millions. "Patillio Higgins, or Pat Higgins, as we call him," narrated the Colonel, "is one who started the trouble. He is easily the most picturesque figure even now in the wildly excited district where Beaumont ought to be spelled B-e-d-l-a-m. Pat prospected the Beaumont district for oil ten years ago and no man ever bumped against harder luck. It simply rolled him under and right in the midst of his troubles he began boring what is now the Lucas gusher. That was in the early nineties. The proposition now looks like the easiest kind of a cinch on millions, but Pat Higgins found it the worst kind of a hoodoo. It busted him completely and he had to give up and save what he could out of the wreck. He tried to clean up a little on the work he had done but in the end the Sheriff sold out the claim for six hundred and fifty dollars. Some lucky chaps happened to pick it up and continue the work and you know what they struck—the greatest gusher in the world; some put it as high as thirty thousand barrels a day," and the Colonel interjected a wink. "Anyway, its being handled on a basis to make millionaires of its owners.

When Oil was Struck

"Well, when the Lucas gusher exploded oil all over the Beaumont district and started the oil madness in Texas, Pat Higgins was boring away at a little claim near by. He and his wife were living in a dilapidated tent near the oil rig and were having a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence. Late one night he was tossing under the blankets trying to devise schemes for raising more grub and tools when his wife started up, exclaiming:

"'Pat, what's the matter with the well?'

"'Nothing,' he answered, 'there's nothing ever the matter with any of our wells—that's the trouble; they're dead and always will be.'

"'But, I tell you,' insisted his wife, 'something is the matter with it, something has happened.'

"'It must be the regular hard luck,' he replied; "nothing else has happened in fifteen years, so let her happen,' and he rolled over.

"But his wife was obdurate and at last to satisfy her he got up and went outside to look at the well. She heard his exclamation of surprise. Then his voice: 'God is with us at last. The well is come in; it's a spouter.' Then both began to cry. Their bad luck had gone and Higgins was a millionaire. His company is now incorporated for two and a half millions."

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A New Passion Play

A new Passion play has been written and Clay Greene is the author. The play was written for Santa Clara college of which Mr. Greene is an alumnus, and is to be produced at that college in June, during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the institution. The celebration is to be quite an elaborate affair and will mark the beginning of an era of great importance not only to the college, but to the whole State, for the Jesuit Fathers are about to enlarge the institution to magnificent and imposing proportions. Though they do not intend to change the character of the college, its educational scope will be enlarged and it will approach more closely the dignity and comprehension of the university. It is the purpose of the faculty to purchase four blocks of land, extend the college domain down to the railroad station and erect new buildings. The estimated cost of the projected improvements is three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and from the promises of subscriptions already made by wealthy citizens of the State it is evident that the required sum will be forthcoming at the proper time. It is the intention of the priests to preserve the old adobe buildings, as relics and as monuments to the memory of the founders. One of those buildings is the old mission church erected over one hundred years ago.

The Celebration

The alumni of the college have entered with enthusiasm upon the task of arranging for the celebration in June, which is to extend over a period of three days. The leading members of the committee of arrangements are William F. Humphrey, the President of the alumni and John J. Barrett, and they have raised over four thousand dollars for expenses. One of the first members to respond to the call to participate in the exercises was Clay Greene, who was in New York at the time. He was a class-mate of Father Kenna who is now the President of the college. He came out to write the play which he has entitled "Nazareth" and which is now in course of rehearsal at the college under his directions. It is to be presented by the students and alumni. One of the latter who is to appear in a leading role is J. H. Campbell, district attorney of Santa Clara county. The scenery is now being painted and is to cost over two thousand dollars. The exercises on the first day of the celebration are to be of a religious nature and will be participated in by Archbishop Riordan and Bishops Grace and Montgomery. Orations are to be delivered during the succeeding exercises by D. M. Delmas and J. J. Barrett.

Let Us Have a Chance

Frequently have I pointed out the necessity of reforming the method by which people are committed to the asylums for the insane. An instance of the looseness of the methods of Commissioners of Insanity has just been given in the case of Major Lewis, the inveterate forger. He was acquitted of a charge of forgery because the jury found that he was insane. And then his friends caused him to be haled before the wise doctors who are supposed to be experts in insanity. They pronounced him insane and he was ordered discharged from custody. That is the way they have been doing business for years. But it happened that Judge Lawler had jurisdiction in this case. And Judge Lawlor is not governed by precedent unless the precedent is sound. It struck him as strange that a man should be acquitted of crime on the ground of insanity, and then set free at the instance of two doctors who believed him sane. There is no better evidence of an individual's mental condition than the testimony of acquaintances who have observed his daily conduct for years. Even experts in insanity must be guided in their judgment by such testimony. Judge Lawlor ordered a second trial of Major Lewis, but on a charge of insanity instead of forgery. And notwithstanding the opinion of the wise medicos the jury found that he was insane, and Judge Lawlor committed him to an asylum. It is just as easy for those doctors to adjudge a sane man insane as it was for them to pronounce the crazy Major Lewis of sound mind. The public should be protected from experts of that character.

From Blingum and Vicinity

The Walter Hobarts did the grand seigneur act this week when on Thursday they threw open their country-place to the juvenile populace of San Mateo county. The affair was in the nature of a huge festival with games, prizes and a feast. It reminded some of the Blingumites who were there of similar occasions enjoyed in England, when the school children were feted by owners of country-places. The fiesta was originally scheduled to be pulled off on May day, but the weather not being propitious it was postponed to the ninth. Then some of the San Mateo residents thought it might be well to put it off until the President's arrival, but it was finally decided to let it come off on the earlier date.

The President will visit Blingum. That has been decided, but he is to be seen in San Mateo also and the sleepy little town is already rubbing its eyes so as to be wide awake by the time the distinguished visitor gets there. He is to be marched through the town, so that all the residents may have a chance to see him, and then he is to be whisked off to Blingum.

The Sanger Pullmans are the guests of Charlie Dunphy in Millbrae, while Mamma Pullman visits the Carolans at Blingum. Mrs. Frank Carolan's illness was appendicitis, and she was very near death's door when the successful operation again opened the door of health to her. Mrs. Pullman will remain with her daughter until Mrs. Carolan is quite convalescent.

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The Paris Salons

The despatches on Monday stated that among the "recognized" artists submitting their works to the committee of judges for the Champs Elysees salon this year was Mrs. J. Philip Smith of Santa Cruz. The subject of Mrs. Smith's picture was a Breton peasant. Apropos, my Paris correspondent writes me that the Champs Elysees is known as the Old Salon, the New Salon being that of the Champs de Mars. The former is conventional in style, accepting more work and is consequently more crowded and less well arranged than the New, where an artist's work is all placed together. The New is a split from the Old of some years ago, when it took the younger and newer element with it. One sees the most original work there, even some very "freaky" at times. Most of the younger men prefer to exhibit there, for their work has a far better chance of being seen. It is easier to get into the Old Salon on account of the system of "protection" as it is called. There are always some members of the teaching staff of the Julian Academy on the jury and they, having the "numeros" of their proteges, manage to squeeze through a good deal of not very remarkable work. The circumstance that it hangs near the ceiling and a day's wandering through the long rooms is necessary to discover the picture, does not effect the fact that it is in, and that the newspapers at home are sure to announce that it is there, with a few exaggerations.

There is also a system of protection in the New Salon, but to a much less extent. Some seven or eight thousand are generally sent in but not half that number are hung, so it is something to be accepted even under protection. The Old Salon also has a large number ot "hors concours" men, that is, members of the association who are permitted to send what they please without its being passed upon by the jury. Their work, often not very good, belonging to the old school, is always hung on the line and in the best places, so that even very good work of non-members is often badly placed.

Successful Californian Mummers

A Californian in New York writes to Town Talk stating that "the rapidity with which Californian people get to the front in theatricals in the metropolis is being generally remarked. In nearly every big success at present are to be found people from California. In 'Florodora' are Edna Wallace Hopper and Guelma Baker, in 'The Prima Donna,' Etta Butler is the hit of the show, at the Empire Edwin Stevens is carrying off the honors, and in 'Under Two Flags,' Blanche Bates is the star." And there are others including Maxine Elliott, for whom, my correspondent writes, Goodwin recently purchased a beautiful home in New York besides the two in England. And then there is George de Long, son of ex-Senator Frank de Long, who is now in the "Florodora" company. He is in "Tell Me Pretty Maiden," a double sextet that gets ten or twelve encores every night. It is so popular that people are humming it all over New York. In this same letter I am told that one of the chorus girls in "Florodora" was given a stock tip the other day by a Wall street broker which netted her two hundred and fifty dollars, and "by the way," says the same writer, "the chorus girls in New York really have automobiles, maids, diamonds and flats. And they don't get such high salaries either."

There will be several state affairs at the Hopkins during the coming fortnight. Next Tuesday night will be held the annual reception of the Alumni of the State University. On Friday evening the California School of Design will open its annual exhibition.

Against the Clawhammer

The dress suit question raised quite a breeze at a meeting of the Ohio society the other night. Some one of the fastidious representatives of McKinley's State suggested that at the coming banquet only clawhammers should be worn. Voices of protest were at once heard from all parts of the hall. It was soon made evident that people from Ohio have an antipathy for dress suits. One gentleman declared that he had never worn anything but homespun garments until he was twenty-five years of age and that he had never got inside of a claw-hammer. "And I'll be danged," he added, "if I'm going to begin wearing one of them things now. The man without a dress suit predominated at the meeting and it was decided that the Ohioans should be privileged to wear any old thing at the banquet.

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The Case of Herron

Because a wife of eight years' standing, the mother of her husband's children, acquiesces in a divorce, and asserts her friendship for the woman he is about to marry, a woman who was formerly the companion of the wife, Miriam Michaelson asks the question, "Is jealousy dead?" Well, I should hope not, and I am surprised that Miss Miriam should ask such a question and astonished at her waste of space in discussing it. The man referred to by the talented lady is the ex-Rev. George D. Herron, who has been creating a sensation in the East by the dissemination of strange sociological ideas. He is posing as a Christian Reformer. He is a palpable fraud. He feels the need of a new moral code because he has been getting somewhat mixed on the sexual relations. Professor George D. Herron, D.D., deserted his wife because he was in love with another woman. About that time he occupied the chair of theology in an Iowa college. When he fell in love with the other woman he changed his theological ideas and became a liberal Christian. And as usual in such cases, malcontents in all sects, men and women of elastic conscience, flocked to his standard. After deserting his wife, a weak woman, with no passion and less brain, he deserted his church—the Congregational—and founded a new sect. But before getting a divorce he traveled through Canada and Europe with the woman who had alienated his affections, preaching his new doctrine. This woman happens to be wealthy. Perhaps her coin had something to do with the change in this theological views. Mrs. Herron is not jealous, but jealousy is not dead. There are many Herrons in the world, but Mrs. Herron is unique.

"What is your dot?" asks the marriage broker at the Orpheum.

"My *face* is my fortune," proudly replies the applicant for a husband.

"Well, poverty is no disgrace," says the marriage broker.

To Wed a Kanaka Prince

A Honolulu friend has sent me the first news of the engagement of Prince David to a well-known California girl, the daughter of a wealthy pioneer. She has been visiting the islands and returned here on the last steamer. For her own reasons she is trying her mightiest to keep the affair a secret. While she may become a Princess, as Princesses now go in Hawaii, she may suffer for a time a few disagreeable experiences in countries where the color line is not yet tabu. Prince Cupid is now occasionally going through some such experiences, but he is quick of temper and ready with his fists and has his own way of resenting such actions. I am glad to say that he is usually successful and when the boors discover what kind of a Prince he is they apologize and do everything in their power to make amends for their lack of understanding. Prince Cupid and Prince David are not Princes by direct descent. They were the nephews of the Queen, and, after the custom of the island, were adopted into the royal family and recognized. They are certainly royal good fellows and have won esteem and good fellowship on their merits wherever they have traveled.

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The Tivoli Forgotten

Alice Nielsen's hit in London has won for her a great deal of space in the papers. They are telling all about her stage career from the time that she started out as a child in Kansas City, but omit reference to her San Francisco experience. Evidently Miss Nielsen does not like to talk about the days when she was a song-and-dance artist at the Wigwam or about the time when she was in the Tivoli chorus. According to one London paper, "Miss Nielsen's real first appearance on the stage was as a member of 'The Bostonians,' a famous American company that was evolved years ago in the city of culture from a church choir. She opened under the management of Henry Clay Barnabee and W. H. Macdonald, the former of whom has been called in the States 'the stage father of Alice Nielsen.'" So, the manager of the Tivoli, who gave Alice Nielsen a job in the chorus and a chance to rise in small roles, and who assigned her to the first prima donna part in which she appeared, has been forgotten.

The Dog Show

There was never such a large crowd in attendance at a local kennel club exhibit as turned out on the first night of the present show at the Pavilion. There is an immense amount of canine sangre azul on the benches this year, the bulls, cocker spaniels and foxhounds taking the attention that used to be wholly bestowed upon the St. Bernards, mastiffs and collies. The Eastern exhibitors are quite numerous, and it is hoped they will carry off enough prizes to incite them to further competition next year. Mrs. Billy Deane's Italian greyhounds, that have been a feature of former exhibitions, are missed this year. Society seems to be more than usually interested in the blooded canines this season, and the general public is also warming up to the fact that high-bred dogs are worth looking at. Today is the last of the show.

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Cupid and Croesus at Del Monte

The two men had been looking over the beautiful new residence Hal Terris was erecting at Monterey and were sauntering towards the post where two mettlesome thoroughbreds were hitched to a light road wagon.

"And who will be the happy bride to do the resplendent honors, Hal?"

"Like the core in the famous apple, or rather the mysterious bride in the corps du ballet, there ain't going to be any bride," smiled back Hal, drawing on his driving gloves.

"Why,man alive," expostulated Pons,in badinage, "there is not a tea tabby, or a society seeress from Monterey to Pacific Heights, who has not prophesied your marriage at least once a fortnight for years past. Remember you are catalogued as a very susceptible young man. Aren't you going to live up to your reputation?"

"That's just what I'm doing. I'm susceptible to beauty on the slightest provocation, for the tea-tabbies read the cups to the Queen's taste: which is perfectly satisfactory to them and to me."

"Hal, I foresee it's going to be a wet winter and a warm spring and by all the signs in Cupid's court, I discern the mark of the married man upon your brow. I'll go you two to one you'll have a bride to open your new house."

"Done, for a span of animals that'll beat those two," and Hal indicated the two horses before them. "I want a faster team. Young Gobart is going to bring down here a span of fancy steppers and I'm bound to get something that'll make them look like mud horses on the road."

"It's a go. I'm coming down here myself this month and I guess I'll have the luck of trying out Gobart and his roadsters. There'll be a bride in that house all right and it won't be any phanton substitute either."

"How?" queried Hal curiously

"Why, Maudie."

"Pshaw!" retorted Hal. "She'll be where she belongs," and he drove his friend back to the hotel

. . . . . .

That same day, as Fate would have it, the beautiful Miss Caxter of Denver and her mother arrived at Del Monte. Miss Caxter was a blonde of brilliant coloring with luxurious hair of brown touched with gold: her eyes were intensely blue, her cheeks gloriously incarnardined. Her figure was a model of the average height and stunningly gowned. Society reporters had raved over her beauty and hinted at the number of hearts she had captivated, but the cold judicial gossips of Del Monte led by Mrs. Harpoon, after regarding her attentfvely through their lorgnettes, declared there were a score of San Francisco girls who were as good looking, though they did not possess Miss Caxter's self-satisfied air of showing it.

With the Caxter party were Mrs. Hawes and her daughter. Miss Caxter was reported engaged to Gerry Hawes and this little California trip composed of the ladies of the two families was merely preliminary to the wedding.

As Pons had declared, the gossips were right when they rated Hal Terris as a fellow very susceptible to beauty and he proved it by angling for an introduction to Miss Caxter within an hour after he set eyes on her As an old guest at Del Monte, with lots of money and the best of social standing, he usually had his way there, and his way this time was to thoroughly enjoy Miss Caxter's society.

Rides, drives and walks were the order of the day. His excuse was that he wanted to impress the pretty Denver visitor with the beauties of California's famous summer resort and capture her as an annual visitor. Pons was the ancient that helped him and Pons was the frequent buffer that stood between the couple and the curious gossips. Was Pons aiming to win his wager and capture the team of thoroughbreds? Did he foresee that Hal's liking for the pretty face might turn out seriously, or was he merely maneuvering to keep his friend and at the same time thwart the curiosity and buzzing of the Del Monte gossips, as he so loved to do? Pons would never say but when questioned afterwards on that point, he solemnly rolled his eyes to heaven and softly murmured: "Marriages are made in heaven."

The unusual situation of it all is what tempted Hal to the daring act of trying to capture Miss Caxter. Had she been free as well as pretty, "he'd have just fluttered as he always does," declared the buzzers. The long drives of the couple under the Del Monte oaks, with his man sitting stiff and absorbed on the front seat, was conducive to an understanding where a proposal was the most natural thing in the world. Indeed had Miss Caxter not been engaged at the time to another man she would have been surprised had a proposal not followed so much sensitive communion of hearts and hands.

The proposal was anything but a surprise, but it created an all night's excited discussion between mother and daughter. Terris was a millionaire, one of the society catches of California, the chance of a lifetime for an ambitious girl desiring to wed position and wealth. The Caxters had position but great wealth had slipped from them and something had to be done to rehabilitate the splendor of the family. But what was to be done with Gerry Hawes preparing, far away in Denver, for his wedding on the return of Miss Caxter? What explanation could be given to Mrs. Hawes, in a nearby suite, for the sudden breaking of the match with her son?

On one point the mother and daughter were quickly agreed—Terris must be accepted. But how to cut appearances to fit the new situation and disarm the sharp comments sure to be flung from every side? For three days and nights Mrs. Caxter and her daughter wrestled with the problem—Miss Caxter had naively asked for that length of time in which to consider the proposal.

Pons was the only one at Del Monte who had an inkling of the highly exciting situation. On the second day he happened to be sitting in a corner of the veranda of the hotel commanding the approach of a drive. Mrs. Harpoon, a stout and aggressive gossip, was seated near by. She was trying to worm from him several little particulars regarding Miss Caxter and Hal Terris but Pons, keenly alive to her object,was enjoying the sport of dallying her.

Suddenly the sound of approaching wheels broke the air. Both glanced up just as Terris' carriage, with his stiff-backed driver,swung around a corner far down the lane Pons and Miss Harpoon started violently, for both had caught the same sight: Hal bestowing a rapturous kiss on the willing lips of Miss Caxter.

"Hal wins," whistled Pons, recovering his grip on himself.

"Gracious!" gasped Mrs. Harpoon, and she raised her lorgnette and stared dumfounded at the two as the carriage drove up and they stepped on to the veranda cool and unconcerned.

"I'll give you the answer tomorrow, Hal," whispered Miss Caxter, as she slipped by him into the doorway.

"Oh, that's all right," was the confident reply. No more postponements though. Tomorrow it's to be yes or no."

. . . . . .

The answer was, yes, but Del Monte did not hear of it till several days later. In that time mother and daughter were well on their way in the plan of campaign they had mapped out to get rid of the Hawes family.

Mrs. Hawes and her daughter were prevailed on to start back to Denver, the Caxters promising to follow in a day or so. After Mrs. Hawes had started, the rest was easy. Letters and telegrams were sent after them, explaining that the engagement with young Hawes was unwise, etc. etc. etc.

As soon as the Hawes family heard of Miss Caxter's engagement to Terris and their eyes were opened, they understood matters. Should they ever meet Mrs. Harpoon she will be able to give them some information that will make them

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understand the whole matter a great deal better.

Hal's super serviceable connections were settled with much more easily. Pons undertook the matter and declared it wouldn't cost more than two thousand dollars. But Hal was happy and proud of having captured another man's prize and in a royal way he handed out ten thousand dollars. Pons found Maude Winston in her beautiful nest in a flat up town, in San Francisco. She pouted and pretended to make a fuss, but she took the money as Pons knew she would.

"Just as Mrs. Harpoon would snap at the story," he said, afterwards.

"And now," he remarked, sipping a brandy and soda, after it was all over, "I think I'm entitled to that team of thoroughbreds, for there'll be a bride after all to open Terris' new house at Del Monte. Considering the work I've done to earn them, I'll think I've been buncoed if they're not a span that'll pass anything that Gobart exhibits on the road."

In a month you'll see Pons behind the promised team, spanking along the drives at Del Monte and then you'll know how true this story is. —*The Gossip.*

Dramatic World

She Has Written an Opera

Mrs. A. Wedmore Jones, my colleague in the musical department of TOWN TALK, has performed what Henry Heyman, Paul Steindorff, George Lask, Rhys Thomas and some other clever carpists consider is a feat of rather unusual brilliancy in woman—she has written the words and music of an opera. It is not a musical comedy; it is a romantic opera in four acts. I have read the libretto and heard the piano score, and I concur with the above-mentioned critics in pronouncing Mrs. Jones' work brilliant. The dialogue could easily be strengthened, but the lyrics are far more beautiful than those that ordinarily appear in light operas.

In the first act, beside many lovely love songs, occurs a charming chorus, "Where the Sweet Arbutus Blooms." In the second act there are some original scenic effects and the music is of the Wagnerian order. There is also a stirring hunters' chorus and another called "Pleasure Gleaners." It is in the fourth and last act that the finest music occurs. There is an exquisite duet "I Love You" and a contralto solo, "Suppose," runs like this:

Suppose you dearly loved a maid,
Unstable as the wind,
And for each loving word you said
She e'er was most unkind.
Oh tell me what you'd do—and mind
I only said suppose.

Suppose the maid you love, alack!
Another lad did love,
Who though she kept him on the rack,
Still more his love did prove,
Oh would you seek her heart to move,
Or break your own—suppose?

Suppose she loved no one at all,
But a coquette was she,
O were you put to such a trial,
What would your conduct be?
Just think of what I ask of thee,
And mind, it's just suppose.

"A Little Ribbon Bow" sung by the Dominie in the last act, has a Jimmy Whitcomb Riley flavor and has a delightful setting. "Mourn, Mourn Days Agone," a trio in this act, has grand opera tinge. This is the first verse:

Mourn! mourn days that are gone,
O Sea on each changing billow,
Deep, deep lieth asleep
True hearts on ocean's pillow.
Break! break! through hearts must ache,
Awaiting a step once bounding,
Beat! beat waves at our feet
Thy solemn cadence sounding.

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There are some unique situations in the last act, and a strong climax. Mrs. Jones spent two years upon the opera, which is just ready for production.

Random Notes

The feminine member of the Agoust troupe outranks Anna Held as a Parisian beauty. She is absolutely charming, and is graceful even when she juggles knives and forks.

"Frederick Lemaitre" is one of Henry Miller's most artistic impersonations. His first presentation of it here was at the California, as a curtain-raiser to "The Junior Partner," and Emily Bancker had the role of the stage-struck heroine.

Jennie Eustace, who is with Henry Miller this season, is best remembered here as a member of the A. M. Palmer stock company that had such a long season at the Baldwin a number of years ago. She replaced May Brookyn in the latter's roles after Miss Brookyn's sad death. In that splendid company were Wilton Lackaye, Julia Arthur, Ida Conquest and Stoddart the veteran.

Norman Hapgood says the dramatic version of "To Have and to Hold" is about as bad as a dramatization can be, but he is of the opinion that it is a cause for rejoicing, as it will probably mark the beginning of the end of the craze for staging every novel that pays the expenses of its publication.

The proposed stage presentation of the "Rubaiyat" is coming in for a goodly share of burlesquing in advance. The work is clever, and perhaps comes as near to dramitization as anything can. If the "excellent fooling" results in the abandonment of the serious enterprise it will be twice well done.

Elks' Night, an innovation in local theatricals, will be held at the Alhambra theatre, Tuesday, May twenty-eighth, under the auspices of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. The entertainment will consist of a nautical minstrel first part, participated in by sixty of the most popular clubmen in San Francisco,and an olio in which the best professional talent then appearing in the various theatres will take part. Reserved seats will be one dollar all over the house and the boxes will be disposed of by auction at the next meeting of the lodge, Friday night.

The Prize Fighter on the Stage

It seems ages ago since the first injection of the prize fighter into the legitimate field of the drama. Billy Muldoon, I believe, was the first Hercules of the ring to become an "actor." He was in the support of Marie Wainwright and appeared as the wrestler in "As You Like It." Then John L. Sullivan starred in a stirring melodrama written about his especial talent. Peter Jackson made his debut in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the dashing hero of Stockwell's production of the Stowe drama. Jim Corbett passed into line with "Gentleman Jack." And there have been others. Now comes Terry McGovern who will appear at the Central next week in a drama of the Bowery, in which "the game little gladiator of the roped arena," as his press agent calls him, will be the hero.

Attractions Next Week

The Columbia Minstrel company, embracing eighty of the kings in singers, comedians, dancers and vaudeville artists of the city, will open at the Alhambra tonight, for a short engagement of several nights and one matinee (Sunday). The latest New York song successes,brought by Manager Brackett from the East, will be given. Lee Johnson's arrangement, specially arranged for the Columbias, of "Mamma's China Twins," will be the afterpiece. There will be cakewalks and other dances, including Elton Lambert's burlesque Spanish dance. The sale of seats promises crowded houses.

James A. Herne's latest production, "Sag Harbor" can be voted a complete success. The consequence has been the crowding of the Columbia to the doors for the past week and the demand for the remainder of the engagement is enormous. This play by Herne has caught the popular fancy to even a greater extent than did successful "Shore Acres." There is not a single character in the piece but what is portrayed with good effect. There will be a performance tomorrow night. The final performance of "Sag Harbor" will take place next Saturday night, there being no Sunday performance on the nineteenth, owing to the necessity of having room for the reception of the scenery and other stage paraphernalia for the Miller productions. The Henry Miller season will open on the evening of the twentieth and the first bill of the season will be a double one—Louis N. Parker's "Gudgeons," and the one-act play "Frederick Lemaitre."

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Tonight, Sunday night and for a second and Last Week
Beginning Next Monday
James A. Herne's most successful play
"SAG HARBOR"
A Story of Heart and Home
Monday May 20—HENRY MILLER

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Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, May 12th
Presidential Week
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"SON OF NAPOLEON"
Commencing Monday Evening Next
Florence Stone and Jack Webster
Supported by Our New Eastern Stock Company In
Daniel L. Hart's Great Comedy Drama
"Government Acceptance"
One of Stuart Robson's Greatest Successes
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The California Automobile Company pays 5 per cent interest on its Bonds. Bonds and Dividend paying stock will be received as cash on surrender on account of any Automobile manufactured by the Company.

Mr. Miller will be surrounded by a very fine company of players. The advance sale of seats will begin Thursday morning.

The Orpheum will have a strong bill for presidential week. James O. Barrows, vaudeville's favorite comedian, will present his latest success, "The Major's Appointment. His "Tactics" in which he appeared over a year ago, will be remembered as one of the cleverest pieces ever put on at the Orpheum. As on the occasion of his last visit, he will be supported by a strong company. The Bison City Quartette, one of vaudeville's strongest singing combinations; and Ed. Latelle, a noted musical artist, will also contribute to the new bill. The Agoust family and McIntyre and Heath will be retained for another week and the Four Huntings, Zeb and Zarrow and the Biograph, will fill out one of the best bills the management ever offered.

At Morosco's Grand Opera house next week we shall witness the initial production in San Francisco of Daniel L. Hart's great comedy drama, "Government Acceptance." It is a story of Army and Navy life in Washington D. C. and, as many of the characters in the play are people in public life, it is particularly appropriate at a time when the presidential party will be in our city. Jack Webster will be seen as Robert Gordon, the part created by Stuart Robson, and Florence Stone can be depended on to do justice to the part of Julia Proctor. There will be the usual Saturday and Sunday matinee at which performances a good reserved seat can be obtained for twenty-five cents.

"The Conquerors" was, owing to the popular demand, put on again on Tuesday night at the Alcazar for the remainder of the week. "Friends," a very strong production of which was given on Monday night, will be the bill all next week. It is a splendid drama, full of original situations, and has a clever cast. Howard Scott as Hans Otto made an especially great hit Monday night.

Next Monday evening the Tivoli will bring out a piece entirely new to our theatre-goers, entitled "The Toy Maker." The book has been adapted to suit the local stage, and the music is by Audran. The scene of the piece is in the town of Nurenburg in Germany, and the plot original and very amusing. One Guggenheimer, a celebrated toy maker, has succeeded in making a mechanical doll that is almost human in looks and actions. It is made in the image of his daughter Elsa, and she one day breaks the doll in a fit of jealousy. The old man is wrapt up in his toy, and as he is very near sighted she takes the place of the toy until it can be mended by the apprentice. Frederick, nephew of the Count of Ballenburg, is to join an order of Monks, but his uncle tempts him to leave them by offering him a large sum to marry. He wants the money for his monastery, and so conceives the idea of marrying the doll, and thus getting the money and still remaining a monk. He calls on the toy maker, is charmed with the doll, in reality Elsa, buys it and takes it to the monastery, after a marriage with the doll at his uncle's castle. Of course later on he discovers the toy to be a real woman, falls in love with her and all ends as a well regulated comic opera should. Hartman, as the toy maker, has a new song that should be a hit. Arthur Cunningham will have a chance to be heard in some fine songs. Harry Cashman will make his reappearance as Schwartzenbach, a character part. Maggie Frances Leavy will be the toy maker's wife. Webb has a good part as the would-be monk. The company has had ample opportunity for rehearsal, and a fine presentation is promised.

—The Playgoer.

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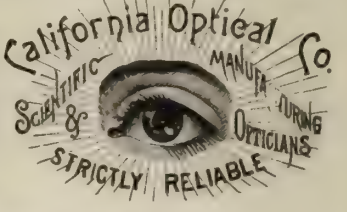

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She Caught My Eye

The day was wet, and down the street,
Demurely shy,
All mackintoshed, a vision sweet
Came tripping by.
Now truly she was fair to see;
Thought I, "This maid looks good to me!
I'll smile at her and see if she
Will catch my eye!"

Then like the march of fleeting Spring,
She glided by;
Left me behind to grope and cling
And feebly cry
Like some poor infant in its crib;
For on the cruel heartless nib
Of her condemned umbrella rib,—
She caught my eye!

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

The Irish Dividend

Being a Definition of a Common Term, to satisfy the Query of a "Constant Reader"

"A Constant Reader" having written to *Town Talk* to inquire the meaning of the term "Irish Dividend," which she ran across in her reading, the query was passed over to me that it might be translated into plain English. Now, I am not the editor of a query column, and am not endowed with encyclopediacal knowledge, still I shall endeavor to satisfy "A Constant Reader."

The term "Irish dividend" is an idiomatic expression that probably originated during the time of the mining excitement in California's early days and is, I take it, a relative of the Irish bull.

Dividend: a part of a sum, or lot; a share, generally a division of profits—that is, something good.

Irish Dividend: a part of a sum or lot; a share, generally a division of losses—that is, something not good.

When you expect something pleasant; when your hopes have been raised; when you are floating in the air, and the twenties are almost in your pockets; when you already see yourself riding in a drag, three horses at tandem, footman, etc., a large house with a marine view in sight; drinking champagne in anticipation and sleeping the troubled sleep of the rich, oppressed by prospective wealth—all on account of Dividends in sight—then if you get the Irish, that is the opposite.

I presume the Irish dividend is so called because the Irish are popularly supposed to enjoy turning everything topsy-turvy.

When some one tells you of a rich mine, and mentions the big dividends to be expected, you usually believe him and pay your money. Instead of getting dividends, you pay assessments for making a blanked ass of yourself. These assessments are called Irish dividends.

You might call it an "I. D." that Count Festetics got when old Mr. Haggin promised him two hundred thousand dollars with his daughter, and then refused to pay it. And the daughter got an "I. D." when she captured her Count. Also, the marriage of Anna Gould and Count Castellane was another case of an international marriage proving an Irish dividend. But life is full of such examples.

Lucky Baldwin used to be in the business, and sold "I. D's" to young men who thought they knew all about it.

Old men who marry young women, or young men who marry old women, discover in time the true meaning of an Irish dividend.

Expectant millionaires going to Nome or Dawson and coming back without sufficient rags to cover their nakedness; were they not purchasers of Irish dividends?

Those Belgian hare breeders who started out with enthusiasm only to see the craze die and leave them with an unsalable stock on hand; surely those hares were Irish dividends.

Buyers of oil stock in wild-cat companies—talk to them about Irish dividends, and hear what they have to say. Just look about you, my dear "Constant Reader," and you will see so many Irish dividends in sight that you will wonder if there are any that are not of Irish origin.

I am surprised that you have never made their personal acquaintance. But perhaps that is all the better for your peace of mind. —*The Financier.*

Always something new—Novelties in Gents Neckwear on display at Lewison's the Leading Gents' Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th streets.

From the Persian

Love is like a flower in the desert; it is like the aloe of Arabia that blooms but once and dies. It blooms in the salt emptiness of Life and the brightness of its beauty is set upon the waste as a star is set upon a storm.

It hath the sun above that is the spirit, and above it blows the air of its divinity.

At the echoing of a step, Love blooms I say; I say Love blooms and bends her beauty down to him who passeth by.

He plucketh it, yea, he plucketh the red cup that is full of honey and beareth it away; away across the desert, away till the flower be withered, away till the desert be done.

There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of Life.

That flower is Love.

There is only one fixed star in the mists of our wandering.

That star is Love.

There is only one hope in our despairing night.

That hope is Love.

All else is false. All else is shadow moving upon water.

All else is wind and vanity.

Who shall say what is the weight or measure of Love?

It is born of the flesh, it dwelleth in the spirit.

From each doth it draw its comfort.

For beauty it is as a star.

Many are its shapes but all are beautiful, and none know where the star rose, or the horizon where it shall set. —*The Translator.*

The Automobile

Despite the half-hearted attempt that has been made to work up a good showing of local automobilists in the coming celebration at San Jose, there will be enough motor vehicles there to make a creditable appearance. At the time of going to press there was no indication that the Automobile Club of California would be represented at San Jose—that is, officially. From present appearances not an official of the club will be in San Jose upon this occasion. Those from this city who will attend will be George P. Moore, W. T. McKnight, W. H. Webb, F. A. Hyde, M. T. Baird, L. H. Johnson, W. H. Kellogg, J. P. Edwards, Fred Ward. From Oakland the following will go: Dr. W. A. Clark, W. H. Taylor, Dr. J. F. Lilley, Earl C. Anthony, Colonel "Bill" Cotton, Mr. Lundblaum and William Mohr from Mt. Eden. A large majority of these will return from San Jose Tuesday afternoon in order to be in this city for the celebration on Wednesday.

P. R. Rockett returned this week from a seven hundred mile trip through Lake county, upon which he gave his Locomobile the most severe test it has yet had. Taking the ferry to Sausalito, he started from the latter point, passing up the Sonoma valley, through San Rafael, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Cloverdale to Ukiah. The roads, except for a short stretch between Cloverdale and Ukiah, were found in splendid condition and consequently the run up the valley was made in rapid time. After passing Cloverdale a great deal of mud was encountered as a result of the rains of last week. After leaving Ukiah he visited all the springs, including Laurel Dell, Blue Lakes, Highland and Skaggs, had no difficulty whatever in going over the famous Pieta grade and completely demonstrated to the inhabitants of that favored region the practicabiility of motor vehicles on mountain roads. He made the run from Laurel Dell to Ukiah, a distance of twenty-one miles, in one hour and forty-five minutes, over muddy mountain roads, through swollen creeks and in a driving rain storm. Such speed was never heard of in that district, considering the conditions under which the trip was made.

Albert Aiken, the well known local attorney, who owns the distinction of being the first to drive a Locomobile to the summit of Mount Hamilton, was also touring in Lake county last week, accompanied by his wife. He returned by way of Calistoga and the Napa valley, crossing over from Napa to Santa Rosa, via Glen Ellen and thence on to Sausalito. Aiken is the first Locomobile driver to tackle the steep grade on Mt. St. Helena, a grade that has struck terror to the heart of many a bicycle rider who has encountered it. He had no difficulty whatever in surmounting its crest, and upon the whole found touring in Lake county far more enjoyable than in the level country. "The inhabitants of Lake county look with a great deal of favor on the advent of the automobile," said Mr. Aiken, "more so than in any section of the state I have yet visited. Almost their entire means of communication up there is by stage line and even now they admit that it is but a question of a short while before the present horse-drawn stages will be replaced by the more satisfactory motor carriages. Right now, a mo-

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tor stage, with a carrying capacity of from fifteen to twenty passengers would reap a veritable harvest in Lake county. Like their masters, the horses have also gracefully accepted the inevitable and now they pay no more attention to the presence of an automobile than they do to a hay wagon. In my entire trip through that mountainous district I failed to see a horse that would even give me enough attention to raise an ear. Several times I met four and six-horse teams on the mountain grades but they did not notice my Locomobile in the least."

George P. Moore, manager of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, is determined to capture the prize in the three mile race at San Jose on Tuesday. His fast machine has been thoroughly overhauled and everything is ready for the fray. "I notice that one of my competitors is rather 'craw-fishing' as the day of the race draws near," remarked Mr. Moore to the writer yesterday. "At first he was going to race under any condition. Now he has announced that he will race if his light racer arrives from the East in time. Do you know what I'll do? I will enter one of our top carriages, one that hasn't been out of the store more than twice, against the fastest machine my competitor can get, and then I'll wager doll rs to doughnuts that I defeat him. This is not made as an idle boast. We desire to see good contests, all that can be pulled off, and we are willing to go to any reasonable extent to assist in promoting them." P. F. Rockett, winner of the Ingleside race and consequently the automobile champion of Northern California, will race at San Jose if there is any possible chance. His oil interests in the northern part of the State are taking a great deal of his time at present and may possibly prevent him from going to San Jose. He hastens to inform us, however, that it is not a case of "cold feet." "I like to race, just for the sport's sake and any time I get a chance I will enter a contest, even though I come in last."

The "Frenchman" has finally been given a Park permit. When he first appeared before Engineer Saville for examination, the excitement of the occasion was too much for him and he bucked his machine clear through a board fence. That settled his chances, for the time being. This week he made another trial and the fence came out of the contest intact. He was pronounced a competent engineer and allowed to go on his way rejoicing. —*The Automobiler.*

!A Tragedy

A youth of the city of Sioux,
Got into a terrible stioux;
For he called on a maid,
And he thought, "I'm afraid:
But faint heart ne'er kissed a fair lady, 'tis sayed,"
So he rang her door-bell quite a fioux.

But alas! for this young man of Sioux!
Oh heavens! and likewise bioux-hioux!
For the hall, so 'tis said,
Was as darksome as lead,
And he kissed the maid's mother, they tell me, instead!
Woulds't fainted if it had been yioux?

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

Mr. H. C. Barber, who has been prominently identified with a number of leading hotels on the coast, has taken the management of the **Lee Palmer**, at 222 Mason street and under his able management this house will undoubtedly soon become popular. The Buffet, situated on the O'Farrell street side, has been fitted up very luxuriously and a special feature will be the catering to evening and after theatre parties.

RACING! RACING! RACING!

California Jockey Club

Spring Meeting, 1901—Opening April 29th

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Racing, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30 and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race.

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Music World

Miss Wertheimer's Recital

The Wertheimer concert on Thursday evening of last week was a success from every point of view. The program, which was under the direction of Henry Heyman, was well balanced and of more than ordinary interest, as aside from introducing Miss Frances Wertheimer to the San Francisco public after some years of study in Leipsig, where she graduated with honors from the Royal Conservatory, it also brought forward one of Sir Henry's most talented pupils, John R. Lewis, a mere youth of nineteen, who already shows the touch of the artist in his handling of the violin, in that he produces a tone as full and sympathetic as the voice of a human. He is decidedly an artist in embryo and congratulations on his performance were overwhelming at the close of the program. Miss Wertheimer, who was the centre of attraction, is quite young and possesses a clean cut and finished technic—unmistakably that of Leipsig training. If her playing lacks something of sympathy, her youth and the nervous tension attendant on a first appearance before a critical audience might easily account for it. She gave but two solo numbers and in the others was assisted at the second piano by Mr. Martinez. The vocal numbers were given by Mr. Oscar Frank, who has a full, rich voice of baritone quality which will easily carry him beyond the ranks when careful study has smoothed the tremolo out of it and enabled him to do his really fine vocal organ justice. The program opened with a Sonata, op 8, F major, Grieg, Allegro con brio Allegretto, quasi andantino, Allegro molto Vivace, Miss Wertheimer and Mr. Lewis; song, "Still wie die Nacht" Bohm, Mr. Oscar Frank; Concert stuck, op 92, G major, Schumann. Introduction and Allegro Appassionato, orchestral accompaniment on second piano, Mr. Martinez, Miss Frances Wertheimer, Second Suite for violin, op 27 Ries, Praeludium, Romanza and Scherzo, Mr. John R. Lewis; song "Am Meer," Schubert, Mr. Oscar Frank; (a) Fantasie op. 28, F sharp, minor, Mendelssohn, Con Moto Agitato, Allegro con moto, Presto, (b) Valse, op. 34, No. 1, Moszkowski, Miss Frances Wertheimer.

The "Marsh King" of Alameda

The Alameda Adelphian club's free bed fund benefit at the Macdonough theatre, Oakland, last Friday night, was an unqualified success. And one of the biggest hits in the performance was made by Miss Louise Clark of Alameda. Miss Clark had the part of Zenophar, the enchantress, which called for one of the most original and gorgeous costumes worn in the piece. It also calls for some uncommonly fine vocalization, in which its little impersonator was not lacking. Miss Clark is not fifteen years of age but has unusual talent. Her voice is pleasing and she is very pretty and charming.

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reception by the women's clubs of this city at the Hopkins Institute. Mrs. Campbell is very enthusiastic in all she undertakes and as a matter of course everything that falls into her capable hands goes as if by magic. For this important occasion she has selected twenty of the best female voices in her large vocal class and is busily engaged in arranging for a women's quintet the fine old air by Millard, "Vive l' America" which Mrs. Campbell declares is not used nearly as often as its melodious qualities and harmonious possibilities deserve. Certainly it will be a pleasing feature when the fresh young voices greet the President with the stirring words of the song, "Vive l' America! home of the free."

Some of Mrs. Campbell's Pupils

Mrs. Campbell deserves credit for the many fine voices which she has of late been giving to the music public of this city. Perhaps her own thought that "the last has not been learned about music, vocal or otherwise," is the root and secret of her success. Howbeit there are few among us who seem to have so happily struck the keynote of individual character and thus brought out all the possibilities in the most unpromising material. Many of her most prominent pupils are occupying the most important church positions, though perhaps it is not generally known where their training was received. Among them are Miss Isella van Pelt, who is contralto soloist in Calvary church, where also is Herbert Williams, whose sweet tenor has lately brought him a good deal of notice. Miss Florence Walby, a young English girl, is soprano soloist at the Church of the Advent; Miss Margery Marks is soprano at St. Paul's; Miss Marie Partridge soprano at St. Stephens; Mrs. Fonda, contralto of the First Congregational church; Miss Alyce Moore is soprano in the picturesque Swedenborgian and Miss Florence Doane, who is very well known, is at the Howard Presbyterian. Miss Doane might, if she chose, have a more varied career, as she possesses the dramatic temperament to a high degree, and it is said that Barnabee on hearing her voice was unceasing in his efforts to obtain it for the operatic stage. But the parents and young cantatrice alike were against it, and so it is that we are to keep one of our sweetest songbirds for our own pleasure and edification.

THE MUSIC CRITIC

'Twas Always Thus, and Ever Will Be

A LEAF FROM NEWSPAPER LIFE

Scene, office of the editor of the Sunday Supp. of the *Morning Yell*.

Sunday Editor (apparently solus, for his stenographer pays no attention:) Great ———! This syndicate matter is drawing me to a dishonored grave! Why did I let the infernal octopus get hold of my ear?

Stenographer goes on transferring her notes to typewritten copy.

Sunday Editor: Here is this blanketty blanked old Faseyer stuff—who in h— cares for the worries of Fazeyer and his wife? There are enough in real life without putting this blanked invention on the syndicate market. And Neck's Good Boy—everybody goes to sleep over that rot. Yet I'm paying out thirty dollars a week for one and sixteen for the other, not to speak of the three-six bits that goes for the syndicate's weekly "Chats with Kids in the Nursery."

Enter Office Boy.

S. E.: What is it?

O. B.: Lady to see you, sir, about an article for the Supp.

S. E.: Pretty?

O. B.: Oh, so-so; red hair and brown eyes; but in swell togs.

S. E.: Show her in.

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Lady: Life on an Ark, illustrated with exquisite photographs of Belvedere, Sausalito, and points of interest about the bay.

S. E.: Any interiors?

Lady: I beg pardon?

S. E.: I said interiors—views of inside of ark; people eating, drinking, sleeping; ladies in nighties, men in pajamas—

Lady: Sir!

S. E.: That's right. Any bathing views—men and women in bathing suits, or without?

Lady: I fear I cannot please you with my little article (rises). Goodbye.

Exit lady and manuscript.

S. E.: (pressing button for boy, who hastily returns): Go and call that woman back.

Lady enters again.

S. E.: Better leave your article, ma'am. I think I can use it—say, in two weeks. I pay seventeen-fifty a page; no expenses. Good-bye.

Exit lady, smiling, and building castles of what she will buy with the seventeen-fifty and expecting to see her article in the *Yell* the following Sunday.

Enter blithe young College Man.

College Man: I came in without bothering the office boy. Wanted to see you personally, you know, about a few little stories I have here (shows suit case full of manuscripts and photographic prints). Took chances about finding you in.

S. E.: Oh, a college man. Leave your stories. I am sure I can use them. Come in next Monday to see me.

Exit College Man, smiling and whistling "Money in your Inside Pocket."

Office Boy (entering): An old man to see you.

S. E.: What does he want?

O. B.: To speak to you personally.

S. E.: Show him in.

Enter an aged man, with bowed shoulders and long gray beard.

Old Man: I came to see you about that little article I left with you sixteen years ago, and which you accepted.

S. E.: Name please?

G. M.: Peter Artzimovitch O'Connell.

S. E. (to stenographer): Go and look in volume 3 of my old Records, and see if you can find anything about the gentleman's article.

Interval of three quarters of an hour, during which several aspirants for literary fame enter, and all leave articles which are accepted, to be paid for upon publication.

Stenographer (entering): I have found it. (hands out slip of paper).

S. E. (reading): Page story, illustrated by six pen and ink drawings and three wash; "The Daily Life of the Centipede—P. A. O'Connell."

S. E.: What was the date of this entry?

S.: June 16, 1885.

O. M.: Yes, and I got a stroke of brain fever while waiting for it to appear. In my fever I struck a man in the left eye, and he went blind, and I was sent to San Quentin for it. I just got out, and thought I'd drop in and see whether you had happened, by an inadvertence, to run the story.

S. E. (compassionately): Am awfully sorry—will run it a week from next Sunday, sure.

Stenographer (horrified): Oh, *sir*!

S. E. (angrily); What's the blanketty blanked matter?

S. (indicating pile of manuscripts on his desk, pictures etc): But what will you do with all these?

Old Man: What are those?

Stenographer: Those are *accepted stories* for the Sunday Supp.!

Old Man faints, Sunday Editor chuckles diabolically and the Stenographer goes back to her machine.

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World of Letters

By a Local Writer

"The Lion at the Well" is a booklet of twenty-three pages whose author, Lionel Josephare, is a local writer. The effort which gives title to the volume is indeed a remarkable poem. The subject is the contention of a man and a lion for the possession of a well in the desert. The situation is strong and original and Mr. Josephare has handled it with no weak pen, but in a style so Browningesque and so marred by affectation and faults of diction that it is difficult to characterize it. The writer is undoubtedly a young man; he has not as yet found himself. That he has chosen a novel theme and has treated it in a vigorous and highly imaginative manner argues well for the character of his muse; such work, despite its faults and inequalities is worth far more than mere polished prettiness. The poem is cast or rather rough hewn in a peculiar jagged metre. The following stanza will serve as an illustration:

"While thus I sat, engaged thereat,
I saw before me, on the flat,
A beastly scare,
With sacred stare,
A lion.
Slowly and draggletailed, he crawled his ground,
Lifting to bay defiance at the skies.
With all the bankrupt strength he owns
Shag-necked droughty-skinned, he moans,
Dishonorable crate of bones,
Unlionlike he creaketh toward the well."

This stanza will also give some idea of Mr. Josephare's peculiar employment of words. Much of the bizarre effect of the poem comes from the strained and affected employment of unusual words or of common words in unusual situations.

"So did the wrinkles of my brain
Therewith close *cuddle* to explain,"
"To stay I must the lion *durst* for *dare*."
"While I am *death* of dry-lipped ills,
Some devil-fish *is in its fills*,
Is *looting* gallons through its gills,
Of other damned complacent lisping waters."

An unpleasant defect in the poem is the frequent change from present tense to past, and from the solemn to the familiar form of the verb.

"O'er highland crag my legs
I *drag*," but in almost the next line,
"I *lost* my gun," Every few stanzas the writer dodges from one tense to another and back again. [Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; Price, fifty cents.]

A Chinese Book

Revell has in press a "Narrative of the Events of a Journey Across China into Thibet," which is pretty sure to meet with large sales when everything pertaining to China is in demand. The author, Dr. Susie C. Rijnhart, will be remembered hereabout from the lectures she delivered in costume, describing the tortures inflicted upon herself and her husband while making their fanatic

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attempt to push themselves into the heart of the country in spite of God, man or devil. They carried with them an infant considerably less than a year old, and the infatuated woman actually seemed to imagine there was some great merit in the sufferings undergone by the poor little unfortunate, carried on horseback over rough roads and no roads and deprived of even the elementary necessaries of proper food and shelter. The child succumbed to the hardships to which it was subjected by its idiotic parents. There is little wonder that the Chinese should rise against foreigners when they have such examples thrust before them, and missionary societies should see to it in the interests of common humanity that there is end to such exhibitions for the edification of the "heathen," as well as a stop put to recitals of such heartlessness at home. People who have reached the age of discretion may emulate Mrs. Susie Rijnhart if they please, but neither missionaries nor any one else have the right to torture helpless infants, much less to come back and brag of it.

A Prodigy

The *Book-buyer* for April exploits at length a Seattle "wonder child," little Miss Bonnie Phelps, whose admiring relatives have furnished a number of her rhymes for publication, and a complete biography of the precocious infant who began to display her talent at the age of three years. There is nothing astonishing, nor even unusual in the child's efforts—certainly nothing to merit publication in a literary periodical. It is fairly common for young children to compose rhymes, and it is no indication whatever of a poetic faculty. Left to themselves and not stimulated by admiring elders they drop their rhyming as soon as, if not before they are sent to school. In large families, and where the elder children are made more or less responsible for the care of the little ones it often happens that the parents are not even aware of the fact that there is a verse maker in the family, for the brothers and sisters take it as a matter of course. It is to be hoped that the course of little Miss Bonnie's mother in preserving the child's efforts and getting them into print will not result in virtual confiscation of magazines and Sunday papers for the exploitation of precocious juveniles. The old dictum that children should be seen and not heard has been superseded until now they are seen and heard to the exclusion of all other sights and sounds.

Why Not American?

English readers have been exercising their minds as to why the American style of spelling has been adopted in so many recent books, and the explanation furnished them is that when books are to be brought out simultaneously in England and America it is customary to have them set up in this country. It might be in order for us to inquire why our books should adopt the English orthography, as is frequently the case. A late example is Frank Norris' "Octopus." Mr. Norris has a considerable clientele in England, but we can hardly expect them to understand or appreciate that particular book. In fact it is so intensely Californian that it will be much if even the rest of the United States can grasp "what it is all about." It ought to be one of the great books of the year. Beside it some of the phenomenal successes of the day are as insignificant as nursery jingles.

Finley Peter Dunn is making a slow convalescence from his all but fatal illness, and the philosopher of Archey Road is silent. There has been considerable conjecture and rumor concerning the probability of Mr. Dunn's taking the Chicago worthy to New York and locating him in the Bowery, but his creator has settled the question for he says "Mr. Dooley" would not be at home there, "and besides he wouldn't come."

—*The Bookworm.*

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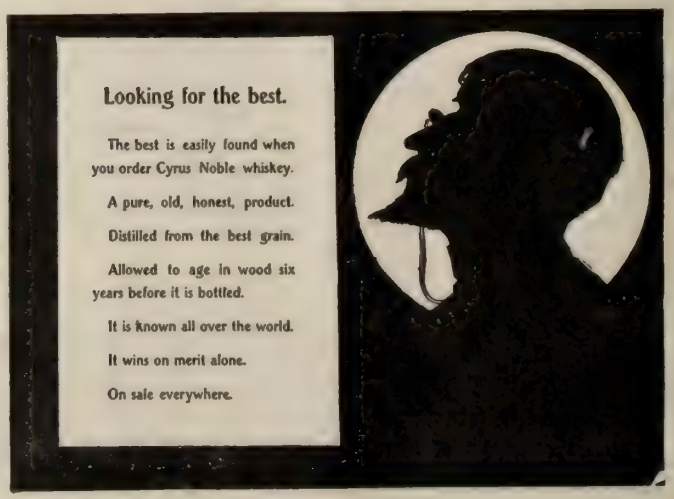

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San Francisco, May 18, 1901

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OUR OPINION

When Labor is Misled

Labor is most unfortunate in its leadership. It too frequently puts itself into the hands of Kearneys and McCarthys, and finds out when it is too late that it has been buncoed. Labor has rights which should be respected, and if all employers were willing to acknowledge that fact, and to vouchsafe to their employes a reasonable share of their earnings, there would be no pretext for organizations such as those which are threatening to engage in serious conflict in this city. But the millennium is still somewhat remote. Competition impels employers to reduce wages and lengthen hours of labor, and employes learn that they cannot obtain their rights except by organization. The failure of organized labor to attain its ends may be traced in most instances to the insincerity and corruption of its leaders. Faithless leaders disgust decent people and alienate public sentiment; and without public approval no organization can succeed. The public is always in sympathy with labor but when the inflated leaders imbued with a false sense of their importance proceed to stake out a goal for their own ambition, and to seek the attainment of their own selfish ends by bluster and bulldozing, then there is a revulsion. Organized labor has been preparing in this city, for some months, to exact concessions from employers, and for awhile everything seemed propitious. But, unfortunately, at the head of one of the councils was an individual named McCarthy, a lusty-lunged, coarse-grained, uncouth chap, a perfect type of the professional workingman. He came to this city some years ago from St. Louis where he worked as a carpenter when he was not trying to recover damages for factitious personal injuries from his employer. In the first Bryan campaign, when the Silverites were anxious to win the support of labor, the campaign managers decided to call a mass-meeting of workingmen, and they looked around for some plausible fellow with a strong voice and a blue shirt to preside. McCarthy had been seen prowling around headquarters, and, he was selected for the job. That was the commencement of his career as a politician and professional agitator. He subsequently began organizing labor unions ostensibly in the interest of labor but in reality to give himself political prestige. He succeeded in deluding Mayor Phelan into the belief that he had united labor stowed away in a vest pocket, and the Mayor appointed him a Civil Service Commissioner. Meanwhile he has been industriously engaged in making himself obnoxious to people throughout the city. He has ever been on the qui vive for a pretext to levy a boycott, either to punish an enemy or to show his disapproval of somebody on account of his religion. Jews are the special aversion of this haughty blatherskite of the Civil Service Commission, and yet the Jews constitute quite a respectable element in the industrial and social life of San Francisco. Certainly it has been most unfortunate for organized labor that such a man should attain the position of mentor and leader. If he had deliberately sought to alienate public sentiment from the cause of labor he could not have pursued a more effective line of conduct. Buttressed with his own conceit he has even dared to threaten the liberty of the press. Newspapers that have had the temerity to tell the truth concerning his attacks upon private property have been denounced, and he has attempted to coerce them into silence. When labor puts itself under such leadership it should not expect public sympathy even though its cause be just. Having aroused distrust it must prepare for organized resistance. It would be unfortunate indeed if all the labor organizations of San Francisco were to suffer through the methods of McCarthy. That he is not the friend of labor is evident from the fact that now, just as those organizations have reached a point where they believe they should enforce their demands, he is found giving an object lesson in the gentle art of "standing from under." After giving organized labor a black eye by inciting his council to unlawful acts, arousing public prejudice, alarming employers and warning them of the expediency of organized resistance, he writes to the press to express disapproval of the course of workingmen who are merely doing what he has been urging men to do for years. Was there ever a more picturesque Michael Feeney than this horny-handed son of leisure, Mr. Pin Head McCarthy?

Ament's Confession

Some time ago Mark Twain said some severe things about the foreign lootionaries of the Christian church for plundering the Boxers of China. Since then the humorist has been assailed in a most brutal manner by clergymen all over the country. They have demanded retraction of what they have been pleased to characterize as gross slander, but Mark Twain has maintained a dignified silence. The indignant defenders of the reverend looters seem to have derived a great deal of satisfaction from the state-

ments of Minister Conger and Dr. Ament, and they have submitted the denials of those gentlemen by way of vindication of the lootionaries. By what process of ratiocination they reached a verdict of acquittal upon the testimony of Conger and Ament it is difficult to understand. Upon that same testimony TOWN TALK has found the looters guilty as charged and recommended them for the full penalty of the law. This is the testimony of the good Dr. Ament:

> In explanation of anything the missionaries may have done in the line of looting, it is only right to say that a famine was predicted for the coming winter, that they had hundreds of people in their charge who were in immediate need of food, clothing and shelter and who looked to the missionaries for assistance. It is but just to them to say that if in the ardor of their desire to provide for their people, they did some things that attracted criticism, *they did it with the best of intentions.*

Rev. Dr. Ament has also related how Mr. Tewksbury, Miss Smith, himself and other missionaries took possession of a palace and sold stuff that did not belong to them. They also used that palace as a mart for the sale of stolen goods which they purchased from soldiers and sold at a good profit. He denied having defrauded a newspaper correspondent by charging him one hundred and fifty dollars for a sable garment. "It was worth five times that sum," he said, and he added, "*doubtless the stuff was in the first place loot*, but my people bought it from the troop." So, Rev. Dr. Ament doesn't even plead ignorance of the fact that he was a receiver of stolen goods. And yet we are told by the Rev. Dr. Judson Smith, secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, that the representatives of that institution in China were not thieves. But Dr. Smith also says that the cause of foreign missionaries will suffer unless these particular missionaries are vindicated. How sad! Of course they will suffer and so should the missionaries. And so should Rev. Dr. Judson Smith for undertaking the impossible task of vindicating the shameless rascals.

The Hog Combine in Congress

It is unfortunate that the launching of the battleship *Ohio* was made the pretext for a junketing trip to this coast of a band of statesmen from the state that supplies us with presidents, diplomats, and jobchasers of high and low degree. We should be glad to receive our President, but we regret that in his train were the representative statesmen of Ohio. It is often unpleasant to be disillusioned. People are inclined to idealize their representatives at Washington, to look upon them as great statesmen, men of brain and strong character. They are judged by their speeches published in the *Congressional Record* and very often written by their secretary. When you meet men that you have read about, and that you have pictured to yourself as statesmen of rare ability, and find that they are of the same calibre of glad-hand politicians as are sent to Washington from your own State every year, you begin to grow cynical and to be inclined to lose interest in the affairs of your own country. The men that guide the destinies of the government at Washington are politicians of a not much higher order than those that assemble bienially at Sacramento. There is a similiarity of method at both places. Just before the last Congress adjourned, a special committee of the House of Representatives submitted a report of an investigation of the House payroll. Though only a few days had been spent in the investigation, a condition of things was discovered which might have aroused public indignation had it not been that the gravity of the revelations was lost sight of in the rush and confusion of the closing hours. The report dealt with the distribution of patronage, and showed that there existed as scandalous a state of affairs as was ever brought to light in our own unsavory legislature. It revealed the existence of what is known as the Hog Combine which controls the patronage and distributes jobs without regard to the duties or the emoluments. The spoils are divided as greedily by the Hog Combine as they ever were by any infamous gang of rascals at Sacramento. The committee recommended the suppression of the "abuses and evil practices" by a permanent statute "which shall properly and equitably adjust compensation and employment." And reprehensible as may be the practical politics of the House the patronage situation in the Senate is no better. Yet we are expected to be proud of our National legislature and to enthuse over visiting statesmen.

A Precocious Professor

College professors are in such great demand of late that the faculties of our universities are being recruited each year from the graduating classes of the preceding term. And consequently many of the profound pedagogues of the day are raw youths possessed of parchment upon which the ink has not yet dried. One of them is Edward S. Meade, an instructor in the University of Pennsylvania. He is only twenty-seven years old but he is an instructor in the department of Finance and Economy and bears the honorary title of "Doctor." He believes that he is learned in the theory and philosophy of politics and the other day he expounded for the enlightenment of the students the doctrine of commercialism with remarkable candor. He called attention to the unexploited field of South America, and declared that the time will soon come when we shall assume control of the jarring governments in that country. And he asserted that we would be justified in doing so although we may violate some of our precedents. But he informed the students that as the Declaration of Indepen dence was merely a collection of rhetorical phrases made for another time than ours, it should not be taken seriously. It should not burden our conscience in the event of our trade demanding the theft of South American countries. "Doctor" Meade knew of no moral reason why a man or a nation should not indulge in larcenist pursuits. But he believes that when this nation has any grabbing to do we must resort to euphemism in deference to the cranks that protest. It is difficult to understand why we should resort to euphemism to excuse acts against which no moral or political objection can be urged, but the precocious scholiast of Pennsylvania is probably as wonderful a logician is he is a political philosopher, and will have no difficulty in reconciling his statements.

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The Otis Scoop

There is one story about President McKinley's experience in Los Angeles, that has not yet, to my knowledge, appeared in any of the dailies. Ned Hamilton has told in humorous vein about the social scoop of General Harrison Gray Otis to which I referred last week, but he did not tell of the unexpected arrival of the President and Mrs. McKinley at the Otis home long in advance of the time set for their reception. That contretemps occurred in this way. During the afternoon a reception was given to Mrs. McKinley at the Women's club, and as she is in very poor health the President, who was being bored at the Van Nuys, became very anxious. Presently he broke away from the crowd, lost Otis in the shuffle and entering a carriage was driven alone to the Women's club. It was fortunate that he did so for the fatigue and excitement had overpowered his wife and she was in a somewhat alarming condition. After getting her into the carriage he ordered that they be driven to the Otis residence where they were to spend the night.

An Unceremonious Reception

Preparations for such an early arrival had not been made. And though General Otis caused his home to be written up in his own paper as if it were a palace thronged with servants in livery the fact is that he lives in a very modest way. The specially engaged servants were not to begin work until the evening, and consequently when the distinguished couple arrived, there was no menial on hand to respond to the summons at the door. Mrs. Otis probably thought there was a peddler at the door for she opened it, and when she saw the President and his wife she was quite embarrassed for her hair was in curl papers in anticipation of the evening event. Such a big splurge had Otis made over his social scoop and so much space did he give in his paper to the style of his function that all Los Angeles has been laughing over the curl-paper reception.

Another Hearst Paper

Mr. W. R. Hearst of the *Journal*, the *American* and the *Examiner* is about to add another to his string of dailies. Hearst is evidently intent upon becoming as great a figure in journalism as Pierpont Morgan is in the financial world. His success as a founder of great newspapers is unprecedented. And with such a tremendous power as he is bound to wield as the dictator of the policy of a combination of influential dailies published in the principal cities of the United States, he is surely destined to take a conspicuous place in national politics. The field that he contemplates invading next is that of St. Louis. News comes to me from that city that he was recently negotiating the lease of a building there but that the managers of the St. Louis dailies blocked the game by leasing it at a price higher than he was willing to pay. But those managers are incurring useless expense. Having made up his mind to start a daily in St. Louis, Hearst will do so despite the efforts of rivals to keep him out. And when he gets in he will rattle the dry bones of St. Louis journalism.

When Willie Came From Harvard

Everybody does not like the style of paper that Mr. Hearst conducts. But the Hearst style of paper appeals to a big element. It will be appreciated in St. Louis by the working newspaper men, for to them it means higher salaries and the chance for a reputation. The salaries of newspaper men in St. Louis are lower than in any other city of the first class in the United States, and the chances for a reputation are eliminated by the suppression of all names. Fifteen years ago, "Willie" Hearst, fresh from Harvard, took charge of his father's paper, the *Examiner*, which was then being conducted at a loss of a few thousand dollars a month. He proceeded to learn the business and he was looked upon for a long time as a huge joke in journalism. But he was filled with enthusiasm. His sole ambition was to win recognition as the editor of a successful paper. He had intelligence enough to discern ability and the gameness to buy it. When he engaged Ambrose Bierce at what was then regarded as an enormous salary, wise people smiled and remarked that it was fortuuate that the Hearst estate owned a silver mine. Today "Willie" Hearst is the owner of three dailies, the Hearst estate is not yet broke, and "Willie" is looking for fresh fields to invade. Now the wise people say that it is no trick to build up a paper if you have ten millions of dollars to spend. And yet many multi-millionaires have tried their hands at journalism without success.

In a Dual Capacity

Mr. S. G. Murphy, the president of the First National bank, had a very bad quarter of an hour on the witness stand before Judge Sloss the other day. He was a witness in the suit involving certain shares of bank stock belonging to the estate of Lafayette

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Woodward, which Murphy claims. During a cross-examination Murphy declared that he surrendered the stock as president of the bank, but that he brought suit for its recovery in his individual capacity. This pretense of acting in a dual capacity suggested to the cross-examiner that Mr. Murphy is at times a Dr. Jekyll and at others a Mr. Hyde. He questioned the bank president on the subject but the shifty Murphy affected ignorance of the attorney's meaning. It was probably as Dr. Jekyll that Mr. Murphy gouged Mrs. Colton's private bank account out of eighty-five hundred dollars some years ago.

Yarmouth Emulates Wilde

When Charles Francis Seymour, who calls himself the Earl of Yarmouth, though he has not yet inherited the title, arrived in this country two years ago, I took occasion to call attention to the shady reputation that he brought across the water. He came in search of an heiress but he is still searching. The so-called Earl of Yarmouth, I had been informed, was looked upon with suspicion in England, owing to his fondness for feminine roles in amateur theatricals, and it was thought advisable to warn our title-loving belles against him. But Seymour was received into the holy of holies of Newport, and hobnobbed with our snobocracy, until it became necessary for him to go on the stage to earn a living. He has not captured an heiress but he has sought to replenish his purse through a libel suit against a Philadelphia paper for publishing a really malicious story of his career.

He Rouged His Face

The defense promised sensational revelations, and if the newspaper proved all that the attorney promised, the pseudo Earl would wish that he had kept out of court. In his opening address to the jury the attorney said:

> We will show you that this man, calling himself an Earl, painted his face, rouged his face and neck, painted his arms, and assumed the dress of a female ballet dancer. We will show that this plaintiff was engaged by Mr. Charles Frohman as an Englishman, and that Mr. Frohman exhibited him just as other theatrical managers exhibit a dog or a monkey. We will show that this man associated with Lord Alfred Douglass, who was banished from England for his association with Oscar Wilde. We will show that he associated with the Marquis of Anglesey who was driven out of England because of his connection with the Cleveland street scandal. We will show that he associated himself with degenerates, and that he has been engaged in selling bull pups for a living and has lived expensively on nothing. We will show that this plaintiff has made the name of Yarmouth immortal in this country for bankruptcy and infamy."

The attorney failed to keep his promise and Seymour recovered a verdict. It was shown that the charges concerning his association with Oscar Wilde and other degenerates were utterly groundless. It appears that his most serious offense was that of appearing as "Mademoiselle Rose" of the ballet. In England they are very suspicious of men who take to skirts and rouge. If Dick Hotaling, for instance, went over to London and did some of the stunts with which he has entertained his friends in Bohemia they would say all sorts of things about him.

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She Did Not Write It

In a recent despatch from Chicago chronicling the death of Miss Ida Harris, it was stated that she represented herself to be the author of "The Breadwinners." "The Breadwinners" was published in the *Century* as far back as 1883 or 1884, but the secret of the authorship was not well kept, and long before the final chapters appeared it was known to be the work of Secretary Hay, who, of course, was not then Secretary. It was not particularly worth doing and most assuredly not well done. It attracted some attention at the time because of the attitude assumed by the author towards trades unions and spiritual manifestations, but it was not a great book. Readers of the *Century* seemed to regard it as a bit of buncoing and the correspondence which it brought about was looked upon as an advertising dodge. Miss Harris or anyone else who wishes to lay claim to the authorship of the books she has not written would do well to have an understanding with the real authors. I have recently heard rumors of something of that kind here in our own midst. A gentleman of some social importance and an itching to shine as a writer has been fortunate enough to find someone to do the work and hold his tongue for a due consideration. This is an occasion to bear in mind the advice given by Brahms to Mr. Georg Henschel, who was recently amongst us: "My dear Henschel, let me warn you to be more cautious in speaking of a nobleman's compositions, for you can never know who did them:"

Will She Remain or Remove?

There are some doubts as to whether San Francisco's Madame Recamier, otherwise Mrs. Gustavus Arnold, will stay here or go back to Europe. Her home is beautiful, both herself and husband like the climate and surroundings, but there is a reason why Mrs. Arnold prefers Berlin as a residence. Charming and cultured, a patrician in every way, local society has not taken so kindly to the newcomer as it should have done. Our swim, as I have had occasion to remark before, is very narrow. It resents intrusions, especially if the intruder is so attractive as to draw attention away from those who are self-elected leaders. In Berlin, Mrs. Arnold holds a high social position, particularly in the American set. In San Francisco, there have been those who have not hesitated to refuse admittance to the inner circle to the Arnolds. This is

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absurd upon its face. It would be a pity if Mrs. Arnold should leave us before she has met the real swim of our city, not the so-called "society set," which is in many instances but snobs not assured of their own position.

The Street Fair in Sacramento

I am glad San Francisco has not descended to the level of street fairs. They are too much like a circus, and not a good circus at that. The exhibits at the Sacramento street fairs were very poor, and only the Midway Plaisance aspect of the fete commanded attention. One drygoods house, to draw notice to its exhibit, had two little boys give a boxing exhibition at intervals. The children were picked at random from the crowd and the matches were not, naturally, scientific. It seemed curious that women should be willing to gaze at such a brutal spectacle as two kids mauling each other. But they did, and encouraged the boxers, just as Mexican and Spanish women applaud bull fights.

Why the Parasol?

The Queen this year did not court the admiration of the public when she drove abroad. Instead of displaying her charms for the edification of the crowd of gazers, every time she graced the parade she held her parasol in such a manner as entirely to conceal her face. Of course the envious said that her beauty could not stand daylight, but she is really a very pretty woman, the peculiar droop of one eyelid giving piquancy to her somewhat immobile countenance. But it seems at the beginning of her reign the Queen received some anonymous letters telling her she was the wrong woman for the place, or the right woman for the wrong place, or something of that nature. She was so overcome when she read them that she fainted—at least so the story goes. Of course the whole town discussed the matter, and as the Queen is a highstrung,sensitive woman,some say it was to spare her nerves that she kept her face concealed during her drives abroad.

The Queen is in private life a school teacher of Sacramento. At the beginning of the contest she had a great many rivals, one of them being the daughter of one of the Capital's richest merchants. But the contest finally narrowed down to the teacher and the pretty saleswoman in a drygoods store. Of course all the stores fought for their representative and when the professional won over the trades-girl, the girls in the stores were wild. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" proved true in the poor little school teacher's royal career, though her only duties were to sit on a throne built in the Midway, for one hour in the afternoon and one in the evening.

The maids of honor were chosen for their pulchritude. Each of them, I am told, received two hundred dollars to expend on her costume. Some spent it all and some did not, but as a rule the gowns were exquisite.

In Ladies Purses, some very gorgeous designs are to be found at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street. Both with and without elaborate mountings.

Judge Boalt in Bohemia

Though the late John H. Boalt belonged to several clubs, there was none in which he so delighted as the Bohemian in which,during the period before ill health befell him, he was a prominent figure. He was the club's president for the term 1880-1881, having been elected to the office while he was in Europe. Judge Boalt is mentioned more than once in the "Annals of Bohemia." He was the sire of a memorable Christmas jinks and worded his invitation:

"'Christmas comes but once a year.'

"So runs the old song. The old song is wrong. Many old songs are wrong. Christmas comes twice this year. The Bohemian Christmas comes this year."

The subject of the jinks was "Illusions." Upon another occasion, when "The Muses" was the subject, Judge Boalt read a clever paper on "Mnemosyne, Goddess of Memory, and Mother of Muses." These are some extracts from the paper:

"I have observed in society certain discreet gentlemen, generally men of mature age, who, at all social gatherings, pass by the blooming daughters of the land, and devote their attention almost exclusively to the mothers of those daughters. And I have often had occasion to admire their wisdom. Matrons generally have the time and inclination to talk with any pleasant gentleman who has the time and inclination to talk with them. And it is wonderful how pleasant their talk can be. The most brilliant talkers in society are, and always have been, women—and usually married women. From the time of Eve, down, they have generally led the conversation.

"It is a sin not to admire Beauty. Look at it, dance with it, flirt with it if you like; but if you want to have a really good talk go to Beauty's mother.

"I celebrate Mnemoysyne, the mother of all the Muses, who, if she had no other claim to immortality, would have received it for this alone—she brought up nine beautiful, brilliant, dashing, erratic, eccentric girls, and finally successfully married them off.

"We are accustomed to think of Memory as bounded on the one side by Birth and on the other by Death. But it does not begin until long after Birth, and it frequently ends long before Death, and during this short interval it regularly dies with the day and revives with the dawn. I remember that I lived yesterday, although I remember nothing of the interval between yesterday and today. If then, I could but remember a life before my birth, I should have as good reason to believe in a prior existence before this life as I have to believe that I existed yesterday."

The great sorrow of Judge Boalt's life was the death of his beautiful young daughter, Alice, who died a few years after her marriage to Hugh Tevis, leaving a little daughter. The child lived with her maternal grandparents until recently. She is said to be very fond of her step-mother.

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The President and His Wife

If President McKinley were not such a model and loving husband, his trip to the coast would have been a much more enjoyable affair than it has proved to be. The serious illness of Mrs. McKinley cast a gloom over the Presidential party, disarranged programs arranged in honor of the President, and spread a dampness over the festivities to which a patriotic people had looked forward with delightful anticipation. At this writing Mrs. McKinley is a very sick woman, but there is a prospect of her recovery. But from the beginning of the trip down to the arrival in San Francisco the sad misgivings by which the President and his companions were harassed must have prevented them from entering into the spirit of the enthusiasm which their presence aroused. Nevertheless they bravely sought to show their appreciation of California's jubilant manifestation of loyalty. President McKinley is a man of nerve. Weighted down by a great sorrow, filled with anxiety over the critical illness of his wife to whom he is attached with all the fervor of a devoted husband, he posed as the piece de resistance of a great ovation, without faltering or betraying the slightest evidence of the terrible mockery that it all was to him.

A Devoted Husband

Some people have engaged in absurd criticism of the President for having subjected his invalid wife to the tedious journey. The fact is, as I happen to know, that the question of the trip was the subject of the most mature deliberation. And it was thought that if the President were separated for a long time from his wife, the effect of the worry the separation would entail would prove disastrous. Mrs. McKinley was always in delicate health, and during her whole married life she received the closest attention and care from her husband. From early life her condition mentally and physically has been most precarious. She was as frail as a child and has been treated as such. Nevertheless she craved for social diversion and she was most earnest in her desire to accompany her husband on the trip. Her delicate features and frame have always awakened the sympathy and interest of all who saw her. She was a Sunday school teacher when Mr. McKinley met her, and so was he. One was working in the Methodist and the other in the Baptist fold, and a strong bond of sympathy in the common work was quickly aroused. His friends say that he was first touched by her spirituelle features, and her devotion to her Christian labors. Two children were born to them but both shared the frail constitution of their mother and succumbed very early.

The President's Uncomfortable Experience

Such has been the experience of the President on his trip to California, that in all likelihood Presidential visits in the future as in the past will be as rare as those of angels. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley have had a most disagreeable experience. At almost every place they stopped they were taken in hand by the snobs of the community who too frequently happen to be the leading citizens. Such has been the craving for social distinction that instead of providing for the comfort of the President and his invalid wife, attention was mainly devoted to the scheme of lending eclat to the parvenu members of cheap cliques. Mismanagement has been written all over the President's itinerary. He was subjected to a disagreeable ordeal in New Orleans; on the occasion of his address to the school children of a town in the southern section of the State the arrangements were such that a panic was almost precipitated; everything was bungled from the moment of his entrance to this city to the crush in the Ferry nave when many lives were endangered. He has gone through an experience that might wreck the soundest constitution, and no one should be surprised that his frail wife collapsed.

The dailies have dealt charitably with the people that were responsible for the mismanagement of affairs in this city. They did not wish to cause any more scandal than was absolutely necessary. This has been called a jay town often enough, and it was deemed advisable to let ourselves down as easily as possible. But as a matter of fact the President was subjected to a great deal of unnecessary inconvenience, and the blame should fall somewhere. The responsibility for a McCarthy as chairman of the Reception committee has been fixed, and when it is all over we shall know more of those to whom blame should attach. At the clubs the whole matter has been looked upon too much in the light of a joke. The jolly clubmen have commiserated the President on being bored almost to death by the Scotts and others. It was at the University club that Harry Simpkins caused a laugh by declaring that McKinley would be happy if he were Scott-free from San Francisco.

A Question of Precedence

It is unfortunate that we are not accustomed to receiving Presidents in the benighted West. If we were, precedents would soon be established, and then nobody with an itching for prominence and "the deference due" would be disappointed. Last Tuesday we thronged the line of march to see the President and give the proud acclaim to the prominent cits in hacks, but far were some of us from imagining that behind the property smiles that acknowledged our salutes were much heart-burning and pent-up grievance. There was Henry Gage, for instance, mad as a wet hen because he was not seated in the first carriage with the Chief Magistrate. Yet he smiled and rubbered as joyously as though he actually believed that he was the whole show. And all the time he was bleeding internally over being displaced by

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THE WORLD OVER.

Irving M. Scott. What right had Mr. Scott to be in the first carriage? True, Mr. Scott is building the *Ohio* but he is going to be paid for it. The idea of a ship-builder taking precedence over the Governor of the State is ridiculous, and I am willing to concede that Henry Gage had a good kick coming. Why, Pin Head McCarthy, the Mayor's factotum, had as much right in that first carriage as Scott. Pin Head was chairman of one of the committees by grace of the Mayor, and he is supposed to have appointed the Citizens Reception Committee. But I know he didn't because on the committee were men that hold the Mayor's friend in such detestation that they wouldn't talk to him, and among them was one, Mr. Hume, proprietor of the *Post*, who, not long ago, ordered McCarthy out of his office.

One Scott Stayed Out

This has surely been a great week for the Scotts. They didn't miss a chance to shine. The parade on Tuesday was full of Scotts. Even the prospective daughter-in-law, Miss Caro Crockett,was in one of the carriages. And I am told that Miss Mary Scott would also have been with the clan were it not for the objection of her fiance, Mr. Walter Martin. With so many of the Scotts in evidence he thought it would be in better taste for her to look on than to participate. Walter's judgment is certainly deserving of approval.

She Couldn't Stand the Test

The story is being told in smart society circles of how a certain matron whose daughter is soon to be married, and who has been most prominently identified with the arrangements for social functions in honor of the President, became a patriotic American. She is an Englishwoman, and until recently loved to boast of the purity of her British blood. Some time ago her daughter went to London with the expectation of being received at Court. If she had depended on her pull as an American this little social prestige could have been achieved without much difficulty. But it was preferred that she should get into the shadow of royalty upon the strength of being the daughter of her English mother. This method involved a test. It was necessary to inquire into the social standing of her mother's family, and as a consequence she failed to stand the test. Now she is satisfied with being a good American.

Mayor Martin and His Bed

From almost every city that the President has visited come stories of the snubbing of or by snobs or of exhibitions of rude striving for social eminence. Some are amusing, some are disgusting. Down in San Jose there was a deal of disappointment of the President to stick to his itinerary. But Mayor Martin had a chance to deliver his address of welcome, and he was happy although the President did not rise from his chair during the delivery, a circumstance that prompted some wag to remark, "I guess the President can't stand for Martin's speech." Mayor Martin demonstrated his loyalty to the President as well as what his notion was of the manner in which the chief executive of a great hamlet like San Jose should extend the hospitalities to the nation's Chief Magistrate, by buying a bed in a fashionable furniture store, and sending it down to the Vendome to be slept in by Mr. and Mrs. McKinley. Of course that was a reflection on the Vendome beds, but as the President did not sleep at the Vendome, the disappointed Mayor sent for his bed. He will probably keep it and hand it down as a family heirloom to be pointed out to future generations of Martin as the bed the President and his wife would have slept in if they had stopped over at San Jose.

By the way, the original price of tickets to that swell reception and ball at the Vendome was ten dollars. But, when it was learned that the President would not attend, the price was cut to one-half. So really it was only a half rate affair. And as Mayor Martin was not invited he has been able to solace himself with the knowledge that the people attended on cut rates.

Snobbing at Blingum

At Burlingame, I am told, the newspaper men of the Presidential party were treated somewhat shabbily. It was the first occasion on which they were discriminated against since starting on the trip. They have been recognized as members of the party, and could not have been treated with greater deference or respect if they were members of the President,s cabinet. But, at Burlingame, somebody in charge of the reception undertook to treat them as though they were not guests. They therefore gracefully retired. The impression that they received was that Burlingame is the home of the great American snob. The club has sent them an official apology. Mrs. Scott was the hostess at Burlingame.

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The Resurrection of Father Varsi

The achievements of enterprising newspapers are becoming more startling every day. The feat of resurrecting the dead is now accomplished with such ease that it is no longer chronicled as a triumph of modern journalism. A few weeks ago the *Call* recalled Mrs. Atkins Lynch from the grave to participate in the ceremonies on Founders' Day at Mills' College. And now the *Examiner* brings back to life the late Father Varsi, who peacefully passed away at St. Ignatius' college a few months ago. In the account of the Presidential parade published by the *Examiner* last Wednesday, there was space devoted to the demonstration at St. Ignatius', and it was stated that the "venerable Father Varsi was a conspicuous figure" among the college professors and priests. The post-mortem figure of Father Varsi could not fail to be conspicuous at such a time. It ought to have created a great sensation.

The Freers of Oakland

The most religious people are not always the most charitable. Mark Twain has said that a man may have no bad habits and yet have worse. His cupidity, for instance, might deter him from complying with the golden rule. A case in point is suggested by a recent decision of the Supreme Court which has occasioned much gossip over in East Oakland. A prominent family in that burg is that of Rev. Walter Freer. That gentleman is not actively engaged in the ministry, for he is kept too busy cutting coupons. He was formerly a missionery in the Hawaiian Islands and like most missionaries in those parts he feathered his nest while there. The Freers made money in sugar along with their cousins, the wealthy Alexanders, and then they settled in East Oakland. They own stock in the Oakland Gas Company and other soulless corporations, and of course they "move" in high church society as the social reporters say.

Trying to Freeze Out a Child

Some years ago, the father of Mrs. Freer died leaving an estate valued at nearly one hundred thousand dollars. By his will he disinherited a son, but the son had preceded him to the grave. The son had a child in whose behalf a claim was made for a share of the estate. Of course the grandfather could have had no feeling against the child, but if the latter were given a share of the estate, the Freers' portion would be considerably reduced. They therefore stoutly opposed the distribution of any portion to the child, and the contest was carried through all the courts until the other day when the Supreme Court decided in favor of the offspring of the disinherited son. Perhaps it was not the money involved but only the desire to see the wishes of the deceased carried out that prompted the Freers to fight so hard for the estate. But at any rate the case has excited a whole lot of comment over in East Oakland.

The Hatchet Buried

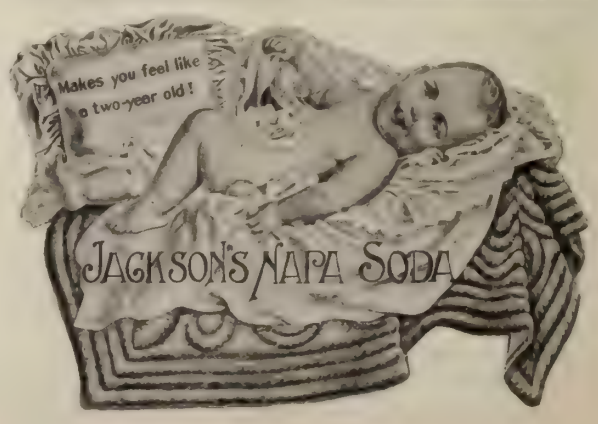
When the engagement of Pauline Lohse and Montell Taylor was announced the other day all Oakland held its breath. Many people refused to believe that those two young people were to be married until the report was confirmed by Mrs. Lohse, and then they were surprised. And yet there has been a bond of affection between Miss Lohse and Mr. Taylor since childhood. Their marriage was what should be expected. But Mrs. Lohse has so frequently asserted that her daughter should never marry a Taylor that many people began to believe her. It appears that Mrs. Lohse had an antipathy for the whole Taylor family and she particularly disliked a sister of her prospective son-in-law. But she has been persuaded to change her views. The Taylors are rich and the Lohses were once upon a time. They are now in reduced circumstances but they enjoy social prestige, and Miss Lohse is exceedingly popular.

Eight Instead of Six

The first mention of the names of the six bridesmaids to take part in the Martin-Scott wedding which I published last week created a flurry in their ranks for which I am sorry. I had no idea they were trying to keep the matter such a state secret. In order to again surround the affair with the elements of secrecy and surprise, those most interested have planned—not to change the list already published—but to add two more bridesmaids to the list, making the number eight instead of six; and under penalty I have promised not to mention the names—for a time. Cupid will not divulge them in any other place but I don't doubt Dame Gossip will. However all the eight bridesmaids' gowns have been ordered and all is excitement. A large contingent of Eastern friends has planned to come out here specially for the event.

Barnes' Dinner With Himself

Captain "Billy" Barnes has a lot of good stories to tell since his successful Eastern trip but here is one on himself that he doesn't say anything about. Whether he hasn't heard it or whether it is sheer modesty on his part that keeps him silent I don't know, but the yarn is having its vogue just the same. The other day the captain and a well known bunch of clubmen left the lounging room to dine at a well-known French restaurant. Things went merrily around the table till the fish was reached, then the captain began to show unmistakable signs of a flagging flow of wit. It had been a hard day with him in a big argument before the Superior Court, and so it



was that as he sat at table he gradually became preoccupied, then thoughtful, then drowsy. Finally his head leaned slowly to one side and, with his napkin spread over his bold vest front, he soundly slumbered. His somnolent condition didn't prevent his fellow diners from having a good time and they laughed, jested and swapped anecdotes to the black coffee. Then it was that a merry wag while contemplating the oblivious Barnes through the halo of a good cigar, suggested: "Let's leave the debris of this feast spread out before Billy and put an empty cup of black coffee in front of him with his check: then we'll all move over to the distant table in the corner. I'll get Oscar to wake him with a gentle bump, and two to one when Billy looks at that stack of platters before him he'll never know he hasn't dined but will pay his check and leave."

The bet was taken and the chuckling quartet slid over to the corner table. Oscar was tipped and while arranging the table bumped the Captain. Barnes slowly and laboriously came to himself, gazed half sleepily over the wreck of garbage left by the wags and by degrees his eyes settled on the empty black coffee cup and the check in the foreground. "Ah, Oscar, here," he said, "that was an excellent dinner. I enjoyed it very much. My compliments to Pierre," and he laid down his tip and headed for the outer door.

The Ezetas are Broke

The perennial and picturesque Central American revolutionists, the Ezetas, have at last reached the end of the millions of pesos they cleaned up in Salvador, and have temporarily joined the ordinary horde of mortals looking for common every day grub. The home of Don Carlos in Fruitvale is to be sold at public auction on June first and the family jewels on May twenty-fifth. In their day, and during the boom in Central American revolutions some six years ago, they were easily the king pins of the lot—in plunder. When the crash came, as it comes to all revolutionary leaders in that land, good and bad, and they were obliged to flee in the darkness of night to save their precious lives, they made direct for gay Paris. They had provided for their advent there by surreptitiously shipping large sums of gold out of San Salvador, and there they enthusiastically joined the colony of kings in exile and lived sumptuously enough to warrant the assertion that they had the United States Treasury to draw on. Such a life amid such expenditures could not last, and the day came when they were discovered snooping around the outskirts of Salvador trying to stir up another revolution and another plunder clean-up. But other wily men had meanwhile obtained control of the game and they didn't propose to let the Ezeta brothers re-capture it. The countryside was made very hot for them, so they came here with a view of using this city as a base of operations to start a new revolution. The sharpers, parasites and twenty per cent money-lenders had all heard of the millions that the Ezetas had taken out of Salvador, but they had failed to keep tab on the millions they had spent in Paris. Consequently, when they received the brothers with open arms with a view to ultimately plucking them, they were over-estimating their mark.

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

I remember the Ezetas at that time and how profuse they were in their remarks on the cordiality, generosity and sympathy of the Californians. A few bags of family jewels were all they had left of the plunder of a republic, but they were far too wise in the ways of the world to let anyone suspect this. It was in this condition and this period that the friendly hand was extended to the parasites, sharpers and twenty-per cent men. The Ezetas had nothing to lose and they knew they were being cajoled as objects for plunder. They accepted the money offered by these harpies at fabulous rates of interest, lived on it as befitted ex-rulers of a republic and enjoyed the comedy to the full extent. Whenever the duns gathered thick and began to talk of repayment they enthusiastically mapped out another revolution to re-capture Salvador. There must have been at least half a dozen such revolutions planned in this city and not one of them made any further headway than the write-ups in the local papers.

But they served their purpose and staved off the creditors for the time being. And so the Revolution comedy was played once at a very critical period when the creditors became rampant. Antonio went to Mexico with the alleged purpose of raising troops and marching them over the Southern border. It was an opera bouffe act, for President Diaz would have cut him off as quickly as the English government, had he tried the same in Canada. But local twenty per cent men cannot be worked forever and so the day came when Antonio was put out of the California hotel, because he could not pay his board bill. Just before this, however, the harpies and sharpers had gradually awakened to the fact that they had been wasting good money on green goods and that somebody else had got ahead of them in plundering the Ezetas. Since then the brothers have been let severely alone. There being no chance of raising credit at the old game, they have started no more inflammatory rumors that they were going to spring a revolution in Salvador. They have been lying as quiet as a dormouse and even Fruitvale might not now be alive to the presence of the one time rabid revolutionist, Don Carlos Ezeta, ex-President of Salvador and ex-millionaire were it not for the few lines in its daily paper that his house was to be sold on June first to satisfy his creditors.

Though the wife of Don Carlos has sold most of her jewels there are enough left to tempt the creditors into making a raid on them through the Sheriff. I am confident that Mrs. Ezeta will not experience the humiliation suffered by Mrs. Barrios, the wife of the President of Guatemala. When the latter came to

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take up her residence here, the Custom House officials discovered, on examining her large and very rich collection of jewels, that a great number of them were excellent paste imitations. Only a few intimates of the family ever learned that the original jewels had been carefully removed and money raised on them to be spent in a way that has always made the bones of the Barrios family skeleton rattle. Of course there was only one man in the Barrios family who could have done this through his privilege in handling the jewels. The best gems in the Ezeta collection were sacrificed for debts long ago. Thus ends the financial career of a man who, while he was President of Salvador, was famous for the royal manner in which he entertained visitors, particularly Californians.

"Vive l'Empereur!"

A Californian who recently returned from Paris informs me that shortly before his departure from the gay capital a great sensation was caused one morning by the appearance on the dead walls of a huge placard—"Vive l'Empereur!" The police were sent out to tear it down as quickly as possible, and then the official explanation was given out that it was the title of a book soon to be published. But so active were the authorities in suppressing news of the occurrence, that the suspicion prevails in some quarters that the purpose of the placard was to ascertain if there was still magic in the rallying cry. It is believed to have been done in the interest of Prince Victor Napoleon who is still a Pretender to the Imperial throne. It is known that he has many friends in Europe, for in his veins runs blood of the Stuarts, the Tudors and the Plantagenets, and he is related through his mother, Princess Clothilde of Savoy, with nearly every monarch in Europe. Prince Victor bears a strong resemblance to the great Emperor, but he has none of the spirit of that splendid genius. He is a gentleman of leisure in Brussels, while his brother Louis, who is two years his junior, wears the uniform of the Czar in the Russian Guards and appears to be satisfied with the reputation of being the best dancer in St. Petersburg.

And yet these two Bonaparte Princes are grandsons of King Jerome. Their father, Napoleon, familiarly known as Plon-Plon, was the hero of the mob, and he despised his cousin Louis Napoleon, who tried to reign as an heir of the great Emperor and as the nominee of the people. Plon-Plon openly declared that his cousin had not a drop of Bonaparte blood in his veins; that his mother was Hortense Beauharnais and his father a Dutch Admiral, and that therefore he was a usurper.

When Oelrichs Endorsed Martin

A reader of TOWN TALK assures me that there could not have been any truth in the report that Uncle Hermann Oelrichs objected to Peter Martin's heart devotions to his pretty niece, Lily, because it was not so long ago that Uncle Hermann regarded Peter as a most eligible beau. That was when Peter was paying attention to the twin Maries—Oge and Wells. Miles Standish never had a better advocate than Hermann Oelrichs was in the cause of Peter Martin. Has Hermann grown better or has Peter grown worse?

An Unfortunate Irregularity

Some of the members of the Kennel club are complaining very bitterly of the action of the officials in assigning certain duties to Judge Linn at the eleventh hour. They say that Judge Jarrett was the man engaged to pass upon the qualities of certain dogs that were given to Linn to judge, and that the proceedings were decidedly irregular and reflected much discredit on the club. The officers of the club should be careful to avoid irregularities that provoke unfavorable criticism. They cannot expect to make a success of bench shows if they arouse suspicion in the minds of enthusiastic breeders.

Who Won the Prize?

A communication has been sent to this office calling attention to a notice which appeared in the programs of the Columbia, Orpheum and California theatres in the month of April, to the effect that a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars would be given to the person submitting the most suitable and acceptable name for a new hotel to be erected in Los Angeles by G. S. Holmes of Salt Lake. It was stated that the name of the winner would be published in the program of May tenth. My informant states that a large audience assembled in each of the theatres that night, and that no doubt many of the people attended mainly for the purpose of learning the name of the winner, but that the program contained no reference to the matter. As he was one of the persons duped by the advertisment, he is very indignant and would like to know who was responsible for the fraud. Certainly the theatre managers have no desire to bunco their patrons, but the program publisher should be requested to bar fake ads.

Miss Adelaide Deming is having a delightful time at the Islands. After two weeks in Honolulu, where she was feted in every possible way, she went to Haleiwa, where she spent several days rusticating. Miss Deming's last visit to Honolulu was that memorable one upon which her sister Alice became engaged to Harry Corson Clarke, whom she afterward married. They went with the Frawley company, but were chaperoned by their mother, Mrs. E. O. Deming.

Sheldon Mantle returned on Wednesday from his Hawaiian trip.

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Thus Saith The Owl

[This was delivered at the farewell reception given by the Bohemian Club to Mr. George T. Bromley, prior to his departure to China in 1884 to fill the position of U. S. Consul at Tien-tsin. It was written by Judge John H. Boalt, whose death occurred last week. Ed.]

All hail, Bromley!
All hail, Arch High-Priest of our realm of Bohemia!
All hail, Grand Too-Whit of the noble Order of the Ulula!
Thou hast found favor in my yellow eyes!
Thou hast gained lodgment in this ancient heart!
I have not dimmed my love by expressing it in words—I would not waste my love in words!
Nor have I shown it by my smiles; I do not smile on those I love.
But thou has not mistaken me!
At thy approach my closed eyelids, weary with the fullness of surrounding emptiness, have opened wide. At sight of thee, the eager pupils of mine eyes have dilated till they were like to burst their broad circumferences. In thy presence, my protruded bosom hath expanded until each yearning feather stood on end.
Between thee and me neither word nor smile was needed.
Thou camest! I poured upon thee the refreshing flood of an approving and affectionate silence.
For years I have marked thee in thy daily walk; a kindly heart to whom all hearts must needs be kind; a cheerful spirit, quick to enjoy the sunshine, and to find it even among clouds; a genial soul, receiving the young with pleasant welcome and retaining the old, because the pleasant welcome hath grown into a permanent friendship.
And I have noted in thee that higher wisdom which is wise enough sometimes to stoop to folly. Thou art too wise to be forever wise!
True wisdom hath no grief! Look at me—I weep not! But the wisdom of men is sad and full of pain; it maketh the heart sick and the eyelids heavy. Therefore, is such wisdom in so far unwise, for grief and death are sworn allies!
Whatever else be folly, it is surely wise to be merry, and if much wisdom banish merriment, then is such wisdom a false friend.
Where now are the wise men of the ancient days?
I and mine hold merry feasts in their nameless tombs.
What they thought wisdom is now sport for children; what they deemed solemn worship is now idle mummery.
So in the never-ending cycles to come shall the jest of today become earnest and the earnest become jest, and the one be mistaken for the other.
Therefore, have I looked on with pleasure when thou hast led the revels of my Bohemian children. Thy unctuous voice hath always inspired their mirth; thy jovial face hath ever inflamed their laughter.
I have seen thee, as High-Priest, guiding the young neophyte to the Bohemian altar, and leading his soul upward with such uttered precept as never neophyte heard before. I have listened when with strenuous voice thou hast brought in hoarse carols from the briny deep.
Often, for very sport, thou wouldst load up most grave and serious words with light and unaccustomed freight of meaning, and then, anon, wouldst dress some solemn thought in such gay frivolous garb of language, that men mistook it for a wanton.
Many the quips and jests which I have heard from thee, but I have noted that there was never malice behind thy humor, and never sting to mar the honey of thy wit.
And now, O best beloved of the Owl, the time draws near when we must part.
I break the silence of unnumbered years to say, "Farewell!"
But we shall meet again. Not soon perhaps, within these halls, nor in the busy hours of the day. But in the quiet of the night, when sleep hath come, I and many a friend of former days shall visit thee in thy distant home and bless thy dreams!

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How to Own Your Own Home

The people are beginning to find out why it is cheaper to own your own home than to pay rent. The Continental Building and Loan Association has showed them why and how. The Continental has a subscribed capital of twelve millions of dollars with two millions paid in, and is the largest building and loan association in the West. It has been the means of helping hundreds of people of moderate incomes to build their own homes. Why should people not build their own homes, when the rent payments properly applied through the association will do it? The payments are fixed and when a certain number of payments are made, you get a release to your mortgage. It is just the reverse when you make a given number of payments to your landlord. Decidedly it is cheaper to own your own home than pay rent.

The Standard Rock Oil Company

The Standard Rock Oil Company well merits its name. L. J. Berry, contractor for the Standard, shows his confidence in this company by having offered to drill the first well for part cash, part stock, as he says, "I expect to make my money out of the stock, the cash will just about pay my men for their work." The "Standard Rock" is locally known as "The Reliable and Strictly Legitimate" among the brokers. The derrick is already erected, the cook-bunk and engine houses are going up now and the first well will be drilled inside of thirty days. The stock will go to twenty cents on May twenty-first, 1901. Over fifty thousand tons of gypsum are for sale from this land to pay additional dividends. This company fully deserves the public confidence. The Standard Rock also owns eighty acres near the famous Home Oil company, which sells its shares at five thousand dollars cash. The company also owns one hundred and sixty acres of choice oil land in Napa valley, where oil is worth eight dollars per barrel. The Prospectus can be had at 475-76, Parrott building, San Francisco. The directors are: Alfred Fuhrman, attorney for company; R. L. Bisby, oil broker; M. J. Henley, real estate; James G. Steele, capitalist, and R. A. Falkenberg, manager California Oil Investment company.

The treatise entitled "Mandolin Memories" by Mr. Samuel Adelstein, that appeared serially in the *Cadenza* has attracted much favorable comment. Among those writing appreciative notes to the author anent his work were Maurice Jacobi of Philadelphia, Frank S. Morrow of Harrisburg and M. L. Hull of Oklahoma, besides several from this city and New York.

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Reparation

Dear One, hath the fate that flung thee to me,
Fair and young and timid and untried,
Brought thee back, in after years, to curse me
For the love I then to thee denied?

Lo! the maiden, who—in love's first fervor—
Gave me all her young impassioned trust,
From the ashes of the years arises,
Like a phoenix soaring from the dust.

Comes she through the Past's pale mists to mock me
With the lips whose virgin sighs I drained?
Nay, her eyes have in them no reproaches,
Though for me their saddest floods have rained.

Can it be that thou, Imperious Beauty!
Schooled and skilled in all the Lesbian lore,
Art the timid and untutored novice
Who my truant troth did oft deplore?

When, in morbid mood or thoughtless moment,
I, perchance, too carelessly, would chide
Some sweet whispered undertone of passion,
Or with skeptic coldness turn aside;

Blighting, in the blossom, all the beauty
Of the flower of love, that might have grown
Through the years in Faith's unfading fragrance,
But with heedless hand away was thrown.

All that Fancy's fondest dreams can compass,
I would give, could I again behold
In thine eyes the nascent love-light beaming,
As I've often seen it beam of old.

Ah, but Fate is full of rich reprisals!
And, at last, I falter at thy feet,
For the years have hoarded up a vengeance,
And thy reparation is complete.

Ask the tremor that enthralled my pulses!
It will tell thee how with joy they played,
When I clasped again thy glowing beauty,
And my hungering lips on thine were laid;

And I heard thee murmur "Take me!" "Take me!"
As I pleaded in thy close caress
That thy love might leap to life and crown me,
And in one soul-yielding sigh confess;

Then I felt thee thrill with peerless passion,
More than ever shook thy girlish frame
And Love's smouldering coals again were kindled,
For my lips had fanned them to a flame.

Louis A. Robertson.

The Tale of a Tiny Revolver

Mademoiselle Rosette had arisen early on this particular morning—at least, early for her—for the little clock on the mantel was hardly on the stroke of ten. Rosette was the flowery name suggested by Mademoiselle's mirror, but Mirliton was the one which she had brought back with her from the gay fete of last year at Saint-Cloud.

Slender and sylph-like, with her long gray cloak drawn tightly around her, she kept close to the houses, tripping along like a frightened little mouse. The morning was damp and foggy and the sun enshrouded with mist. Presently the rain began to drop, so mademoiselle quickened her steps and walked closer to the houses.

"I wonder if she is going to the rehearsal of the 'Princess Charming?'" asked Paul Duvivier, as he and his friend Gaston Roger caught sight of the slender figure in the gray cloak as it turned the corner.

"Or to a rendezvous?" suggested Gaston, "with some recent admirer of last night's green-room?"

Duvivier laughed at the suggestion, declaring that Rosette loved only in the evening and that neither her heart nor the rest of her sylph-like body existed, save under the light of a chandelier.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed Roger, "then she must be going to the dressmaker's!"

The utter disdain, however, with which Mademoiselle viewed en passant the array of elegant gowns displayed in the shop windows convinced them that she was not in search of fashions.

"See here, my friend," said Roger, looking at his watch, "the chase of the gray cloak is becoming tiresome, and besides I have an engagement on the other side of Paris before twelve and wish you to accompany me."

Duvivier hesitated. To him the chase of the fascinating gray cloak was intensely exciting, for deep down in his heart he had a real tenderness for the slender girl who, all unconscious of her pursuers, walked rapidly on. But finally he yielded to his friend's wishes, and both young men jumping into the tramway the little gray cloak was soon out of sight.

Meanwhile Rosette pursued the even tenor of her way, utterly unconscious of the curious eyes which had followed her since she turned the corner of the street near her modest lodgings. Finally she reached the Boulevard, where she suddenly stopped, looked into a gunsmith's window and then entered the shop, where she purchased a tiny revolver encrusted with mother of pearl, and after requesting the clerk to load it for her, thrust it into her pocket, darted out of the store and stepping into a cab, ordered the coacher to drive as fast as possible to the Bois de Boulogne.

* * * *

Yes, she had fully determined to die—to die, as Senorita Lolita had died at Madrid and Mademoiselle Hortense at Bordeaux. For Rosette, who had had more than twenty lovers and had been feted, wined and dined by the most distinguished bald-heads in the front row of the orchestra, was tired of life—and all on account of the leading man in the company, whom she worshiped.

Why she worshiped him, she had never been able exactly to discover. Perhaps it was because he was handsome? Or at times had shown himself indifferent to her charms? Women are strange creatures. At any rate she adored him, she loved him, and for three consecutive months had lived in a garden of Paradise, dismissing with a shrug of her pretty shoulders two bona fide suitors who visited her twice a week, sacrificed them both on the altar of love to—the leading man.

But now the ungrateful lover had given his affections to another woman, and Rosette, tired of life, had resolved to kill herself; at first she thought of throwing vitriol into her rival's face, but vitriol was no longer fashionable and Rosette would be modish or nothing.

Yes, before the evening, the promenaders in the Bois would find poor little Mirliton lying on her back, dead—with a bullet through her heart, her face pale and ghastly, but still beautiful. Her picture, the prettiest one ever taken, in her costume of Princess Charming, would ornament the front page of the illustrated papers,and the saucy reporters who paid her such pretty compliments in the green room—and then afterwards wrote such horrid things about her—would be seized with remorse and would now write pathetic stories of poor little Mirliton. The heartless critic of the *Figaro* who sarcastically wrote that "Mademoiselle Mirliton wore her gowns well," would do her justice now that she had given her farewell performance. As the carriage rolled along, Rosette fancied she heard the newsboys screaming through the Boulevards and avenues: "The suicide of Mademoiselle Mirliton in the Bois de Boulogne." And for one brief moment she was dividing honors with the divine Sarah—for all Paris would be ringing with the name of Mademoiselle Mirliton.

Arrived in the Bois, Rosette dismissed the carriage, then wandered down one of the beautiful allees to a sequestered nook behind a clump of acacias. As it was long before the fashionable hour, not a sound disturbed the stillness, save the rustling of the leaves and the fluttering of the birds. Beyond was a pretty rivulet spanned by a rustic bridge, reflecting in its waters in shadows of green and gold the overhanging branches of the trees, for the clouds had passed away and the April sun shone resplendently.

Rosette threw herself on a rustic seat; the solitude of the spot was charming, and the perfume of the roads intoxicated her. She rather regretted that the clouds had passed away, for it was so much sadder to die in the sunshine, when the world looked so bright and gay. And then she was so young to die—only twenty-two—and this morning as she had looked into her mirror, she had been forced to acknowledge that her face was young and fair, and as the white embroidered dressing sacque had fallen below her shoulders, she had smiled at her own swanlike neck and rounded arms.

Then she recalled the pleasures she had had and which she still might enjoy. It was certainly delightful to have all the opera-glasses turned towards her as she appeared on the stage—with the rest of the actresses green with jealousy! And then those gay little suppers were not at all tiresome; with those delicious hot birds and the golden champagne sparkling in the glasses. And after supper! the table pushed in the corner and dancing—with Fritz of the Vienna orchestra at the piano. Ah, the waltzes were so light and gay! Would she ever sup or dance again?

She removed her dotted veil and thrusting her hand into the pocket of her long gray cloak, drew out the tiny revolver. It was such a dainty, pretty thing, with its pearl encrustations, but at the sight of it her face grew deathly pale and the little hand encased in its suede glove trembled.

"The ball," sighed Rosette, "must be very painful when it cuts into the flesh," and she was on the point of dropping it. . . . But no, she would die, she would no longer live since Edmond had deceived and forsaken her . . . besides she would prove to the world that she possessed as much courage as Senorita Lolita or Mademoiselle Hortense.

A moment's reflection, however, convinced her that she must practice, for she had never before handled a revolver; and suppose she should merely wound herself and be carried off to a hospital and brought back to life by some horrid surgeon? Quick as a flash she raised the pistol and taking aim at a tree in a thicket beyond the little rustic bridge, she pulled the trigger. The sound reverberating through the woods was followed by a piercing scream.

The little actress started—trembling from head to foot. She had either killed or wounded someone in the thicket beyond the bridge! Throwing the pistol among the acacias, she ran like a frightened gazelle across the bridge and there in the thicket, lying on his back under the shadow of a tree, with his eyes closed and his hand pressed to his heart, was an extremely handsome young man!

"He is dead!" sobbed Rosette, "and I am a murderess!"

Screaming for help, she fell fainting across the lifeless body. But Adonis was not dead; in fact he wasn't even sleeping. He was only dreadfully frightened, and the frou-frou of skirts reassuring him, he opened his eyes.

"Parbleu!" he exclaimed, gently disentangling himself from Rosette, "a remarkably pretty girl and undoubtedly as badly frightened as I was."

"Mademoiselle," he said laughing and whispering in her ear, "are you dead or did you think that I was?"

Rosette opened her wonderously beautiful eyes, and through a veil of tears declared that it was she who had fired the fatal shot, but with no intention of harming anyone.

Adonis burst into a laugh: "You didn't do a particle of harm," he said, "the ball lodged in a branch above my head,

The nicest lunch in the city is served at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh.

and—I am not dead only wounded with Cupid's dart, and you, Mademoiselle, are," gallantly and with a profonnd bow, "an adorable young Diana, whom one does not often meet in the Bois de Boulogne. Were you hunting birds or men?"

Rosette smiled at the pretty compliments and entirely restored, her pink ribbons flying in the light spring breeze, tripped again across the rustic bridge followed by Adonis.

Together they repaired to the Pavilion d'Armenonville, where they breakfasted a la fourchette—the tiny pistol, loaded with its five balls,having been entirely forgotten in the acacia bushes.

That night as Mademoiselle Mirleton bowed and pirouetted before the dear Parisian public, no one dreamed she had ever thought of winging her flight to another world, she seemed so supremely happy.

Gaston and Paul were there, showering flowers comme a l'ordinaire, while Adonis awaited her at the stage door. The leading man, the adored Edmond, had been forgotten—and Mademoiselle wondered how she could ever have fancied him!

[Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.]

The Automobile

About twenty motor vehicles participated in the San Jose celebration this week, and while they made a creditable showing in the parade, their appearance on the race track was not such as would bring delight to the hearts of their owners in the least. As racing machines they cut a very sorry figure and as a consequence automobiles have dropped several notches in the estimation of five thousand residents of the Garden city. The failure was not with any one machine, but with them all. and in almost every instance the troubles arose from the over-confidence of the various operators. In the first place, several aspirants for racing honors had heart failure when they saw the steep embankments of the San Jose track, and threw up the sponge then and there. The more courageous of the lot, however, prepared for the struggle, resolved to negotiate those steep turns or perish in the attempt The first machine on the track had up enough steam pressure to operate a freight locomotive and came to grief before half a lap had been traversed. The second machine snapped a chain, as it started on a trial spin, and this one was also sent to the rear in disgrace. Then the agent of a rival make came onto the track in high glee over the discomforture of his rivals. After dashing up and down in front of the grand stand a few times he thought he would show the populace a thing or two about running an automobile, but scarcely had the thought become settled when his machine also came to grief and the five thousand people in the grand stand laughed derisively as it was hauled off the track. The next day, H. L. Johnson, with a Locomobile, had better success. He negotiated a third of a mile against time in thirty and one-fifth seconds, which is at the rate of a mile in 1.30 3-5. Following this, Rockett and Arnold took a Locomobile over to the horse track, just adjoining the cycle track, and in the presence of three official timers, covered a mile in 1.34 4-5, which now stands as the Pacific Coast automobile record for the distance.

Alexander Winton is expected to arrive in the city almost any day now and upon his arrival arrangements will be immediately commenced for the journey across the continent in his gasoline carriage. Mr.Shanks of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, the gentleman who is to accompany Winton, has been in the city for several days and was one of Governor Nash's party at the California theatre on Saturday night.

Joseph Saxton has succeeded in forming his automobile company and has secured a splendid factory in Bryant street which is now running in full blast. He has more business in hand now in the construction of steam trucks and stage coaches than he can turn out in several months.

Today is the limit for the filing of the bids for the special automobile for Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department. The bids are by no means as numerous as was anticipated.

—*The Automobiler.*

Mr. H. C. Tilden in his "Locomobile" Dosados

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STEAM MOTOR VEHICLES

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Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"Sag Harbor"—second week and large houses.
ALCAZAR—"Friends"—a strong production of a strong drama.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Government Acceptance"—a clever play, cleverly acted
TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker"—thoroughly original and charming.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—it's all right.

The New York *Sun* says that the profits of the opera singers in Wall street "were large enough to inspire one who was especially successful to observe that this has been a great year in Walhalla and in Wall street. Not all of them made their outside profits there, however, as the case of Madame Gadski's husband proved. Mr. Tauscher was, before his marriage to the soprano, an officer in the German army and resigned his lieutenancy to accompany his wife on her first visit to this country. He is now the American agent for a firm of German manufacturers and has just succeeded in selling to the Government a pistol in which he has an important interest. Not to be outdone by Madame Nordica's husband, who claims to have made a fortune in speculation this winter, Mr. Tauscher also modestly calls attention to his success in enriching his wife. One tenor who, according to accounts, has earned thousands in stocks, admitted that the professional of exaggeration was present in most of the accounts of the operatic winnings. 'If I had earned half people say I have, or half that most of the singers say they have, I should be happy.'"

Attractions Next Week

"The Queen of Chinatown," a play dealing with life among the Chinese, will be seen for the first time in the city at Morosco's Grand Opera House next week. It has been one of the pronounced hits of the season in the East, and will no doubt repeat its Eastern success in this city. The play contains plenty of action and the climaxes are highly exciting and interesting. A number of specialties will be introduced and the scenery and costumes will be features of the production. The following week Melbourne MacDowell, who for many years was joint star with Fanny Davenport, his wife, will begin a starring engagement at this theatre, in the celebrated Sardou plays. This is the first season these plays have ever been produced at popular prices. The plays to be presented will be Fanny Davenport's greatest successes "Cleopatra," "Theodora," "Gismonda," "Fedora" and "La Tosca." This is a very strong attraction.

The Alcazar will have for its attraction next week "Gloriana" the clever farce. It is not new here but is worthy of being revised yearly, it is so much better than the average farce comedy one gets nowadays. "Gloriana" has a decided plot and a bright dialogue with most amusing situations. "The First Born" is to be given in connection with the farce and this revival of Powers' powerful little tragedy should prove a big drawing card.

At the Columbia theatre next Monday night Henry Miller will begin his third annual season in this city. Already the demand for seats for the first six nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, during which time "Heartease" is to be the bill, has been extraordinarily large and the popular star will be greeted by some very fine audiences. The opening night next Monday will prove a very fashionable theatrical event. Miller is extremely well liked among local theatre goers and not without every reason for his productions have always proved the most magnificent ever staged here by any star. This season he will be surrounded by a strong supporting company. Some splendid novelties will be presented during the season among them being an entirely new play called, "Darcy of the Guards" and the Oscar Wilde play "The Importance of Being Earnest". Among the successes of Miller's last season was "The Only Way" and it is not unlikely that this piece will be staged during the coming engagement. "Heartsease" will be given a sumptuous production. Wednesday and Saturday matinees are to be given during the Miller season.

AMUSEMENTS

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WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
MATINEES TODAY AND TOMORROW
Last Two Nights of
"Government Acceptance"
Commencing Monday Evening Next
An Elaborate Production of
"The Queen of Chinatown"
One of the Biggest Successes of the Season
Introducing a Number of Clever Specialties
POPULAR PRICES: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. A Few Seats 75c.
Good Reserved Seat in Orchestra Saturday and Sunday Matinees 25 cents
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Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, May 19th
Al Leach and the three Rosebuds Grace Van Studdiford
Genaro and Baily Lew Sully Burton and Brooks Bison City Four
Ed. Latelle Great American Biograph and James O. Barrows and Co.
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

★TIVOLI★
Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp
Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2
Monday May 20th—Second Great Week!
The Novelty of the Season
"THE TOY MAKER"
By the Composer of "Olivette" and "The Mascotte"
It's a Surprise from Start to Finish
Full of Fun and Catchy Music
See the Splendid Transformation and Second Act Finale
Staging by Ferris Hartman
Musical Direction by Paul Steindorff
Next Production—The Babes in the Woods
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone, Bush 9

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FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager
'Phone Main 254
Matinee Saturday at 2:30, Sunday at 2.
Last Performances of Milton Royle's Comedy Drama
FRIENDS
Next Week—DOUBLE BILL
"The First Born" and "Gloriana"
Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Beginning Monday May 20
Every Night (Except Sunday) Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
HENRY MILLER
And a strong supporting Company
First Six Nights and Two Matinees
The Romantic Success
"HEARTSEASE"
In Preparation—"Darcy of the Guards"

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DEALER in Watches, Diamonds, Etc. Repairing and Cleaning of Watches and Jewelry at 1071 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

There will be an absolutely new bill at the Orpheum next week, made up entirely of head liners. Al Leach and the three Rosebuds, who have many friends here, will present a sketch by Joseph Hart. Grace Van Studdiford, late prima donna soprano at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House, lends her beautiful voice and stately figure for the first time to vaudeville. Genaro and Baily will demonstrate what they call "The Poetry of Motion." Lew Sully is a monologist and Burton and Brooks are clever comedians. James O. Barrows and Co. will reproduce "Tactics" a piece still remembered as "the best we ever saw at the Orpheum." The Bison City Four, Ed Latelle and the biograph will all have something new.

At the Tivoli "The Toy Maker" has no doubt started on a long run, the capacity of the house being nightly tested, and the new piece going with life and genuine snap. It is a decided novelty in the comic opera line, being replete with funny situations, not depending on gags or slangy dialogue for laughs. The music is bright and catchy, and the merry songs are aided by timely topics. The Toy Maker is splendidly cast to the company's full strength, finely staged and costumed, and the business introduced for chorus and principals is all clever and original. Steindorff handles the musical end of the show in his usual masterly manner. The matinee on Saturday next will begin at 2:30 on account of the launching of the battleship *Ohio*. "The Babes in the Woods" will be the next Tivoli offering. —*The Playgoer.*

Our New Federal Attorney

D. E. McKinlay, who was lately appointed an assistant to the United States District Attorney, is not related to the President. He has come to the front by his own exertion and ability. He started in life as a painter in Santa Rosa where he kept a paint store. While carrying on that business he studied law and was admitted to practice in 1892. He was associated for several years with M. M. Estee and they were together when the latter was appointed to a Federal judgeship in Honolulu. Mr. McKinlay is a forcible speaker and has stumped the State in every campaign since the Harrison-Cleveland contest. He has served as a Presidential elector and his election was by the largest vote received by any elector.

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Last Lay of the Bard

Oh the poet seized his pencil and he puckered up his brow;
Stuck his spur into Pegasus with the exclamation "Now
I will write a burning sonnet that shall cause posterity
To rise up and howl in frenzy at the very thought of me!"

(There was no coal in the cellar; there was not a bacon rind
In the kitchen; and his trousers wore beseeching looks behind;
On the Poet's cheek were whiskers three weeks old and growing older;
All about the air was frosty—bitter cold and growing colder.)

But the Poet, rapt and heedless, in his inspiration wrote on
Never noting in his frenzy that he hadn't any coat on.
Hour by hour he toiled and grafted while the icy cold stole o'er him,
And his soul was placed immortal on the snowy page before him.

* * * * * * *

He was still before the table a week later when they found him,
Crown of snow above his forehead and an icy wreath around him;
And the people, as they listened, seemed to hear the angels sing;
For the bard had died while writing a sweet rhapsody on Spring!

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

At Home and Abroad

There is much mother-feeling in the sentiment a wife cherishes for her husband.

To the Countess, in Europe, many tales were wafted of her husband's conduct at home in her absence. They were highly colored stories, too, that did not place the Count in the best of lights. His faults shown with lustre, in these letters from the Countess' dear friends.

But she did not credit them entirely. She knew the Count was an attractive man. Had he not won her love? Had she not married him?

She knew his weaknesses. She saw them reproduced in her little son, whose education had been the prime cause of her coming abroad. He was to be schooled in the same academy where his father had learned his youthful lessons.

The little girl was like herself, a slow child but amenable to discipline. The boy was headstrong, easily led astray by his inclinations, but as readily won back to the right path by the power of love.

The Count, wrote her dear friends, had made himself a scandal by his flirtations. With not one woman's name, but many, his had been connected.

What was worse, his amours had become public property. He had "got into the papers."

The Count wrote nothing in extenuation of himself. And the Countess wrote no reproachful letters to him. She trusted him.

"I should not have left him," she said to herself, when a more than usually scandalous circumstance was retailed to her in one of her home correspondent's letters, "but it is disgusting the way these people backbite him to me,"

Her aunt urged her to come home, investigate the stories, and if they were true to obtain a divorce from the Count.

However, the motherly feeling for her handsome husband pointed to a different course.

She understood the Count better than did his slanderers. She pictured him as he had always been toward herself—gracious, charming, fascinating, always courteous, always polished, never-failing in those little attentions that bespeak the man of society and foreign courts.

She saw him as she had seen him many times, surrounded by admiring women; urged by this one to come and dance, by that one to fetch her wrap and promenade with her on the veranda between valses. It was always so, she thought; this is no new thing.

She had never been jealous, for there had appeared no reason for it.

He was her husband, the father of her children. He had singled her out for his Countess, when others more beautiful, richer than she, might have been his for the asking.

It was her own idea, to bring their boy and girl abroad to be educated in their father's native city.

"Stay and look after our business interests," she had said to the Count, "and have a good time. When you feel like leaving home, join us."

She opened her last letter from home. A string of newspaper clippings fell from the envelope. She read a few of them. They were all about the Count, some phrased in derision, others berating him soundly, and there were covert allusions to the manner in which the Countess would punish the offender when the tidings of her husband's misdoings reached her.

A line from her cousin accompanied the clippings: "You will never forgive him, will you, Annie? He doesn't deserve it."

The Countess tossed the letter and its accompaniments into the fire, angrily.

"How cruel they are," she thought, "they are all a pack of bloodhounds."

It never for an instant occurred to her to doubt her husband. She knew him so well, his easy, pleasure-loving disposition, his desire to please everybody even if by doing so he was careless of himself.

Her first impulse was to go home at once, to bid him silence his slanderers by quick means. Then she thought how her going home so suddenly would be misconstrued. They would think she wished to investigate, before pronouncing sentence. That would never do.

"No, I shall write to him," she thought, "at once. He must come to me—to the children. He shall know—and they will know—that I trust him wholly. He is my beloved husband."

And that is why the item appeared, a fortnight later, in the daily papers that the Count would shortly join his wife and children in Europe.

THE TELEGRAPHER.

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Music World

Carrie Belle Moulton's Pupil Recital

One of the social events of the past week was the elocutionary recital by the pupils of Carrie Belle Moulton which occurred last Saturday evening. A fashionable assemblage was in attendance and a fine program rendered. Every number was an artistic success, and the selections varied from the dramatic to humorous, interspersed with vocal selections by Mrs. Emilie Jehle Blanckenberg which were much appreciated by the audience. Musical accompaniments, calcium lights and elegant costumes lent additional charm, and Miss Moulton may be particularly complimented on the ease and grace evinced by her pupils. Among those who may be mentioned particularly was Miss Lurline Swanson in her splendid rendition of F. Desprez' "Lasca." Miss Swanson possesses a rich, well modulated voice and has a fine presence, assuming the dramatic situations in her selection with ease and understanding. Miss Aimee Ettenger received rounds of applause and pleased the audience immensely with her "Bad Boy at the Dime Museum." The Red Fan," recited by Miss Rosamond Meherin, in a gown of yellow silk, enhanced by the soft glow of the calcium lights and accompanied by the piano, was very effective. Miss Mabel Theler in the character monologue "The Window Curtain" was delightful and the pantomime of J. G. Whittier's poem "The Angels of Buena Vista" by eight young women in Greek costumes was the crowning feature of the evening. The calcium lights and musical accompaniments made this charming number one long to be remembered by those present. Miss Lucile Otto in the character sketch of "Aunt Sophronia Tabor at the Uproar" was one of the hits of the evening; her make-up left nothing to be desired. And Erline Piatt as "Jerry" the newsboy was another number roundly applauded and appreciated. Following is the entire program: Instrumental solo, Polonaise, Mrs. Blanckenberg; sketch, The Corpse's Husband, Misses Swanson and Hamberger; recitation, Van Bibber's Rock, Miss Lucy Burke; recitation, What She Said, Ruth Taylor; recitation, Making Him Feel at Home, Miss Bunzl; cornet solos, Cavatina from Ernani, Asleep in the Deep, Miss Olga Friedman, (pupil of Mr. Wm. Forner); recitation, The Little Boy Who Ran Away and Mary's Lamb, Gladys Goeggel; recitation, Jerry, Miss Piatt; sketch, Aunt Sophronia at the Uproar, Misses Otto and Theler; recitation, Maclaine's Child, Miss Hamberger; monologue, The Window Curtain, Miss Theler; instrumental solo, Mrs. Blanckenberg; recitation, Lasca, Miss Swanson; recitation, When Katie Got Struck on the Stage, Mr. Harry Taylor; recitation, The Bad Boy at the Dime Museum, Miss Ettenger; recitation, The Red Fan, Miss Meherin; vocal solo, Merrily I Roam, Mrs. Blanckenberg; recitation, The Sioux Chief's Daughter, Miss Hayes; Spanish Lover's Dance, Erline Piatt and Harry Taylor; pantomime, The Angels of Buena Vista, Misses Burke, Ettenger, Hamberger, Janes, Meherin, Swanson and Theler.

A rehearsal was held at Beringer's Conservatory of Music last week by some of his students who are preparing for their concert, which will take place at Sherman-Clay hall, on the evening of June fourth. The program promises to be an interesting one, especially as Madame Beringer will sing, one of her numbers being the intensely dramatic "Invocation" of Ulrica in "Un Ballo in Maschera."

The special music to be sung at St. Dominic's church, corner Bush and Steiner streets tomorrow evening will include: Gloria from Mass in B flat (Farmer); tenor solo (Mascheroni) Mr. D. M. Lawrence; alto solo and chorus Agnus Dei (Rossini) Miss E. V. McCloskey and choir; bass solo Cenfutatis (Verdi) Mr. Walton Webb; soprano solo and chorus, Psalm CL. (Randegger) Miss Lily Roeder and choir; O Salutaris (Dubois); Tantum Ergo (Widor); organ solos Largo (Haendel); Andante (Widor) grand chorus (Dubois)—organist and choir director, Franklin Palmer.

An Afternoon of Song

A choice program was presented at the Afternoon of Song. given by the pupils of Percy A. R. Dow at his studio, 1511 Larkin street, last Saturday. The rooms were filled with invited guests and the program given by singers whose names are becoming well known through the medium of these recitals as well as other public work—Mr. Webb, Miss Koenig, Miss Churchman, Mr. Wood and Miss Gyle. An interesting program is promised for this afternoon which will be the last of the public recitals for the season. The program embraces selections from Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Scarlatti, Hartmann, Handel, Beach, Dvorak, McDowell, Carissimi, Tosti, Grieg, Tschaikowski, Rotoli, Chaminade, Hawley and Spicker, and will be presented by Mesdames Richard H. Robb and Margaret G. Best, Misses Juliet Greninger and Marion H. Coyle and Mr. Walton C. Webb. Miss Julia Levinson, who has acted as accompanist for these recitals, deserves special commendation for the intelligent and really artistic piano support which she gives the voices. Good accompanists are born and not made and they deserve all possible credit when found, as the piano part can well make or mar the highest and best rendering of a song.

Mrs. Brown-Dexter

A delightful affair was the musicale given by Mrs. Carrie Brown-Dexter in her Oakland studio, on Monday of last week, to her musical friends and the members of the First Presbyterian church choir of which Mrs. Dexter is the solo soprano. The rooms were very tastefully decorated for the occasion and though a program had been prepared for the entertainment of the guests the affair was quite informal and everyone felt perfectly at home and enjoyed himself accordingly. After the music refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed until the company dispersed. Those taking part in the program were: Mrs. C. C. Hughes, Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, Mr. Algernon Aspland, Miss Helen Swayne and Mrs. Martin Schultz; Miss Esta Marvin and Mr. Will King acted as accompanists.

The new Pacific Coast correspondent of the New York *Musical Courier* is Mrs. A. Wedmore Jones of this city.

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Dear Mother Earth, pray tell me, where
Hath thou a child so bright, so fair;
Where else such blooming, fragrant flowers,
Such spreading palms, such leafy bowers,
Such stately groves of oaks and pines,
Such perfect, clinging, emerald vines,
Such sunny skies, such balmy air,
To give new life, to banish care.

And where such puzzling, winding maze
To lure the step, and charm the gaze.
And where such miles of rock-bound ocean shore,
And cleanly sanded beach, behind, before,
Such rolling crested waves, here seen afar.
With naught the mind to vex, the view to mar.
Elsewhere?
Ah No!
Nowhere.

Across the Bay

Next Tuesday evening, May twenty-first the spring term at Mills college closes with a concert under the direction of Mr. Louis Lisser, in which pupils will take part from the piano class of Professor Lisser, the vocal class of H. B. Pasmore, the violin class of Giulio Minetti, also the choral class under the direction of Mr. Pasmore.

At the annual reception of the Alumni of the University of California last Tuesday evening an interesting orchestral program was rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman.

On last Friday evening the Town and Gown club of Berkeley gave a benefit at Stile's hall, for the library of the High school, and it was a decided success in every way. The hall was crowded and each number on the program was warmly received. The little comedy, written by Ella M. Sexton was very amusing. It was entitled "Why the Meterphysical, Whimsical and Literary Serciety of Happy Holler did *not* give a Gentleman's Evening,"and in the cast were Miss Eva Carlin, Miss Mary Clayes, Mrs. Thomas Rickard, Mrs. Victor Robertson, Miss Ruth Loring, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. A. O. Leuschner and Miss Lily Wall. Musical numbers were rendered by Mrs. Locker, Mr. Rickard, Mrs. Fowler and Miss McCloskey.

The Memorial service to the late Sir John Stainer, the eminent English organist and composer, which was postponed last month on account of the severe rainstorm, will be held at Trinity church tomorrow evening. The program has been selected entirely from the compositions of the deceased musician. This will be the last of the special musical services at Trinity until after the summer vacation, as Dr. H. J. Stewart leaves at the end of this month to fulfill his engagement as solo organist at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo.

On last Tuesday a delightful matinee reception was given by the Mills club at Century hall. A program of compositions by Johannes Brahms was under the direction of Mr. Peter C. Allen assisted by Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Mr. William B. King and Dr. Franklin Palmer: Ballade, op. 10, No. 1, Intermezzo, op 1 fl. No 1, Mr. King; songs, Sapphische Ode, Wiegenlied, Miss McCloskey; sonata, D minor, for violin and piano, Messrs King and Allen.

The Diserens Recital

An interesting program was that presented by the younger pupils of the piano class of Miss Ida B. Diserens, at their recital in Century hall on Thursday evening, May ninth. The numbers which were rendered read as follows: Mazurka, Meyer-Helmund, Miss Zella Smith; (a) Lightly Row, (b) Swing Song, Biehe, Miss Arvilla Thorp; Etude, Flying Leaf, Spindler, Master Bruce Kennedy; Melodious Pieces, No. 18, Diabelli, Miss Marion Greenwood, Miss May Schlutter; Little Cradle Song, Kullak, Mis Lurline Matson; Under the Lindens, Hiller, Miss Ellen Gimini, Miss Grace Gimini; Sonata, Op. 13, Allegro, Adagio, Beethoven, Miss Helen Dodd; Country Dance, Ethelbert Nevin, Grace Gimini, Florence Conn; Mazurka, B minor, Chopin, Miss Anna Jacobs; (a) Spanish Dance, Moszkowski, (b) Cavatina, Raff, Miss Nonie Dodd, accompanied by Miss Helen Dodd; (a) Norwegian Bridal Procession, Grieg, (b) The Violet, Mozart-Kullak, Miss May Schlutter; On Lake Geneva, No. 5, Moonlight, Bendel, Miss Florence Conn; Cappricio, Schytte, Miss Elva Woodman; Invitation to Dance, Weber, Miss Helen Dodd.

Recital By Blind Artists

The concert given in testimonal to Miss Lila Whaley at Byron Mauzy hall on Tuesday evening of last week under the management of Lucien P. Bacigalupi, was a gratifying success. The talent was composed largely of blind artists, fellow students of Miss Whaley, who was herself educated at the institution in Berkeley, and having pronounced musical talent now desires to finish her musical education in Berlin. To the furtherance of this end the concert was given. Henry Foster, a blind pianist who is well known here on account of the wonderful technic he has attained, not only gave a piano solo, but a clarinet solo of his own composition and a violin solo later in the program, besides accompanying the vocal numbers. Miss Whaley accompanied Mr. Foster in his solos and played her own accompaniments when she gave her vocal numbers.

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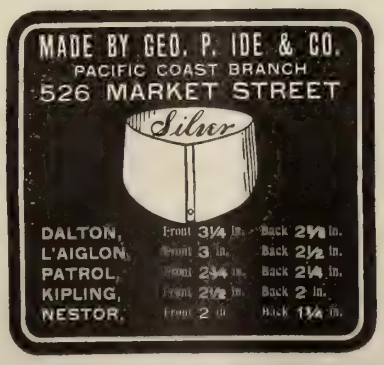

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Shall Women Musicians Have a Union?

It has been suggested by one of our leading musicians that women as well as men should have a musician's union: one is forcibly reminded of the great need of members in one profession "standing pat" and aiding each other in these days of organization strikes and what not. The truth of the matter lies in a nut shell: One spends time and money climbing to the top-most rung of the professional ladder, and money is not the lesser factor of the two in attaining this end. Does it not seem then, that one's time is worth proper remuneration when one has reached a position that places one in public demand? Yet time and effort are constantly asked for and no mention made of payment for valuable time thus spent. By all means let us organize. It is high time women musicians made a stand for their rights, and there are many others who are waiting only for the call "to arms" to follow the leader. Who will second the motion?—*The Music Critic.*

Gleanings

FROM AUERBACH'S "ON THE HEIGHTS"

"In the first utterance of a husband regarding his wife to a third person, there lies a fatal estrangement and separation."

Irma to Emmy: "I never read over what I have written. I wish to know nothing more of it. The sun, which shines yesterday, shines no more today. * * It is the same sun, but the light is ever new."

"Any proposal of love to a wife is an offense and degradation to the man she has wedded; for it cannot be, but that silently or expressly it is notified, he was not the right man, he lacks this and that, I was really the right one, who is worthy of thee."

Uncle Peter: A storm in spring brings with it many cold days, though in the heights of summer it brings an increase of warmth. How symbolical this is of early ripened passion."

Irma: "We women are never alone in nature. * * Man, the first created, was alone in nature; woman was never alone there. It is repeated through the whole history of our race"

Irma: "In the fashionable world as in the park, the traces of footsteps are effaced by courteous servants. There must be no traces of yesterday! And yet their whole life is to be history."

Irmr: * * "What is culture? The power of transporting one's self into the condition of another, and of regarding one's own condition as not belonging to ourselves."

Gunther: "We are all passionate, the difference is only in the due diversion of our impulsive movements. He who springs down the steps at one leap, breaks his neck; he who goes down gradually, in moderate order, remains sound."

Beate: "Wishing on the one hand, and blowing on the other, is much the same."

Hansei: "Women are only half sort of people; sometimes they think in one way and sometimes in another; there's nothing fixed about them."

The King: "I should like to know how you always come to have such original thoughts."

Irma: "I do not know myself. I only have the courage to say what I think, and then it sounds original. Most people are the changlings of themselves; they were changed in the cradle of education."

Gunther: "Every man, every one striving after good, has * * a skeleton cupboard in his soul; there is a time, a moment when he fell into sin, or was on the very point of committing a crime.

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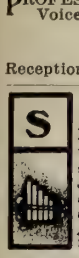

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World of Letters

Fashions in Literature

One of the best articles which appeared in the April *Century* is Charles Dudley Warner's essay on fashions in literature. He says: "The fickleness of men in costume in a manner burlesques their shifty and uncertain taste in literature. A book of a certain fashion in letters will have a run like a garment, and, like that, will pass away before it waxes old. It seems incredible, as we look back over the literary history of the past three centuries only, what prevailing styles and moods of expression, affectations, and prettinesses, each in its turn, have pleased reasonably cultivated people. What tedious and vapid things they read and liked to read!" After citing a number of these "epidemics and diseases"," he says: "Sometimes we like ruggedness, and again we like things made easy. Within a few years a distinguished Scotch clergyman made a fortune by diluting a paragraph written by St. Paul. It is in our memory how at one time all the boys tried to write like Macaulay, and then like Carlyle and then like Ruskin, and we have lived to see the day when all the girls would like to write like Heine. In less than twenty years we have seen wonderful changes in public taste and in the efforts of writers to meet it or to create it. We saw the everlastingly revived conflict between realism and romanticism. We saw the realist run into the naturalist the naturalist into the animalist, and the psychologist into the sexualist, and the sudden reaction to romance, in the form of what is called the historic novel, the receipt (*sic.*) for which can be prescribed by any competent pharmacist. The one essential in the ingredients is that the hero shall be only got out of one hole by dropping him into a deeper one, until—the proper serial length being attained—he is miraculously dropped out into daylight, and stands to receive the plaudits of a tender-hearted world that is fond of nothing but fghting." Mr. Warner finds nothing surprising in the extraordinary vogue of some of the recent books, which is easily accounted for by the enormous increase in the number of readers during the last quarter of a century. "The wonder is that a new book does not sell more largely, or it would be a wonder if the ability to buy kept pace with the ability to read, and if discrimination had accompanied the appetite for reading." With reference to the value of criticism, and more especially contemporary criticism, it is said that the critic is as likely to be wrong as right, and it behooves him to be wary of how he dogmatizes, for he is inevitably affected by the fashion of the day, and is apt to make his own tastes and prejudices a standard of judgment. Of the poets from Shelley and Byron down to Tennyson, there is not one who is now firmly established in the first or second rank who was not mocked and ridiculed by the reviewers; there is scarcely one of the same period who was ranked as a great light who is now mentioned outside of the biographical dictionaries. On the subject of trying to keep up with the times, the author assures us that it is not only unnecessary, but utterly impossible. Even if all the product of the press were uniformly excellent, there is no more reason in trying to read everything than in trying to see every individual flower that blooms, or wear every garment which has a temporary vogue. Specimens of the variety should suffice. "A great deal of the reading done is mere contagion, one form or another of communicated grippe, and it is consoling, and even surprising to know that if you escape the run of it for a season you have lost nothing appreciable." Indeed it is humiliating to recall the furore created by some books, and the discussions and controversies they provoked in their day, and to reflect upon how utterly dead they are now. There was "Trilby," to be ignorant of which was

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the unforgivable sin, and "The Woman Who Did," and the "Kreutzer Sonata," and a score of others read by everyone and understood and appreciated by not one in fifty readers, most of whom are in the same class as the young lady who boasted of belonging to a book club, and who "read over a hundred books last winter by giving five minutes a day. I read Nansen's 'Prisoner of Zenda,' Hall Caine's 'Quo Vadis,' Allen's 'Christian,' Julian Hawthorne's 'Choir Invisible' and Julian Hawthorne's 'Farthest North.'" It is safe to say the contents were as well mixed as the authors and tites. It is a curious manifestation of "the spread of culture," that people who are in such a rush to read the last new thing, and are afraid to be considered behind the times if they do not get the new books into their hands as soon as they are "out" feel no compunction at their ignorance of the real masterpieces of literature. There are a vast number of people who never read an "old" book, that is to say a book which is no longer talked about, and there are some, who, like Morley Roberts, have "a mental kink" which stands in the way of their re-reading an old book for pleasure. Mr. Roberts' "kink," however, does not prevent his enjoyment of the old books through association. There are people who decry the two-bit editions, and loftily assert that a good book deserves a good binding, but if we were to confine ourselves to editions de luxe and morocco bindings, reading would cease to be a popular pastime. The cheap cloth or paper volume, slipped into a pocket, or under the strap of a valise, and read on the train, or to while away the waits on a journey or in camp has an association that is never transferred to the handsome volumes which remain at home in state, and are looked upon through the glazed and locked doors of the book case. It is amazing what a quantity of reading matter is poured out from the presses every year, and how little of it survives even its own cycle.

Albert Edward and Literature

It was hoped in some quarters that the new King of England would do more in the way of public recognition of literature than did the late Queen, but he is not any more deeply interested in writers or their work than was Victoria, and would need the assistance of experts to decide on the merits of the respective candidates for honors. Then would come the controversy over how the experts were to be selected—as bad as the other questions. J. H. Bulloch, English correspondent for the *Book-Buyer*, says: "It is bad enough in the case of painters, but to raise such a question among people who have the power of discussing it in print needs some courage." Fortunately we live in an age when neither art, science nor literature is dependent on patronage. The authors singled out for royal favor are rarely of much importance as writers and the favor is usually bestowed for some other reason than eminence in literature.

The Book and the Public

It is good to be able to chronicle that "The Octopus," called for a second printing within four days of its appearance. Whether it be that the reading public will always choose a good book when there is one to be had, or whether it merely helps to mark the passing of the swashbuckler hero, and the pseudo-historical novel, the announcement is equally gratifying. It was the late H. C. Bunner who said: "And yet, it seems to me, a good deal of respect ought to be accorded to the public that has given to Shakespeare a recognition sole and single in the annals of literature. And if that public once in a while chooses to amuse itself by purchasing a few hundred thousand copies of 'Mr.

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Binks of Nevada,' I cannot see that any more serious importance attaches to such a freak of taste than we are accustomed to attribute to a fleeting popular fancy for a new beverage or to a novelty in the way of personal adornment. Unfortunately, the condescending literary men too often takes these vagaries for true indices to the capacity of the public to put a sound valuation upon literature; and it is from this misconception of the true state of the case that he is frequently tempted to offer to the public a book that is positively disrespectful." One form of the disrespectful book has flooded the markets of late, almost to the exclusion of all else—the book which is a palpable imitation of something that has achieved success, and which is evidently put forward for no other purpose than for "the money that is in it." It is a material age, and the author, like any other laborer, is worthy of his hire. Bare backs and empty stomachs have little concern with "art for art's sake," and pot boilers are as well known in literature as elsewhere in Bohemia, but the pot boiler of the real artist is still a work of art, though it may not be of the highest type, and is not to be considered in the same category as the mechanical efforts of the hewers of wood and drawers of water who have forsaken their proper callings, and who can do no more and no better than to copy the model which offers them the fewest mechanical difficulties. What the profession of letters needs is a guild or association of some sort which will prevent these machine-made and run-in-the-mould products from ever reaching the dignity of print. It is manifest, already, from the tone of Eastern reviews, that the railroad question, as it has affected California is not understood beyond our own State line, and it is only begging the question to find fault with Mr. Norris for raising the social status of the San Joaquin farmers. It makes no difference in the strength of the book that it is not exactly and minutely true to local history—whether it was actually beans instead of hops that was the infant industry strangled at its birth, or whether the settlers on the "Railroad sections" were Hoovens or Derricks, or in what particular terms they addressed the company's agents, the facts remain practically the same. Even if "The Octopus" had no shadow of a foundation in fact, it is none the less a great book—a good thing well done, and in spite of the dragging in of Tolstoi and Zola by way of comparison a book that stands alone and needs no bolstering.

I was agreeably surprised to find Will Clemens' paper in the current *Bookman* on "Bret Harte's Country" so interesting, though it contains nothing new. The illustrations, which are numerous, are all familiar, but of course, not to readers elsewhere. The picture of the Mission Dolores is marked "This is a present day picture" but if Mr. Clemens had taken the trouble to make a trip to Sixteenth street, he would have found changes enough to have justified him in borrowing a camera. It may be worth while to remark that the old church, which is fairly well preserved, is the oldest building on the peninsula. The *Bookman*, it will be remembered, was awarded a gold medal at the Paris ex-

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position, and it was the intention of the editors to present a photographic reproduction of it in the May number of the magazine. The medal itself had not been received but an excellent replica was on exhibition in the show window. The sight of so much unguarded wealth was too much for some heavy-fisted and light fingered member of the class which practices the doctrine of a division of property, and the pound or more of gilded base metal with its case, was abstracted at the cost of the loss of considerable blood. The projected illustration is deferred, therefore, but it will lose nothing in interest.

Is the Typewriter to Blame?

The Boston *Transcript* affects to have made the discovery that the use of the typewriter exerts a decided influence on the style of the author who uses one. It gives a staccato, disconnected, jerky style, and has not the easy, flowing expressiveness of handwriting. There is a tendency on the part of the writer to think out his sentences less thoroughly, and the word by word plan gets in the way of thought. There is also a tendency to fall into stereotyped forms of expression which accord with the author's practice on his machine. In other words, copy prepared by a typewriter is to be compared with the first written exercises of a child—the writing itself absorbs so much effort that there is none left for the thought. It is in effect the same objection that was made by the older generation to the introduction of the machine-made steel pen as against the home manufactured goose-quill, and the world-old objection of conservatism to any innovation. Most authors make a first draught of their work in good, old-fashioned long hand, and use the typewriter for copying. In any event the work must be copied, and that more than once. Such purely mechanical labor is usually delegated to some other hand than the author's—a secretary, if he is one of the mythically wealthy of the guild, a wife, daughter, sister, or even a humble worker for mere hire if he is not, and it is both obvious and evident that these are not permitted to follow the path of least resistance and play checkers with words and phrases. There are well defined rules with regard to the necessity for following copy. The average writer is such an exacting crank that it takes some courage to correct even his obvious errors in spelling and he looks upon himself as an authority in grammatical structure and the use of words, not to mention other essentials. The style of the twentieth century may be jerky and disconnected, but it is due to other causes than the rise of the typewriter.

A Surprise

I am more than surprised to find the *Bookman* advertising Georgie Sheldon's "*works*." Surely they can have no interest for the *Bookman*'s readers, and just as certainly Georgie's admirers cannot be numbered amongst the subscribers to the *Bookman*. Viewed from the standpoint of "for revenue only," the Georgie Sheldon ad. pays as well as anything else, but one has a right to expect that a periodical which advocates as high a standard as the *Bookman* would exercise some discrimination with regard to the matter which finds place in its advertising section.

Is Kipling "Dead Stock"

Kipling's works are said to be regarded as dead stock by book dealers, who lament that except the "Jungle Books" and an occasional volume for which they are glad to break a set for the sake of the sale, there is no call for them. It is worth remembering that during Kipling's illness a few years ago the dealers all over the country laid in an extra quantity of his books in order to anticipate the rush they counted on in case of his death. They made large sales then, and besides, there have been endless paper editions and pirated publications, so that it is probable that anyone who wants to take up a volume of Kipling for a momentary diversion either has one at hand or can borrow from next door. It is not impossible that the watery flow of "historical" romance has for the time submerged Kipling, but his best will live and sell long after the diluted wash has been consigned to the paper mills.

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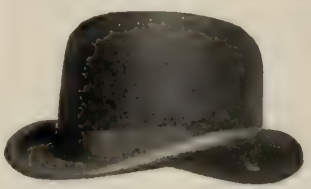

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San Francisco, May 25, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The President's Speech

During his brief stay in this city, President McKinley has convinced everybody who has heard him that he is a gifted public speaker. His remarks are always felicitous, and they fall in dulcet tones upon the popular ear. Hence his speeches are always well received. They have the ring of sincerity which cause even those that doubt him the most, to wonder if he really believes that the policy which he has pursued is sanctioned by the moral law. His is the doctrine of grab. That was the doctrine of Napoleon, who is execrated by some and worshiped as a hero by the many. Mr. McKinley knows that he is identified in the popular mind with the prosperity of the nation and he believes that our prosperity justifies the means by which it was in a measure achieved. His argument, on the occasion of the launching of the *Ohio*, was that as this is a government by the people,we have a right to force people to accept the liberty guaranteed by our Constitution. Speaking of the Philippines and Porto Rico, he said: "They are ours not to subjugate, but to emancipate; not to rule in the power of might but to take to those distant people the principles of liberty, of freedom, of conscience and of opportunity that are enjoyed by people of the United States." But of course the President does not pretend to believe that we took possession of those islands simply for the amelioration of the inhabitants. In that same speech he said: "There is nothing in this world that so promotes the universal brotherhood of man as commerce, and we want to encourage commerce." Of course we do. And that is why we took those islands; not to promote the brotherhood of man but to encourage commerce. Our interest in the brotherhood of man is merely a pretext, and a great nation should not find it necessary to deal in pretexts. Mr. McKinley may be a sincere man, so anxious for the prosperity of his country that he cannot stop to think about the rights of others. But he has given impetus to a policy which may get us into trouble later on.

Why Divorces are Common

A judge of Cleveland, Ohio, in commenting on the spread of the divorce evil, says it is chiefly the result of early marriages, and that two-thirds of the cases can be laid to this cause alone. There is no denying the fact that immature children are not the best judges of what is for their lifelong good, and it is hardly to be doubted that the majority of those who seek legal separations within a year or less of their marriage, would probably not have contracted the union had they waited a while longer. But side by side with this it is also worth while to consider that the average age at which people now enter into matrimony is much greater than it was in the days when divorce was almost unknown. In the early half of the nineteenth century it was expected that a young man should establish a household of his own as soon as he was capable of earning a livelihood, and it was no uncommon thing for boys who had not reached their legal majority to take unto themselves wives. The girl who was not "bespoke" by the time she was eighteen was openly taunted with being an old maid, and she who reached the quarter century without being claimed was, to quote the old expression, "laid on the shelf." Yet these marriages endured, and when, for any reason, there was a break it the relation it was regarded as a calamity. People took each other literally "for better or worse," "for richer, for poorer," and they expected to share hardships as well as blessings. What would have been thought of a woman of the pioneer west who would apply for a divorce, as did one of Oregon only last week, because, forsooth, her husband expected her to live in a log-house, and picture the consternation that would have resulted had one of those sturdy foremothers attempted to disrupt her household because the lord and master thereof refused to give up the solace of his pipe at her bidding. The women who went out into the West and faced the hardships of pioneer life, wild beasts and not less wild Indians, privation of every luxury and comfort and of nearly every necessity, were not the kind to waste their energies in thinking up grievances. Their days were full of labor and their nights, though they might prove sleepless, were not for the humoring of idle fancies. They probably were well acquainted with mental anguish, but not with the particular brand which is produced because a wicked husband objects to extravagance in dress or household expenditure, or fails to express a due admiration for some favorite gown, or pet poodle. One wife exhibits the pieces of her broken heart and asks to be set free because her lord has been so unkind as to expect her to do the household cooking, and another objects to caring for the children. John does not consider his Mary's voice the equal of Patti's and Joseph has the hardihood to maintain that there are better pianists than Emmeline, and away they both fly to the divorce court. Or Mary

is so thoughtless as to have a headache or to keep John waiting for a few moments, so he flings out of the house, takes a room elsewhere, and applies the universal remedy. There is no spirit of "bearance and forbearance" in modern life. Neither is willing to give up or to make concessions. Each demands that it shall be all "better" and it is no uncommon thing for young couples, or perhaps, one should say newly married couples, since the condition is not confined to the young alone, to decide that it would be foolish to go to housekeeping at once since they may tire of each other before the year is out. It was looked upon as a rather daring joke, that of Dundreary's, in its day, when he proposed marriage, and supplemented it by the suggestion that if the young lady found that she did not like it after a trial of a week or two, she could go home to her mother, but that is literally what we have come down to. The greatest cause for divorce is not in the youthful marriages, but in the trivial and absurd excuses on which separations are sought and obtained. That it is far better to separate than to live together in strife is indisputable. That the strife would cease in many cases, and not begin at all in many others if the door of the divorce court, which now swings open at every touch, were made less easy to pass, is just and true.

Second Marriages

In some quarters a prejudice exists against second marriages. It is entertained principally by people who are not yet off with the first love. As they have not familiarized themselves with all the dips, spurs and angles of passion, or sounded all the depths of love they are inclined to be somewhat idealistic. They would like all people to be judged by standards which do not harmonize with nature, and which are more sentimental than practical. Being themselves happily wedded they are in favor of the surviving partner of a dear departed becoming a celibate for the remainder of his or her days. They are shocked at the idea of a surviving husband fanning new flames and not giving a thought to the ashes of a buried past. The only plausible reason that is sometimes urged against second marriages is that good stepmothers are rare. But why should that deter a man from trying to find a good one? And of course he cannot be sure he has found one until he marries her. Some men start on a hunt for a stepmother for their children as soon as the mother has been put away in the grave. Some men would never marry a second time if it were not for their desire to provide a mother for the children of the first wife. The story has been told of St. Peter letting all married folks pass into heaven at once on the ground that, having been married they have had their purgatory on earth, but when people who have been married more than once apply for admittance on the same plea, they are repulsed by the saint who informs them that heaven is not an asylum for fools. A man that marries a second time is either a fool, an indulgent father or a domestic crank. With woman it is different. She is proverbially inconstant, and besides she is generally in need of a protector. Moreover, it is well known that she loves her first husband best, and consequently she cannot be charged with having forgotten the departed. But whatever the influence that prompts remarriage, there should be no prejudice against it. There is, perhaps, such a thing as indecent haste, but nobody should expect a skittish widow or an amorous widower to go through life squandering money on floral pieces for the grave. Affectation of perpetual mourning is as reprehensible as a rush into wedlock after settling the undertaker's bill.

The Absurdity of Economy

The Social Economical Club of Chicago has succeeded in demonstrating the feasibility of living on two dollars and fifty cents a week. and the members appear to imagine they are deserving of high commendation. The economy which they have practiced is supposed to appeal to those foolish youth of both sexes who are bent on getting a college education at all costs, and of course, "the poor" are not to be debarred from the benefits which will accrue from the ability to live on nothing. There is an old and oft repeated story of a man who succeeded in teaching his horse to subsist on sawdust and shavings instead of oats and hay, but just as he had brought his successful training to a triumphant conclusion the ungrateful beast died of starvation. College education is the fetich of this generation, and every institution in the land is crowded with young men and girls overworked and underfed, struggling to cram themselves with bits of science or art, having no well defined idea of what they mean to do, but vaguely convinced that with a university degree they "stand a better chance." There have been fully a dozen cases reported during the past year in which ill-advised students have given away mentally under the strain and instead of making headway in the world they have been taken from their colleges and universities to the wards of the insane asylums. The world has neither need nor room for highly developed brains and starved bodies. The average maid or youth who has not the means in hand to pay the expenses of a college course would in most instances do far better to go to work and earn the money first. The chances are that by the time the necessary sum was saved the college education would lose its importance in his eyes and he would either conclude that he could do very well without it, or content himself with a special course. As to the extreme solicitude about that vague and ill-defined class, "the poor," there has been so much rejoicing over the "unexampled prosperity" of the country that it is time the poor began to share in its benefits. It is one of the favorite fallacies of the philanthropists that the working classes spend too

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much of their earnings on food, and that they should be taught to economize. It is a pet theme of these well meaning though ill-informed folk that the laboring classes and those who are dependent on salaries can put into practice the same rules which work well for the capitalist and the man of independent means. The Rockefellers and the Morgans expend a certain percentage of their incomes on food, on clothing and on amusement, and the day laborer should do likewise. It does not appear to occur to their minds that these great ones of the earth have a larger income in the course of the day than the poor man can show as a result of his year's work, even should he be fortunate enough to have steady employment. The small increase in the price of any necessary article of food or clothing which is imperceptible to the man of wealth will make a serious inroad when the income is parceled out in pennies. It has been practically demonstrated, time and again, that as soon as the working people as a class have shown their ability to live on less than they formerly had they will find their wages cut accordingly. There is no especial virtue in economy in itself. The superiority of the American laborer, be he artisan or less, lies largely in the superiority of his manner of living. He wants to dress himself and his family respectably, to give his children an education, to read both books and papers, to take an occasional short trip into the country, and in short, to feel that he is a human being. It is easily possible to live in America as cheaply as in China or India, if one is willing to live in the same manner that the Chinese and Hindostani live, but it is not desirable that any such standard should be adopted. There is a lot of nonsense preached on the subject of plain living and high thinking, but there is more practical common sense in Robert Louis Stevenson's aphorism, that one has "no use for a frame of mind without square meals."

The Saunterer

The President and the Snobs

We may not be a race of snobs, but oh, how we do like to catch the reflection from the glare of greatness! We sneer at the toadies that throng the courts of Europe, and grovel at the feet of royalty, and we congratulate ourselves upon being sovereigns of a glorious Republic, but when the opportunity presents itself we bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that social prestige might follow fawning. How nauseating it all must be to the President! Not the enthusiastic demonstrations of a patriotic people eager to testify to their loyalty to their country's Chief Magistrate, but the flitting and fudging of the intruders on the fringe of the fashionable world. The stories of how they have used the sickness of Mrs. McKinley as a pretext to get within the Presidential limelight would be amusing if they were not so disgusting. The newspaper men who have been behind the scenes through it all have enjoyed it immensely. They tell the story of one woman who has been "close up," who visited the Scott residence seventeen times a day in full evening dress in the hope of having herself photographed by some journalistic camera artist; of the men that tried to get close to the President every time a snapshot was about to be taken, of those that asked to be mentioned as among those that called to inquire about the sick woman's condition, et cetera, et cetera. Wouldn't it jar you?

Gage and Phelan Made a Hit

It may be interesting to know that President McKinley was very much impressed by our Governor and our Mayor. From Charles A. Moore, who is the President's most intimate and confidential friend, I learn that Gage and Phelan made a greater hit with McKinley than any officials he has met since leaving home. He declared that Gage's speech of welcome was the best that he had heard. He said that it was a manly and dignified address. So there is something after all that our Governor can do well. Mr. Moore, by the way, is a man not well known by reputation on this coast, but he is quite prominent in New York and Washington. He is a banker in New York and he is president of the Montauk club. Socially he is much more intimate than Hanna with the President, and he came out as the latter's guest.

In Bohemia

I also have it on excellent authority that there was nothing to which the President and his cabinet looked forward to on their trip with greater delight, than the jinks which had been arranged in their honor by the Bohemian club. They had heard so much of San Francisco's historic club that they were anxious to be entertained by it. But unfortunately the jinks took place on the night on which Mrs. McKinley's sickness had reached its most critical stage. As a consequence the President and his cabinet did not attend, but Mr. Moore was there as the representative of Mr. McKinley, and expressed his regrets. The principal features of the jinks were Peter Robertson's paper, which was exceedingly clever, and Jerome Hart's stunt. Mr. Hart gave a splendid imitation of a bird befouling his own nest. He told of a number of disagreeable things that he purposed doing because, as he explained, "he was a newspaper man." Just as he reached one of those periods—"because I am a newspaper man," Tom Williams of the *Examiner*, exclaimed, "I'll bet a thousand dollars he can't prove it."

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Scenes at the Scott Home

During the critical illness of Mrs. McKinley, the newspapers kept a "death-watch" on the Scott residence day and night. The utmost vigilance was exercised throughout and the rival newsgathers were on the qui vive for the first news of the death which was expected every hour. Headquarters were established by each of the dailies in fashionable residences in close proximity to the Scott home, and each newspaper was in direct telephonic communication with its representative who was always near a window ready to receive a signal from a confrere on the sidewalk. It was an exciting time for the reporters but many incidents occurred that amused them. It was during this period that they discovered that Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Scott were not on friendly terms. Every time Mrs. Morse visited her uncle's wife Mrs. Scott came out of her home and went next door, to wait until the visitor departed. The first day, Mrs. Morse rode up in a plain hired hackney carriage numbered 129 and somebody remarked that it was marked down from a dollar thirty. The next day there was a colored footman on the seat. The third day the horses wore white collars and on the fourth day silver chains jangled in front. Among the funny snapshots that were taken by newspaper photographers and that did not get into print was one bearing the inscription:

"Mrs. ——backing out of her hack."

Glad Hand Philosophy

Mr. E. O. McCormick, the popular General Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific company, is somewhat of a philosopher. Owing to his genial manner and his capacity for making friends, he has been dubbed "Glad-Hand" McCormick. It was not until the other day that I learned that the sobriquet was bestowed by J. A. Fillmore. In the case of Mr. McCormick the nick-name is misleading, for it is likely to cause him to be confounded with the politician of the glad-hand variety, who is noted for his lack of sincerity, whereas the railroad man is esteemed for his loyalty as well as his courtesy. Nevertheless he is not sore at Fillmore for thus denominating him, for the other day he remarked: "Well, so long as a man has to go through life with a hand it might just as well be a glad hand as any other kind."

Rollo Has Ready Money

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters is California's most thrifty artist. He has been very successful with his pictures in the past year, his profits aggregating about fifteen thousand dollars, and he now has more ready money than any other brush wielder in these parts. He recently purchased about thirty-five acres of land near Monterey and he and Hugh Tevis are to be rival country gentlemen. He has commissioned Willis Polk to erect for him a unique house after the model of the old Custom House at Monterey. Mr. Charles Dickman, Mr. Judson and Miss McCormick are to join the Peters' at Monterey this summer. Dickman, by the way, has received a commission from Mrs. Hearst to paint a scene from studies he made of fisher folks at Normandy.

In Ladies Purses, some very gorgeous designs are to be found at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street. Both with and without elaborate mountings.

He Bars Souvenirs

Mr. Tom Hill, the artist, is a kindly old gentleman who has a host of friends in Bohemia, many of whom are incensed at Chris Jorgensen for having invaded the Yosemite, which has so long been conceded to be the exclusive domain of Hill. But the latter is not worried by the rivalry of Jorgensen though the latter has caught some of the tourist trade. Some one remarked to him a short time ago that he had a rival in Jorgensen.

"Oh, no, my dear boy," he answered, "I don't paint souvenirs."

Joullin's Indian Maiden

The latest story of Amadee Joullin is of a love affair in New Mexico. Joullin is supposed to have had more affairs of the heart than any other man in San Francisco. That robust frame, languishing eye and above all the characteristic air of the dreamy boulevardier, have captivated hearts of all races. Before leaving for New Mexico he looked somewhat blase, but he has a record of conquests to be proud of. The story is that when down in New Mexico the first time, he lived at the home of the chief of the tribe. His host was the father of a beautiful girl. Her wardrobe consisted only of red draperies which she wound round her waist, and which made her a most ravishing spectacle to the artistic eye. Joullin fell in love with her, but according to the rules of the tribe—rules of Rhadamanthine severity—to speak to her meant death. So they merely stared at each other. The dumb flirtation went on for weeks. When the artist was about to leave the camp he turned to look at the maiden for the last time. He put all his soul into that glance, and presently he saw tears in her eyes. Those tears are Joullin's sweetest memory of New Mexico.

I do not remember to have seen it chronicled anywhere that Clawson painted a portrait of Marshall Field when the distinguished Chicagoan was visiting Del Monte. The price paid for the portrait was, I am told, five hundred dollars. Clawson is one of the swellest artists that have visited Monterey this spring. He goes in for golf, knows everybody and paints portraits between games.

The Retort Courteous

Captain Billy Barnes cannot resist the temptation to say a good thing when it springs to the tip of his tongue. Like his father, the General, he would rather say a good thing than be discreet. The other day when trying a case in Judge Dunne's court, his conduct aroused the ire of his Honor.

"I feel like fining you to the extent of my ability," said the Court.

"If your Honor were to fine me to the extent of my ability you might get something," said Barnes.

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The Flora of Frisco

One of the most attractive features of the late Flower Show was the display of our native wild flowers. It is not often that San Francisco citizens have an opportunity of enjoying the color and fragrance of our wild blossoms. They spring up in April and May, and are gone by the time that Bay people take their annual vacation. Time was when the southern part of our peninsula from the Mission down to Ocean View and Colma could boast a magnificent flora, but from the spread of population and other causes this is no longer the case. I remember distinctly when the Mission hills and fields were clothed with poppies, iris, wild pansies, anemones, columbines, larkspurs, cyclamen and other beautiful varieties. A few years ago I saw a collection not yet completed of flowers gathered from Ocean View alone. It numbered then over a hundred varieties. In the course of a few years it will be difficult to find a wild-flower on the peninsula. I see no reason why a portion of the park could not be devoted to California's native blossoms. It would be a revelation to many of our native sons and daughters, to say nothing of people from afar.

"And did you meet any of San Francisco's distinguished residents?" they asked one of the Cabinet ladies, upon her return to Washington.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I met the man who built the *Oregon* and the *Ohio*."

"And was that all?"

"Oh no, I met his brother and his brother's wife, and their daughter and her fiance."

"Nobody else?"

"Oh, yes, I met their son and his intended, and the mother-in-law elect of the daughter."

"And ——"

"Some more of their relatives. There wasn't much opportunity to meet anybody else."

Nous Avons Change

From a New York society weekly of date September fourteenth, 1893, I clipped the following, which is well worth comment, seeing how time has changed the old condition of things:

The building of the new Oelrichs cottage at Newport, which is to cost not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is to be begun directly, now that Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her sister, Miss Virginia Fair, are off to Chicago. It is very likely that they will again, as they did last season, pass the greater part of the winter in San Francisco, which city they very naturally prefer, never having, for some reason or another, exactly hit it off socially either in New York or Newport.

And that was less than eight years ago! In this year and month of our Lord, May, 1901, Mrs. Oelrichs is at the top of New York's social ladder, and her sister Birdie is married to one of the richest of Gotham's golden youth and is the sister-in-law of the Duchess of Marlborough. That is very encouraging for newcomers now in New York, striving to obtain social recognition. Remembering the success of the two San Francisco girls, moneyed but unpedigreed, let these newcomers from Chicago and Montana not despair.

A Frontenac in Miniature

Hugh Tevis' place at Monterey looks like an arsenal, writes my correspondent; that is, the view that a passer-by obtains. For one cannot get around to the front of it at all, it is built so close to the water's edge. Some of Hugh's friends wonder if he really had any idea of marrying when he began the erection of the stone castle, or if some other thoughts were floating in his head. The castle is certainly situated far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, quite isolated, and so close to the bay that one could easily—well, anything. An ideal place, one romantic San Francisco girl who is just now at Del Monte, suggested, to live in with the one you love. "One could be happy forever and ever there," she said. And then some one else reminiscenced about a certain villa in Sausalito built many years ago by a rich bachelor who liked isolation. But there was no bride in *that* castle.

Society Should Be Reorganized

Since its recent experiences with that Prince of short cards, "Billy" Hurt, and that King of bunco men, the "Commodore," Honolulu society has awakened to the fact that it is time to reorganize and expurgate its Blue Book with a firebrand. Most of the papers there express the very painful situation in which the "sure thing" men and society "grafters" have plunged the smart set of the island and they all unite in declaring that Honolulu society in particular has suffered enough. Here is the way Beau Brummell sets forth the situation in a protest to his paper:

Society has awakened to the fact that Honolulu social circles should be made more exclusive. In the past, Honolulu society made a poor show in that it was imposed upon so often by sleek persons whose only claim to gentility was in the fashioning of their clothes. I need not mention the raids upon it by creatures like "Billy Hurt" and fellows of his ilk. The new Honolulu has made social circles chary of anyone who comes into the city with glittering display and has learned not to rush up frantically and welcome such people before finding out who and what they were in the cities and towns which they had left behind them. Our government has been reorganized: why not reorganize our society? It needs it.

"Billy" Hurt's raid on the pocket of Honolulu society, which he planned not many moons ago, was in keeping with his usual daring conceptions. He first made sure of a weak and unconscionable tool in the shape of a well known member of Honolulu society. Then he leased a mansion in a fashionable neigborhood, fitted it up magnificently and located there with a beautiful woman, ostensibly his wife. He professed to be in search of health and recreation and a mad desire to spend money. He gave all sorts of costly entertainments and treated his guests royally. By degrees his tool began to steer the big game into the trap, and Hunt began to work them with card parties. It happened, however, that among the first victims was a man who had suddenly ac-

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quired great wealth. At a card party, one evening, under the wine and smiles cleverly administered by Mrs. "Billy" Hurt and the adroit manipulations of the card sharper, the speculator lost a good many thousand dollars. When he came to his senses next day he instituted some very pertinent inquiries and then came a roar and a demand for the restitution of his money. The result was that Hurt had to flee Honolulu society.

A Rumor in Society

Has the Princess Poniatowski embraced her husband's religion? So the tea tabbies say. The Princess attends the Catholic church in San Mateo and goes through all the forms with her husband and children but nobody can assert positively that she has been admitted into the Prince's church. The Sperrys are not Catholics. The Crockers are all Protestants, of different creeds. But the Princess Poniatowski's children were baptized in their father's faith, and now it is said among the Blingumites that the Princess has also become a Catholic.

Al Hayman's Career

What an interesting career has been that of Al Hayman in the United States. Mr. Hayman is now one of the leading theatrical magnates of the country and is reputed to be worth several millions. I was reminded of him the other day by reading in an Eastern paper that he was erecting a costly residence in millionaires' row, and that he had been elected president of the Actor's Fund society. Not so many years ago Al Hayman was working for a salary in this city. He laid the foundation of his fortune here, and then went to New York and established a circuit. He was then the lessee of the Baldwin theatre, and as theatre-goers would not pay fancy prices to see every show he sent out, good, bad and indifferent, he became indignant and threatened to wipe San Francisco off the theatrical map. And there has been a dearth of first-class theatrical attractions here ever since.

His Australian Record

Hayman began his career in San Francisco in the early seventies. He came hither from Australia, where he had got himself into complications owing to the foolish British prejudice against obtaining money under representations not fully realized. He had engaged in the publication of a map which it was agreed should contain proper surveys of territory. Many people subscribed for the work but the surveys were not made and as the map-maker guessed at the distances the subscribers repudiated their bargain. As a consequence Hayman got into trouble. When he came to San Francisco he was given a job by Mike Leavitt, lessee of the old Bush street theatre, and impresario of the "Adamless Eden" company. Hayman was made treasurer of the theatre at forty dollars per week. Later on a syndicate of his friends who are probably forgotten by him put up twenty-five hundred dollars cash capital to give him a start at the Baldwin theatre, which was then being managed by "Lucky" Baldwin himself.

If you have not dined at Techau Tavern you have not been in Frisco.

At the Baldwin

He scratched along at the Baldwin with varying success until he found himself absolutely unable to meet his contract to bring out the Emma Abbott opera company. Now, at that time Emma Abbott was new to this coast and everybody felt that if she appeared here she would have a successful season. In his dilemma Hayman sought the assistance of his friends. Those that responded were Mr. M. H. de Young of the *Chronicle* and A. N. Towne of the Southern Pacific company. With their assistance Hayman was enabled to land the opera company in this city and Emma Abbott opened to a big house with three representatives in the box office instead of one. Her engagement was a phenomenal success and left Hayman with a little ready money. His next great success was the "Shadows of a Great City," with Osbourne and Stockwell in the leading roles. Subsequently Hayman organized a corporation to enable his friends to get a share of the good things he had. Many of them wish that he hadn't.

The Supreme Court Grilled

When Horace W. Philbrook, the wild-eyed nemesis of the Supreme Court, was filled with indignation over a decision against his client, he wrote a rude, insulting brief, which evoked the resentment of the tribunal, and prompted Mr. Robert Y. Hayne, the polished and gifted leader of the profession, to urge his disbarment. The other day Mr. Hayne was pained and distressed by a decision of that same Court against his clients. It was the decision by which the famous trust clause in the iron-clad but vulnerable will of James G. Fair was shattered. Did Mr. Hayne proceed to throw mud at the Court? Nay, nay. The polished and gifted leader of the bar sat down and wrote a masterpiece in legal literature, a bitter but polite arraignment of the learned Justices who decided against him. Its rapier thrusts are more damaging than Mr. Philbrook's bludgeon blows, but they are delivered with such grace and dignity, such courtliness and savoir faire, that no exception could be taken by the most punctilious of jurists. There are no euphuistic periphrases in Mr. Hayne's brief. They are to the point, but suspiciously ironical. Mr. Hayne will not be cited for contempt, but he has put a broad grin on the bar of San Francisco, and coming from him, one of the most eminent men at the bar, and one, universally respected by the Courts as he is, it must impart a most painful sting.

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The Deadly Parallel

Mr. Hayne starts out with the deadly parallel—think of that!—springing the deadly parallel on the Supreme Court with its own opinions. And emphasizing it, too, with italics. Who but a Philbrook or a Hayne would be so daring? But Mr. Hayne does it in such a way as to escape the charge of effrontery. He does it merely to show that the court erred through inadvertence and in this delicate fashion he charges the court with having deliberately distorted language to make it fit the decision:

> We do not see why the language of the will should be paraphrased. The Court is to construe the language of the will and not some other language, and we cannot see why different phraseology should be imported into the case.

Some Hot Shot

He also tells the learned Justices that they strained important points against the validity of the will and that their opinion was based upon "a complete misapprehension of the argument." "And it imputes to us," he adds, "such a silly contention as will expose us to underserved ridicule from the entire profession," Could a more delicate rebuke be administered? Continuing, he accuses the Court, without the least bitterness, of having distorted the meaning of words, and he asks with superb candor, "if the Court experiences any satisfaction in disapproving of the expressed policy of the law?" Imagine Mr. Philbrook trying to frame a question of that sort in open court, and getting out without coming into contact with Justice McFarland's boot! Isn't it a masterpiece in innuendo? The general impression in legal circles is that neither Mr. Hayne nor any of his associates has any hope of obtaining a rehearing; that they filed that torrid petition for no other purpose than to subject the Justices to ridicule. This theory is borne out by the fact that they had a sufficient number of copies printed to supply nearly every law office in town with one.

Mr. Garrett McEnerney's brief, in support of contentions the same as those urged by the courteous Mr. Hayne, is a forceful argument clearly elucidating the points at issue. He emphatically declares that the trust clause is valid, and after reading his brief you are very likely to conclude that the Justices took a most circuitous route to reach the point where they found that the will was in conflict with the code. He contends that under the decision of the Court, if a man should create a trust in the manner provided by law, there would be no way of getting the property out of the hands of the trustees and into the possession of his contemplated heirs. He contented himself with taking a smash at Van Dyke, who wrote an opinion against the trust on the first hearing and withdrew it because he learned after the argument on rehearing that it was untenable, and though he again voted the same away cautiously refrained from giving his version of the law. And now all the lawyers in town are wondering what the Supreme Court is going to do about it.

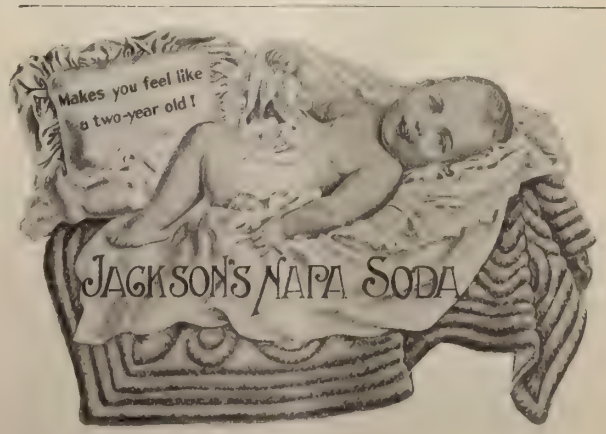
A clean house means clean carpets; phone South 250 for City Steam Carpet Beating Works and you will be satisfied, Geo. H. Stevens, Mgr.

The Cabinet Entertained

Though the President has been debarred by his wife's illness from accepting any of the invitations to receptions and dinners showered upon him by our society folk, the members of his cabinet who came with him have not been restricted and have graced many private functions, both notable and pleasant. One of the most enjoyable of these affairs was the dinner given Sunday night by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their California street home, with Postmaster-General Smith and wife and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and Miss Wilson as the guests of honor. Covers were laid for eighteen. The decorations were all in pink and the flowers were magnificent La France roses. The name cards, also in pink, bore embossed American flags. I heard that the ice cream was a novelty which much delighted the distinguished Easterners. It came on in little baskets woven out of pink candy and filled with what seemed to be pears, apples and so on, but were really moulds of the frozen sweets. After dinner there were liqueurs and coffee in the Chinese room and later music in the great ball room. As is the custom in the De Young house a score or so of people dropped in during the latter part of the evening and helped to entertain the cabinet visitors. I am told that this dinner is regarded as the most thoroughly pleasurable social experience of their journey.

The Busy Stork

There is a flutter of excitement in the Dean and Hager families over the expected visit of the stork to the junior Walter Deans. To the chest full of laces and small wraps the elder Mrs. Walter Dean has added some exquisite bits of clasp jewelry. It is not generally known that she has the finest collection of choice gems on the coast. When her husband withdrew from the firm of Shreve & Co., instead of taking out his share in cash he chose jewels. He selected the very best the house could command, for he knew the value of good stones. The result was a collection notable for its rare and brilliant gems. Several sets of diamond ear rings are so valuable that Mrs. Dean never wears them away from home without patent gold safeties. At the opera, for instance, she removes these safeties just before leaving her carriage and replaces them on re-entering the vehicle. A pigeon blood ruby necklace in the collection is the envy of all lovers of jewels who have seen it.



Inflating One's Own Balloon

A story is told in clubdom of the Hon. John Barrett, our Minister to Siam, and mentioned as a possible successor to Minister Conger in China. When Barrett was the editor of the Portland *Telegram*, he one day saw a little newsboy selling papers in the street.

"What paper is that?" asked Barrett.

"The *Telegram*," answered the boy.

"Ah-h, the *Telegram*," repeated Barrett, inflating his chest, "well, my boy, *I* am the editor of the *Telegram*."

Then he took a nickel from his pocket and handed it to the lad.

"There," he said, "and remember, my boy, if you are ambitious and persevere, you may some time stand where *I* stand."

"I always heard that San Francisco's streets were dirty," said the distinguished Ohioan, "and am agreeably surprised to find them swept so clean."

"Well, you may thank the high winds for that," was the San Franciscan's reply, "if you hadn't struck a windy season you'd have seen the street sweepers working like horses, and even then without results."

Lummis In Corduroy

During the recent visit of Professor Hadley of Yale to Berkeley, members of the college faculty were greatly shocked at a reception given in his honor. The frock coat is de rigueur in the college town for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Professors rarely stoop to the frivolity of evening dress. On the occasion of the reception to President Hadley, Charles Lummis, the editor of the *Land of Sunshine* of Los Angeles, appeared in corduroys, and everybody gazed on him in amazement. It was a bold breach of the conventions of Berkeley to wear corduroys on such an occasion, and the town has not yet regained its breath. Mr. Lummis is regarded as a literary genius in benighted Los Angeles, where the rich people buy libraries at wholesale prices, but in Berkeley Mr. Lummis is merely one Charles Lummis, and nobody there vouchsafes him the privilege of being eccentric.

A Rebuke from the Stage

There is a way of suppressing the bounders in fine clothes that annoy theatre-goers, which I should like to see resorted to whenever occasion arises. One night last week a stage box at the California was occupied by a young millionaire of Blingum, who loves horseflesh and plays polo, and his wife and sister. They began to attract attention to themselves in the first act, at the same time diverting attention from the love scene between James Neill and his wife, by laughter and loud chatter. The mummers thereupon gave the ill-bred box occupants the centre of the stage by abruptly ending the dialogue, and turning to the box as though they were intensely interested in what was occurring there. Presently the swells discovered that they were attracting more attention than they had bargained for, and thereafter observed a becoming decorum. As the lesson was a drastic one which may constrain them to behave themselves in public hereafter, I will charitably omit their names. I commend the action of Mr. Neill and his wife to all other mummers. It is to the interest of actors and actresses to see that those people by whom they are appreciated are safeguarded from the annoyance of the well-dressed male and female rowdies who usually compose theatre parties and pride themselves on being representatives of the smart set. Even when a performance is as tame as that given by the exceedingly tame Neill company, those that have not the patience to give it close attention are not justified by reason of its mediocrity in disturbing those that are trying to get their money's worth. It is bad enough to have your attention distracted from a good show but how exasperating it is to be disturbed when you are trying to concentrate your attention on a bad one.

McNaught's Retort

The visiting members of the Eastern press who were snubbed at Blingum were given a drive to the Cliff last Sunday where they were entertained at luncheon by members of the Press committee and several local newspaper men. Mayor Phelan was the toastmaster and as usual indulged in a few sarcastic remarks about San Francisco newspapers. Before calling upon the journalists present he said that they were unprepared but that he knew it was customary for them to dash off bright things under pressure, and that it was by reason of their lack of preparation that errors were to be found in the dailies. John McNaught of the *Call* proved himself to be the wit of the affair, and he got back at the Mayor by saying that he was glad to know that newspaper errors were the result of inadvertence and lack of preparation. "But of course," he added, "the numerous mistakes of the Municipal Administration were the result of calm deliberation."

Some of the ladies of the Presidential party attended the tea given by Mrs. Linda H. Bryan of 2422 Buchanan street on Thursday afternoon when the hostess entertained her friends informally in honor of Mrs. Blue, wife of Dr. Rubert Blue of the regular army, now stationed at Milwaukee. Mrs. Cortelyou, Miss Barber and Mrs. Rixey, wife of Mrs. McKinley's physician, were with Mrs. Morse. As usual Mrs. Bryan had a lot of handsome and clever matrons and maidens to receive with her and the function was a delightful one.

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Manufacturer of California Glace Fruits and Candies. Salesroom, 639 Market street, Palace Hotel Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Harry Lehr's Achievement

Harry Lehr, the New York wine drummer with the falsetto voice and mincing gait, has achieved something of which, perhaps, he should be proud. He has cheated a foreign Duke out of an American heiress. By his winning ways he has persuaded Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren to content herself with an American husband and they are to be married in June. Mr. Lehr is a graduate of Georgetown college, and he is the son of a respectable but far from wealthy citizen of Baltimore. He wandered into New York a few years ago and was introduced into the swim by Mr. Elisha Dyer Jr. Having a rather pretty face, an air of gallantry, and a graceful waltz step, he soon ingratiated himself into the affections of the gay New York matrons whose husbands are so busy in Wall street that they cannot find much time for social diversion. He found favor in the eyes of Mrs. Ollie Belmont and Mrs. "Ham" Fish, and he used to escort them to the opera, and perform various little courtesies for them that made him almost indispensable.

But to hold his end up properly it became necessary for him to go to work, and he succeeded in obtaining the agency of a wine firm. His social prominence enabled him to sell his wine in the homes of the smart set, and he therefore drew a large salary. He has been a suitor for the hand of more than one rich belle and some time ago it was reported that he was engaged to Mary Van Alen, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Astor. His fiancee has been a widow about two years. She was a Miss Drexel of Philadelphia, but she is not of the family of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co. Her father was Joseph W. Drexel, who left an estate valued at six millions.

Van Million: I suppose I have fathomed every sensation and enotion worth bothering about.

Van Bloke: Did you ever have a chance to dine a deux with a swell girl who liked a good time, and find that you were dead broke ?

Van Million: No, never had that experience.

Van Bloke: Then you don't know what it is to be miserable.

A British Cad

The most disgusting cad that has bobbed up for some time is the British nobleman (?) who recently announced his engagement to a ballet girl, in a letter to King Edward, at the same time intimating that he knew his fiancee was the King's plaything of former days. The newspapers are amazed at his boldness but say nothing of his caddishness. He is looked upon as a hero in London for having dared to josh His Royal Highness in that pertinent fashion. He is probably proud of having secured for a wife the erstwhile object of a King's amorous devotion. And yet he is perhaps deceived. It is not unlikely that the ballet girl is guilty of misrepresentation in the matter. There are women as well as men that lie about their amours and their conquests. And there are many in London of social sphere high above the ballet who are proud of the reputation of having tilted in love's tournament with Albert Edward.

But King Edward may be depended upon to properly rebuke the fresh young author of that insulting letter. Even before his accession to the throne he was quick to resent an insult and vent his royal displeasure upon those that took liberties with him. Not even the women on whom he was wont to let his countenance shine were permitted to get too gay with him. All the world has heard of the rebuke which he gave a very privileged society woman some years ago when she made some silly jest about his mother. "The Queen has preserved the admiration of every loyal and sensible heart," he said, as he instantly departed from a house where the hostess thought she might say anything she chose to the First Gentleman in Europe. She found her error and was never forgiven.

First Typewriter Girl: Oh, what a stylish young man !

Second Typewriter Girl: It's only looks, then. He is on the black list.

Moral: Swell young men are not always heroes to working young women who know.

The Harvard Protest

A copy of the protest made by a committee of the Harvard Alumni against granting President McKinley a degree of L. L. D. fell into my hands the other day. Though I had seen numerous references to it I never before read the grounds of objection. They are stated in these paragraphs:

We firmly believe in the general principle that honorary degrees should not be conferred merely in recognition of high political position or as prizes of political success.

It is worthy of remark that Harvard College has already acted upon this principle with respect to the Governor of Massachusetts. A former President of the United States who came to Cambridge recognized this principle, and did not take the degree offered him.

Further, we believe that as there exists a sincere division of opinion concerning the national policy with which Mr. McKinley's name is associated, to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him would work injustice and give needless pain to a considerable number of graduates by seeming to commit the University to a decision upon a political policy, which decision is not the function of such an institution.

Notwithstanding the protest the Overseers of Harvard have decided to bestow the degree.

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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Three good reasons why we deserve patronage—"Courtesy to all, honest prices, up-to-date styles," Lewison's the Leaders Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street, between 5th and 6th streets.

The Wonderful Kuhne

An occasional correspondent writes me that Kuhne Beveridge, formerly of San Francisco, is going to stagger New York with gowns recently purchased in Paris. Miss Beveridge continues working at sculpture. She aims at the striking, in the decadent or any other realm where she can obtain notice. Her latest statue is called "The Goddess of the Wine Harvest." It is done in silver and represents a nude female figure astride a champagne bottle drawn by three drunken cupids. The woman is hilariously pouring wine over herself. The subject would attract attention anywhere and Miss Beveridge hasn't missed any enlivening point in transmitting her ideas into metal. There's nothing cold about the effect. The group was originally ordered by a wealthy English brewer who refused it on examination because a champagne bottle had been substituted for a beer bottle. Such a cold refusal on the part of a patron at the last moment might chill the spirit of art in such sculptors as Tilden, Happersberger, Schmid or even McMonnies but it couldn't feaze Miss Beveridge. She seems to know the tree where the wealthy art lovers grow and she never has any trouble in shaking one down whenever she wants to sell a statue done in silver, dough, or "goldbrick" metal.

My Los Angeles correspondent writes that an amusing incident occurred at the Laughlin reception to President McKinley. The colored butler who announced the names introduced Edward T. Earl of the Earl Fruit company and a Miss B—— who entered on his arm as "Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Earl." Earl obtained a divorce only a short time ago, and when the announcement was made his ex-wife was standing in a group only a few feet distant from him. The gossips are now speculating as to whether Earl contemplates making the young woman his wife.

At Del Monte

Del Monte is already filling up with guests for the season. Among those at the hotel this week were Mrs. C. F. Carnahan, Miss Doris Carnahan, Mr. and Mrs. F. Tillman, Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina, Miss Blacker, S. W. O'Connor and Miss Lily O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Ryer, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hammond, Miss Ada Sullivan, Mrs. M. C. Low and Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Tanner, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Miss Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Gray, E. J. Molera, T. M. Holbrook, A. B. Costigan, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill, Captain and Mrs. J. W. Rinder. Monday was the banner day for Del Monte fishermen, and every party that went out brought in a large catch. On Sunday Mr. John Hays Hammond was rewarded for his devotions to rod and reel by a magnificent salmon weighing thirty-seven pounds, which cost him some scientific work before he succeeded in landing him. This week has been an eventful one on the links, full of interest and excitement, with numerous tournaments and matches. Mr. E. J. Holl won the beautiful cup given by Mr. J .G. Adams of New York, for the approaching and driving contest. Saturday there was a ladies' tournament. Mrs. Bush made the best score and carried off the lovely cup presented by the management.

A Salutary Lesson

Though Judge Lawlor was reversed by the Supreme court in the case of Thomas Kelly, the police court clerk, convicted of felony for having connived at the foisting of a straw bond on a police magistrate, he should be congratulated, however, for having wiped out the straw bond industry. The Kelly case was an exceptional one, and Judge Lawlor applied drastic measures to subserve a good purpose in the interest of the public. When Kelly was arrested all the crooks that infest the criminal courts and that devote their energies to the "squaring" of the cases, the "fixing" of juries, and other justice-blinding enterprises combined in a scheme to defeat the prosecution. They boasted that he would never be convicted, and for a time it seemed as though they were right. The principal witness for the prosecution could not be found, and the situation appeared most favorable to the defendant, when Judge Lawlor, who has a few old-fashioned notions about the duties of a judge, and a well defined prejudice against that species of crook who has reduced the business of tampering with justice to a fine art, began to make inquiries that stimulated the authorities to activity. As a consequence the missing witness was found, and Kelly was tried and convicted. Though the forms of law may not have been strictly complied with, no serious injustice was done. It was a wholesome lesson to the court jobbers, who have since retired from the business having been convinced by the Kelly case that their occupation was somewhat hazardous. Kelly served a year in jail.

Will Girdle the World

Walter Martin and his fiancee, Miss Mary Scott, are making preparations for a year's trip around the world, immediately after the wedding.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of SUSAN URRY. Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, George Edward Keefe, administrator of the estate of Susan Urry, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said George Edward Keefe, at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Nos. 20 and 21, 7th floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

GEORGE EDWARD KEEFE,
Administrator of the estate of
Susan Urry, deceased.

CHARLES WESLEY REED,
Attorney for said Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 17, 1901.

The Studio of
Mr. Percy A. R. Dow
Voice Teacher
is now at 1511 Larkin Street, near Sacramento. Tone production according to Vannini and Henschel and all that pertains to the ART of SINGING.
Hours: 1 to 3
Monday and Thursday
Telephone Polk 2652.

H. B. PASMORE
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Specialty—Shakespeare's system of tone production.
1424 Washington Street
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Rough Rider Riordan

One of the joyous spectacles of the Knights Templar parade on Thursday was Lawyer Tom Riordan clinging manfully to the hurricane deck of a big, black cavalry horse as the mounted division of the glittering pageant fared perilously out Market street. The horse having been brought up to a military life was all right but he did not understand Sir Knight Riordan's saddle methods, and at Third street he put in some fancy evolutions of his own. The distinguished equestrian clung to his seat with desperation while his frolicsome mount reared and plunged and caracoled and beat the air with his forefeet. The lawyer knight gave the Masonic signal of distress but his brother knights were too busy with equestrian affairs of their own to respond. A policeman who is a Mason saw the signal, rushed in, pulled the horse down to earth and persuaded him to proceed on his four legs. I should respectfully suggest to the Knights Templar that if they have a Rough Rider section Sir Thomas Riordan is now qualified for membership.

The Fair Girls in Society

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs has started the opening skirmish on her long planned descent on the strongholds of London society. She has gone abroad to join her sister Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. Later she will probably visit the household of her sister-in-law by marriage, the Duchess of Marlborough. There are several society camps to capture before she reaches the stronghold of the Duchess. Her friends here figure out that she sees her way clear to success and Mrs. Mackay's position or she wouldn't have started on the campaign. I wonder if she is counting very heavily on the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough? When the Duke of Manchester was here I asked him what influence the Duchess of Marlborough cut in society and in politics, for the Duke, you know, has gone in for politics rather heavily since his marriage. Manchester smiled slightly, as he replied. "She can't possibly cut much influence in politics and as for society, well, remember one thing," and his smile became significant, "though the Duchess may have the money, the Duke is not only the head of the household but he makes everybody know it."

Why Didn't They Know Before?

Those young women who made an idol of Mr. Joseph Kilgour during his sojourn at the Grand, and subsequently at the Alcazar, must feel very sad that they permitted the actor to leave them without making an attempt to keep him here forever. For Mr. Kilgour might properly have been lionized in society as well as on the stage. He is of good family and fine connections and not so many years ago was known as the Beau Brummell of Chicago. He was so much a mould of form that his enemies on the Stock Board dubbed him "the fashion-plate." He was prominent in the Chicago Stock Exchange long before he was lured to forsake that solid business for the more elusive profession of a dramatic favorite. When he finally made his debut as an actor his wardrobe was so extensive that all the other actors in the company became green with envy. After a short season as a matinee idol, Joe Kilgour decided there was more money in stocks than in acting. He was soon buying and selling railroad stock at a lively rate, and it was greatly to his friends' surprise that he took to the stage again.

Has She Found Her Soul?

My New York correspondent writes me that there is little doubt of the truth of the rumor accrediting Maude Berry Fisher as about to wed again. She will have to wait, however, till the prospective bridegroom secures a divorce. He is Frank Moulan of the Castle Square company in which Mrs. Fisher holds one of the prima donna positions. Maude Berry is a woman who always attracted men's admiration, a tall, blonde, Helenic type, and as "icily regular, splendidly null" as Tennyson's heroine. Though she married Frank Fisher, who adored her and sacrificed all his own inclinations to help her on in her ambition, the chill of her demeanor never melted. Her vocalism was as cold as her manner, and though people praised her singing they could not grow enthusiastic over her. I am wondering if the marble heart has been warmed at last, and whether Mrs. Fisher's voice will in the future possess that quality which it lacked in the past.

The people are wearing larger hats in Sacramento this week and bromo has gone up to fifteen cents a bottle—the Street Fair is over.

A Real Loving Cup

One of the most charming souvenirs of her home that Mrs. Kessler (Lottie Cunningham) carried with her to Fort Casey was the loving-cup that was Mrs. Bruguiere's wedding gift. The cup is a large one, with a quart and a half capacity. On it are inscribed the names of the bride's father and mother, the maid of honor, bridesmaids, best man and ushers. Lieutenant Kessler, by the way, is no longer a lieutenant. He was raised to a captaincy very soon after his arrival at Fort Casey.

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OLIVE OIL
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Crosse & Blackwell's Pure Lucca Oil

Unequaled for a
Fine Mayonaise or
Salad Dressing

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IMPORTERS
212-214 Market Street San Francisco

Memorial Day

[This poem was written some years ago, and published in a local weekly, but is worthy of republication. Ed.]

Oh! who would stand where hostile weapons gleam,
Where camp-fires glow, and destinies are cast ?—
Or tread that misty bridge which spans the stream,
That sweeps between us and the tragic past;
To see the glare of crimson on the sky,
Or hear the woods resound again with clam'rous battle-cry ?

Would see once more the heaps of mangled flesh,
Where rise the smothered moans of men in pain?
Would see the wounds of martyrs bleed afresh
And red-mouthed trenches gaping for the slain,
And shivered sabre and the crushed cuirass
The hoof-flailed grain, the riven earth, the powder-blackened grass ?

No ! rather seek some consecrated court,
Where surpliced choir, with organs solemn note,
Chant requiems for the dead; or boys in sport
Peer down the cannon's dark and rusty throat;
Where scents of roses drench the summer air
On ruined moat and black and yellow tiger lilies flare.

Or find the rent redoubt, where ivy creeps
O'er shattered shell and broken bayonet;
Planting its leafy standards on the steeps
To win the grim, dismantled parapet;
Making a conquest none the less complete
Than when the savage slope was pressed with wounded weary, feet.

The past has left its heritage of hate
To those still grieving for the dead adored,
But who would turn the dial hand of Fate
To cancel legacies so golden-stored ?—
Or rouse the rank from fratricidal field,
To place again the blot of bondage on a nation's shield ? —Sam Davis.

When Money Talks

Don't tell me, please,
That talk is cheap
When lawyers talk, it
Costs a heap. —The Litigant

Out of Date

Three things should we reverence, says the sage—love, religion and old age.

But what of the love that reverences not itself ? The religion that mocks its own name ? And old age that vainly tries to disguise its approach?

—The Philosopher.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

As It Is

Pretty soubrette, dainty cigarette,—
Stage door, little more,
Soon it's o'er.
Gay soubrette.

Happy chap, don't care a rap,
Loves sport, hearts are nought,
Little soubrette, mourning yet
Chap's gone.

Married now, took the vow,
Wife a saint, love a feint.
Marriage cares, wife glares.
Hub's out late.

Sighs once more, life's a bore
No soubrette, can't forget.
All is ended, ways are mended
Farewell, soubrette.

Poor soubrette, cannot forget
Kisses warm, love's charm,
Then she sighs, sometimes cries,
Ah well ! soubrette.

—Margaret Whitfield

To a Lady

Fair one, whose laughter is the sun
That breaks my cloudy sorrows,
Whose glance is like the day begun,
The gladdest of good morrows,
O bear with me a space I pray,
For this mine egotism
On thee the fearful charge would lay
Of heresy and schism.
For now, forsook by fluttering doves,
With not a taper burning,
The altars to my former loves
Are into tombstones turning,—
And not the murmur of a prayer,
And only darkness brooding,—
And paths, by constant feet worn bare,
Now rank with weeds intruding;
And I, alas, with blinded eyes
Walk vaguely on beside thee,
With only Love to hear my sighs
And infant Hope to guide me.
Thus lost in one, unmoved I go
Mid beauty's sweet palaver,
Yet sometimes think I love her so
Because I cannot have her. —L. B. T.

MOORE'S
Poison Oak Remedy

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

"Before the Tempest Stripped the Rose of its Petals"

"Yes, I can still love."

Raoul hummed a bar of "Woman, Lovely Woman," and added:

"Women, that is—not woman. One at a time, of course, but not one forever."

"Then you can't love at all. You don't know the meaning of the word." This was from a bridegroom of two months' standing.

"Raoul was not speaking of good women," interrupted another man, "that is, not women one marries."

"Marriage—the death of love," said an old, gray-haired cynic—a bachelor.

"You don't know—you don't know anything about it," and the bridegroom absented himself from the group, whose sayings were so at variance with his feelings.

"Good women, I hate good women," exclaimed Raoul, "they are bores."

"Well, I could introduce you to a good woman—if I liked—whom you would not find a bore," observed the man who had made the observation about "women one marries."

"I don't believe it," said Raoul, "but bring her on if you wish. I'm willing to test it."

"She isn't the kind you could treat in that summary style," was the answer, "besides, I'm not sure that I want her to know—you."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Norton, Rose Norton."

"Married?"

"Yes and widowed."

"Loved her husband?"

"Well, that's what I don't know," was the reply, "perhaps you can find out. I'll introduce you tonight."

* * * * *

The sweet, low tones of that trainante voice seemed familiar to Raoul, as Mrs. Norton held out her hand and expressed her pleasure at meeting him. Surely, he must have known the owner of that voice before.

But to chase recollection was impossible; there were so many petticoated memories in Raoul's past that to separate one from the other was to him not a sufficiently momentous matter to deserve the trouble.

He disassociated Mrs. Norton's voice from his past and placed its possessor bodily in his present. She had soft brown hair and gray eyes, and a matchless complexion. That is what his swift glance told him. She was quiet in manner and absolutely cold. That was his second impression.

He took back the part about the coldness later on. That was some weeks later, when he confessed his love for her.

He was not used to concealing his feelings, and he had never met a woman in his whole life who had repulsed him. Was Rose Norton to be the first?

"I love you—I love you—I love you," he repeated, and kissed her rosy palms. He kissed her throat, her lips, her cheeks, and she did not shrink from him. But she did not warm beneath his caresses.

"You have no heart," he said, finally, "you do not know how to love—you did not love your husband."

She did not appear angry at his assertion. She spoke apathetically, as if it were a hard fact but one not to be ashamed of.

"No, I wished to love him, once. But I could not. He knew I tried."

"Love me, then. I will *make* you love," and Raoul kissed her again.

"I cannot. The heart was crushed out of me years ago—fifteen years ago."

She put her face close to his.

"You know best who killed the heart of the rose," she said, "the English Rose—don't you remember, Raoul?"

And then he knew where he had heard that soft, low voice before.

* * * *

In Paris—or was it London? Raoul had been in so many places, lived so many romances, that one was as likely as the other.

Call it London, then. The girl was English, pretty, brown-haired, gray-eyed, soft-cheeked. If she had been plain, she would never have happened in Raoul's life.

The English girl was more than a romance. She was a tragedy. She was good, and she loved the man who made her otherwise. Raoul did not love her, but he played at love.

He met her in the street one day. She was an apprentice to a milliner or something like that. He was the first gentleman who had ever spoken of affection to her. He was the first man who had ever breathed a word of love in her ear.

Raoul was a singularly fascinating man of the world. When Rose listened she was lost. Yes, from the first moment.

She yielded just as the poor deluded heroines do on the stage. She basked in the sunshine of the world until the little bit of passion that had moved Raoul to desire her burned itself out.

"I love you—love you—love you," she said a score of times a day, and with the words twined her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek and lips to his, lost herself in his personality.

But he shook himself free. He had seen a blonde, a great Juno of a woman with lips like a marble statue. He yearned to wake the statue to life. She was a singer in a music-hall and when she went across the channel to fill an engagement in Paris, he followed her. The English Rose was forsaken and forgotten.

* * * * *

Could that poor little rose wish greater reparation? Surely Fate could have worked no more bitterly against the spoiler than to bring him to the flower he had denuded of its golden heart. To beg that rose for a whiff of its fragrance—and to find the heart was but a mockery; that it was no longer there!

"I wish I could, Raoul," said Rose Norton, "I wish I could."

She said it dully, hopelessly.

"But I cannot love again. I could pretend—could be to you as I was to my husband. But for what good?"

"You *shall* love me," he cried, pressing her close to his breast, and his kisses were as fierce as the tempest that dashes the waves against the rocks.

And, as once in a great while the waves cleave the stone against which they beat, there came a rift in the coldness of Rose Norton's breast.

But Raoul never knew the truth.

—*The Sublimationalist.*

Now that President McKinley was so condescending as to suffer the little children to come unto him, it should be proper to address him as "Your Gracious Majesty."

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The Automobile

Some very successful automobile races were held at Los Angeles during the Fiesta,in which Locomobiles scored a complete triumph. In the race for all-comers E. A. Boeseke with a Locomobile won a decisive victory in two straight heats. The first mile was covered in 1.38, while the second heat was much faster, the watches registering 1.36 2-5 at the finish. In the Doctor's Race, Dr. Sanborn with a Locomobile won three straight heats.

George W. Baumhoff, who became a familiar figure here some weeks ago by his hill climbing feats with a Locomobile, created quite a stir in Los Angeles recently, suddenly dropping out of sight, automobile and all. He owed one of the firms quite a sum of money and had left his machine with his creditor as security. When last seen he borrowed the machine to take a spin around the block and he may still be spinning for all his Los Angeles friends know. At least he has not been heard of since.

Several of the automobile owners of Sacramento held their first run last Sunday, going over the twenty-mile stretch of road to Folsom prison and returning by way of Oakdale. At Folsom their machines were cleaned by the prisoners, a great many of whom had never before seen a motor vehicle and consequently they viewed the twentieth century rig with considerable interest. Those upon the run were as follows: James Keenan, Deputy Sheriff Swilk, George Bryte, Myles Down, Charles Blauth and M. Josephs.

Much to the surprise of everyone interested, Alexander Winton started on his transcontinental trip upon schedule time. Several weeks ago it was announced that he would start on the twentieth. His companion, Mr. Shanks, arrived here in advance and he affirmed the announcement, but still only a few took any stock in the proposed venture. Winton and his machine slipped into the city very quietly last week, and on Monday, the twentieth, true to his word, he started on what promises to be the longest automobile journey that has yet been made. There is not the least doubt in the mind of the writer but what Winton will succeed in his hazardous venture. It will be a great advertisement for gasoline rigs if he does.

The bids for the automobile to be furnished the fire department are to be opened today. In this instance it is by no means a case of the lowest bidder. Engineer Riley, who will probably have the deciding of the matter, has his own ideas as to the proper machine and if the lowest bidder does not meet with these ideas the selection will be from some of the others. The dealers have been none too anxious to bid in this instance and it is doubtful if more than four or five have been filed with the department. Dorville Libby, agent for the Century vehicles, changed his mind about bidding and has offered one of his steam rigs. Is is known that this rig more fully answers the requirements of Engineer Riley than any of the others that have been offered, but whether it has the high speed necessary to satisfy Chief Sullivan is a question. Brooke Ridley has been showing the department a Columbia electric runabout and Fred Ward has made a half way sort of an offer to furnish a special fire department Riker electric machine, and also a Foster steam rig. It is believed that the other steam vehicle concerns have declined to bid, with thanks.

The regime of trade control of the Automobile Club of California has almost run itself out. Next month the annual election willl take place and an entirely new board of officers will replace those now in control. F. A. Hyde, whose picture is given elsewhere in this department, is the one now most prominently mentioned for the office of president.

There is about to be a change in the management of the San Francisco branch of the Mobile company. W. C. Anderson, late manager of the Chicago branch, has just been transferred to San Francisco and is now en route to this city. Just what effect this change will have on McKnight's present position here is not known. The latter has done good work for

F. A. Hyde, Capt. I. N. Hibberd, "Locomobile" Style, .008

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the Mobile people since his arrival here in the face of hot competition and he will probably continue as salesman and demonstrator for the company, while Anderson will handle the business end.

At the San Jose carnival of roses last week, a beautiful silver cup was offered to the automobile making the fastest time in the track events held in conjunction with the carnival. This cup was awarded to Messrs Rockett and Arnold, who, with a Locomobile, succeded in covering a mile in 1:34 4-5. The cup is now on exhibition at the headquarters of the Locomobile company of the Pacific in Market street. Since the automobile became popular in this State, two competitive events have been held and in both it was a Locomobile that carried off the prize.

—*The Automobiler.*

Historic Tombs

A small stone now marks the resting place of James G. Blaine in Oak Hill cemetery. It had been a wonder that some of his political friends had not rallied to place a stone over his grave. Mrs. Blaine waited for a grateful country to erect a monument. His simple headstone is like that of the sons, and the remains of Mrs. Coppinger rest alongside. Her grave is marked by a handsome cross "erected by a sorrowing husband." The Blaine lot is in a remote spot down in the glen and but one visitor in a hundred discover the resting place of the great statesman. Oak Hill cemetery was given by W. W. Corcoran, Washington's renowned philanthropist who had the body of John Howard Payne brought here from Africa, where he died while consul. An appropriate monument was erected over the grave of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" by Mr. Corcoran. The plot where he lies buried is covered with myrtle. —The Traveler

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It is a time-honored complaint of the editor that all efforts to discourage the persistent contributor are apt to be construed in just the opposite way and that the printed formula, "Declined with thanks," is taken as encouragement to call again—else why thanks? Brevity is the spirit of business as well as the soul of wit. Someone suggests that there would be no chance for misunderstanding if the much-tried editor would adopt the simple formula, N. G.

Genevieve

I'll ne'er forget
When last we met,
Till sun and moon forever set.
Oh Genevieve!

Earth may decay
And blow away—
Yet will I not forget that day,
Oh Genevieve!

Two woodcocks at
Two dollars pat—
Made my old purse no longer fat,
Oh Genevieve!

My grief was dense
When we went thence,
For I had left but fifteen cents,
Oh Genevieve!

Nay, nay! you bet
I'll ne'er forget,
The dough I paid—the things you et,
Oh Genevieve!

—Lowell Otus Reese,

SENSIBLE SHOES

Don't buy cheap shoes for economy's sake
There's no money saved in poor shoe leather
Good shoes are the only sensible kind
They're the only kind that fit right
They're the only kind to wear
And you must go to a good store for a good shoe
Don't go by looks,
Don't take a chance,
Come where you KNOW you're safe

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The Niche in Life

When the Man fell into the Water, his Friends who were in the Boat handed him an Oar. But the Current was so Rapid that he could not Grasp it, and he was rapidly carried out of their Reach.

"Never mind, he can Swim," said they, and rowed to the Shore, that they might Help him when he Should Succeed in Reaching it. Then they Shrieked with Horror as they saw him Throw up his Hands and Sink.

"He is Drowned," they cried, and hastily ran to give Information, and get Help to recover his Body.

But the Current had carried him so far away that even his Body could not be Found.

The Man, however, was not Dead. He was Strong and though seemingly Submerged he did not Drown, but floated down the River until he reached a Spot where he could land.

It was a Lonely Place far from Civilization, for he had been swept along at such a Rapid Pace that he was Far from his Starting Point. And he was too Tired to go Farther. He took off his Clothes and Dried them in the Sun, and then he Lay Down and soon Fell Asleep.

A day after, by Continued Walking he managed to Reach an Encampment. He had eaten Nothing, his Strength was Spent and it took him a Few Days to recover his Balance. There was no Telephone or Telegraph Station near by, so his Friends could not be notified.

When he finally came to a Village, his first thought was to Inform his People of his Recovery. But in a Newspaper he read the Announcement of his Death, with a Eulogistic Paragraph.

A Thought came to him.

"I am dead," he meditated, "to them. I was harassed with Debts and Worries. Why come to Life and bring all those Evils upon me again? I have often wished to have Another Chance. Now I can Begin Anew."

Therefore, he Braced himself up and started out to Live a New Life.

In a Short Time, however, he felt Homesick.

"After all," he said, "a New Life is not what it is Cracked Up to be."

He remembered the Eulogistic Notice, and concluded that it is Better to live where you are Known, even if you have Worries, than to try a Make Believe Happiness amid New Friends. He Resolved to Return to his Home.

With thoughts of the Smiles he would be Greeted with and Glad Hands Extended, he entered the streets of his own City.

"I will let them Speak First," he thought, "I will Surprise them."

But he passed through the Streets and No One knew him. They remembered his Name, perhaps, but the Face was forgotten. No one was looking for his Resurrection, consequently he was as if he had Never Been.

"Never mind," he thought, "if Friends forget one, there are still one's Wife and Children."

He forgot that his Ill Treatment had Caused his Wife bitter Sorrow, and that his Children had often Shrunk in Fear from the Sound of his Footstep.

As he paused before his House, a Woman came out. A Trap stood before the door, and as his Wife came down the steps she was joined by a Man whom he remembered as having been a Suitor for her hand before he had become her Husband.

She looked at the Man who had been Resurrected, but so Carelessly that she did not Recognize him. She smiled gaily at the Other Man, and he Pressed the Hand she extended to him. She returned the Pressure and Blushed. Then they entered the Trap and drove away.

Some Children were Playing about the Door. The Man spoke to a Little Girl, and said:

"Is that Gentlemen your Father—the one in the Trap?"

"Not yet," answered the Child, "but he Will Be, soon. My Mother has to Wait till she is sure my Other Father's body will never be found before she Marries Him."

"Your——Other Father?"

"Yes," spoke up a Little Boy, "our father was Drowned."

"And did you Love him?" asked the Man.

The Boy stammered, and could not Answer, but the Girl said: "He was not always Nice to us—not so Nice as our New Father."

Then the Man went Away, far down by the River in which he had Left his Old Life.

"There is Nothing in Life at all," he said, "in the Old we do not Live long enough to be Remembered by those we Loved. In the New, we cannot Care enough about it to make New Friends and form New Ties. What we Can Have is Rest—Eternal Rest."

Then he tied Stones to his Shoes, and jumped into the River. This time he made no Effort to Swim. It would have been Impossible, even had he Wished, because of the Weights on his Feet.

He sank to the Bottom and did not Rise. But this time his Death was not Chronicled in the Papers and there was no Eulogistic Notice. For no one Knew and no one Cared. —*The Cynic.*

Only One Genuine

You may talk about your *Saphos*—"one, and that on the neck!"
And those kisses on the eyelids, or on the ears a peck;
What's a *Carmen* full of passion, in which pure love has no part?
Give me one kiss, and the true kiss, on the lips from the heart. —The Connoisseur.

Heaven, Indeed.

"Mamma," asked little Willie, "will Cousin Lily, what's an actress, go to heaven when she dies?"

"I don't see why not," answered his mamma, absently, "there are plenty of angels there."

—The Call Boy.

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Dramatic World

Attractions Next Week

The first week of Henry Miller's season at the Columbia theatre will come to a close with this evening's performance of "Heartsease." The romantic play has been splendidly presented by the star and his strong supporting company. A decided novelty has been selected for the bill for the second week of the Miller season. It is Oscar Wilde's farcical piece called "The Importance of Being Earnest" and from all accounts it will prove a delightful treat for that great majority of theatre-goers seeking bright, witty dialogue, clever sayings and comedy situations that come without being forced or strained. There are four splendid roles for the feminine portion of the cast. The male roles are all decidedly good ones for portrayal by clever people and in the quick action of this piece Mr. Miller's actors will be specially fitted. "The Importance of Being Earnest" will be played for six nights. It will be followed by the premier production of Miller's new play "Darcy of the Guards." At the Columbia the coming week there will be no Wednesday matinee, but a holiday afternoon performance will be given on Thursday, Decoration Day instead. The regular matinee on Saturday will also be given as usual.

Melbourne McDowell, former joint star with the late Fanny Davenport, his wife, will be the stellar attraction at Morosco's Grand Opera House commencing Monday evening. The engagement will be a limited one and Mr. McDowell will receive the enormous salary of one thousand dollars per week, the largest salary ever known to have been paid to a stock star. The play for the opening week of this extraordinary engagement will be Sardou's masterpiece, "Cleopatra," after which "La Tosca," "Fedora" and the balance of the Sardou-Davenport repertoire will be presented. Much time and

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All Pneumatic Rubber Tire and Solid Rubber Tire Runabout Wagons reduced TEN PER CENT.

All Surreys, Phaetons, Carriages, Basket Seat Novelties, and the entire line of new 1901 styles reduced FIFTEEN PER CENT.

Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Mountain Wagons reduced FIFTEEN PER CENT.

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money has been spent on costumes and scenery for these productions and the people of San Francisco may expect to behold the grandest spectacles seen here for some time. Never before has anything approaching these productions been presented at popular prices. There will be the usual Saturday and Sunday matinees, and a special Decoration Day matinee, Thursday, May thirtieth.

The theatre going public is strongly attracted by the fine production of "The Toy Maker," at the Tivoli. Rarely has the Eddy street house presented such a novelty as this piece, attractive in plot, music and staging. The toy shop scene in act first is a surprising feature, filled as it is with working mechanical toys. The children are all wild over the glimpse into toy fairy land, and every little one in town should see it. The company shows the effect of careful stage training, and the business introduced is all taking and clever. Today will occur the souvenir matinee, when every child attending will be given a handsome toy.

The Orpheum promises another strong bill for next week. Henry Lee, the English actor will be the headliner. "Great Men Past and Present" is the title of his specialty, in the course of which he will introduce some of the famous characters he has played with such success on the legitimate stage. Al Leach and the three Rosebuds will blossom in a new specialty and Grace Van Staddiford will make a complete change in her repertoire and Lew Sully, the monologuist, has absorbed a whole lot of up-to-date localisms. James O. Barrows, for his third and last week, will present "The Major's Appointment." Among the holdovers will be Genaro and Bailey, Burton and Brooks and the biograph.

It would appear as if "The First Born's" popularity will never be on the wane. Its present revival at the Alcazar is meeting with as great success as has its previous presentations. It is one of those quaint little tragedies that people never grow tired of, filling the theatre every evening. The manifestations of appreciation show that it has lost nothing by its portrayal by a different company. One of the distinct hits made in the present production is that of Dr. Pow Len, as portrayed by Barton Hill. He lends to the character as much dignity and deliberation as did George Osbourne. Another hit is that of the rag-picker as pictured by Walter Belasco, whose make-up is artistic in the extreme. "Gloriana," the funny farce preceding the Chinese tragedy, furnishes three acts of clean, hearty fun. Florence Roberts, supported by White Whittlesey and an augmented company will present a number of new and successful plays, her season, June third, immediately following the present attraction.

Now comes the dramatic writer of *Munsey's* and makes his bow and speaks his little piece anent the dramatization of "To Have and to Hold," which Norman Hapgood says is as bad as anything can be. *Munsey's* calls it "a patchwork quilt of situations, islanded in a sea of talk and several acres of painted canvas." Mr. Hapgood hazarded the opinion that the very badness of this "novel tinkered into a play" was its best point, since it would probably mark the beginning of the end of the staging of books. It is now admitted that the fate of "To Have and to Hold" has really settled the question and that there is little probability that "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Eben Holden," and one or two others will be staged at all, while the general avalanche is stayed. Another comment of *Munsey's* is worth repeating because of the mould in which it is cast: "Mr. Frohman went all the way to London to get an actor to play Ralph Percy, and he brought over a good looking stick in the person of Robert Lorraine, who lately served a short term with the British Army in South Africa, and another as the husband of Julie Opp."

Beerbohm Tree has commissioned Stephen Phillips to write a play for him, based on the "Odyssey."

"The Secret Orchard," now current in the *Cosmopolitan* as a serial, has already been dramatized for the Kendals. The novel is from the pens of the Castles, Agnes and Egerton.

—*The Playgoer.*

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AMUSEMENTS

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Matinees this week will be given on Thursday and Saturday
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First time here of Oscar Wilde's trivial comedy for serious people
"The Importance of Being Earnest"
Next Play—"Darcy of the Guards"

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, May 26th
Henry Lee Al Leach and the three Rosebuds
Grace Van Studdiford Genaro and Bailey Lew Sully
Burton and Brooks The American Biograph
Last week of James O. Barrows, John Lancaster and Co.
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

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Every Night at 8 sharp
Farce and Tragedy
The Comic Play
"Gloriana"
At 9:45, Francis Powers' Chinese Tragedy
"The First Born"
Extra Matinee Decoration Day
Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

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Music World

An Artist in Miniature

Another embryo artist has made its wee bow, quite privately so far and in the studio of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, in the person of young Maurice Robb, aged six years, but in whose already intelligent handling of the repertoire arranged for the occasion one sees future possibilities of very large proportions. Young Master Robb is the pupil of Mrs. Mansfeldt and she is guiding his budding genius with the greatest interest, feeling sure that the future holds no ordinary gift in its keeping for this wee manikin of a musician, whose extremely attractive personality makes the heart warm to him at once. The child already composes, two of his characteristic creations appearing on the program which follows, one composed when he was but five years of age. He has been studying since the age of three, his insistent demands in this direction taking no denial and at last placing him in the ranks with his sister, whose music lessons first roused the baby's desire to be able to make music as she did. The first number of the program, all of which was given from memory, was a group of three by Schumann; Playing Tag, The Merry Farmer and The Wild Horseman. These were followed by Opening of the Children's Party, Kullak; The Mocking Bird's Lullaby and Soap Bubbles, by Maurice Robb, with Mrs. Mansfeldt at the second piano. He then rendered Sonatine Op. 36, No. 1 by Clementi in perfect time and rhythm, without notes, and showing a surprising technic for his age. He plays equally well the Sonata in C major by Mozart written for two pianos in which he takes first piano part. He is undoubtedly a gifted child and no pains will be spared to give his talents all the scope which his ambition even now demands.

A New Club

A number of music students of our town have organized into a musical club under the name of "Les Pas Encore." The object of the club is musical improvement, the meetings to be held monthly, and one of its most stringent rules that every member shall come prepared to contribute his part to the program. Among the members are pupils of Sir Henry Heyman, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell and other well known teachers. The officers are Mrs. Alfred D. Robinson, president; Mrs. James F. McGauley, vice president; Miss Estelle Block, secretary, and Albert J. Leonard, treasurer. Mrs. Albert J. Leonard is the club accompanist. Mrs. Albert J. Leonard entertained the club at a strawberry tea, Monday afternoon last, when the music was rendered by Miss Estelle Bloch, Miss Florence Douglas, Miss Elizabeth Day, Miss Ethel Grant, Miss Ada Hall, Mrs. Leonard, Miss Alice Moore, Mrs. James McGauley, Miss Marguerite McGuire, Mrs. Alfred D. Robinson, Mrs. A. Tilden and Miss Ruth Weston.

A Californian in Boston

Miss Anna Miller Wood will not come to San Francisco this year, but will spend the summer abroad, in London and Paris principally. She will leave in a few weeks for the continent and will return early in October. Miss Wood has been working very hard this year and this European trip will be a delightful rest and change. She will not be entirely idle, however, but will do some work with Henschel, and will coach in French songs while in Paris. In London Miss Wood will stay, as during her former visits, with Mrs. Carmichael-Carr.

Miss Wood's California Pupils

Miss Carolyn Boyan, during her vacation from her choir position in Providence, is to sing in Nahant, at the summer church there. As Nahant is a very fashionable resort, it is likely Miss Boyan will have many engagements to sing at private functions as well as in church and concert. Miss Boyan has a large class of pupils in Providence and several in Boston. As she has been East not quite three years this is a most encouraging record for the young San Franciscan. At a recent recital given by Miss Boyan, assisted by Miss Sproat, pianist, and Miss Reed, soprano, the program included works by Secchi, Handel, Mozart, MacDowell, Foote, Schutt, Grieg, Bungert, Thome, Carmichael, Lamaire, Lassen and Chaminade.

Miss May Little is to spend the summer in San Francisco during her vacation from her choir in Milton, Massachusetts. She is to give a concert in Milton the end of this month.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore will give an invitational pupils recital at the First Unitarian church, Oakland, next Friday evening. His daughters, Mary, Susan and Dorothy, will assist in trio and obligatos to the songs. The program, which follows, promises to be most brilliant: Petite Suite, H. B. Pasmore, Mary, Susan and Dorothy Pasmore; Bell Song from "Lakme," Miss Beulah George; Am abend, Fickenscher, "Down Among the Dead Men," (Old English), Mr. Pasmore; "Come O Come My Heart's Delight," "Once I Loved a Maiden Fair," "Love is a Sickness," Horatio Parker, "The Message," (with violin and 'cello accompaniment), Mrs. Edith Scott Basford; Fors 'e Lui from "La Traviata," Verdi, Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner; duet, Graceful Consort, from the "Creation," Haydn, Mrs. Julie M. Lawton and Mr. Pasmore; "Spring," (violin obligato), Weil, "O that We Two Were Maying," ('cello obligato), Nevin, "Doris," (violin and 'cello obligato), Miss Beulah George; Siciliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Mrs. Basford; Trio No. 1, Haydn, Mary, Susan and Dorothy Pasmore.

St. Dominic's choir will sing a specially prepared performance of Farmer's celebrated Mass in B flat, tomorrow morning at eleven in St. Dominic's church, corner Bush and Steiner streets. The music will be sung entire, without cuts. The soloists will be Miss Lily Roeder, soprano; Miss E. V. McCloskey, contralto; Mr. D. M. Lawrence, tenor, and Mr. Walton Webb, bass.

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Such spreading palms, such leafy bowers,
Such stately groves of oaks and pines,
Such perfect, clinging, emerald vines,
Such sunny skies, such balmy air,
To give new life, to banish care.

And where such puzzling, winding maze
To lure the step, and charm the gaze.
And where such miles of rock-bound ocean shore,
And cleanly sanded beach, behind, before,
Such rolling crested waves, here seen afar.
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Elsewhere?
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The Loring club will sing next Tuesday evening in Native Sons' hall. Among the numbers will be several well known to the Loring's audiences, the committee having felt constrained to include several of these in the program, as there have been so many requests from associate members and others for repetition. I refer particularly to John Hyatt Brewer's "Sing Sing Music was Given," the solo in which will be sung by Doctor Schalkhammer and which will be accompanied by piano, organ, violin and 'cello; Arthur Foote's stirring "Bedouin Love Song," Schubert's "The Gondoliers," and Dudley Buck's "Chorus of Spirits and Hours" from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." It is perhaps interesting to note that in this last mentioned piece the tenor solo will be sung by Mr. Ed Moore who on this occasion makes his re-appearance for the club, after an absence of a number of years in the East. Mr. Moore was one of the Loring's favorite soloists of ten or twelve years ago.

Laurel Hall club's last meeting of the season on Wednesday was more than usually representative of the club's best brains and talent This, the pioneer organization of its kind, numbers many of the well known women of club and social life—women cultured, and of many sided charm. Occasionally a paper is read from such a pen as Sarah D. Hamlin's or Mrs. Isadore Lowenberg's that would make a fit contribution to literature. Last Wednesday the program opened with a contralto solo beautifully sung by Mrs. A. H Winn and after the usual discussion of literary topics, some entertaining reminiscence of travel were given by Mrs. Irving Moulton, Mrs. Louis Weinmann and Mr. Dorville Libby.

A reception and musicale is announced for Saturday evening, June first, by the Class of 1899-1900 of the Von Meyerinck School of Music, at the school, 841 Fulton street. Mrs. von Meyerinck will receive, assisted by the different classes each in turn while not taking part in the program. The latter promises to be interesting, as some of the pupils make their first bow to the public on this occasion and great pains have been taken in preparation for the occasion.

At the opening entertainment of the New Dramatic Society, which was, by the way, a complete success, Mr. Joseph Greven introduced some new pupils, while the Greven Choral and Operatic Society assisted with two numbers. Miss Kitty McShane sang the solo in the first one with taste and intelligence. The choral class proved to be an harmonious ensemble of well-trained soloists. Miss Mabel Christes, with a youthful, fresh soprano, and Miss Erne Happ, with a rich, sympathetic contralto, earned well deserved encores and are promising much for the future, when stage fright will have been entirely overcome. Mr. A. F. McPhee sang clearly and expressively in a well carrying, high baritone, his song and encores. Joseph Greven, the director of the society, presided at the piano. The society is preparing a number of light operas to be given early in the fall.

H. B. Pasmore has resigned from Mills College.

Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman is in Newark, N. J., having accepted a choir position with the First Reformed church. She also has a large vocal class. During the past month, Mrs. Cushman had three fine concert engagements, beside singing at two private musicales in New York and at the Country club's breakfast.

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The Beulah George Concert

Miss Beulah George's concert at Century hall, on the tenth instant, netted her quite a handsome sum. Artistically it was one of the most successful concerts of the season and it might well have been given in a larger hall. Miss George demonstrated that Emma Nevada was about right when she praised her singing, for she did the difficult Bell song from "Lakme," which has a range of over two octaves, culminating in the high E, without the sign of breaks in any of the registers. Her rendition of the other numbers was eminently satisfactory, and in the group of obligato songs, she showed promise of great warmth of expression when she is more mature. Mr. Pasmore's voice, style and power of expression were a surprise to those who had never heard him. He was particularly happy in Arthur Fickenscher's "Am Abend." Mr. Pasmore should be heard more frequently in public. Mrs. Basford's singing of Handel's "Lascia chio pianga" and the Sicilian from the "Cavalleria Rusticana" showed her to be entitled to a place among the great ones of song. Her voice is unlike any other organ, but of wonderful depth of feeling and beauty of expression. Mrs. Basford will yet come to her own. The Pasmore trio, Mary, Susan and Dorothy, contributed the Petite Suite composed for them by their father and two movements of Haydn's celebrated trio in G, with the Hungarian Rondo. They proved once more that they are little wonders.

The Von Meyerinck Method

The prominence lately attained in musical circles by some of the pupils of the Von Meyerinck School, including in the number, Cecilia Decker Cox, who has long been one of our favorites, and Maude Fay, whose rapid strides are calling general attention to her career, have brought to light some curious facts in regard to the method employed by Madam Von Meyerinck personally in the production of tone and articulation particularly. An idea so unheard of in voice cultivation led me to inquire into the facts of the case in order to make public a matter doubly interesting in that we have the identical source of this generally much neglected point in vocalism at our very doors, though as a source of education to the hearing it would probably never have been dreamed of. It was when in St. Petersburg, Madame von Meyerinck informed me, that she met at a dinner a physician and a director of the Institution for the Deaf, which educates pupils from all over the East Sea provinces, including Milan, Kurland and all of Russia and Poland. Here a discussion arose on the possibilities in the control of throat muscles, the palate etc., through the medium of education in vocal music. The physician was against the argument and the director of the School for the Deaf, on the affirmative side, as he had been able to demonstrate the same point in his teaching of articulation. Madame von Meyerinck said that it gave her food for much thought, which resulted in her seeing the director again and arranging for lessons in articulation at the School for Deaf for herself. She saw in this method great possibilities for her own use in the teaching of articulation and tone production in vocal music. In company with a lady who was studying in order to teach the deaf to speak, Madame von Meyerinck began her novel study, going twice a week to the school, which was only reached by driving for miles over the snow in a sleigh. Here she persevered until she had mastered the whole course, which she employs in her teaching today as one of her most valuable departments in the perfecting of articulation. Miss Fay was asked not long since when she was going to Europe to finish. She replied that she had five years hard work before her here before she could consider anything else. This is probably the only school on the coast that professes to finish an artist ready for concert or operatic stage, but the advantages of languages, physical development, lectures etc. are identical with the conservatory course to be obtained in

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—The Music Critic

World of Letters

Anent Titles of Books

The difficulty of finding titles for books becomes more obvious each season, and the time and thought devoted by authors to the selection of an appropriate title which has not already been used is equaled only by the anxiety of the young mother to send her first baby forth well found in the matter of a name James Payne, the English novelist, was twice forced to pay heavy damages for having inadvertently infringed upon the copyright of other authors whose books he had never heard of. Jules Claretie had a similar experience in making a selection. He first called his book "L'Oeil du Mort" or "Dead Man's Eyes," and immediately a suit was brought against him, for this title had been used some twenty years before, and though the original book had been neither popular nor successful, he was worsted and obliged to select a new name. "L'Accusateur." James Lane Allen's novel, "The Reign of Law," was published in England under a different name because the late Duke of Argyle had already used Mr. Allen's title, though not for a novel. Both Miss Florence Marryat and Richard Orton Prowse have taken the same title, "The Poison of Asps," for works of fiction. Some authors are extremely happy in the selection of their titles, but just as often as a book is handicapped by its name. The milk-and-water title which Hardy chose for a book which is by no means his worst, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," must have often turned the scale with the hesitating reader. It is said that Hardy's titles seldom suggest the strength of his work, but that objection fails after the book has been read. One of his books had no less than three names before its final publication. On its first appearance in Harper's magazine it was called "The Simpletons," which was later changed to "Hearts Insurgent," but when issued in book form it was again rechristened as "Jude, the Obscure." Kipling's titles are all more or less striking, but his best ones are saved for the individual stories, not for the books. There is a tide in the fashion of naming books, as in everything else, and when any particular form of nomenclature makes a hit there is sure to be a host of imitations. After Mrs. Deland gave us "John Ward, Preacher," which was evidently suggested to her by the older and ever popular "John Halifax, Gentleman," there "followed fast and followed faster" "John March, Southerner," "Metzerott, Shoemaker," "Harold Bradley, Playwright," "Caleb West, Master Diver," "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," "John Ship, Mariner," and a score or so more which attained less prominence. "Some Emotions and a Moral," set the pace for a while. Quotations from Scripture or from Shakespeare form a considerable number of titles, "Thicker than Water," "Cruel as the Grave," "The Mark of the Beast," "Bread upon the Waters," "Slings and Arrows," "Perchance to Dream," are samples of this style. Dickens usually contented himself by

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using the name of his principal character, and Thackeray seems to have given little time to the selection of names for his brain children. George Eliot also chose short titles, her two exceptions being "The Mill on the Floss" and "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such," which last is cumbersome, with nothing else to recommend it. There are a surprisingly large number of titles in which the numeral two forms a part. As to color, red and golden out distance all else. Time was when alliteration was much sought after, and we still have occasional instances like the "Quest of the Golden Girl," "Red Rock," "Captains Courageous," and "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush," but that is now relegated solely to the Nickel Libraries which the adventurous school boy conceals between the pages of his geography. There is a little likelihood that it will ever be revived for better books as that we shall again resort to such monstrosities as were in vogue amongst the goodly folk of Cromwell's time, and of which "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches," "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," and "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel Known among Men as Samuel Fish" are examples.

The Rage for Writing

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May is a poem by Henry Webb entitled "The Age of Ink," of which one couplet runs:

> "Lured to the brink, women and men
> A moment pause—then dip a pen."

But they do not pause, Mr. Webb, not even for a moment, and especially not the women. No, in they go, "slinging ink" in all directions, splashing about and floundering here and there. There is an idea abroad in the world that "there's millions in it," and every one is intent on grasping a share, whether or not he ever emerges from the inky sea to enjoy his prize. There is no art, craft or trade that has not in these days its "organ," and there is no one of any age, sex or condition of servitude who is not confident of a latent ability to write something. A snowbound passenger train or a besieged garrison must have its paper or magazine, and the worthy contributors who are at first actuated by no other motive than passing the time are almost certain to join the vast army who wear hollows in the stairways of periodical and publishing houses. Mr. Morrah, editor of the *Literary Year Book*, says, "Literature is a miz-maze into which people have a way of straying without ever knowing what they want to do or whither they want to go." The slightest and most ephemeral connection with anyone who has raised his head above the crowd is a good excuse for a magazine article, and to have written a book is sufficient to furnish material for writing forever more. It is like jumping on to a moving train; you may get on but you can't yet off. If you "pause at the brink" you will think better of the plunge.

The gloom which the war in South Africa has spread over the English nation is typified in the pessimistic titles

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of so many of the books which deal with the question. Amongst them are to be noted: "An Absent-Minded War," "The Coming Waterloo," and "The Wrecking of an Empire."

The letters of Lady Anne Barnard are to be the next recruits to the ranks of epistolary literature. It is probable that every one will recall her name as that of the author of "Auld Robin Gray," but what else has she done that offers an excuse? We may expect to find the word private marked *obs.* in the twentieth century editions of the dictionary. It has assuredly lost its primitive meaning. What with living in flats and boarding houses, exploiting everything in the newspapers and furnishing photographs of everything, regardless of even considerations of decency, when not restrained by law, privacy itself is obsolete. We shall not need a word to designate what no longer exists even in the imagination.

The *Bookman* thinks it is about time that due credit be given to the scissors-and-paste editor for his share in the dissemination of good literature. It is to this humble mechanic that Eugene Field, "Mr. Dooley," and many other bright writers owe much of their reputation. Even admitting that the s. & p. man is intent only on filling his columns with the least amount of unnecessary exertion and waste of gray matter, the fact remains that he does a large share in making the bright wits known beyond their own bailiwick. The success which is measured by large sales is often directly due to the fact that the extracts which have been scattered far and wide over the country through the medium of reprint in the backwoods locals have prepared a host of readers to make the demand.

Edmund Gosse has no faith in the value of the biographies which are written by, or under the espionage of the widows of the subjects thereof. He says, of all the incompetent candidates the widow is the worst, for she is bent on making everything appear at its best, and so succeeds in destroying the individuality as well as the vitality of the subject. "She is the triumph of the unfittest." And when one comes to consider it, one is obliged to confess that Mr. Gosse is right and to point the moral by recollecting the luminous example of Lady Burton.

—*The Bookworm.*

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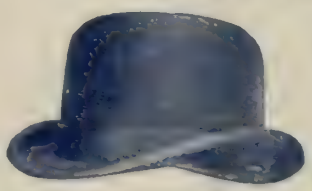

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San Francisco, June 1, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The McKenzie Pardon

Just before leaving San Francisco, President McKinley pardoned Alexander McKenzie, the partner of a crooked Federal Judge in infamous frauds perpetrated in Nome. Nothing had been urged in extenuation of McKenzie's offenses, but he was pardoned because he could not become acclimated in the atmosphere of a prison. If Mr. McKenzie had been sent to jail for his health the plea of his friends would have been a good one, but his commitment was not based upon sanitary considerations. His conduct at Nome showed that he was a most dangerous rogue, and in view of the injustice and the hardship that he imposed upon many people through the cooperation of an infamous judicial officer, he should have been consigned to a long term of imprisonment in a penitentiary. Even though the atmosphere of the jail threatened to weaken his constitution that should not be regarded as a good and sufficient reason for his discharge. Nobody ever regarded a prison as a sanitarium. Prisoners are dying every day but the circumstance of their ill health resulting from confinement is not usually looked upon as ground for a pardon. Only those with a pull get sick to regain their liberty. The dodge is worked successfully quite often, and the speed with which those that are invalided to liberty progress to convalescence is remarkable. Mr. McKenzie is a man with a pull. Since the first day of his appearance at Nome there has been talk of his influential connections at Washington. He was spoken of as the chum of Senators and Cabinet officers, and many people supposed that the McKenzie-Noyes firm at Nome was only a branch of a solidly established house of political pirates at Washington. It certainly did not take Mr. McKenzie very long to reach the Presidential ear. That ear is famous for its accessibility to job promotors of all sorts, and it is not surprising that it was reached by the partner of the man who was appointed a District judge of Nome by President McKinley.

The Morals of New York

The recent Wall street panic has been the opportune theme of many Sunday sermons, and there has been much execration from the pulpit of the gambling habit and the evils arising therefrom. But the clerics have failed to point out the most dangerous of the impending consequences of the infectious Wall street fever. It is absurd to inveigh against gambling upon the theory that gambling is bad in itself. It is natural for people to hazard their money in enterprises that promise quick and plethoric returns, and there is nothing essentially wrong in so doing. Even the average minister would not hesitate to risk a little money in the stock market if he were given a straight tip by Mr. Morgan or Mr. Keene. But there is a sociological problem presented by the plunging of the populace which is quite serious because the demoralizing effect involves not only those who are active in the stock market but also numerous others. Such a vast quantity of money is being won and lost in Wall street these days that the circulation of the coin of the realm has become abnormal. It is acquired so easily by many that it is being spent with remarkable prodigality. An immense volume of it is dissipated in diversions that are not conducive to a high standard of morality. New York is rapidly becoming a new Paris, and the Parisian temperament is responsible for the degeneracy of France. The other day we read in the despatches about an actress in New York who paid the management of the theatre in which she was employed seventeen hundred dollars to close the house a whole afternoon, so that she could go to the race track and bet two thousand dollars on a horse. If she depended on a legitimate income she could scarcely afford such an expensive outing. We read of chorus girls that employ maids, ride in their own automobiles ornamented with footmen, and wear diamond necklaces, and we know that they are supplied with the requisite money for such luxuries by the prodigal plutocrats of Wall street. The roseate tales of the pomp and glamour of an easily attained affluence inspire the humble chorus girls of other parts with a longing for the scented atmosphere of the gay metropolis. Men are being lured from honest industry by the prospect of achieving a fortune in a stock deal. Men as well as maidens are being caught by glare. Mammon is giving an impetus to the velvet vices of the older communities of Europe. The stage upon which the life of a community is mirrored presents now without a shock spectacles that a few years ago would have provoked the interference of the police. The people are boasting of a greater freedom of morals than was ever enjoyed before, and point with pride to the fact that society is no longer hedged in by restrictions that were enforced in the days of their grandmothers. New York is undoubtedly a great place to live in if you have the price, but its habits are bad and they are growing worse every day.

It may take a long time for them to corrupt the morals of the nation, for this is a country of magnificent distances, but the facilities for contamination are rapidly on the increase.

The Poor Shoeless Boy

The officious interference of one of the minions of the law in arresting a lad because he was without shoes and the attempt to have him removed from the guardianship of his mother on the charge that he was neglected gives food for thought at this beginning of the Twentieth Century, A. D. The busybody associations have not had a good, sensational advertisement for some time, and this bit of unprecedented cruelty ought to have helped them to occupy the centre of the stage once more. The boy, who came from the southern part of the State, asserted that it was his choice to go without shoes, that he had never worn footgear and had no desire to do so, but the good ladies of both sexes who make up the membership of these societies for attending to other people's business were satisfied that the boy was abused and that they must find him another home. Granted that we seldom see the barefoot boy in our city streets and suburbs, it by no means follows that there is any hardship connected with the lack of shoes, and assuredly not in California, unless in the mountains and in the depths of winter. If the barefoot boy is to be commiserated on his lot, how about Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Garfield, and others of our distinguished men? Whittier was a barefoot boy in bleak New England, and the picture he left us of that untrammeled state is not one to "bring tears to the eyes," unless it be the eyes of those unfortunates who never knew its joys. The author of Uncle Remus must have trudged many a mile shoeless for the pure pleasure of it. Charles Dudley Warner could never have depended entirely upon his imagination for all he says in his delightful book, "Being a Boy." Country children everywhere, boys and girls alike, are glad to discard their shoes, at least in the summer months, and in the rural school districts the children who are sent to school with their feet covered are apt to remove shoes and stockings as well as bonnets and hats in preparation for the day's work. As a choice between going shoeless in wet weather, and wearing broken shoes and damp stockings, there is no room for hesitancy in favor of the barefoot proposition, and the children of the very poor would be less apt to suffer from colds, coughs and croup if they were inured to it. Keeping the children's feet decently covered is one of the heaviest drains the poor man's purse is obliged to submit to, and instead of treating the barefoot boy as an object of compassion and trying to disrupt a household, it might be more to the purpose to start a movement in the direction of dispensing with shoes as well as diamonds amongst those who cannot afford them.

The Futility of Grumbling

One of the points upon which the people of the present age are given to congratulating themselves is the growth of the sentiment of pity toward suffering of all kinds, physical, mental and moral. No doubt compassion is a good thing, especially when it takes the active form of improving the conditions which have given rise to it, but there is such a state of affairs as that of having too much of a good thing. The people of the dark ages wasted little time in compassionating suffering, but at the same time they took their own hard knocks as a matter of course. Their philosophy was that of enduring the ills that were incurable, and not wasting their time in talking about them. Mental ills grow upon what they feed, and hard work is a good cure for most of them. It would be a wise plan for readers of sentimental novels, when they find their tears falling for the woes of their favorite heroines who have endless hours of idleness to spend in contemplating their forlorn condition, to change the case a little, and imagine the lovely Lady Angelina to be Mrs. Jones of the next block, left to find bread and butter for half a dozen hungry little mouths, and when the charming youth is placed on the rack by his fickle fair one, it might answer to think of some unfortunate craftsman unable to secure work by which to support those dependent on him. Morbid and neurotic women revel in agonies of woe which are kept up by the ill-judged sympathy expended on them, and children are started on the same downward track by having their whims humored instead of being treated to doses of the old-fashioned spank cure. Very much of what is termed pity is in reality only contempt more or less thinly disguised, and this is invariably the case when pity is extended in those instances where we would resent the offer to ourselves. There are many things in this world which cannot be avoided. It is the part of wisdom to escape as much suffering as possible—suffering at second-hand as well as what immediately concerns us—but there will be ruts in the smoothest road. A goodly share of the whimperings of poor humanity is of the same order as the complaint of a child who finds that there is not jam on both sides of his bread, and is desolated by the discovery, instead of getting what good he can out of the bread. Fortitude is also a virtue, and it is as well, at least, to take things as a matter of course. The majority of ills have to be borne anyway, and there is a healthy stimulus in taking them as they come and regarding them as "all in the day's work." Most trials are more easily borne than the comments which are made upon them, and there is sound sense in Josh Billings' saying that "I would rather a man wood hit mee on the side of the hed than to pitty mee."

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The Undesirable Doukhobors

"The Spirit-Wrestlers, the most picturesque of all religious enthusiasts, are going to establish a colony in California." So announces the *Examiner*, and there follows a full page of gush over the "Spirit-Wrestlers" and their perfections. If there is any foundation of truth in this, it behooves the National Bureau of Immigration to keep a sharp watch not only on the incoming Atlantic steamers but on the Canadian border as well. The United States has been too long a Cave of Adullum, where all the discontented of the earth might look for refuge, and we have suffered sufficiently for our sins of forbearance. The climate of California is warranted to develop spontaneously as many species of the genus crank as we can put up with, without importing foreign varieties, and the Spirit-Wrestlers are about as undesirable a clan as can be conceived of. This is not the first time we have had this subject under discussion, for these "most picturesque of all religious enthusiasts" are neither more nor less than those proteges of the fakir Tolstoi, the Doukohobors. The one and only point in their favor is that they are agriculturists, and the theory back of all this encouragement of their settling amongst us is that they will "make glad the waste places." The plain, simple, everyday fact is that there are precious few waste places in California that can be cultivated, and what land there is had much better be reserved for the children of the soil. Besides the more than doubtful policy of encouraging the immigration of foreigners in colonies, these Russian peasants from the Caucasus are undesirable in themselves. They are religious cranks, communists, who are compared with the Shakers of Pennsylvania, for their thrift and industry. But their thrift is not such as we should care to see take root amongst us, since they work their women like beasts of burden, and a child of ten years is expected to do a full day's labor in the field. They have a deep-rooted objection to the use of soap and water and to many other things which we are in the habit of regarding as necessities. The command to "love thy neighbor as thyself" has no restrictions with regard to sex, and when we are told that divorce is unknown amongst them it is well to supplement the information by the additional fact that marriage is equally unknown. Some few years ago a large party of these "most desirable additions" immigrated to Manitoba after one of their periodical difficulties with the Russian government, and the Doukhobor problem has been a thorn in the side of the Canadian government ever since. It is only about a year ago that we heard before in this State, of a colonization scheme, and some of our yellowest journals went into enthusiastic raptures at the prospect. The type which composed the glowing editorials had not been distributed when it leaked out that the tribe was on the verge of starvation, and relief committees were organized to furnish them with food when they were already settled and had failed to make a living. No one can blame the Canadians for offering inducements to their undesirable tenants to vacate, but it behooves us to see that they do not gain lodgment with ourselves. The United States has enough on hand, between the negro problem, the Philippine question, the Chinese affair, the Cuban and Porto Rican troubles and the Hawaiian affair, without saddling itself with the altogether unnecessary Doukhobors. A people who make bad citizens at home in their own country will not be desirable additions to any other.

The Saunterer

A Sensational Tragedy Recalled

Attorney J. N. E. Wilson, the victim of the Clancy bullet, was of the "Happy Jack" Chretien type of lawyer. Born without a sense of honor he could not help being crooked. He would rather defraud a client than earn a fee. Fifteen years ago he gave promise of becoming one of the leading practitioners at the bar, but after a term as District Attorney and subsequently as State Senator, it became pretty generally known that he was not a man of honor. His downfall, however, dates from the time that he cast his wife aside. The dailies have told of several of the crooked transactions in which he figured, but the most interesting and sensational case with which he was connected was the Arnold-Garness tragedy which filled many columns of the local press over ten years ago.

The Garness Conspiracy

The story of that tragedy has never been told in all its horrible details. Many of the facts were suppressed, and the part that Wilson played was never exploited. Garness was a young and prosperous insurance agent who fell in love with the prepossessing young wife of D. B. Arnold, a wealthy Colusa county farmer. To what extent he was encouraged is known only by the woman who was the cause of the tragedy. Garness plotted to cause a separation between the husband and wife, the supposition being that if they were divorced there would be a division of the community property and that Mrs. Arnold would become Mrs. Garness.

Scandalous Circulars

The various schemes to which Garness resorted to accomplish his purpose are such as one reads of in sensational novels, and which are believed to be the exclusive subject matter of extravagant fiction. One day the Colusa county mails were flooded with anonymous circulars dealing with the domestic affairs of the Arnolds. The matter was of a very scandalous nature, and the evident purpose of them was to arouse the distrust of the farmer and incense him against his wife. About the same time the question of the advisability of organizing a band of white-caps to purify the Arnold home was being agitated. The tongue of gossip was set a-wagging at a terrific rate, and the consequence was that the indignant husband was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement.

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

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Why Wilson Was Employed

In the course of time suspicion was directed against Garness. He had employed a number of accomplices and the story of the conspiracy gradually leaked out. Arnold became convinced that Garness was the head and front of the conspiracy and he immediately came to this city in search of the insurance man. They met one afternoon in a Market street saloon, and the farmer shot and killed the would-be destroyer of his home. The trial of Arnold attracted a great deal of attention. The defendant employed Dennis Spencer and D. M. Delmas, and at their suggestion, John E. Wilson was given a fee of one thousand dollars to assist them. The supposition was that he was employed on account of his legal ability, but the fact was that he agreed to supply the testimony to connect Garness with the scandalous circulars. He could produce the man who mailed them. But the witness was never called, for meanwhile the man who printed them was found, and he confessed that he did the printing at the request of the murdered man. It was deemed advisable not to call Wilson's man, for there was a possibility of the fact being revealed that the circulars were written in Wilson's office.

Fictitious Hosts

Most surprising is the revelation of the fact that the people of San Francisco put up the money to enable Henry T. Scott to pose as the host of President McKinley and his wife during their stay in this city. It was generally supposed that the McKinleys were the guests of the Scotts; that when the President and his wife broke bread in the Scott residence, it was Scott bread, furnished by the Scott baker and paid for out of the Scott purse. But now it appears that that was a popular delusion. The bill of the caterer for provisions furnished the Presidential party at the Scott home and for the hiring of servants to wait on the distinguished visitors has been presented to the finance committee of the citizens' reception committee for settlement. Of course there must have been an understanding between the Scotts and the reception committee that the bills would be paid, before the President and his wife availed themselves of the privileges of the Scott home. For otherwise the bills would not have been presented to the finance committee for payment. But the circumstance of the President being a guest of the Scotts at the expense of the public suggests that Henry T. enjoyed quite a snap. For, as he boarded with the President, there was of course no attempt to segregate the provisions, supplied by the caterer from those in the Scott larder.

The Scott Boarding House

Under all the circumstances, it may not be unfair to assume that in consideration of the loan of a suite of rooms in the Scott residence, the Scotts dined sumptuously at the expense of the public for nearly two weeks. And I therefore submit that, instead of dignifying the Scott residence with the appellation of "Executive Mansion," it may hereafter be appropriately dubbed "the Scott boarding-house." I have been told that when the reception committee straightens out the accounts there will be some interesting revelations. The people that subscribed to the fund for the entertainment of the President will be surprised to learn how their money was spent.

Steve White to Return

No well regulated newspaper office should be without an editor skilled in the trick of raising the dead. The feat of resurrecting the departed for special occasions is becoming a feature of up-to-date journalism. Some weeks ago the *Call* scooped all its contemporaries by bringing back to life a distinguished woman who had been dead a quarter of a century, to deliver an address on Founder's Day at Mills' college. Then the *Examiner* resurrected Father Varsi of St. Ignatius college, so that he could view the McKinley parade. And now the *Bulletin*, just to prove that it is abreast of the times, has made a star play by announcing that ex-Senator Steve White is to grace the ceremonies at Santa Clara college on the occasion of the Jubilee celebration there next week. The friends of Steve White have been raising a fund to erect a monument to his memory, but they must be forced to the conclusion that they are somewhat premature in their undertaking.

How Captain How Lost a Colonelcy

It is quite unusual for a man to resign a captaincy to become a private soldier, but that is what C. C. How of the British army did, and by so doing he lost the command of a regiment. He is now Lieutenant How in the American army, and he spends considerable time at the Bohemian club. The hard-luck story of Lieutenant How is an interesting one. When the War Department began sending troops to the Philippines, Captain How of Her Majesty's army, eager for service at the front, resigned his commission and came to this country to enter Uncle Sam's army. He applied for a commission at the Presidio but was told that there was none to issue. He thereupon enlisted as a private soldier and was shipped to Manila. While he was fighting the Filipinos, the Boer war broke out, and a few months later he received a letter from home, informing him that if he returned he could have the command of a regiment in South Africa. As he could not get his discharge he continued fighting in the swamps of Luzon, and for meritorious service he was promoted to a lieutenancy. It may be interesting to know that he regards the American soldier in the regular army as the greatest on earth, and he says that the American officer is without a peer in the armies of Europe. He does not think so well of the volunteers.

Mrs. McKinley's Physicians

The physicians who were called in to attend Mrs. McKinley during her illness in this city generously donated their services. They declined to accept a fee.

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THE WORLD OVER.

They established a bad precedent which will not be approved by the profession, but perhaps they figured that they were sufficiently compensated by the advertising they received. It is a violation of the ethics of the profession for a physician to advertise, but doctors are eager for the free advertising that comes to them in connection with the report of a prominent patient. The names of the physicians who attended Mrs. McKinley in this city were published all over the world. But Dr. Hirschfelder, who was called in at the request of the Scotts to consult with Dr. Rixey, achieved fame some years ago when he thought he discovered a cure for consumption. That cure is seldom heard of now, but Dr. Hirschfelder has another hobby. He believes that nearly all ills can be cured by washing the stomach, and some wag has said that if you go to Dr. Hirschfelder with a painful corn he will immediately proceed to give your stomach a bath.

And, by the way, I have heard that Mrs. McKinley was exceedingly irritable during her illness in this city, and that from the beginning she was seized with an antipathy for Dr. Hirschfelder. Such a bad effect did his appearance have upon the sick woman that it was deemed advisable for him to keep out of sight. It was the opinion of all the physicians that Mrs. McKinley is in need of the most careful nursing. The attacks from which she has been suffering for many years have been recurring of late with alarming frequency, and the effect of them is becoming more and more serious.

Barham to Globe-trot

Guy Barham, wit, politician, broker and Beau Brummel of Los Angeles, is preparing for a trip to Europe. Though Guy Barham has the air of a cosmopolite, and looks the part of the man of the world who has traveled, he has not yet acquired a single foreign label for his trunk. He regrets the fact deeply, and declares that he is going to Europe merely to get his trunk pasted all over with labels, and incidentally, just to pick up sufficient knowledge to be able to stand off some of those haughty chaps that know by heart the time-table of nearly every railroad on the European map.

The College Yell

The public is patient and long suffering towards the faults and follies of youth, and the tendency of the age is towards the prolongation of that irresponsible time. The college "boy" is regarded as a child years after he has reached his legal majority and is permitted to cast his vote, and his lawless actions are applauded as long as they stop short of deliberate and wilful murder. The tax payer, who willy-nilly must contribute to the support of institutions of higher learning, must not make complaint if they appear to be in reality institutions of higher hoodlumism, and the common herd who are earning, not learning, must expect no such consideration from the eye or hand of the law as is accorded to these more favored sons of fortune. It is one of the inalienable rights of the college student to make a disturbance whenever he is so-minded, and one of his favorite means to this end is a "yell."

It was bad enough when this was confined to the students of the universities proper, and when they were content with making as much noise as the strength of their lungs permitted, and when their yell was only unmeaning gibberish. But now the very kindergartens must have a rallying cry, and one of the high school commencements in the middle west opened the program of exercises by a united yell which was repeated and prolonged for five minutes. And from this has been evolved another fiendish yell which has become a taunt to some rival institution or a challenge to the public. The medical students of Syracuse, New York, have gone as near to the edge as can be conceived of in their effort to outdo all others, and the result is a piece of cold-blooded indecency which should be regarded as an evidence of their unfitness to pursue the study of medicine.

It is not apt to inspire one with confidence in the mental and moral qualifications of a class of men, all of whom must have reached the years when one should expect some indication of humanity and discretion, to find them amusing themselves with this choice concoction of doggerel:

Well man, sick man, dead man, stiff!
Dig 'em up, cut 'em up, what's the dif?
Humorous, tumerous, blood and gore,
Syracuse medicos, 1904.

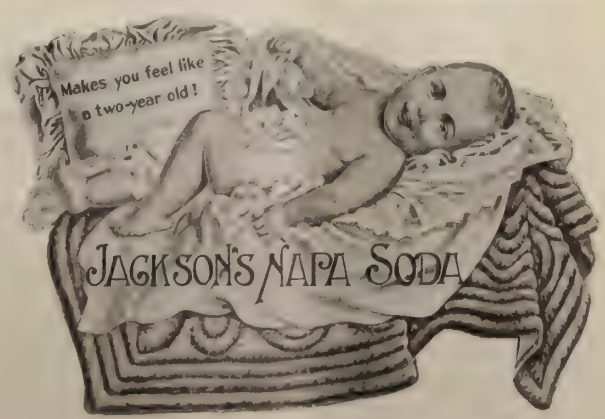
The Envelopes Got Mixed

My London correspondent writes me a story about the old Duchess of Teck, which is going the rounds now that everything relating to the connections of Edward VII and his Queen is being resurrected. The Duchess had invited a young woman to dine with her, and the latter regarding the invitation as almost a command was forced to send regrets to a similar affair given by her bosom friend. To the bosom friend she penned the following:

"So sorry, dearest, but I cannot come, as I have to go and dine with *Fat Molly*."

Unfortunately the young lady was careless about the two notes and mixed them up as Little Buttercup did her babies. When she reached the White Lodge, Princess Mary came out to meet her and said, good-naturedly:

"Fat Molly is very pleased to see you, dear."



$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

The Stork Brings Disappointment

The stork again visited John Adams' family in Oakland last week, and as usual when on his mission to that fashionable household he was freighted with a baby girl. That is about the third of the sex that has been born to the John Adams', and the stork is likely to find himself a very unwelcome visitor if he fail to show up with a boy on his next trip. Both John Adams and his brother Edson have resolved to perpetuate their name, but so far they have been vouchsafed daughters only. The disappointment that has followed the advent of a girl in each of the Adams homes has long since been a topic of discussion among their friends. When it became known that the stork was preparing for his latest visit to the John Adams' home, Edson Adams felt somewhat envious, for he feared that the long overdue boy was about to materialize. When the girl came the sullen expression on John Adams' face told the story of his disappointment.

An Expected Visit

The stork is soon, I hear, to alight upon the roof of the Edward Houghtons, and its arrival will be very welcome. Mrs. Houghton was Clarisse Sheldon and her marriage was one of the events of April, a year ago.

Graduates and Alumnae

The commencement exercises of Irving Institute were held in Golden Gate hall on Thursday evening of last week. There were five graduates—Mabel Leland Case, Florence Wilson Marvin, Jeanie Hutchinson Reid, Lotta Louisa Sharp, Helene Henrietta Speyer. An excellent program gave pleasure to the many relatives and friends who were present. On the following day, at the Occidental hotel, was given the annual alumnae breakfast and reunion of the institute. It was a happy gathering of richly dressed matrons and maidens, the principal, Rev. E. B. Church, with Mrs. Church and other members of the Faculty being present to receive the greetings of the alumnae and join in the festivities. Sixty-four covers were laid for the dainty breakfast, and song and toast followed rapidly during three hours. The president, Miss Elizabeth Prindle, '91, gave an earnest address of welcome to all, especially to the class of 1901, the guests of honor. Miss Helene H. Speyer responded for the class in a few happy and pointed sentences. Mrs. Dollie Seaton Tuttle, '88, was both wise and witty in toasting "Our Alumnae," while "The College Girl," by Miss Ethel Anita Hendy, '99, was particularly clever. Miss Grace De Forest, '91, and Miss Juliet Greninger, '95, were both in excellent voice, their solos being heartily encored. One of the pleasant features of the afternoon was the appearance of an immense basket of La France roses, the gift of Mrs. Ida McKinley Morse of the class of '89.

Clarence the Prodigal

What's this I hear about Clarence Follis trying to emulate the Prodigal? I hope it isn't true for the Follis family has a large strain of discernment and discretion in its composition and Clarence has always been considered something more than a "good fellow." He should take example from his brother Jim, who is settled down as a model among benedicts since his marriage with Mary Belle Gwin. Jim's friends agree that he was far more deeply smitten than they suspected but he was never a man to show his deeper feelings to the crowd nor wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. I am pleased to note that their sister, Lillian Follis Griffith, is vastly improved in health and will be able to leave the sanitarium at an early date.

Wail of the Non-Union Phonograph

As every soup has its flavor, so the cooks and waiters' strike has its lighter side to tickle the appetite of the curiosity monger. Up in Geary street is a restaurant whose proprietor is a stall-fed, self-indulgent humorist. His waiters are on strike and non-union help is trying to railroad the grub from the kitchen to the diner's table while outside the door the strikers perambulate up and down warning pedestrians not to patronize the place, that ten hours is enough for any man to work, etc., etc., etc. The easy going proprietor sits comfortably in a big armchair near the counter and regards the scene with a cheerful smile. To offset the efforts of the union in waylaying his customers he has a phonograph rigged over the outside door and whenever he feels the union pickets are growing tired or monotonous, he punches a button and the phonograph roars above the din of the street traffic: "Drill, ye terriers, drill": "Get a move on or you'll be docked for time": "What's the matter with your hot-air pumps?" "Who'd stay inside and rustle grub, grub, grub, for any scrub, scrub, scrub when he can go outside and walk, walk, walk and for the union talk, talk talk to any dub about his grub, eh?" "Hoot mon, how many tips these days?" "Cold feet, cold feet, pump hot air on Geary street," and so on by the yard. Several attempts have been made to wreck the raucous machine but so far without success; so the proprietor still smiles.

Santa Marina-Rodgers

So it was not Georgie Hopkins, but her cousin, Miss Santa Marina, who entered the ranks of the betrothed this season. There are a good many who think that Georgie *is* engaged, but as it has not been announced by any member of the family it must remain a mere supposition. Miss Santa Marina is a charming girl and Mr. Henry Crogham Rodgers is considered very lucky to have won her. He is a son of the A. F. Rodgers' of Broadway. His fiancee is a first cousin of the Hopkins girls. Her mother was

If you have not dined at Techau Tavern you have not been in Frisco

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.
V V O
Scotch Whisky
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"Nonie" Smith, a belle of early days, whose husband's early death left her a rich widow. The mother of the Smith girls came here in early days from Chile. The Smith sisters were beauties, like their mother, and all married well.

The Telephone Outrage

Some time ago the Telephone company invited its subscribers to send in a statement of their grievances together with suggestions for the improvement of the service. I presume many subscribers responded, but the service has been growing steadily worse. The presumption therefore is that pertinent suggestions are still in order. A complaisant public is perhaps not entitled to redress, since it acquiesces in the outrages perpetrated by a powerful corporation, but people sometimes sleep upon their rights without knowing what their rights are. For instance, those patrons of the corporation who are robbed of nickels every day by a species of false representation do not know that such a proceeding is contrary to law. Now, I should suggest that whenever the company steals the nickel the victim of the petty larceny should break open the box and regain possession of his property. The company would probably make a bluff at removing the phone, but a number of suits to compel it to carry out the purposes of the franchise which it enjoys and for refusing service would undoubtedly impress upon its officers the advisability of dealing fairly and honestly with its patrons.

How to Improve the Service

As a matter of fact the company doesn't need any tips from its subscribers as to how to improve the wretched service which is responsible for so much profanity, shattering of nerves and ruffling of temper. By providing a plant large enough to meet the demands of its patronage it could perform its duties to the public. And then if its officers were to impress upon the hello girl the fact that she is hired to attend to the demands of patrons, and not to irritate them by purposely giving people wrong numbers or neglecting them altogether when she finds that she has aroused their indignation by methods calculated to drive people into an insane asylum, there would be be less cause for complaint. The hello girl is not always deserving of the abuse that is heaped upon her, but she does many things that cause people to wonder whether she has a cinch on her job, or has only temporarily secured control of a majority of the stock of the corporation. She is entitled to polite treatment, but she should remember that she is employed by a company which is engaged in robbing the public every day, and doing many other things which have a tendency to promote riots, and she should make some allowance for the indignation which is aroused.

A Los Angeles Incident

Some time ago, a wild-eyed telephone patron in Los Angeles chopped down the telephone box in his house. The company sent him a bill for thirty-eight dollars. He sent his check to the company, and then ordered the removal of four other telephones for which he subscribed at his places of business. Subsequently he started the circulation of a petition for the revocation of the company's franchise, on the ground that the corporation was not giving the character of the service that it had promised. There was immediately a marked improvement in the service. Perhaps if some of our city officials who are trying to build up a reputation as reformers by worrying the gas and water companies were to devote a little of their attention to the corporation which is trying the patience and wrecking the nervous system of this community, we should soon be able to use a telephone without wanting to kick it off the wall.

McEnerney Succeeds White

Governor Gage has reflected credit on his Administration by appointing Garret W. McEnerney, the eminent attorney, to succeed Stephen M. White as a member of the Board of Regents. Mr. McEnerney is not only noted for his superb qualities of mind and heart, but he is universally respected for his lofty character. With Mr. McEnerney on the Board of Regents there is no likelihood of the State University losing any more Sutro libraries. Mr. McEnerney is an alumnus of St. Mary's college and his predecessor, Mr. White, was an alumnus of Santa Clara college.

She Is a San Francisco Girl

Word comes from New York that among next season's debutantes will be Miss Emily Taylor, who will be launched into the swim under the protecting wing of her relative, Mrs. Lorillard. As Miss Taylor is a San Francisco girl, this information is naturally interesting. She is the daughter of Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor, and my contemporary, Madame la Bavarde, says many nice things of her disposition and features. If Miss Emily is anything like her father, the late Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, she must be able to win friends easily. Colonel Taylor had a most genial disposition and though he was often in financial straits his geniality never wavered. He was related to every Southerner of importance in San Francisco. His fondness for animals was one of his noteworthy qualities, and he had a fine collection of dogs.

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AND COAL CO'S. STOCK--
10c. IS A SNAP AT 10c.
IT WILL MAKE FORTUNES
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Golden Ledge Mining & Milling Co.
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MONEY NEEDED TO BUY
MORE MACHINERY TO INCREASE
GOLD OUTPUT
SEE THE GOLD BULLION Several Thousand Dollars at Last Clean-up, at
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—Money to Loan on Approved Security—
Pacific States Mining & Investment Co.
324-326 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

He Preceded His Brother

It was not such a surprise as the daily scribes would have us believe when Miss Belle Van Vlack married Mr. James Hall Bishop on Wednesday. Though their engagement had never been formally announced it had been known to their friends for a long time. It was, indeed, a betrothal of some years' standing, having been entered into shortly after the young people left school. Wednesday's bride is one of the prettiest girls in this part of the world, and is highly gifted musically. She went to the Denman school and later to the Girls' High, graduating with honors from both. "Jim" Bishop is in person very like his brother, Thomas B., who is his junior. The latter will follow his brother's footsteps today when he will lead to the altar Miss Anna Voorhies.

In the Social World

Outside of the presidential affairs, most of which did not come off owing to Mrs. McKinley's illness, the social programs of last week and its predecessor were not overcrowded. There has really been a dearth of social events, but there is not likely to be any surfeit of gayety as the weeks pass on into summer. A few weddings will add to the gayety of June, and then the social life will transfer itself to the country. San Mateo will be very popular this summer. There is something about its quiet environment that is peculiarly attractive to mothers and fathers of young families. The George Lents and the Athearn Folgers will be of the San Mateo colony this summer. Mrs. Will Tevis and her niece, Miss Breckenridge, have gone abroad for an extended sojourn. Miss Ethel Keeney expects to spend the summer at Del Monte. Miss Edith Findley has gone abroad with Mrs. Henry Schmiedell.

Gus Newell's Romance

Though the marriage of Gus Newell and Mrs. Ada Haines in New York, last week, occasioned no surprise among the friends of the pair in this city, it proved a palatable morceau of gossip in club circles and in insurance offices. The marriage was in the nature of a romantic denoument to a highly-spiced flirtation which was started long before the dashing Mrs. Haines was divorced from her husband, Dr. Haines, the dentist. In becoming man and wife they have but followed the precedent established in fashionable society by Mrs. Ollie Belmont, who was formerly Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Perry Belmont, who was formerly Mrs. Sloane. Their marriage was the culmination of one of those platonic friendships which the cynical Ella Wheeler Wilcox contends cannot exist on the square.

Were His Deliberations Quickened?

Gus Newell is a popular insurance broker and a member of the Bohemian and Corinthian Yacht clubs. He is an ardent yachtsman, and it was while ploughing the briny that he became acquainted with the charming Mrs. Haines, who was formerly Ada Barry. The Haines' lived in Belvedere and Newell was one of their most favored guests until some months ago when the dentist and his wife agreed that it would be better for all concerned if they were separated by legal decree. The divorce was granted in January, and now it is said that Newell found it somewhat difficult to make up his mind to make the grass-widow his bride. There is a story out as to how his deliberations were quickened but it is denied by his friends. As soon as those friends were notified of his marriage they sent the pictures of the bride and groom to each of the dailies, together with a short statement, which, it was supposed, would anticipate gossip and shut off criticism. But the newspaper men were somewhat familiar with the facts, and the statement was amplified. But, as Mr. and Mrs. Newell have gone to Europe on a bridal tour, by the time they return their romance will have been forgotten.

In and Around Burlingame

There is a rumor among the Blingum polo players that Charley Dunphy may enter matrimony this summer. Charley has usually held himself so far without the pale of fair woman's charms that it was thought he was heart-proof. But when Miss Rowena Burns came a-visiting down that way, a change appeared to pass over the spirit of young Dunphy's dream. Instead of going alone on that famous pony of his down to the polo grounds every day, he organized tallyho parties in honor of Dan Burns' pretty daughter, and other functions in which women could be included. Miss Burns was a frequent guest at the Dunphy domicile all winter, and still spends much of her time there. If there is any truth in the rumor of an engagement, there would not likely be any opposition to the match from the parents of either. Dan Burns and Charlie Dunphy are very good friends and often enjoy hunting trips together. And Miss Burns is rich enough to choose whom she will as a bridegroom.

The Sanger Pullmans are amis du maison at the Dunphys'. Sanger and Charlie are boon companions and make the "welkin ring" sometimes with their merriment. Sanger Pullman, I hear, likes the atmosphere of California much better than that of Illinois. He likes San Mateo county and if he buys the Hopkins house, as he is credited with a desire to do, he

A clean house means clean carpets; phone South 250 for City Steam Carpet Beating Works and you will be satisfied, Geo. H. Stevens, Mgr.

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The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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and his wife will be numbered among the Blingumites. There is some doubt, however, whether Mrs. Frank Carolan would welcome her brother and her brother's wife as near neighbors. Neither of the marriages of the Pullman boys was acceptable to their mother and sisters. Sanger's wife was a Miss West of San Francisco.

By the way, when Mrs. Francis Carolan entirely recovers from the late operation for appendicitis, I wonder if she will imitate her sister, Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, and take out a heavy insurance policy on her own life? There being no children it would probably be in favor of her already very lucky husband. Mrs. Lowden carries the largest policy on any woman's life in this country, one million dollars, all in favor of her husband. By a singular coincidence both heiresses of the house of Pullman fell dangerously sick at the same time. Mrs. George Pullman, the mother, was called out here on a special train, to be present at what was then thought to be her daughter's deathbed. She had hardly finished her prayer of thankfulness for Mrs. Carolans escape when she was hurriedly summoned home by a Chicago telegram stating that her other daughter, Mrs. Lowden, was in a precarious condition. Both daughters are slowly improving.

She Is Well Known Here

On the transport *Sheridan* that sails today will depart a lady who has many friends in San Francisco though she had been away from here for some years until her present brief visit. This is Mrs. Louis Brechemin. Mrs. Brechemin, during her husband's term at the Presidio, was prominent not only in army, but in civilian and especially musical circles. She was soprano in one of the Episcopal church choirs and was also for a time instructor of singing at the Girls' High school. Mrs. Brechemin and her daughter are at the California hotel, and have been deluged with invitations during the few days they have been in town.

That Remarkable Decision

It is incredible that the Justices of the Supreme Court by whom the law of the Porto Rican cases was determined, were not influenced in their reasoning by considerations of expediency. The doctrine laid down is the most mischievous ever announced from the Bench. That it was dictated by a desire to sustain the policy of the Administration there can be no doubt in the minds of sane people. The editor of the London *Daily News* suggests that the framers of the United States Constitution would have laughed at the possibility of such a development as incredible. The framers of the Constitution would also perhaps, have scorned the suggestion of the possibility of the Supreme Justices ever daring as they have to assume the right to substitute legislative for judicial powers in the interest of a combination of commercial interests. The plain purport of the decision in the De Lima case is that the islands are American territory, and the inhabitants American citizens, but that this Government has the right to discriminate against them by imposing a tax on their industry to prevent competition with American capital invested in sugar, tobacco and other products of the soil of the mainland. The Court holds that the Constitution follows the flag, but that neither the flag nor the Constitution guarantee American citizens equal rights. Even Mr. McKinley must blush to find that to reach a conclusion in harmony with his policy, the Supreme Court of the United States was obliged to deal in such rank rot. Still he may solace himself with the knowledge that the friend that writes his epitaph can at least assert: "He was a good husband."

He Aims High

With Pedar Bruguiere settling down to a quiet existence after the matrimonial earthquake which shook him from his usual apathy; with Emil building himself a house at Monterey on new lines of architecture; with Francis getting himself engaged to an actress and cherishing dramatic aspirations for himself, it behooved Louis Bruguiere to bestir himself also. And he has done it. Louis is going to follow Peter Martin's example, and aim for prestige in the New York swim. He has gone the right way about it, too, and has made no mistake in his first move. Louis has rented a cottage at Newport, in the fashionable Carroll avenue, for the season. As he is a picturesque youth, with a big fortune behind him and nice manners to commend him, he ought to take well with match-making mammas. Mr. Emil Bruguiere senior was well known in New York, and was noted for his nicety in dress and his boutonnieres, of which he wore a different one at every promenade in Fifth avenue. When Pedar Bruguiere went to New York, he was well received, first for his father's sake and then for his own. The same thing happened to Emil. There is no reason, then, to believe that Louis will be debarred from entree into Newport's inner circle.

Liquid and Other Air

Mr. Gerald Fennell, the ex-husband of the eccentric Mrs. Marceau,is in town again. He is known under the firm name of "Gerald M. Fennell & Co., Financial Agents," and he is representing that he has a good thing. It is so good that he doesn't like to keep it to himself. As a public benefactor he is eager to let anybody in on the ground floor who has money to invest. Mr. Fennell was an insurance agent when he met Mrs. Marceau, and he has been engaged in various enterprises, but in none calculated to earn for him the reputation of a public benefactor. His good

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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French Nerve Treatment

Is unequalled as a nerve tonic, strengthening and invigorating, giving life and buoyance to the whole system

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Cor. Stevenson St.

thing is "The Tripler Liquid Air Company" which he represents for the purpose of persuading people to become stockholders. If you haven't got all your money tied up in one of those oil companies that are destined to gush a million barrels a day, call on Mr. Fennell, have a talk about liquid air, and see if you can distinguish between that and hot air.

Another Colonel Sellers

Associated with Mr. Fennell is Mr. Howard Taylor, who ought to be a success in selling any kind of air. Mr. Taylor has had his little matrimonial past, too, and he has promoted a number of big enterprises that came to naught. Once upon a time he was intent upon hanging up a fifty-thousand dollar purse for a fight between Sharkey and Jeffreys, and all his friends wondered where he purposed getting his money. At another time he was written up in the East as the impresario of a football team which never materialized. Later on he became an automobile magnate for a brief period, but the kind of hot air that propelled them was soon exhausted. Now he says he has forty-thousand dollars to boom the stock of the Tripler Liquid Air company. It must be great stock to require such costly booming. Mr. Fennell represents in his alluring advertisements that it promises to be better than stock of the Bell Telephone company which is worth three thousand dollars a share. And generous fellow that he is he offers it for eight dollars a share, but only for a limited time. Colonel Sellers Taylor is perhaps as enthusiastic over it as Fennell. When they get through selling it they ought to be employed to handle the stock of the flying machine.

The Expatriated Astor

So William Waldorf Astor, the expatriated, according to the despatches, has been restored to social favor in London ! There surely can be little prestige attached to membership in a social set that can stand for such an insufferable snob as Willie Astor. It was about ten years ago that this degenerate New Yorker began expressing sentiments uncomplimentary to America and Americans. That was just after his defeat by Roswell P. Flower in the contest for a seat in Congress. And about that time, I recall, there was a rather silly quarrel on between the rival branches of the Astor family. Willie Astor organized a press bureau whose mission it was to exploit his position as *the* Mr. Astor. The ambitious manoeuvre failed, for the member of the family bearing the patronymic of John Jacob Astor was almost generally heralded as the head of the family. Nettled by his failure to secure the consideration which he deemed his right by seniority of age if not by superiority of inherited fortune, he went over to London and purchased the Westminster *Gazette* in the hope of commanding attention in British smart society circles.

The Founder of the Fortune

In a measure he was successful but some months ago he made a bad break in snubbing an army officer who had come unbidden to his house as the escort of a woman who was among the invited. He was denounced on all sides as a boor for his conduct, and his name was scratched off the lists of fashionable people, but the other day it was restored by a Duchess, and now the probability is that he will have the entree once more. Though Willie Astor poses as an aristocrat, the head of the family was not so distinguished socially as his descendants have become. It was his money, however, that brought them into prominence. And by the way, according to a story that I heard some years ago, from a member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families,it was the partner of the original Astor who laid the foundation of the Astor fortune. His name was Heeney and he was an Irishman, and one of the shrewdest business men of his day. He left a large estate but unlike his partner he bequeathed most of it for benevolent and religious purposes. He knew more about furs than John Jacob Astor ever knew. Just think of an Irishman establishing Willie Astor's social position in London !

Twinkling of Californian Stars

Mabelle Gilman and Etta Butler had a peculiar experience in the New York production of "The Prima Donna." Mabelle Gilman, fresh from her London success, was engaged to do the singing part, while Miss Butler was to appear towards the end of the play in a small speaking part enlivened by her striking specialties. The New York dailies were full of the prominence of these two Californian girls and filled columns regarding their successes and their wonderful achievements in winning their ways to the front rank of footlight favorites before they were twenty-four years old. Whether all these bouquets of the press proved the hoodoo or whether it was just the depravity of luck no one knows, but the play, cast and everything about the show gradually dropped to pieces till at last the management had to lock the doors to save the furniture. Mabelle Gilman fell sick before the initial performance, and Lulu Glaser was substituted. Then the critics jumped on the play and declared that Etta Butler's clever specialties were all that saved it from rank failure. New gags and new people were infused into the show, but without avail. In the midst of it the story was circulated that Lulu Glaser was insanely jealous of Etta Butler's success and was ready to tear her hair out at the slightest provocation. Miss Butler warmly denied this and declared that she and Miss Glaser were the best of friends. Then Miss Butler fell sick and had to retire, the management fell sicker at the way the box receipts dwindled and the show was closed. Etta Butler started for home.

Mrs. Langtry's Bon Mot

There is also a story in circulation in New York, according to an occasional correspondent, to the effect that even the famous Cissy Loftus, who was formerly

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MOORE'S
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Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

the wife of Justin McCarthy, was jealous of Etta Butler. The same correspondent states that Miss Loftus excels Miss Butler only in her imitations of vaudeville people. In this connection I am reminded of the story of Mrs. Langtry's bon mot on the occasion of her witnessing an imitation of herself by Cissy Loftus when the latter was Mrs. McCarthy. It was at a time when the popular Cissy should have been enjoying a furlough in contemplation of an interesting event.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Langtry, scrutinizing the charming mimic through her lorgnette:

"I do hope that Cissy will soon give an imitation of Justin McCarthy—he's so clever."

Capturing the President

South of Market street may stand pop-eyed along the pavement and watch with cankering envy the entertainers of the President ride by in carriages behind the band wagon, but the lords and ladies who entertain in mansions on the hill have their heart-pangs as well as the lowly folk. When the talk of the President's visit to this coast was first bruited, Mrs. Eleanor Martin realized what a social and political victory it would be to capture him as a guest, so she wrote to Washington a letter to the people she considered most influential and placed her Pacific Heights residence at the President's disposal during his stay in this city. At that time, however, Henry Scott, with his "inside" information, had already offered his house and had captured the prize. Though she missed the palm of victory, Mrs. Martin was in a great measure consoled, since through her son's engagement to Mary Scott, the distinguished visitor might still be said to be "a guest of the family." And by the way, Mrs. Martin and the Scotts were not the only San Franciscans that offered their homes to the President. I understand that the President and his wife were invited to take possession of the stately Spreckels mansion in Van Ness avenue. I am quite certain that if the President had accepted the offer of either Mrs. Martin or Claus Spreckels the food that he ate would not have been charged up to the citizens of San Francisco. In other words, he would not have enjoyed what shall be known hereafter as Scott hospitality.

Mary Hoffman Broke

Very little is heard from May Hoffman these days. She has been communicated with by relatives but what answer she will make to their plea to return is not known. When in London, she wrote to Julia Marlowe in New York, that she would never come back to this country. The agent abroad, who was engaged to locate her and positively get the identity of Johnson's companion, has reported that her money is all gone. Funds have been furnished her by those most interested in her welfare. Of the fifty thousand dollars that capitalist Main left her she spent twenty-five thousand before she made up her mind to go East and study to become a trained nurse. Some strange little stories have come to light since her escapade started friends and curiosity mongers to delving in the events immediately preceding that wretched affair. It is now pretty well known that the insinuating Rev. Johnson helped her spend a good share of that money. When she returned East after her last visit here from Bellevue, she sold out all her securities, cleared up the twenty-five thousand dollars and took it with her. The wretched elopement was even then in contemplation and the Johnson affair very well along.

Just before she left it was well understood among Mary Hoffman's friends that she was going to return East on a certain Tuesday. It so happened that a well-known society belle was preparing to go East on the following Thursday. One day she met Miss Hoffman out shopping. "May," she said, "I've heard you are going on next Tuesday's train. I'm going to hurry my packing and go on the same train. We'll have a perfectly lovely time, won't we?" The proposal came so sudden and unexpectedly that it caught May Hoffman off her guard and her face flushed. It was several moments before she could look the enthusiasm demanded for the occasion. Her friend noticed it and her mind was struggling to frame a reason when Miss Hoffman bubbled over with a flow of words, words, words, all to the effect that the trip would yield infinitely more pleasure taken together. So it was settled then and there that they should meet on the train Tuesday. That evening the young lady received a note from Miss Hoffman. It was to the effect that she was "so sorry that she should be obliged to forego the pleasures of the trip together as they had planned that afternoon: but really, she was so far behind in her hospital studies that she should be obliged to devote every moment of her time on the train to reading medical books and preparing for her examination. So she begged to be excused," etc, etc. The Rev. Mr. Johnson was a passenger on the train that left that Tuesday. The Stork Brings Disappointment.

What the Music Suggested

At the graduating exercises of the Mission High School on Tuesday, considerable amusement was afforded when the graduates filed in. They marched to the music of the "Wedding March," and as there were sixteen girls and only two boys in the procession, somebody suggested it was a Mormon bridal.

In Ladies Purses, some very gorgeous designs are to be found at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street. Both with and without elaborate mountings.

Engraved
Wedding Announcements
and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

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Dr. Crocker
21 POWELL ST.
2-5
NOSE 7-8 THROAT

The Middletons

The little news item in a daily paper to the effect that Samuel Middleton had gone violently insane started a train of reminiscence that carried the old-timer back to pioneer days. The Middletons were a family well known in the social annals of San Francisco. The one whose melancholy affliction has now been chronicled was the eldest son of John Middleton, the old Californian, who was proprietor of the famous old Union hotel, at the corner of Merchant and Kearny streets, opposite the Plaza, remembered even yet as a headquarters for the military and statesmen and for lesser politicians of the day. Here the elder Middleton amassed quite a fortune and retired from the business of hotel keeping to cut quite a wide swath in society with his family, of which John Middleton the coal dealer is the youngest son. It is on record that the Middletons were the first family in San Francisco to set up a private carriage—"coach" they called it in those days.

The Middleton men were all noted for their fine, soldierly bearing. But as for form and figure, none could excel their sister, still affectionately called "Maggie Middleton" by those who knew her in her happy, buoyant youth. She was tall, slender, graceful, bright and vivacious and gifted with a fascinating charm of manner, lovely eyes, a perfect mouth and faultless teeth. Her smile was simply irresistible, and what wonder that she was a reigning belle at the now historic parties at the old Oriental hotel in Sansome street where met the fashion, beauty and elite of San Francisco society?

The Pioneer Smart Set

Among the guests were the Gwins, the Macondrays, Miss Atwill—now Mrs. W. H. Keith, mother of William H. Keith the baritone and Eliza D. Keith the writer; the Paynes, Mrs. Payne in all her stately beauty, mother of Theo and Warner Payne; Miss Addie Mills, now Mrs. Easton, Charles Crocker's mother-in-law, the McKees, and many others of the same exclusive set. Among the notables were General Sutter and General Vallejo. Many were the gay gallants who aspired to win the hand of Miss Middleton, but she bestowed it upon young Morrison, the paying teller of the Bank of California. For years Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. W. C. Ralston were intimate friends. Now, when the name of Middleton is mentioned, what wonder it evokes a sigh for the memories of days that are dead and friends that have passed away?

Peter Martin's Fib

So much prominence has been given to Peter Martin of late owing to the uncertainty surrounding his reported engagement to Miss Lily Oelrichs of New York, that his club friends are being reminded of some very interesting anecdotes. One of the most amusing is about the harmless bit of deception that he practiced upon his fond mother. The story is to be appreciated only with the knowledge that Mrs. Martin is famous for her credulity. She is such a big-hearted woman that she almost invariably believes what she hears. Some years ago she became impressed with the notion that if Peter were earning a salary he would keep better hours. She thereupon requested Mr. Crockett of the Gas company to give him a job and he did. But instead of coming home earlier, Peter staid out later than ever. One day Mrs. Martin asked for an explanation.

"Well!" said the young man, "I have to stay out late now because I've got to go around town and put out all the lights."

The next day Mrs. Martin called upon Mr. Crockett and asked him to give Peter an easier job.

Letters from Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., to friends here indicate that his Carlsbad pleasure trip has been transformed into a hygiene hunt. He was taken ill in Flanders and has been obliged to go to Hamburg to consult an eminent specialist. He is now strictly following his advice with good results, so the club cronies of the doctor may see him back in the early fall.

THE HOTEL DEL MONTE

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is the best known Resort in the world and withal the most popular. Uniformity of climate the year round, and all the luxuries known to us are to be found there.

W. A. JUNKER, Manager

....DEL MONTE....

Dear Mother Earth, pray tell me, where
Hath thou a child so bright, so fair;
Where else such blooming, fragrant flowers,
Such spreading palms, such leafy bowers,
Such stately groves of oaks and pines,
Such perfect, clinging, emerald vines,
Such sunny skies, such balmy air,
To give new life, to banish care.

And where such puzzling, winding maze
To lure the step, and charm the gaze.
And where such miles of rock-bound ocean shore,
And cleanly sanded beach, behind, before,
Such rolling crested waves, here seen afar.
With naught the mind to vex, the view to mar.
Elsewhere?
Ah No!
Nowhere.

Sonnets to Thea

I.

Till when thy heart is mine, as mine is thine,
All passion will be pale 'twixt thee and me:
Compare it now with what it then would be!
That were to liken water unto wine.
Though thou art fair as she who, from the brine
Of that enchanted Cytherean sea
In beauty burst; yet till our souls combine,
Our passion-prompted vows are perjury.

The brute within the blood may ramp and rave,
Or fawn and fondle, till the trembling tone
Of love's soft sigh is counterfeited well;
But 'tis the flesh that for the flesh doth crave—
Lust's tiger teeth that tear us to the bone—
To leave us at the last in living hell.

II.

And yet, dear love, 'tis heaven for me to feel
Thy melting mouth on mine in passion pressed;
Drunk with delight, I sink upon thy breast,
The while thy glowing lips are swift to steal
My swooning senses from me, and unseal
Love's fervid fountains, in their eager quest,
As when, that night, their kisses made me reel
To drink the cup my craving lips caressed.

E'en now the deep delirious draught I drained,
Seethes in my blood, till all my pulses plead
And clamor for thy beauty night and day.
Like captive to his conqueror's chariot chained,
Fettered I am to thee; nor would be freed
From the fierce thirst thou only can'st allay.

III.

Though well I know that, like a drunkard, I
Grow garrulous, and too much to thee tell
Of the great love that fills my heart; as well
Ask of the leaves that down the tempest fly,
What power impels them on, as question why
To thee I ceaseless plead. Within a spell,
Where it is life's sublimest joy to dwell,
I live to love thee, dearest, till I die.

Last night my thirsting lips were laid on thine—
'Twas in a dream, but oh! I saw thy face,
And heard thee murmur,in impassioned tone,
The love, alas, that never may be mine;
And when I woke from out thy warm embrace,
I wept, dear love, to find myself alone.

IV.

Today I saw a stranger in the street,
Who wore thy semblance, and I felt my heart
To quick pulsation, for an instant start,
And with a wild anticipation beat.
Thus Fancy, oftentimes, delights to cheat
My hopes of happiness; but who can chart
Love's longing undercurrents, or impart
Philosophy, these fancies to defeat?

So night and day and day and night, my soul
Is haunted by thy beauty, till I feel
Thy kisses warm upon my mouth, and hear
The voice I love; nor can my heart control
The swift-winged thoughts that ever to thee steal,
To plead, perchance, in an unheeding ear.

V.

I sometimes think that I can hear thee say:—
"What more dost thou demand? Wert thou not first
"To teach my lips the soul-enthralling thirst,
"And make each virgin pulse with passion play?
"Methinks the love of that far distant day,
"With all its hopes and dreams, by thee dispersed,
"Should teach me now to pause, or answer Nay,
"Lest, for a second time, my life be cursed."

How shall I answer thee? I only know
That thou wert young and fair and all unskilled—
A passionate probationer in love.
Though oft I felt thy heart with passion glow,
While mine with deep responding rapture thrilled,
'Twas but the mating of the hawk and dove.

BRONTROSE.

Did Philippa Guess?

Though Pemberton was a nice lad, Katherine rather demurred when her cousin Ralph brought him to her flat one evening.

"I object to the responsibility of bringing up children," she said, "I'll not have their sins upon my shoulders."

"And yet you permit yourself the luxury of a daughter," said Ralph.

The mocking lips softened.

"Ah, but Phil doesn't count," she said, "besides, I don't bring her up. I leave that to her father half the time."

"Well, Pemberton is no child," said Ralph, returning to the subject, "he is twenty-eight."

"Nevertheless, he is not the twenty-eight of our world," returned Mrs. Kent, "when you go, take him with you and never bring him again."

However, Katherine had not counted on Pemberton himself. His opposition to being forcibly kept from her house did not enter into her reasonings. Pemberton absolutely refused to stay away. He made Ralph bring him to dinner the next time he came. He followed up his visits with gifts of flowers, candies, champagne—everything he fancied Mrs. Kent would care for.

She carelessly accepted the gifts. What was the use of returning them? So she used the flowers to decorate her rather scantily furnished drawing-room, distributed the bonbons amongst her women friends and their children and had the Japanese boy serve the champagne, well iced, at her next "at home." Sometimes she wished her daughter were there to share the dainties, but Phil was with her father.

Katherine accepted Pemberton's presence as she did his gifts, with indifference. He was but one more added to her list of "impossibles." Ever since Kirke Lyle, the man for whom she had given up everything, forced her to get a divorce that he might marry another woman, her heart had been frozen. She had loved her husband with all her being, and when at his cruel behest she let him go from her to another's arms her heart turned to ice in her breast. For with the resumption of her maiden name, she by no means brought back the light-hearted feelings that were once its accompaniment.

She lived in a world where men were plenty, and their admiration or the lack of it affected her alike. She cared nothing for them. Her beautiful face always wore the same expression, that of a woman who had lost her faith in everything. Her one soft spot was for her young daughter.

When Pemberton has been coming to Mrs. Kent's flat for some three months or so, his friends began to think the affair was getting serious, and warned him with the old fable of the moth and the flame.

"I'll marry her if she'll have me," said Pemberton.

"Marry your grandmother," said another man, "why, Katherine Kent is forty if she is a day, and the mother of a grown child."

"If she were fifty and had ten grown children, she would still be the loveliest woman in the world," said Pemberton, "I hate girls."

And yet he had thought himself in love with a girl, once, beautiful, warm-hearted Philippa Lyle.

"Well, go and ask her then," said Pemberton's friend, who felt rather sure what Mrs. Kent's answer would be.

Pemberton was not the only man who had wished for Katherine Kent's love. He was not the only man who had desired to make her his wife. But few had his persistency. That very night he fulfilled his intention.

He wasted no time in preliminaries. Long wooings might do for girls; this was a woman. Who knew when he would find her again alone, and in this softened guise?

"Katherine, I want you to marry me," he said, retaining in his the soft hand she had held out to him on his entrance.

What was the need of telling her of his love? She had known that, surely, ever since she had known him.

Katherine Kent brushed her white hand across her eyes, as if to sweep the cobwebs from her brain. She began in the usual scoffing tone she adopted toward men.

"Nonsense!" she said—and then she looked up at the boy.

She had not half noticed who it was who had drawn her down on this divan beside him. Why, it was Pemberton, that nice boy Ralph had brought to the house. And Pemberton wanted to marry her! She could not laugh at Pemberton's suit. He was too earnest.

"I cannot," she said, instead of anything more explicitly negative

"Yes, you can," said Pemberton, and he grasped her two hands in his, and tried to draw her towards him.

"You don't understand," she went on, "you wouldn't ask me if you knew me better."

"I know that you are the only woman I love—the only woman I ever cared for in all this world."

He might have made a mental reservation in favor of one in particular, but she was only a little girl he knew at home. And though Katherine had heard others say this many a time, and had disbelieved their assertions, in Pemberton's tones she recognized the accent of truth.

"But I am years older than you," she said—"and then there is Phil."

He paid no more attention to her interpolation than if it had not been uttered.

"I love you," was his answer.

It was so hard to find reasons to refuse this impetuous boy. Perhaps she was foolish, but his vehemence forced her to yield—with a reservation.

"Nothing final," she said, "until Phil comes home."

After he had gone, with her kisses warm on his lips, she gazed half-shamefacedly at her blooming visage, in the mirror.

"I am an old fool," she murmured, and then took out her daughter's last letter; "I wish Philippa would hurry home."

* * * * *

Katherine Kent grew to love her young fiance with a love that passed the ordinary; yet she would not name the wedding day, until "Phil's" arrival.

"I want to be sure," she said to herself; but of what she wished to be sure, she could not quite define—her daughter's approval, perhaps. She was half ashamed to confess that, at her age, she had fallen in love.

* * * * * * *

Phil came when least expected. They were having a little dinner at the flat, and Pemberton was acting as toastmaster, for it was Katherine's birthday. In the midst of the feast, the door opened and a ninth guest—an unexpected one—entered.

"What the—" began Pemberton, "why, Philippa!"

But Phil was kissing her mother and giving her little love taps on her shapely uncovered shoulders, "for good luck," she said.

"Kitty, darling," she cried, "I just remembered yesterday that if I didn't take train at once I'd be late for your birthday. So I got the money from father directly and posthasted home."

"My daughter," introduced Katherine, proudly, to Pemberton.

The others all knew Phil, so there was no need of an introduction.

Pemberton was not listening. He had eyes and ears but for Philippa, this tall, beautiful girl with mocking red lips. Philippa stared at him disdainfully and went on talking to her mother. But all the sunshine had faded out of Katherine's heart. She alone, among those at the table, had noted Pemberton's devouring gaze,

When she was alone with Philippa, the girl burst out:

"Mamma, Kitty darling, you can tell me what I want to know. They told me at papa's that the reason he no longer cares for me is that he goes with another woman—a married woman, or a widow, or somebody that is years older than he. And that is why I came home—for mamma, I *can't* lose him. I love him too dearly—and he used to love me before this woman intervened.

"Oh, Kitty dear, you always know how to help me. Papa never can—only when it is money. Can't you find this woman for me, and pull him from her clutches?"

Philippa threw her arms around her mother's neck.

"I could kneel to her, Kitty, dear, my pride is so humbled. Like this—" she knelt in front of Katherine, and put her hands together in an attitude of supplication—"and would *beg* her to give him back to me."

Then she rose and walked about the room, impatiently, and not noticing her mother's silence.

"I thought I didn't care so much," she said, "but when I saw him—today, at your table—oh, mother, I love him so!"

She threw herself on the couch and burst into an agony of tears.

Katherine felt as though she had been turned to stone. She said to herself, "And I believed him—I believed that I was the only woman he loved. Ah, fool!"

She felt a dull rage against this boy who had forced himself into her life, and whom now she must cast aside that her daughter might win him back. Yet why should she give him up? It was she that he loved, not Philippa.

But Katherine was a mother above all. Let Philippa have him, she said to herself, better so; her own poor dream of love was over.

It was with the old, mocking curl to her lips that she said to Pemberton, who came at once at her bidding:

"I told you to wait till Phil came, and I'd give you my answer. Well——"

He waited, eagerly. It was she he loved—not the younger girl.

"I was only trying to prove you."

She laughed, and the blood rushed to his cheeks, there was such hardness, bitterness in that laugh.

"I shall never marry you or anybody."

"Katherine!"

"Yes—why believe a woman? We must have our plaisirs, sometimes. You served pour passer le temps, till Phil's return."

And he believed her. *The Tragedian.*

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—"The Importance of Being Earnest"—brilliant.

GRAND—"Cleopatra"—scenic.

ALCAZAR—"Gloriana"—amusing: "The First Born"—tragic.

TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker"—charming.

ORPHEUM: Orpheum—Vaudeville—clever.

The Reign of the Stock

This is certainly the era of the sovereignty of the stock company. With the exception of the variety houses, a stock company this week fills every one of the local theatres. Henry Miller's company, well-bred, metropolitan in method, plays intelligently a brilliant comedy by Oscar Wilde. The Neill company gives a dramatization of one of Anthony Hope's novels in the quiet, repressed style that is distinctively the property of this organization. The Alcazar stock is peculiarly a local institution, though enforced by Eastern talent. Its versatility is remarkable and I know of no theatre where one is so sure of getting an evening's enjoyment as this. Both the theatres under the Belasco-Thall management have good stocks. Florence Roberts will bring White Whittlesey with her, but he is essentially a stock actor, and it is the Alcazar company that will support her in her repertory. At the Grand, it is Mr. Morosco's company that lends strength to the Melbourne MacDowell productions. The company is especially strong this season, in that the principals can sing as well as act and can vibrate from comedy to melodrama with ease. For our music we look to another stock company—the Tivoli—and are seldom disappointed. I should like to see a few changes in the personnel of the company, but as a whole it is good and fully able to cope with such difficulties as are given it in the way of comedy and music.

I cannot fancy what our play world would be without stock companies. It is seldom that we get a New York success out here with its original cast. We live too far away from the big metropolis to expect that. Chicago is as far west as the New York managers can afford, as a rule, to send their season's successes. Therefore, the only way we can expect to understand what the Eastern people are getting in the way of amusements is through the plays themselves, presented to us by our local stock companies. Years ago, the Eastern managers would not even afford us this pleasure. Instead, they sent us road companies with perhaps one or two minor constellations to balance very weak casts otherwise. We see a road company occasionally nowadays, but let us thank the gods it is only occasionally. The Eastern managers have gradually come

AMUSEMENTS

Alcazar

FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager

'Phone Main 254

Week of June 3rd

Fourth Annual Season of
FLORENCE ROBERTS
Supported by White Whittlesey and Alcazar Stock Company in
"For Bonnie Prince Charlie"
First Time in this City
Next—"Countess Valeska"
Only Matinee—Saturday

Seats reserved six days in advance — Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

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Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp

Evenings at 8 — Matinee Saturday at 2
Monday June 3rd—Fourth Great Week!
The Musical and Comedy Sensation
"THE TOY MAKER"
A Laugh Every Minute!
Replete with Clean Fun and Beautiful Music
Another Rare Treat for the Children!
Second Toy Souvenir Matinee Today

Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents — Telephone, Bush 9

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 2nd

Hines and Remington — Florence Bindley — Martinetti and Sutherland
Flatt and Sutherland — Biograph
Last week of Henry Lee, Lew Sully and Grace Van Studdiford

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
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MATINEES TODAY AND TOMORROW
Last Two Nights of
The Wonderful Success
"Cleopatra"
Commencing Monday Evening Next
Second Week's Starring Engagement of
MELBOURNE MACDOWELL
Supported by Florence Stone in
SARDOU'S GREAT PLAY
"LA TOSCA"
Melbourne McDowell as SCARPIA
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Good Reserved Seat in Orchestra at all Matinees 25 cents
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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

(EXTRA) Owing to the tremendous success of this production it will be presented for AN ADDITIONAL WEEK
Commencing with Next Monday Night
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
HENRY MILLER
and a strong supporting company in Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy
"The Importance of Being Earnest"
June 10—"Darcy of the Guards"

To lunch at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, is to be perfectly satisfied with your meal. 7

to understand that it is just as good a money-making scheme for them to lend us their plays and let our local stocks interpret them.

A wealthy woman of Moscow has established by her will a fund from which a prize is to be offered every five years for a play to be written on the subject of mothers-in-law. The only restrictive proviso is that the son-in-law shall always be a villain. History sayeth not what particular grievance she had, or whether this is but a general protest against the mother-in-law joke.

The class song of Irving institute was framed in melody by Dr. H. J. Stewart, and the motif was the class motto "The future we may face now we have proved the past."

A Moral Venture

William Poel is preparing a play or "morality" as he prefers to call it, to which he has given the title "Every Man." He desires to have it performed in a church after the manner of the early mystery plays and it is not improbable that he will succeed in having his idea adopted. If it were in the United States instead of England there would probably be some sharp competition for the sake of novelty and notoriety. It is one of the unexplained paradoxes of the churchly attitude toward the stage that though the regular playhouses are under the clerical ban, theatrical methods are in high favor with the clergy. Cantatas,operettas and living pictures are the first means that suggest themselves when church funds need replenishing, and a considerable proportion of the stars of comic opera and vaudeville claim to have got their first taste of publicity in their appearances before church audiences. A pastor of one of the Santa Rosa churches has a "theatre" in connection with his church, and is frank enough to call it by its proper name and to advocate the performance of clean plays. Too often it happens that the pulpit is transformed into a stage, with the preacher for sole performer.

Attractions Next Week

Tomorrow evening Florence Roberts will open her fourth season at the Alcazar, after a long starring tour through the Northwest and to Honolulu. Everywhere she received the same flattering criticism that was bestowed upon her here during her previous appearances. Her repertory includes a number of new plays, to be seen here for the first time and some of the old favorites. In support of the popular actress will be White Whittlesey, remembered for his excellent work of last season. Blanche Douglas, who will appear in the production of "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," has never played on this coast, although she has for the last ten years appeared with success throughout the East. This season's company will undoubtedly be the strongest ever supporting Miss Roberts. "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," the opening bill, is a drama of Scottish life during the Stuart period. It was in this piece that Julia Marlowe scored her great success of last season. White Whittlesey will essay a character distinctly different from anything he has heretofore attempted, Angus, the blind Scotsman. The plot of "For Bonnie Prince Charlie" centers around the events following the landing of the young Pretender in Scotland, and the rallying around his standard of the clansmen in an attempt to oust the English and establish him on a Scottish throne. One of the scenic features of the production will be an exact view of the capital city of Edinburgh. Faithful Highland costumes will lend color to the presentation. During Miss Roberts' season there will be no matinees.

The success of Melbourne MacDowell supported by Florence Stone and the Morosco company in "Cleopatra," at Morosco's Grand Opera House, has been something wonderful. The people of San Francisco are to be congratulated upon having the opportunity of seeing these productions made famous by Fanny Davenport, at popular prices. For the second week of Mr. MacDowell's engagement, beginning Monday evening next, Sardou's "La Tosca" will be the bill. It was in the character of Scarpia that Mr. MacDowell made one of the biggest hits of his life. As presented by him, it is not the repulsive spectacle of cruelty, passion and lust so revolt-

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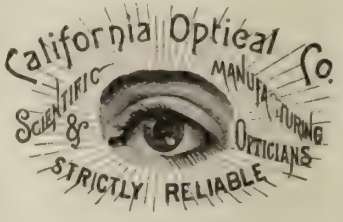

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ing as when presented by other actors, and while Mr. MacDowell seizes every opportunity the drama affords for strong and effective acting, he considerately and artistically refrains from grasping its possibilities in the direction of unsavory realism, and gives a performance that cannot in any way offend the most fastidious. The second week's business bids fair to eclipse even that of the present week, as "La Tosca" is one of the strongest of the Sardou-Davenport plays. The Saturday and Sunday matinees will be continued during this engagement and a good reserved seat may be obtained for twenty-five cents.

The Orpheum's new bill is rich in its variety and promises to be popular as any of its predessors. Hines and Remington, chief of the newcomers, are artists of a kind peculiar to themselves. They will present an original sketch, "Miss Patter, of Paterson's." Miss Remington, one of the cleverest character artists in vaudeville, will introduce her famous specialty, "The Woman with the Ax." Miss Florence Bindley is a pretty girl and one of the most versatile artists of the day. Martinetti and Sutherland have an original comedy skit and Flatt and Sutherland will introduce something new in the way of instrumental music. Henry Lee, Lew Sully and Grace Van Studdiford all enter on their last week and the biograph will show a complete new series of pictures.

Henry Miller and his company are compelling a vast amount of attraction just at present with the production of Oscar Wilde's witty farce, "The Importance of Being Earnest." The piece is by far the cleverest work of its class we have ever had the opportunity of enjoying and the admirers of the Miller company are witnessing a performance of unparalleled excellence. The cast selected by Miller to present the piece makes the very most of all the situations and reads the lines with intelligence and great effect. The play has received an unusually pretty staging, and the first act set is one of the prettiest interiors ever shown here. Miller has in preparation for presentation on June 10th his new play called "Darcy of the Guards." The romance is laid in the year 1777 at Philadelphia and the star will appear as a young Irish officer in the British service who falls in love with a pretty Colonial girl. The costumes of the period will be shown to great effect. Miller has also in preparation the Empire theatre success, "Gudgeons."

"The Toy Maker" at the Tivoli still continues to charm the big audiences that turn out to see the operetta, and on Monday evening next the fourth week will begin. The opera has grown in popularity with each rendition, and bids fair to beat the record of "The Idol's Eye," or "The Wizard." The toy matinees have become a feature, and will be kept up all through the run of the piece, every child attending the Saturday afternoon performances to receive a handsome plaything. For the fourth week some new topicals will be added, and the dialogue is to be freshened up. After the public tires of "The Toy Maker," the midsummer extravaganza will be put on, which will contain all the latest in the way of songs and witticisms. It is entitled, "The Babes in the Wood."

—The Playgoer.

THE B. & O'S NEW COAST OFFICERS

No appointment gives more general satisfaction to the people of the Pacific Coast than that of Mr. Peter Harvey as General Agent of the Freight and Passenger Departments of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's Pacific Coast Agency. Mr. Harvey is very popular out here. In the reorganization of forces of the B. & O., Departments, Mr. Edward H. Torpey has been appointed traveling freight agent, and Mr. George S. Stuart, traveling passenger agent, both gentlemen reporting direct to Mr. Harvey. The territory embraced in this agency consists of the States of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and the agency's headquarters are at No. 1 Hobart Building, San Francisco.

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Nobody Cares

Nobody Cares is a demon wild,
Who can wreck more lives in a day
Than anything else in the whole, wide world;
I care not what you may say.

'Tis Nobody Cares who raises the glass
Of sparkling wine to the lips
Of the youth and maid who drink and die,
As it flows to their finger tips.

He lurks in the warmth of a clinging kiss,
And opens the gate of hell;
He closes the avenue of fame,
And heaven's gate, as well.

'Tis Nobody Cares who scoffs at prayers,
And sneers at a Mother's love,
He shuts out God, and hope, and faith,
And sullies the white of the dove.

He laughs for joy, when he wrecks a home,
And he does it so often and well;
For his skill in that, if for nothing else,
He could be high-priest in hell.

He places a nectar at the top
Of the sparkling glass of wine,
But down at the bottom of the bliss
The bitter dregs recline.

He whispers in the despondent ear;
"End your life, for nobody cares."
And the wretched slave obeys his will,
Who pities not, nor spares.

'Tis Nobody Cares who does it all;
He rules the world, I say;
He can only be slain by Somebody Cares
Before the dark of the day.

—Jessie Juliet Knox.

If Phyllis Had Known

She wrote to him daily, did Phyllis to Paul,
But never an answer came to her at all,
Except by the telephone, once in a week.
She puzzled her mind a reason to seek
For his negligence—and yet it but meant
He wrote many letters that never were sent!

Paul spoiled several quires of paper, and ink,
Sweet sentences writing, fast as he could think;
And passion inspired each stroke of his pen.
Each letter of hers thus he answered, and then
In the morning he read them o'er—to repent,
Which is why Paul's love letters never were sent!

Paul loved Phyllis dearly, but thought that gay maid
Might not be sincere—the thought made him afraid.
Faint heart never won fair lady, 'tis said—
But valor's best part by discretion is led.
Discreet, in his heart Paul kept his love pent—
But alas, for those letters that never were sent!

Phyllis wrote on, but as days passed by,
Those telephone messages seemed rather dry;
She wrote once again, bidding Paul good-bye—
Ah! why failed he to answer that one? Ah, why?
She married another—now Paul does repent
Those bushels of letters that never were sent!

—The Letter Carrier.

Mines and Mining

At the office of the Pacific States Mining and Investment Co., 326 Post St., are to be seen several bars of pure gold which came from the Golden Ledge mine. The stock of the company is now selling at 3 cents per share for a short time only when it will be advanced. It will pay persons interested in mining to call at the above office and investigate. The Pacific States Mining and Investment Co. always have quite a number of excellent opportunities for investors and handle no properties that will not bear the closest investigation.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of SUSAN URRY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, George Edward Keefe, administrator of the estate of Susan Urry, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said George Edward Keefe, at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Nos. 20 and 21, 7th floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

GEORGE EDWARD KEEFE,
Administrator of the estate of
Susan Urry, deceased.

CHARLES WESLEY REED,
Attorney for said Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 17, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of WILLIAM W. FINNIE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary A. Finnie, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of William W. Finnie deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY A. FINNIE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
William W. Finnie, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of MARGARET McDONALD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward F. Wheeler, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret McDonald, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD F. WHEELER,
Administrator of the Estate of
Margaret McDonald, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

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California Jockey Club

Spring Meeting, 1901—Opening April 29th

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Racing, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Rain or shine.
Five or more races each day.
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.

Ferry-boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30 and 3:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

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The Automobile

Automobile touring is becoming quite the thing among local operators. Thus far it has been confined exclusively to the steam vehicles and among the latter, to Locomobiles entirely. During the past week, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey H. Dana spent several days touring through the Santa Clara valley, the trip extending down as far as Salinas. During the tour over four hundred miles were covered. About the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Myles T. Baird drove their automobile down to Monterey and are now sojourning for awhile at the Hotel Del Monte. On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Rockett went through to Del Monte in the day, making the longest single day's trip that any vehicle has yet attempted. Notwithstanding the severe strain sustained through the encountering of steep grades and rough roads, the Locomobile went through without a falter. Tomorrow quite a party of Locomobile operators will make a run to Stockton, many of whom intend to make the round trip during the day.

One week from tomorrow P. F. Rockett and A. N. Arnold, in a Locomobile, intend to make an attempt to lower the world's mile record for motor vehicles. This stands at 1:06 and was made last season on the Washington Park track, Chicago, during the motor vehicle show held there. A one mile straightaway has been surveyed over the Haywards road, ending near the bridge. This is as smooth as a billiard table and it is the belief of Rockett that the time will be brought under 1:05 While there is no question but that a very fast mile will be made I hardly believe the record will be in much danger. It was a Locomobile that made the original record, but the machine was a specially built racer and much faster than the road machines the Locomobile people have here.

Lew C. Black of San Jose, coast agent for the Knox gasoline three-wheeled vehicles, has recently been making some very interesting demonstrations for the benefit of the Postal Department. One day last week he carried the U. S. mail over one of the rural routes, a total distance of thirty-three miles. There were one hundred and twenty stops and the total time required to complete the whole trip was two hours and thirty-five minutes. The present method of delivery, by horse and wagon, requires from seven and a half to eight hours. Black feels confident that the Government will put automobiles into service over its rural routes throughout the Santa Clara valley.

There is some talk of holding a big automobile and motor cycle race meet at Ingleside in the near future, probably on July fourth. Orlando Stevens, the world famous bicycle champion, who is now located in business in San Jose, was in the city on Wednesday in conference with several of the leading dealers regarding the proposed meet and succeeded in arousing considerable interest in the proposition. This affair, coming on top of a challenge that has just been received from the Los Angeles operators for a race with our local champions, gives promise of some very interesting times in the near future.

No decision has yet been arrived in regard to the automobile for Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department. It was announced that the bids were to be opened last Saturday and a selection made. The bids were opened but I have it upon good authority that none of them are to be considered. There were only three, all told, and as predicted in this department last week they all failed to meet the requirements demanded. The vehicle, when selected, will prove to be an electric, as I have always contended and it will be specially built to order in an eastern factory.

Thomas H. B. Varney is expecting a big shipment of motor vehicles to arrive early next week. The lot includes some of the latest Waverley electrics, some Redding steam machines and a few gasoline rigs. George Morrill, late manager of the San Francisco branch of H. A. Lozier and company, makers of Cleveland bicycles, resigned his position yesterday to accept a similar position with Varney.

W. C. Anderson, the new manager of the Mobile company's local branch, arrived last week and is now comfortably installed in his new position. There is a rumor that Robert C. Lennie, a well known bicycle tire salesman, is to be connected with the Mobile company here on the Coast. McKnight is now salesmen for Colonel Cotton, the Oakland Mobile agent.

Dalzell Brown, vice-president and manager of the California Safe Deposit and Trust company, is now the possessor of a Locomobile. It is one of the handsomest rigs in the city.

—*The Automobiler.*

PRESIDENT ROGERS of the Automobile Club of California demonstrating in Golden Gate Park to Park Commissioner McDonald that Automobiles frighten a very small percentage of horses. Carriages used were No. 5 and No. 2 "Locomobiles."

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Music World

The annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association will be held at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, on July third and fifth. This charming resort is on an island a few miles off the coast of Lake Erie. It is accessible from all the lake cities and communicates directly with Buffalo by the fine line of the Northern Lake steamers. This makes it very easy to visit the Pan-American Exposition from the island. Headquarters have been taken at the Hotel Victory, one of the largest summer hotels in the country, which has made special rates for the convention, with still further reduction if the stay is prolonged to a week. All passenger associations have agreed to issue low excursion tickets so that the trip will be comparatively inexpensive from almost all parts of the country. The program is framed on educational lines. Eminent instructors will be present and illustrate modern methods as applied to the study of music in classes organized for that purpose. Concerts will be given daily by artists of ability, among whom are William Sherwood of Chicago, Arthur Foote of Boston, Albert Jonas of Detroit, the Yanck string quartet of Detroit, George Hamlin of Chicago, and many others.

On Thursday evening of last week in Ukiah, a concert was given in the opera house, under Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy's direction. Those taking part in the program were Miss Maude Fay, Miss Elsie Arden, Mr. Emile Barrangon, Mr. Williard Young, Mr. Julius Haug, Madame Alexandra Breitschuck-Marquardt, Carrie Fross-Snyder and Nellie Shipley-Larsen.

The Loring Concert

The hall was as usual packed for the Loring club concert on Tuesday night and late comers were forced, without seats or programs, to accommodate themselves to the situation as gracefully as possible. The program was as well selected as any the club has ever arranged, embracing numbers from Schubert, Beethoven, Storch, Schumann, Dudley Buck, Engelsberg, Brewer, Abt, Pache, Eisenhofer, Mendelssohn and Foote. The soloists were Mr. E. Moore, Herbert Medley and Dr. Shalkhammer. While Mr. Moore sang with great good taste and intelligence, his voice was somewhat overpowered by the chorus which could have been modified in volume to good advantage particularly as the accompaniment was quite heavy in itself consisting of piano, organ, a string quintette and flute, enough to test the endurance and volume of a much more robust vocalism than that of Mr. Moore. The number was, however, well received and encored. "The Finland Love Song," in which occurs a quartet rendered by Messrs Moore and Boysen, tenors, Medley and Nielsen, bassos, had a happy swing to it as also "Sing Sing" which was done at a previous concert and repeated by request. At this, as on the former occasion, Dr. Shalkhammer took the solo and his melodious tenor was greatly applauded. It is a fine number and was well given, better perhaps than any of the others and more noticeable for an agreeable amount of shading which, as a whole, the concerted numbers greatly lacked. There are not wanting either good voices nor intelligence to make a perfect ensemble, yet it has often been remarked of late that the fine light and shade for which the Loring club was not so long since noted, has in the last few concerts been noticeable rather for its absence. There is an evenness in tone and tempo that is almost monotonous. It is not the fault of the selections for they were all most happily taken from some of the best; one must make an exception in favor of Mendelssohn's "Rhine Song" which was given with a vim that was almost electrifying and produced a most enjoyable effect on the audience many of whom were complaining of the discomfort of the chairs and the lateness of the hour. I have heard Herbert Medley sing much better than he did on this occasion, as his really fine baritone is capable of doing some very high class dramatic work. Still, the number was well spoken of and well received. Dr. J. F. Smith had the solo in "The Serenade," Storch, which found favor with the audience. Arthur Foote's setting to the well known words of "The Bedouin Love Song" was a good finale to a good program. Of quality there was nothing to be desired, neither was there of quantity except perhaps in spots a little less. The material is there; it needs only more finesse, a more refined regard to detail in phrasing, a little more color here, with there a bit of high light, and the effect will leave nothing to be desired. Those who assisted at the concert were Miss Ruth Loring, pianiste; Mr. Joseph M. Williams, first violin; Mr. Theodore Blake, second violin; Mr. Charles A. Gwynn, viola, Mr. Leonard M. Waterman, 'cello, Mr. B. Spiller, bass, and Mr. Jacob B. Levison, flute; David Loring, director.

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Native Talent

The entertainment of Alta Parlor N. D. G. W. on Friday of last week, was noticeable for two very interesting features. One was the appearance of little Maud Isaacs, the child pianist, who played the "Liebestraume" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," by Liszt, in a manner to justify the highest anticipations of her most enthusiastic friends. The little girl is sweet and unaffected, fair to look upon, unspoiled by her talent, and yet possessing that self-reliance and determination to acquit herself well that belongs to genius. Little Maud Isaacs has a brilliant future before her, if Leopold Godowsky is any sort of a music prophet, and it may be admitted that he knows his own art. Godowsky listened with rare appreciation for more than an hour to little Maud's wonderful rendition of classic music, and he highly complimented Mrs. Strelitz-Davis upon the proficiency and execution of the child. It is hoped that the music-loving public of San Francisco will soon have another opportunity of hearing this little girl. The other event was the presentation of Mrs. Ella M. Sexton's clever curtain-raiser, a farce, showing forth a business meeting of a "Ladies Literary." This little farce has already been played by Laurel Hall club, before the Women's Press club, by the Ebell society of Oakland, and the Philomathians of Stockton.

Confirmation Service

A most impressive part of the confirmation service at Temple Emanu-El on Friday, of last week, was the musical portion. Cantor E. J. Stark, upon whose shoulders rested the great responsibility of preparing the music equal to the solemnity of the occasion, had in his usual manner summoned up all his energy and musical knowledge in framing this service. He not only conducted the services and arranged and directed the music, but he also added several of his own compositions, in which his rich and magnificent baritone voice was given full sway and exercised an indescribable influence over his attentive listeners. The choir was increased to sixteen singers, and a string orchestra participated in the musical exercises. Mr. W. A. Sabin, one of San Francisco's foremost organists, presided at the organ. Miss Daisy Cohn, the leading soprano of the Emanu-El choir, exhibited her beautiful voice to good advantage, especially in the two compositions, Psalm XXIV and Confirmation Hymn. Mrs. Helen Kelly, contralto and Homer Henley, basso, were likewise conspicuous with their fine voices, and the various ensemble numbers were executed in a most effective manner, that gave evidence of the reputation which the Emanu-El choir enjoys for precise and exact work. The service concluded with the Festival anthem, "Loud the Swelling Anthems Rise," composed and dedicated by Mr. Stark in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Congregational Emanu-El This composition has the true spirit of a festival anthem and is of a powerful and inspiring character, with a baritone solo. The other prominent numbers of the service were Psalm 100, Kedushah, Processional Hymn, Torasadonoi, and several of the ancient Jewish tunes. During the silent devotion, Gounod's Invocation was rendered by orchestra and organ.

—*The Music Critic.*

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World of Letters

A New Ground for Lawsuits

A suit brought against a London book publisher was based on his failure to have the book on the market at the specified time. The agreement was that it should be out on the seventeenth of March, St. Patrick's day, and the author counted on its timeliness to influence sales. It did not appear until some time in April, and was not then in demand. The author sued the publisher for breach of contract, and the latter called in what he called expert testimony to show that the delay had no effect on sales. Incidentally it was brought out through the testimony of canvassers and agents that March is the best selling month for religious works and June, July and August for fiction. Some surprise was manifested that the season should influence book sales, but the reason is not far to seek. Most people think they should give some attention to their soul's good during Lent, and they frequently make elaborate preparations in the way of costume, missals, and other "outward signs of inward grace." Fashion magazines even advertise instructions in "ecclesiastical embroidery," as a suitable Lenten divertisment, the worldliness of the occupation being offset by the character of the designs and the ultimate destination of the work, if it is ever completed. Then, too, people usually take their vacation in the summer months, and the wise ones try to make as complete a change as possible. Busy brain workers ought not to attend summer schools, nor to make hard work of their recreations. Summer reading, as it is called, is frequently selected with a view to the final disposition of the books. No one would care to purchase expensive and valuable works to be picked up at odd times, read out of doors, carried in a coat pocket or a fishing basket, loaned indiscriminately and without caring whether the books are returned or not. There is no good reason why summer reading should be utterly vapid and silly, any more than why books offered on railway trains should be so unreadable, but one can readily concede to dwellers in the sweltering East the privilege of giving their brains a resting spell during the summer. It frequently happens that the winter reading of a family that takes summer boarders is made up almost entirely of the books left behind by the city people. Hard working farmers, and more particularly their wives and daughters are face to face with economy, political and domestic, all the year round, and they, at least, are glad enough that novels are favorite summer reading.

A Hopeless Idea

Mr. J. H. Bullock, London literary correspondent of the *Book Buyer* thinks any combination between writers and publishers is hopeless, owing to the difficulties which attend copyright legislation. Sir Walter Besant is the head of the Society of Authors, and practically governs the combination, but Mr. Charles Weekes of the Literary YearBook thinks nothing can possibly be worse for the best intent alike of the work and the workers than an indefinite increase

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of books published on commission. On this subject of combination for their own benefit the photographers of England have managed very well. There is not a single copyrighted photograph published in any illustrated paper that escapes paying a fee, and in cases of pirating, they have found it expedient to pay rather than attempt to fight. One thing which has smoothed matters in the case of the photographers is the fact that as the sitters are not paid, the copyright is inherent in the photographer, so there is no ground for dispute between them.

The new periodical of plain speech has had its name changed from *The Candid Friend* to *The Plain Dealer*. It intends to fill its columns by "drawing attention to the little faults and failings of public men and public institutions. But we shall not do this in any self-righteous spirit, nor put on airs of superiority, nor try to make our own virtues shine by dint of shady comparisons. We shall always try to remain friendly to those we criticize." If the *Plain Dealer* were to be published on this side of the water, we should look out for lively times down street on publishing day.

The Rage For Reading

A taste for reading is the perennial subject for the *Examiner* to discuss in its editorial columns, no doubt with the best of intentions, but a taste for mere reading is as easily acquired and as hard to get rid of as any other vice. The habit of always having a book in hand is not in itself commendable, for it makes a difference, not only what the book is, but with what degree of attention it is read and how long its contents are remembered. Many a one has acquired a reputation for scholarship on no better foundation than that of having the eternal book always in evidence, and parents who delude themselves with the notion that because their offspring are "great readers" it is well with them, would do well to investigate the matter and find out how much of all the print which is devoured is doing any good. The lad in knickerbockers who surreptitiously devours three or four detective yarns under the cover of his geography in the course of a week cannot be praised for his industry, yet he has assuredly acquired a taste for reading. The women who stand in line at the public libraries and register their names for each new craze before it comes from the press have developed a taste for reading, but to what purpose? It is little better than a habit of looking at print, and about as profitable as chewing gum. A poor book carefully read and digested is more to the purpose than the One Hundred Best rushed through and cast aside. There are too many books in these days, and by far too many of them are accessible. Fewer books, better books, and more difficulty in getting books would go far towards the improvement of the understanding of the majority.

Maurice Hewlett is preparing a revision of his "Earthwork out of Tuscany," which made its appearance about six years ago. It was intended by the author as a record of his impressions of Italian art, but as a matter of fact it is really a piece of keen criticism.

French translations of W. C. Morrow's books have been so well received that they are now to be turned into German. There was some talk of dramatizing "A Man and His Mark," known in England as "The She Wolf," but it is more than likely that the book would have been

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spoiled in the process. It is good, occasionally, to let well-enough alone.

Richard Le Gallienne, who counts the day lost when the reading public does not receive some new indication that he is still at it, is about to bring out a new edition of his Rubaiyat, with an addition of fifty new quatrains.

Aaron Burr is about to be lifted to the pedestal lately vacated by Oliver Cromwell, and successively occupied in the recent past by Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln. Vance Thompson is engaged on a play in which Burr is to be made the principal character, Professor W. H. Venables is making a study of the man from a political and historical standpoint, and there is yet another, a novel, in course of construction. Gertrude Franklin Atherton is writing a biography of Alexander Hamilton, which will, as a matter of course, bring up the political differences between him and Aaron Burr, and meanwhile, if something does not put a finish to the "historical novel," the subject will be sure to attract the attention of the mosquito tribe of authors.

Book Binding

A recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an unusually interesting essay on the subject of the annoyances which the book collector experiences, especially in discovering that a long-sought volume is incomplete.

"Often most respectable looking books have a page missing somewhere. One cannot trust even a folio that has been connected with religious houses all its life. It may be invincibly bound in the strongest calf; it may have passed all its quiet, unread days behind glass, and be as clean as on the day on which it was issued, and yet page 341 may have vanished."

One need not be a member of the aristocratic guild of collectors to experience this particular form of annoyance. It is ready in waiting for each and several and often makes one hesitate about sending even magazines to the bindery. It invariably, and perhaps inevitably, happens that pages are lost, but it does seem as though some Satanic influence guided the hand of chance, that the mutilated article should always be one of more than passing interest, and often the one which is worth more to the owner than all the rest of the volume. It is manifestly impossible to examine every page of a dozen newly bound magazines, in search of possible omissions, and when the discovery is made it is apt to be too late to purchase another copy of the number in question. One can but bestow a left-handed blessing on careless workmanship and try another establishment next time, only to have it happen all over again.

—*The Bookworm.*

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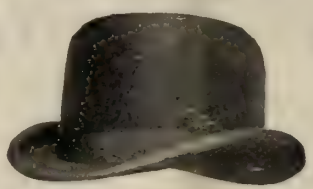

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OUR OPINION

The Larcenous Phone Company

TOWN TALK has no desire to increase the woes of a corporation by encouraging demagogues to make war upon it. This paper is not in sympathy with demagogues, and it has not yet found it necessary to appeal to popular prejudices to increase its circulation. But, at the risk of incurring the suspicion of being in league with the demagogic politicians of the city, we are constrained to call attention to the outrageous conduct of the Telephone Company, and to urge the agitation of means to compel that autocratic corporation to deal fairly and honestly with the public. There is no corporation in the country possessed of such a valuable franchise as that under which our telephone system is operated, and there is no trust on earth which pursues the public-be-damned policy with greater boldness. The telephone is no longer a luxury. It is an absolute necessity. The exigencies of business have made it such, and yet in many instances it has become a nuisance. The system has been extended beyond the capacity of the plant, and as a consequence the company does not give the service which it contracts to render, and for which it enforces the collection of money. An insufficiency of trunk lines is largely responsible for the crippling of the system, and the party-line nuisance has rendered prompt switching an impossibility. Instead of being an aid to business, it has become an obstacle. It hinders instead of facilitating, for it is frequently the case that the time wasted in waiting for the switch that is never made could be utilized on the street car in going to the office or house occupied by the person desired to be reached. Vast volumes of business are lost every day by failure to connect over the phone. But the failure of the company to provide lines and operators for the service which it owes the public is not perhaps so great a source of annoyance as the petty thieving by which the company increases its revenue. When you complain about the service you are told that it is not half so bad as it is in the East, but the people of the East are not victimized by the nickel-in-the-slot game. Nowhere on earth, outside of San Francisco, would the people permit themselves to be fleeced in such a cold-blooded fashion as that in which Mr Sabin's corporation rakes in the nickels of its victims. The company enjoys a revenue of several hundred dollars a day in nickels for which no service is rendered. Why should such larceny be tolerated? Must we confess that our law has no remedy for such an evil? Perhaps Mr. Sabin, and his confreres constituting the telephone banditti, are laughing at the fools of San Francisco, but it is not likely that they will be permitted to prosecute their predatory practices forever. Though TOWN TALK is not in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities, it is sorely tempted to become a convert when it views the infamous conduct of the Telephone monopoly.

Literature for Children

Some over-anxious soul pathetically inquires of the *Book-Buyer*: "Would you advise parents to have children read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Gulliver's Travels, and 'Don Quixote?'" This extreme and tender solicitude for the moral welfare of the rising generation has passed the bounds of absurdity. If the youth of the land are to be so carefully hedged in and surrounded by barbed wire fences, why let them learn to read at all? There is moral contamination lurking in Mother Goose, not to mention vulgarity and encouragement to inflict cruelty upon animals. The modern mother is horrified at the discovery of the indecencies of the Arabian Nights. The dear old fairy tales are too strong meat for the babes and sucklings of our day, and even the romances upon which boyhood of all ages has heretofore thrived are suddenly discovered to foster a spirit of combativeness and encourage bloodshed. There never was a time when girls were not hectored for their devotion to love stories and romances, and the evils of novel reading furnished a stock subject for the discourses of the preaching fraternity before they took up politics. The Boston library censors made objection to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Eleanor" because it is "full of uncertain notes, and comes out of an unsettled mind. It would not be good for girls. They would be casting about for Manisteys, as girls of bygone time looked for Rochesters." It is an old precaution, this of saving the dear girls from the Rochesters, and reminds one of the admonition of the Scotch lassie to her backward laddie: "'Stop kissing of me, Jamie.' 'I was no' kissing o' ye, lassie.' 'Na, Jamie, but are you no' going to?'" No one as yet has found the girl of the bygone time who went searching for a Rochester, and as for Manistey, the only attraction there could be in going on a still hunt for any of his tribe would be in the pleasure of exterminating them, root, branch and seed. Children are neither so wise nor so foolish

as their elders. Left to mature rationality, they are not precocious enough to select the salacious and indecent parts of even the worst books that may come in their way, and are more apt to cast them aside than to feed upon them. But if any parent or guardian wants to excite morbid curiosity there is no better way to go about it than to post up a list of books that the children are not to read, or keep them in view behind the locked doors of the bookcase. Of the three books in question, there are editions of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Gulliver's Travels" especially prepared for children, and they contain all that is valuable or essential to any but the student interested in the life and times of the authors, and preserve enough of the style of the writers to satisfy anyone. The quarrels of Swift and his contemporaries are of no moment to this generation, neither is the child of the day concerned with any deeper meaning in "Don Quixote." One would like to know whether the solicitous parent has objected to that farrago of filth and indecency, "Peck's Bad Boy," or whether the coon song has passed quarantine at the door of the household. There are other sources of moral contamination than through reading, and to be consistent one should not permit children to see or hear, lest they suffer. If they walk they may stumble or fall, and if they eat or drink they are liable to put the wrong substances into their mouths. Yet it is obvious that if they are to continue to live they cannot always be fed from a nursing bottle. When children have reached the age that they enjoy reading it is time that parents had picked up a little common sense, and it is more than probable that by the time they have come to the end of their deliberations and cogitations and seekings for guidance, the children have read pretty much what they have pleased to.

Menaces to Jurisprudence

Judge Wiltbank of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia delivered an address the other day on the menaces to jurisprudence, and he made an earnest appeal for the "quickening of the professional conscience as to the jury as an institution," and declared that there "should be an influence opposing to the trend of American legislation against the organic law." Judge Wiltbank's meaning is not quite clear. The menaces to jurisprudence, however, are not due to the degeneracy of the jury as an institution or to legislative tinkering with the organic law. The worst menaces to jurisprudence have their root in the legal profession. The quickening of the professional conscience for any good purpose is devoutly to be wished, but the profession must first be in possession of a conscience before it can be quickened. It is the lack of conscience in the legal profession that has made the science of the law ridiculously uncertain, and rendered the process of determining the law in the interest of justice a howling farce. All the tinkering with the organic law done by legislatures at the instigation of lawyers, and though juries frequently misjudge the facts of the case, it should also be remembered that judges often misconstrue the law. But if the profession had a conscience we could afford to overlook the erroneous rulings of the courts. A knave is worse than a fool on the bench, for a smart judge may be an adept at distorting the law, whereas a fool's errors lead to his undoing. The bench is recruited from the legal profession, and the average lawyer who has accumulated fees at the expense of conscience becomes a grave menace to jurisprudence when he is elevated to the bench. If a system were created for the education of men for the judiciary instead of for the bar, the law would be administered more satisfactorily than it is. Many a good judge has been spoiled by a few years of legal practice.

The Educated Female

A New York woman's club is debating the question whether education makes women discontented. Professor Clark of the Northwestern University has poured oil upon fire rather than upon troubled waters by prefacing an address to his class with the remark, "God help the man who marries a college-bred woman," and will be apt to find that he has brought down on his own head maledictions thick and threefold. The usefulness of a college education to a woman depends upon the woman herself and the quality of the education. Assuming that she has her own way to make in the world, and has some definite idea of what road she means to follow to that end, a college course should be of as much advantage to her as to her brother, provided it is wisely selected, but the mere fact of having pursued an educational course further than the average woman is in itself of no value whatever. It is a fact established beyond all cavil that college education does not open the doors of success to young men. There are thousands who have been kept at their books at the expense of elderly fathers, and often by means of the sacrifices, more or less involuntary, of other members of the family, in the hope and expectation that some great thing would come of it, and who are content and willing to settle down to cheap clerkships and underpaid subordinate positions, because that is their natural level. There is no use in wasting a two thousand dollar education on a two-bit boy. Women have crowded their way into every avenue of life, and yet there are few who have risen much above mediocrity. Except in literature, and on the dramatic and operatic stage, they are rarely to be found in the first or second rank. For how many years was it looked upon as effeminate for a man to be even an amateur musician, or for the boys of the family to receive even elementary instruction on the piano, yet the great composers are not women. The great singers owe as much to their natural gifts as to their industry, and the great artists can be checked off on the finger of

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one hand. The same changing conditions which demand that men should know more on all subjects than did their grandsires, makes it equally necessary for women to be better informed now than were those of an earlier generation, but it is doubtful whether the swarming into colleges and universities with no definite object in view is in itself a good thing. It is triumphantly asserted by the advocates of higher education that the percentage of college-bred women who marry is as high as that of their less educated sisters. It is claimed, though without statistics to prove the proposition, that they make better wives and mothers. There is nothing in the curriculum of the university which tends to especially fit graduates for parentage, and it is questionable whether four years spent for the most part in a boarding house, or at least detached from any active participation in household affairs, can be looked upon as a direct incentive to good housewifery. The college-bred woman may be able to preside with more dignity over a well regulated home where there is no question of shortage in ways and means, but it is not likely that her knowledge of higher mathematics will be of much practical assistance when the chimney smokes or the goddess of the kitchen deserts her post. Nine-tenths of the college graduates may marry, but in order that the statement may have permanent value it needs to be supplemented by a further enumeration of the number who remain married, and the average duration of the marriages which are eventually disrupted. Education may not be the chief source of discontent in women, but it teaches them to be dissatisfied in more ways and there is no question but that it encourages them to give expression in public to their discontent. They assuredly are not willing to be regarded as

"not too wise and good
For human nature's daily food"

but expect to be looked upon as a sort of heavenly manna, fit only for the elect.

The Saunterer

That Hayne Brief

The attorneys for the Fair estate are now having their inning. Robert Y. Hayne grilled the Supreme court for deciding against his clients, and now the attorneys on the other side are pouring hot shot into Robert Y. They declare that he is so proud of his briefs that he never permitted the name of any counsel associated with him to appear on the title page until he filed the one which was filled with language insulting to the Court. Upon the title page of that brief appears the name of every attorney on Hayne's side of the case and the name of Robert Y. Hayne is last in the list. It is suggested by the attorneys for the Fair children that Hayne did not have the nerve to shoulder all the responsibility in the matter. These same attorneys call attention to the fact that though Justice Henshaw is criticised for asserting that he never doubted that the trust clause conveyed the *fee* in the estate, yet all the attorneys for the trustees whose names appear on the Hayne brief had previously declared that it did convey the fee, and their clients acting under their instruction swore that it did. They switched at the eleventh hour when they learned that it was a fatal admission. Surely the law is an uncertain science.

De Young for Mayor

Speculation is rife in newspaper and political circles as to whether Mr. M. H. de Young has serious designs on the Mayoralty. His newspaper rivals would probably like to see him nominated, believing that he would be a splendid target for criticism and comment. I am of the opinion that they would take him seriously before the campaign was far advanced. Mr. de Young has been steadily building up a reputation as a public spirited citizen, for several years, and he unquestionably enjoys the confidence of the business community. There are many people who should prefer him to any of the practical politicians that have been suggested for the job.

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

The 'Phone Nuisance

Editor Town Talk: You suggested last week that the city officials who are trying to build up a reputation as reformers by worrying the gas and water companies should withdraw their fire from those corporations, and devote a little attention to the telephone monopoly. As a matter of fact the supervisors are devoting a great deal of attention to the telephone monopoly. They are now seeking to collect a license tax on nickel-in-the-slot boxes, and a short time ago when they sought to tax the company's franchise the officers of the corporation transferred the franchise to Oregon. I agree with you that the telephone service we are getting is outrageous and that the public should have redress, but why don't the press pay some attention to the matter? The newspapers never published a word about the fight the Supervisors are making. A City Official.

I am glad to know that the Supervisors have shown some activity in the matter, but the Supervisors are not our only city officials. We have a City Attorney, for instance, who could make himself very popular if he were to start the wheels of law in motion with a view to compelling the autocrats of the telephone company to render the service to which the people of the city are entitled.

Jordan's Bonanza

When Joe Jordan, the veteran marine reporter of the *Examiner*, resigned from the staff of the Monarch the other day, his old confreres wondered. Joe had always been looked upon as one of those reporters

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

POMMERY & GRENO

THE WORLD OVER.

that sometimes die but never resign. The supposition was that he had been lured away from the *Examiner* by an offer of a higher salary than he was receiving, but the fact is that he is about to become one of the predatory rich. For a long time he has been investing all his superfluous coin in lands in Humboldt county, Nevada, in which, it was believed, there was a nitrate deposit. Experts have lately pronounced it a "great find," and Joe Jordan has now brilliant prospects of becoming a multi-millionaire. He has already been offered a large sum of money for his interest, but declined it.

A Quarter of a Century Ago

The death of James A. Herne recalls the opening of the Baldwin theatre, then called Baldwin's Academy of Music, on March sixth, 1876. Tom Maguire was the lessee of the theatre, and Herne was stage manager. That was just before the latter married that pretty little brunette, Katherine Corcoran. The opening of the Academy of Music was decidedly the theatrical event of the year, the play being "Richard III." Barry Sullivan, new then to San Francisco's play-goers, had the title role and Louis James was Buckingham. Herne had one of the minor roles. Annie Adams, the mother of Maude Adams, was one of the little Princes in the Tower, Zoe Tuttle being the other. E. J. Buckley, always a favorite here, was Tressel. M. A. Kennedy, later prominent as a Frohman comedian, was Catesby. Ratcliff was taken by David Belasco, who had not then taken to play-writing as a means of livelihood but was serving his apprenticeship as an actor. James O'Neill, Louis and Kitty Belmour, W. H. Crane and the late Emmie Wilmot were also of the company.

Surveillance is the Rule

An incident happened the other night at a smart downtown hotel which I have not seen chronicled in any of the daily papers' "hotel notes." The incident was the natural sequel to several sensational happenings at the hostelry in question that *did* get into the papers. A prominent young physician of the city was called professionally to see a young woman from the country. She telephoned him to call, and he went. He had been in her apartment less than twenty minutes when there came a knock at the door. The physician was notified by the management, through its servant, that he would not be allowed to extend his call, as it was against the rules of the hotel for women guests to permit male callers in their rooms over the twenty-minute limit. The physician was so wrathful that he dashed downstairs, threw his card down before the manager and said he had called professionally. This rigorous rule, I am told, is the consequence of certain scandals that not long ago shook the social world to its foundations.

A Brilliant Native Daughter

Eliza D. Keith is going to Sacramento to run again for Grand Vice-President of the N. D. G. W. Miss Keith was defeated last year by a very close vote, but is entitled to try again, both because of that defeat and to fulfill the unanimous wish of the members of Alta parlor to which she belongs. Miss Keith is well qualified to fill any fraternal office, as she has wonderful executive ability and energy. She is a member of the local public school department, having left the field of journalism to enter the former profession. She is a magnetic speaker and clever writer.

Only a Hoax

If newspapers were compelled by law to confess, everytime they were hoaxed, and to publish the facts after having printed the fake, the cautious newspaper man would then become the high salaried star, and the easy dupe would join the ranks of the unemployed. And then newspaper readers would get a square deal. They would not be allowed to swallow, for instance, such a yarn as that about Mrs. Wallace-Hopper's paying a theatrical manager seventeen hundred dollars to close his house on the date of a matinee performance so that she could go to the races to bet two thousand dollars on a horse. The story was sent over the wire by the Associated Press, and the next day it was learned that the story was a pure advertising fake. The theatre was closed, and the actress gave the management her certified check, and it was photographed but it was never cashed. The management had entered into a conspiracy to dupe the press for advertising purposes,and the newspapers, with one or two exceptions, have not had the courage to confess that they were hoaxed. Mrs. Wallace–Hopper is now regarded as a very clever advertiser, and perhaps, she is. Her press agent has made her a success on the stage. More than one shapely woman with a ravishing kick and an industrious press agent has demonstrated that, when judiciously advertised, one need not have talent to win success on the other side of the footlights.

Mourning a la Mode

A modish girl in a tan raglan attracted considerable attention at the California theatre the other night. It was not the girl or her coat that drew the notice so much as the fact that on one sleeve of the wrap appeared a broad mourning band. This style of weed for men was introduced here via Blingum by our advanced anglomaniacs, but it is something new for women's wear.

If you have not dined at Techau Tavern you have not been in Frisco

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Surprised by the Raglan Girl

Raglans are epidemic in San Francisco; all sorts of women are attempting these seamless, loose back affairs. In New York they are now worn in the street only by a certain class of women. Fancy the surprise of two ladies of the recent Presidential party when Miss Scott introduced to them a pronounced Raglan damsel. All four happened to meet in a Kearny street shop and the Eastern ladies afterwards expressed themselves in the Scott household as being surprised at the calm poise with which the questionable raglan was worn in the West by undoubted pillars of propriety. It was the same day, at almost the same time and place that Kathryn Dillon received her Presidential party compliment from a visiting Washington belle:

"There is the best dressed girl I have seen today," she said, pointing to Miss Dillon, who wore a tan cloth coat, a tight fitting affair.

A recent letter from one of the ladies of the Presidential party to a friend, in commenting on the dress of the San Franciscans, says, "The gowns were really entertaining and afforded us a great deal of pleasure—the women in the south, however, seemed to dress regardless of the time, the occasion and the weather prophet."

Tell Me Pretty Maiden

One of the greatest vocal hits that has been made in New York in many a day is that of the double sextette—six young men and six pretty girls—in "Florodora." They are humming the tune of "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" all over New York, and several of the vaudeville houses have attempted to duplicate the hit with double sextettes of their own. As a result the song has led to injunction suits in the courts. My New York correspondent sent me the words of the song, which are surely not remarkable, but its success is perhaps due more to the tune and the action of the singers than to the words. This is the first verse:

MEN—Tell me pretty maiden are there any more at home like you?

GIRLS—There are a few kind sir, but simple girls and proper too.

M—Then tell me pretty maidens what these simple girlies do?

G—Kind sir, their manner is perfection and the opposite to mine.

M—Then take a little walk with me so that I may see what a most particular girl should be.

G—I may love you too well to let you go and flirt with those at home, you know.

M—Well don't mind little girl, you'll see I'll only want but you.

G—It's not quite fair to them if you tell them you were true.

M—I won't care a pin for your sisters if you love me.

G—What would you say if I said I liked you well?

M—I'd vow to you—

G--On bended knee?

M—On bended knee.

G—If I loved you would you tell me what I ought to do; to keep you all mine alone, to always be true to me?

If I loved you would it be a silly thing to do?

For I must love some one.

M—Then why not me?

G—Yes, I must love some one and it might as well be you.

In Ladies Purses, some very gorgeous designs are to be found at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street. Both with and without elaborate mountings.

Some Had the Right Tip

The news regarding the Brooklyn Handicap was extremely interesting to local clubmen, many of whom had bet a little money on Clarence Mackay's horse, Banaster. There were a few, however, that received tips from Ralph Preston, the multi-millionaire of New York, who was here a short time ago, and who some years ago went to Paris from this city as Vice-Consul. He married one of the Thompson girls of Brookdale where "Jemmie" Rowe trains the Keene horses. Rowe told Mr. Preston that nothing on earth could beat Conroy.

Catholic or Episcopalian?

The story of Mary Scott's conversion to Catholicism is denied by Mrs. Scott. She states that her daughter is to be married by Bishop Nichols according to the rites of the Episcopal church. Now it should be interesting to know what Mr. Walter Martin's mother has to say on the subject. Mrs. Eleanor Martin being a very strict Catholic will scarcely countenance the marriage of her son by a Protestant bishop unless it is understood that the Catholic ceremony shall be performed first. There has evidently been a hitch somewhere. Let us hope that whatever complications may arise they will be temporarily adjusted. I can readily understand that the Scotts are most anxious for the ceremony to be performed in the Episcopal church, for there is to be a big Episcopal convention here in a short time, and it is to be quite a society affair. Bishop Potter is to be here and there is to be considerable entertaining, and the Scotts might find themselves personæ non grata in the event of their tolerating the marriage of one of the family in accordance with the Catholic ritual.

Scott Dignity

There is surely something in the wind for Madame La Bavarde who is "close up" to our aristocratic push wrote this the other day:

There are so many stories in circulation just now about the Scott family that they are simply compelled to take refuge in perfect silence and they are pursuing the only dignified course.

I am glad to know that they have found a dignified course to pursue. But I regret that they did not discover it or have it pointed out to them before sending in the caterer's bill to the citizens' reception committee for bread, butter and other things which President and Mrs. McKinley ate under the delusion that Scott hospitality was the genuine article.

MOORE'S
Poison Oak Remedy

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Silver Dollars buy Silver Collars—best linen collar, 2 for 25 cents, at Lewison's the Leaders Gents Furnishers 953 Market street, between 5th and 6th streets—the busiest block in San Francisco.

Archbishop Riordan to Officiate

Since writing the foregoing paragraphs I have learned from reliable authority that Archbishop Riordan has been selected to perform the ceremony at the Scott home at Burlingame on the twenty-sixth instant and that arrangements have been made to that end. What Bishop Nichols may do at a subsequent date, I do not know. Miss Scott does not intend to change her religion. A train will leave this city at eleven o'clock on the morning of the twenty-sixth to convey the invited guests to Burlingame and will start on the return trip at three o'clock. Peter Martin is expected home for the wedding, and it is believed that he will not spend much time here, but will return to Newport to complete arrangements for his own marriage with Lily Oelrichs. And, by the way, I am informed that though the Oelrichs family does not favor that match, no objections are made to Peter Martin as an individual. The fact is that Miss Oelrichs is a comparatively poor girl. She belongs to the billionaire set and her family hoped for her marriage into one of the great plutocratic families of New York. Peter Martin is destined to inherit not more than a paltry million or so, and a man with only a million is regarded as a pauper in Newport.

The Source of the Martin Wealth

Nobody can class the Martin boys with the nouveaux riches. They are not parvenu, and are worthy to mate with the elite of any of the world's great cities. Their mother was the daughter of one of California's first executives, Governor Downey, and was born to affluence. Both Eleanor Downey and her sister Annie were educated at the best schools in the State and then went abroad to "finish." The former was a mere girl when she married Mr. Harvey, whose early death left her a young and richly endowed widow. Some time later, she married Andrew Martin, who was also wealthy, and whose death left her a second time a widow. She had one son by her first marriage, Downey Harvey, who married Sophie Cutter, whose charming manners made her the belle of her time. Of Mrs. Martin's three sons by her second marriage, Andrew's marriage with Genevieve Goad and subsequent death are still remembered.

A Chapter of Family History

Annie Downey, who was the "living image" of her sister even in the later years of her life, became the second wife of Peter Donahue, the millionaire, and consequently the step-mother of James Mervyn Donahue and Mamie, Baroness von Schroeder. When Peter Donahue died, Mrs. Martin went to live with her sister and the Martin boys were regarded as sons by their aunt. It was at the old Donahue residence in Bryant street that the "debutant tea" was given that introduced the Martin boys formally to local society.

The Bishop-Voorhies Surprises

By the way there was a clash of religion over the Bishop-Voorhies wedding, too. That wedding developed several surprises, not the least of which was the sudden drive of the young couple to the residence of Archbishop Riordan to have the ceremony performed. Mrs. Bishop is a devout Catholic. When the moment came to call in the aid of the church to unite the young folks she declined to allow Bishop Nichols of the Episcopal church to come into her house on such a mission. Then the nervous surmises began. Prospective bride and retrospective groom dutifully carried this surprising ultimatum to Dr. Voorhies. The doctor declared at once that the ceremony could not be performed at his residence if a Catholic priest officiated. This stand was a great surprise to the young folks as Dr. Voorhies is known to be not only tolerant but very liberal in his religious opinions. There may have been something in the peculiar situation that pricked his spirit to such a stand. For a time the young folks were in a quandary. All their wedding plans were sadly botched by these sudden and surprising declarations from the parental abodes. But they knew their parents and after an hour's lively discussion of the situation they settled on what they decided would come nearest to a compromise with both households—to drive to Archbishop Riordan's residence and be married by him. Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Anna Voorhies' sister, was the only one who accompanied the bridal party. Mrs. Henry lives in Washington, and came out here specially to be present at the wedding. By steadfastly watching the surprising developments in the case she succeeded by a narrow margin.

"Jim" Bishop's wedding—he was married to Miss Van Vlack four days before his brother's nuptials—also contained its surprises. The bride's, perhaps, was the most complete. She and her mother had engaged rooms at Coronado for the season and were busy in the preparations for departure when Jim rushed into the house, declared their engagement had lasted long enough, and that they must get married before the wedding day set for his brother and Miss Voorhies. Altogether it was a very lively week for Mrs. Bishop but she has dealt bountifully for her two young sons and has fitted up two serviceable houses as homes for the bridal couples.

Greene's Passion Play

The success of Clay Greene's "Nazareth" at Santa Clara College is likely to lead to the production of numerous Passion plays throughout the country. Several enterprising and thrifty managers were represented at the college theatre at each presentation of the play, and it was soon rumored that Billy Brady, manager of prize-fights and other shows, had made arrangements to put "Nazareth" on the road. The rumor is, of course, without foundation. Mr. Greene wrote that play for the Jesuits of Santa Clara where he was educated, and he gave it to the priests of that college for exclusive production under their supervision. It is now the property of that institution, and will no doubt be the incentive to annual pilgrimages to the author's alma mater.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

"Nazareth" is a classic which is destined to attract a great deal of attention, and Santa Clara college is fortunate indeed in having come into the possession of such a play. Mr. Greene has solved the problem of writing a Passion play without presenting the central figure in the historic tragedy. The illusion of Christ's presence throughout the drama is accomplished by some remarkably clever "business," which has not the faintest suggestion of artificiality. He has written a most impressive play without rendering it objectionable to those who regard the impersonation of Christ on the stage as sacrilegious. That was the objection to the Passion play written by Salmi Morse and produced at the Grand Opera House in this city with James O'Neill in the role of Christ. I predict that the success of Clay Greene's play will tempt theatrical managers to encourage literary larceny in the interest of the box-office.

A Parisian Palace

From Paris comes the news that the hotel of the Marquis de Paiva, on the Champs Elysees, is to be sold. Who that has spent any time in Paris has failed to hear stories of that famous house? Once upon a time Cubat, the famous chef of the Imperial kitchens of St. Petersburg, left his lucrative job for a time to start a restaurant in that historical house. His business was a failure, and Nicholas II, in order to get his precious cook back again, saved him from bankruptcy. For a time the young sovereign thought of keeping the house, and establishing his headquarters there whenever he went to the gay capital. But the Empress objected.

It Housed a Fascinating Woman

It was in that house that Madame Lachmann, a woman of exquisite powers of fascination, lived for many years. Her second husband was M. Herz who died, leaving her a fortune with which she purchased a third husband, the Marquis de Paiva, a Portuguese nobleman without a cent. Later on she became the wife of Comte Hennekel Donnersmarck, who was Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. He was a cousin of Bismarck and enormously rich. He fell madly in love with this woman who was at that time in the sere and yellow leaf stage and many years his senior. He threw at her feet his great name and his huge fortune of which not much was left when she died a few years after the Comte.

A Swan Bed

The house where this woman lived so many lives flourished under the Second Empire. Almost all the artists, sovereigns and noblemen that flourished during that period contributed either by work or by cheques to the decoration of the palatial residence. The first floor is nearly all occupied by the bed-room with its marvelous chimney in malachite, supported by two nude silver figures by Carrier-Belleuse. The bed is a huge swan in vermeil, which holds in his beak two long streamers of superb *point de rose* lace. The bathroom is of Moorish design. Its principal feature is a plunge of chiseled silver with faucets ornamented with opals and turquoises. If you have ever dined at Cubats you remember, perhaps, the extraordinary onyx staircase. carved and sculptured.

Some Swell Rooms

Very few ever saw the apartment known as the Salon des Griffons for it was never opened to the public. It is ornamented by four griffins, painted by Thirion. Adjoining it is the grand salon, which is finished in old rose satin of a shade which has never been seen elsewhere, the dye having been destroyed as well as the design of the pattern. One of the most attractive apartments is the *salon de musique* in which are kept the rarest musical instruments. The grand piano is remarkable for its richness. It is encased in mother-of-pearl. The finger-board is of the same precious material. This floor is full of pictures by old and new masters. Indeed this is an ideal home for participants in an up-to-date love affair. I wonder if any of our American billionaires has sense enough to buy it and soul enough to enjoy it?

The Ways of the Politician

Ex-President Dohrman of the Merchants Association is credited with being a clever strategist. There is a rule of the association prohibiting officers from becoming tax-eaters, and as Mr. Dohrman resigned to be succeeded by Frank J. Symmes, it is said that he hopes to shut the latter out of the Mayor's fight. Mr. Dohrman disclaims having any designs on the Mayor's job, but the supposition is that he hopes to have it thrust upon him. Mr. Symmes, I understand, has been filled with great expectations, and now that he is foreman of the grand jury which was selected the other day, he has a good opportunity to mend his political fences. That jury, by the way, is composed of exceptionally clean men, in refreshing contrast to those that survived Judge Bahrs who was responsible for the previous drawing. It is not often that we get a grand jury free from men who have had a hard time escaping from indictment themselves.

Just as Buckley Did It

That is a nice band of reformers over which S. C. Irving of the Mechanics' Institute and Board of Regents accepted leadership the other night. Conspicuous among them is Alec Truman, the irrepressible and a brace of ex-Supervisors who figure in the history of the city's maladministration. Dr. J. Perrault is one of them. A few years ago Dr. Perrault was proud of being Boss Crimmins' lieutenant at the City Hall, and he is now the candidate of Mr. Crimmins for Mayor. Crimmins is doing old-time Buckley politics. When Buckley was anxious to elect a subservient tool he would instruct him to tramp the highway denouncing Buckley politics. Crimmins wants Perrault for Mayor, so the doctor joins the anti-Crimmins push to make a big bluff. It is quite interesting to sit on the fence and watch the game of politics.

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Another Baron Comes to Town

Madame La Bavarde is somewhat reckless in giving circulation to the story upon mere ex parte testimony that De Hoeckeren, the new baron in town, "comes from a very fine and wealthy family." "So I am told," is the way she puts it. Who told her? I should like to know whether Baron de Hoeckeren was her informant. Even though the Baron was the source of her information, I should hesitate to accept it as trustworthy, though I have never heard his reputation for veracity questioned. But I submit that the presumption is against a baron's estimate of the fineness and opulence of his family, especially when he is within earshot of an American heiress. We have had experience with Baron von Schroeder and other barons, and we never know what we are getting from Holland and other places. Our Californian girls should not be unduly excited. Only gilt-edged testimony should be accepted about the wealth of titled gentlemen from foreign parts.

Helen Merrill in New York

Another talented Californian girl is soon to challenge the fierce criticism of a New York audience. Helen Merrill, formerly prima donna of the Tivoli, writes an occasional correspondent, recently journeyed to New York, and she scarcely reached the metropolis before she was assured of a flattering engagement. Vocal organs such as the one possessed by Miss Merrill are in demand in New York, and the promptness with which she secured an engagement will occasion no surprise among the patrons of the Tivoli, who recall her great hit as Cleopatra in "The Wizard of the Nile" and also in "The Geisha." But Miss Merrill was especially fortunate in being engaged in New York to create the prima role in "The Strollers," a musical comedy to be produced at the fashionable Knickerbocker theatre. It is seldom that a comparative stranger in the big metropolis inspires the confidence which the management must have had before entrusting her with the task of making a new production a success, but Miss Merrill has talent, voice and beauty and her opening at the Knickerbocker should be propitious. She will be associated with those two clever comedians, Francis Wilson and Eddie Foy. The piece is an adaptation from the German, the lyrics are by Harry W. Smith and the music by Ludwig Englander. The opening is set for the seventeenth instant.

About Californian Wines

Manager Rossi, of the Italian-Swiss Colony, has gone to New York, I am informed, for the purpose of introducing Californian wines, bottled by the corporation which he represents, in the hotels and clubs of the metropolis. It is to be hoped that his mission will prove successful. The fact is that Californian wines have long been in disfavor in New York, owing to the fact that they were sent East in bulk when too young, by unscrupulous dealers, and sold by firms by whom they were bottled in several of the large cities. Good Californian clarets and white wines are comparatively unknown in New York, and Mr. Rossi will undoubtedly find it somewhat difficult to overcome the prejudice against them. But he is going the right way to accomplish his purpose, if his wines have merit. Chauche & Bon of this city, manufacturers of the Mont Rouge wines have long since refused to sell their products in bulk. Yet, some years ago they sold their sauterne in bulk to the Big Tree Winery of London by whom it was bottled and sold all over Europe where it made the firm of Gierson & Oldham famous. Some time ago I heard that they offered an advanced price for more of the wine in bulk but were refused. Every drop of wine manufactured at the Mont Rouge vineyard is now put into glass, and it is only lately that its merit has been recognized by the bons vivants of the local clubs and fashionable restaurants. Good clarets and sauternes are manufactured in this State, but all are not what they are represented to be. Some of our wines that have been awarded medals and that have been most extensively advertised are not what they were when the prizes were issued.

Variety is always a feature of the menu at Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street, between Sixth and Seventh.

The Snubber Snubbed

Emil Steinegger writes me from Vienna that Sybil Sanderson made her appearance there a short time ago and was a flat failure. Vienna is not like San Francisco. An actress cannot call Vienna a jay town and return a few years later and play to crowded and enthusiastic houses. This is Steinegger's story:

Three years ago Vienna was placarded with notices of a concert to be given by Sybil Sanderson. On the evening of the concert the prima donna failed to appear. The house was crowded and the people went home in disgust. It was afterwards learned that Miss Sanderson had passed through Vienna en route from St. Petersburg to Nizza. She did not consider it necessary to show the people the courtesy due, by a notice of her "indisposition." Under the circumstances it required courage to make her appearance before an audience in Vienna but she did and was given a cool reception. Marie Soldat-Roger received an ovation. Miss Sanderson's first number was an aria from Charpentier's "Louise." Marie Soldat-Roger played the violin and that caused the rumpus. She received great applause, and the prima donna was not "given a hand." Sanderson then sang the Waltz-Ariette from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," and next an aria from Massenet's "Esclaremonde," and then the "Melodie," by Hahn, but she did not finish it. She stopped in the middle, shrugged her shoulders, exclaimed, "Je ne peux pas! Croyez-moi c'est mieux!" and walked off the stage. It was evident that the great Sanderson was piqued. The people had not forgotten that snub of three years ago.

Those Servant Girl Cartoons

If the members of the Gaelic League continue to pull their hair out in frenzied indignation over Opper's cartoons of amusing types of the Irish servant

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girl, people may begin to question their pretensions to Celtic birth. It is popularly supposed that there is a strong vein of humor in the Irish character, but the Deaseys and Kierces and Hogans of the Gaelic League appear to have been unfortunately deprived of it. If they were not devoid of humor those Opper cartoons would amuse, not incense them. There are many Irish servant girls in the world of the type described by Opper. Why should the clever cartoonist be prohibited from exaggerating their idiosyncracies for the amusement of the public? It may be true, as one of the Gaelic-Leaguers asserted, that "th' foormist min iv th' counthry are sons iv Irish servint girls," but their mothers were not the sort of girls pictured by Opper. And though they may be proud of their mother's cooking they never boast that she learned the culinary art while working for wages.

There is no doubt that some of the most distinguished men in the country are sons of Irish servant girls. It is true, too, that many of the haughtiest of the belles and matrons of society are daughters of Irish servant girls, but by reason of those facts it cannot be successfully argued that all Irish servant girls are qualified to become mothers of statesmen and social leaders. There are Irish servant girls as well as German and Swedish servant girls that tipple, and that coerce their mistresses. Nobody should object to their being caricatured. Comic cartoons of Jewish character do not create the impression among intelligent people that all Jews are dealers in second-hand clothing, or that all Jews are always striving for an unfair advantage. There is no Hebraic League which assumes the right to deprive the comic papers of their material for stock jokes, and yet many of our distinguished citizens are sons of erstwhile dealers in collar-buttons. When an organization undertakes the job of regulating the output of a country's laughsmiths it subjects itself to the suspicion of being comically serious.

Just a Little Freak Journalism

The newspapers that did not exploit the story of Miss Rosamonde Rodkinson's skill as a card-sharp have had a spasm of virtuous indignation over the duplicity of a *Call* reporter. It appears that Mr. Lotto, the reporter, imposed upon the young woman for the purpose of proving that she was an adventuress. He introduced himself as a physician from Honolulu, and incidentally posed as a good thing. According to his story she became his guest at a French dinner, took a drive with him to the Cliff, signed an agreement to marry him, permitted him to fondle her, "skinned" him at a game of cards, and did other things which he did not care to mention, after which he published an account of his adventure in the *Call*. I have no sympathy for the young woman for I have no doubt that she had designs on the newspaper man. Besides she appears to have been easy game. I should not care to undertake the job of matching my talents as an arch deceiver with those of a gay adventuress for the purpose of exploiting the feat.

Perhaps the spirit of chivalry would deter the average newspaper man from engaging in such enterprises, but it appears that when it comes to exposing a faker, up-to-date journalism does not discriminate in the matter of sex. Mr. Lotto was undoubtedly imbued with the notion that Miss Rodkinson was a very bad woman, and that it was up to him to render an important public service. He felt that she was a menace to those gay club-men who like a cold bot and don't object to a game of poker. There is no doubt that some of our gay club-men are unsophisticated chaps who are easily beguiled into expensive diversions, but I have always believed in experience as the greatest of all teachers.

Perhaps She Isn't an Adventuress

I am not certain, however, that Miss Rodkinson is an adventuress. She represents that she is her father's assistant in translating the writings of the Talmud, and I am told that she had no difficulty in establishing cordial relations with Rabbi Voorsanger and Rabbi Nieto. She came hither with good credentials, and the circumstance of her being able to deal her opponent in a game of poker a full hand, while retaining four aces for herself, is by no means proof positive that her father is not a scholar and that she is not his assistant. If she dined a deux with Raphael Weill, why should anybody infer from that fact that she is anything but a good fellow? And if Mr. Lotto did win her confidence and engage her in amorous dalliance, it should be remembered that he posed as a rich Hawaiian physician. There are many women that are not known as adventuresses who would be quite willing to melt beneath the burning glances of a rich foreigner with a pointed beard. Perhaps Mr. Lotto is an irresistible chap and doesn't know it. Let us not judge the woman too harshly.

Of the Class of '53

In the despatches the other day, appeared the news of the death of Brigadier-General Thomas Wilson, retired, in a private hospital in New York. General Wilson was a member of the class of 1853 at West Point which afterward was known as "the famous class of '53," because of the number of men in it who gained renown. Among them were Generals Schofield, Sheridan and McPherson. He was the father of Mrs. Daniel H. Boughton, wife of Captain Boughton of the Third Cavalry, now in the Philippines.

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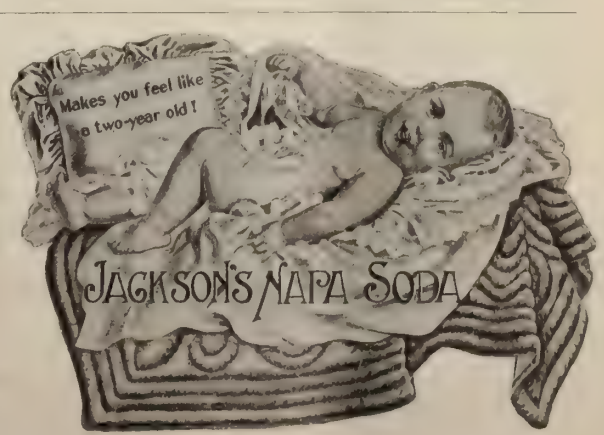

Art is Her Only Love

"Only Mrs. Bates, Miss Bates and Lieutenant Davis knew the real reason of the divorce," says an evening contemporary, apropos of the coming visit of Blanche Bates to her old home. Now, a few friends of the family outside of that trio know the reason why the clever young actress decided to resume her single state. I have heard the reason, but have never seen it in print. Blanche Bates never lived with her husband as his wife. She was his good friend and companion, but never his wife. She did not care for him except as a friend, and it was only his devoted love for her, and unremitting pleadings, that ever persuaded her to the step that she afterwards bitterly regretted. Blanche Bates never loved anything but her art; that was her life. She studied to the end of becoming a great actress, and the marriage but placed an obstacle in her career. Only on condition of companionship, and not wifehood, did she accept the army officer. He, blinded by his love, hoped that he could change her feelings when the knot was tied. However, he was mistaken, and soon found that his wife's art was more to her than he could ever be. Then, by mutual consent, came the sequel—the divorce. At the time, it was thought by the young couple's friends that the Lieutenant might find consolation in another direction. Blanche had a girl friend, Mary Ellis, and the former's husband was suggested as a possible mate for the latter. But Miss Ellis married another and in the course of time Lieutenant Davis also married, his bride this time being an Eastern girl. Blanche Bates still lives for art alone.

His Marriage Caused a Shock

A gentleman prominent as a promoter of Christianity was married the other day, and the newspapers gave considerable space to the nuptials. Since then I have learned that he was skilled in the art of love, and that his marriage was a great shock to several young women who had been greatly encouraged by his intentions. The friends of one of them say that she was jilted in a most shameful manner, and they have been denouncing the man in very severe terms. If a breach-of-promise suit were to result it would cause a great scandal in church circles.

Mrs. J. H. Jewett has been at her Sonoma county ranch for some time past. She is very seriously ill.

Cheminant-Ross

Next Wednesday evening will be celebrated the marriage of Miss Olive Cheminant, daughter of Alexis S. Cheminant, the well-known mining man, with Mr. Walter Ernest Ross. The wedding will be quietly celebrated at the Cheminant residence in Clay street, with only relatives and the bride's intimate friends present. The bride is a pretty and very popular girl, and is a graduate of the Denman Grammar and Girls' High schools. Mr. Ross is engaged in business in Astoria, Oregon, in which city the young couple will make their future home.

The Fremont Olders have been spending a few weeks at Bartlett springs.

Clay Greene in Bohemia

There will be an "Evening with Clay Greene" tonight at the Bohemian club, when Mr. Greene's "very latest passion play" written for the club, will be presented. Its title is "Four Times Foiled, or Vaunted Virtue and Virile Vice." W. B. Hopkins, Thomas Rickard and Charles K. Field form the committee in charge of the jinks.

The Function of the Week

The decorations at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's luncheon to Miss Mary Scott on Thursday were the most original that have been seen here for many a day. Especially charming was the yellow table in which the fairy puffs of down were mingled with the first-blown blossoms of the dandelion. This luncheon, by the way, marks the opening of Mrs. Martin's drawing-rooms in their new garb. She has had them re-decorated and the effect is charming, an old-rose color scheme being used. The furniture is all of the Louis XVI era, and the walls are tapestried.

The most skeptical of women can be persuaded to believe that her mirror is a liar if she is only homely enough.

The Troubles of Turnbull Jr.

General Walter Turnbull finds he has, in the heir of his noble house, a scion as troublesome as young Jim Blaine was to his distinguished father. Walter Turnbull, Jr., inherited from his father but three things—his looks, his fighting blood and his power to fascinate the other sex. But where General Turnbull made himself known rather through the arts of peace than war, his son and heir has become prominent almost solely through his pugnacity. The last chapter in his life story was the divorce suit filed against him by his wife, the ex-nursemaid of Army circles. Young Turnbull has been car conductor, army officer and military prisoner. Now he appears as a deserter from matrimonial ties; what will he do next? His family is one of the best in the city. His father, an oldtime newspaper man, was once on the Governor's staff. The Turnbulls reside in Van Ness avenue, having leased the Samuel Knight residence some time since.

Save Postage

Pleasant anecdotes of general interest are always gratefully received at this office, but I should like it to be generally understood that anonymous communications reflecting discredit upon individuals are invariably consigned to the waste-paper basket. People that court publicity in official or social life should not consider themselves immune from criticism, but critics addicted to the anonymous letter habit are not to receive encouragement at my hands. Only such news as can be verified is deemed worthy of publication.

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The Originator of Fads

Miss Edith McBean, who was the life of San Rafael last summer, will not lend her presence to the gayety of Marin county this season, unless for occasional visits with friends on that side of the bay. Miss McBean will spend the summer at Monterey and Burlingame. I am wondering what fad she will introduce for the San Mateans to imitate? Miss McBean started all sorts of fads in San Rafael last year, of which the wearing of the smart red jacket in conjunction with a white duck skirt was the chief.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's penchant for flag-giving is constantly asserting itself much to the delight of the recipients of the silken beauties. During the late war, Mrs. Martin gave flags to more than one regiment about to leave for the Philippines. She it was that gave the California club its handsome banner, and she was the donor of the flag of Old Erin that was presented at the St. Brigid's school exercises on Wednesday afternoon

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Prosperous Clubs

The members of the Burlingame club are exulting over its flourishing financial condition. In view of the fact that it has only one hundred and fifty members, and that it is maintained in sumptuous style, it is considered somewhat remarkable that it has reached a state of solvency which augurs well for its future. There are very few clubs in the country that are not heavily involved, but those of San Francisco are remarkably prosperous. The University club is gaining steadily in membership and it has safely weathered the financial storms that usually overtake young organizations of that character. The Pacific-Union recently reported a gain of twelve thousand dollars during the year, and it is well known that the Bohemian is enjoying a state of affluence.

Now For The Wind-up

The Scott McKeowns are to be divorced. So writes my Los Angeles correspondent. Young McKeown, the spendthrift, has reappeared in the Southern city, looking worn and haggard after his pyrotechnic career in the thralls of that beautiful bounder damsel, Dorothy Grace Studebaker. He says that she has filed a suit for divorce and that he does not intend to contest it. McKeown should never have been permitted to leave home without a guardian. Mrs. McKeown is seeking a divorce, as a preliminary step perhaps to her marriage to some other chap with more money than brains.

The Pullmans

The day of the publication of the despatch about a divorce suit being instituted against George Pullman, I saw both the Pullman boys at the Palace, and they appeared to be in very good spirits. For a young man George Pullman has quite a matrimonial past. His present wife is his second, and the probability is that he will take another plunge notwithstanding the fact that he finds domestic complications decidedly expensive.

His sister, Mrs. Carolan, is out once more, having entirely recovered from that serious attack of appendicitis.

A New Form of Stag Dinner

A correspondent writes: "Verily, the California woman is nothing if not original and unconventional. To a frisky young Alameda matron belongs the credit of inventing a new form of entertainment—that of the 'stag' dinner presided over by herself and with herself as the sole representative of her sex. This idea should be noted by progressive society leaders of the East as well as here, who are ever on the alert for novelties in entertaining. Of course, to an experienced hostess, the thought of such a function would suggest the necessity for great confidence in her powers of entertainment, but it would not feaze a fair Californienne but rather serve as a stimulant to her naturally vivacious temperament."

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Dear Mother Earth, pray tell me, where
Hath thou a child so bright, so fair;
Where else such blooming, fragrant flowers,
Such spreading palms, such leafy bowers,
Such stately groves of oaks and pines,
Such perfect, clinging, emerald vines,
Such sunny skies, such balmy air,
To give new life, to banish care.

And where such puzzling, winding maze
To lure the step, and charm the gaze.
And where such miles of rock-bound ocean shore,
And cleanly sanded beach, behind, before,
Such rolling crested waves, here seen afar.
With naught the mind to vex, the view to mar.
Elsewhere?
Ah No!
Nowhere.

The Little Joke of Lucien Tendret

The first lilacs of the season, mingling with the departing gilly-flowers, nodded their bright, pretty purple heads from the numerous ambulating flower-gardens which passed and repassed the elegant establishment of Bayard et Cie, one of the most fashionable confectioners in Paris—but Mademoiselle Juliette, the pretty "Flower-Girl," as she was called, had not ornamented her belt as the other young saleswomen had done, with a corsage bouquet. As she stood listlessly filling the monstrous Easter eggs with bon-bons, her face wore a troubled expression, and she refused to enthuse with Mademoiselle Marguerite over the lovely oeufs de Paques, fashioned in enchantng hues and enshrined like costly jewels in caskets of satin and gold—for her shapely little head with its mass of light brown curls was busily concocting plans of revenge.

To the noted painter, Claud Labastide, she had been but a caprice, a whim, and after posing for his "Flower-Girl," which had brought him riches and fame, he had carelessly dismissed her from his studio, and she had gone back to her bon-bons. Regretfully at first, but as time passed by, the capricious little maid had almost forgotten her artist-lover, until Palm Sunday, when she saw him driving in the Bois by the side of a beautiful girl. Directly Juliette became as jealous as a Moor.

And now Holy Saturday had come and all Paris was getting ready for Easter, but Juliette appeared sad and instead of preparing her heart to sing the glorious Alleluia, she occupied her mind with thoughts of revenge. Wishing to be alone she withdrew to a remote corner of the store.

At last her work was finished, and placing the beautiful eggs on a tray, she brought then to the front of the store where she began arranging them in the window, and just as she had nearly finished, the artist Labastide entered. He had not been in the establishment since the previous Easter, when he had purchased the most gorgeous and expensive egg in the store for his little Model. But times had changed since then, and Juliette, cast aside like a faded opera bouquet, no longer occupied his thoughts.

The girl looked up from her work as he entered—her face brightened and in an instant she had assumed the piquant, saucy expression Labastide had caught and so faithfully transferred to his canvas of the "Flower-Girl."

"Ah bonjour, Juliette," he said, extending his hand, and then looking down at her belt, "a flower-girl and no bouquet?" he added laughingly, "why what has happened?"

But Juliette tossed her head and would not answer. Then after a moment's hesitation, she said:

"Well Monsieur Labastide, what can I do for you?" and before the artist had time to respond, she added, "ah, I know, you have come to purchase an Easter-egg for the beautiful woman with whom I saw you driving in the Bois last Sunday."

"You are a little witch," answered Labastide, "to have divined my secret."

"Of course I suppose you are very much in love?" observed Juliette, pensively.

The artist did not answer but, pointing to an exquisite egg said he would purchase it for Mademoiselle.

"You shall do nothing of the kind," declared Juliette, with the authority of a field marshal, "I shall select one for Mademoiselle myself," and taking from the window a golden satin egg, she held it up for Labastide's admiration.

"It is certainly very pretty," said the artist

"To be sure it is," replied Juliette, "and as Mademoiselle's hair is golden, the color is quite appropriate, and I shall tie the box with blue ribbons, the color of Mademoiselle's eyes. And now your card, Monsieur, and Mademoiselle's address. Ah there, everything is now ready," exclaimed Juliette, giving the finishing touches to the blue ribbons, "and I promise it shall be sent as early this afternoon as possible."

"Adieu," said Labastide, as he left, "and tomorrow I shall send my little Flower-Girl a bunch of Easter lilies."

Juliette eyes brightened as he spoke, but when the artist turned and walked away, she wrinkled her white forehead into a net-work of frowns and tossing her head declared (sotto voce) that tomorrow she would have her revenge.

* * * * *

The beautiful Easter egg, addressed to Mademoiselle Louise Tendret, from Bayard & Co., was handed to the concierge just as that young woman's brother was coming in, so he immediately took charge of it himself. Hurrying to his room, he untied the blue ribbons and removed the cover of the box

"An Easter egg—parbleu! Just as I supposed, and a charmingly pretty one, too! And from Labastide—ciel! how this beauty will delight Blanche! Any old thing will please Louise," he said, laughing to himself, "provided it comes from Labastide. Indeed, I verily believe that girl would accept with joy the hippopotamus from the Jardin-des-Plantes, provided the beast arrived accompanied by Labastide's card," and slipping his own into the box, he threw the artist's card on the table. In a moment the blue ribbons were tied again and the box carefully addressed to Mademoiselle Blanche Duvois.

Thoroughly satisfied with himself and his masterly stroke, Lucien Tendret put on his hat and went out, and the first thing he did after he got into the street was to confide the costly egg from Bayard & Co. to a messenger with orders to take it at once to the home of Mademoiselle Duvois, after which he visited the nearest grocery, and maliciously selecting a flaming red egg, he ordered it filled with sugar bullets, regular jaw-breakers—but delightfully cheap. The grocer did it up in flowered paper, but before he tied the yellow strings, Lucien slipped Labastide's card within, and dropping the package into his overcoat pocket he hurried home.

* * * *

"A lovely Easter-egg, Mamma," said pretty Blanche Duvois, "and from Lucien Tendret," as she untied the box and held up the egg for her mother's admiration. "Lucien is so generous and always sends such beautiful presents."

"But it must not be opened until tomorrow," said Madame Duvois, "for we have all promised not to eat candy until after Lent"—so the egg was consigned to the box not to be touched until after breakfast on Easter morning.

Meanwhile Mademoiselle Tendret had peeped into the flowered paper, and after a merry laugh over the flaming color of the egg, and an ineffectual attempt to crush one of the candy bullets, which she jokingly declared were hard enough to make an impression on the towers of Notre Dame, she threw the egg aside, attributing its purchase to Monsieur Labastides valet, for later on in the evening, she observed to the culprit Lucien that the egg and its contents proclaimed the taste of a valet and not that of an artist. Lucien fully agreed with her and went so far as to suggest that the artist had been probably too much engaged to make the purchase himself.

* * * *

The fashionable congregation of Saint Clotilde was just dispersing after High Mass on Sunday morning, and the ladies splendidly attired in their new Easter gowns were fluttering about the church door and on the steps, like beautiful, gay butterflies, when Lucien accompanied by Labastide, appeared. They were evidently awaiting the ladies, for they both stopped en tete-a-tete before the church door. Presently Mesdames Duvois and Tendret emerged from the church, and tripping down the low steps after them came Louise and Blanche, the former in a dull green costume and the latter in silver gray cloth.

Lucien and Labastide rushed forward to join them, though Madame Duvois scarcely spoke to Lucien, while Blanche assumed a manner which was sweet yet chilly like frozen cream. For her small ladyship felt convinced in her own mind that Lucien had been the victim of some designing person, and she did not intend to condemn him until his guilt was proved. After a short conversation they separated, Labastide accompanying Madame and Mademoiselle Tendret, while Lucien, notwithstanding his chilling reception, escorted the Dubois' home. Though several times en route he boldly addressed the dowager, she pretended not to hear him, or if she did, answered merely in monosyllables.

But Lucien was not to be out-generaled; besides he was deeply in love with Blanche. Therefore, when this young lady faintly asked him to come in. he unblushingly accepted the invitation, though in his heart he felt that he was persona non grata—at least to the elder lady. Nevertheless for the time being, he determined to look upon Madame Duvois as simply amusing, so installing himself cooly in the conservatory, he began to make love to Blanche.

Mademoiselle Tendret was delightfully gracious to her artist, and as soon as they were seated in the drawing-room,

$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

she laughingly held up the flaming red egg and opening it, offered one of the sugar bullets to Labastide, which he politely declined.

"But I insist," said Louise, coquettishly, "that you take some of your own medicine, and mind the next time you send me an Easter egg, select it yourself and don't send Francois, for his taste is not artistic."

Taking the egg from the table she held it up before Labastide. The artist looked woefully puzzled, and was on the point of asking an explanation when Lucien rushed into the room.

"Mea culpa!" he exclaimed, almost breathlessly, throwing himself into an armchair, "but I have gotten myself into a terrible scrape and but for the timely arrival of the Doctor, the Duvois cherubs would now be singing the Easter Alleluia with the angels in Paradise—and all on my account."

Louise and Labastide, accustomed as they were to Lucien's nonsense, were on the point of laughing, but his serious expression deterred them. Then he explained. how the cunning little Duvois twins, notwithstanding the maternal proclamation and with utter disregard for the penitential season, had secretly peeped into the egg on Easter eve and like mother Eve, had succumbed to temptation—and the terrible result which had followed.

And, after a pause, with a deeply contrite expression, Lucien freely acknowledged his entire guilt and with touching humiliation humbly begged pardon.

Louise and Labastide freely forgave him, saying that he had been sufficiently punished—but Mademoiselle Tendret was at a loss to understand how the poison had gotten into the egg. To the artist the whole affair was quite clear—it was the work of his little model, the pretty "Flower-Girl" Mademoiselle Juliette, who had jealously played the part of a Borgia. [Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings]

Roma's Letter

London, May 23, 1901.

My Dear "T. T.":

Oh, it's so nice to be home again; to shut up the piano, open the sewing machine, dragging it into the bay window where the sun shines, take off the high heels and the silk lined dresses and get into old sloppy shoes and an unbelted gown and then listen to the bird doing all the work!

Who should come sailing into the Asherberg music studio this morn but young Melville Ellis in company with Marie Tempest? Evidently he's landed in the midst of the right sort, for I heard him playing her accompaniments just before I left. He's so "light fingered," he's bound to get on, for he certainly does play well.

Already the next opera is being talked of, to follow Alice Nielsen's company. Perley, the manager, is hearing voices every morning on the Shaftesbury stage and engaging people for America and England.

London is flocking to see Edna May even in spite of adverse criticisms; somehow these Londoners are so faithful, for if you are a favorite once you always will be one until you die. It is amazing how much rot and fake they will stand. Williamson of Australia is here, snapping up the rights of the newer operas and plays and taking back with him a grand Italian opera compauy from Milan and a lighter comic bunch from London and the provinces.

Mrs. Langtry is playing to the gallery in great shape (theatrically speaking.) Just now she's penning most absurdly ludicrous articles on Englishwomen and their taste in dress! The good Lord deliver us! *She* says the Englishwoman is the *only* woman who looks well in evening dress. Perhaps you don't think the critics are going for her bald-headed! In the meantime, the poor Englishwoman's bones and flat chests, skinny arms and shapeless waists are being brought forward in a merciless manner.

Langtry herself pays forty pounds a week for her theatre and has been offered two hundred and fifty pounds per week for it; of course, she refused it as she has too many evening dresses to wear in private life (seeing that she is received nowhere socially) and the stage of her own theatre is the only place where she can show them at all.

There's going to be a theatrical war soon; all the leading positions in London are filled by amateurs who have money or by the "girls" whose Johnnies have put capital into the enterprise to give them a chance to show their jewels and wondrous gowns. Sydney Dark is agitating the stock repertoire, such as America has, and he's going for Irving, Tree and other actor-managers in a truly heroic style.

Mrs. D'Oyley Carte wants to sell the Savoy and settle down to a quiet life since her husband's death; as good theatres are scarce here, she's sure to find a good bidder.

Phyllis Rankin has at last succeeded in marrying Davenport. I suppose one can get accustomed to almost everything in this world if one's feelings can only be buried deep out of sight. I remember Mrs. Davenport No. 1, and how she came over from New York with her sweet little children and on receiving an anonymous letter from a member of the same company in which Rankin and Davenport were playing, went home to her folks and got her divorce.

Are women's hearts made of elastic? They say the fair Edna has been seen with *her* hubby—her *own* hubby—and that a reconciliation has been effected. Young Cavendish marries Miss Isabel Jay of the Savoy in a few weeks time and has loaded her with costly diamonds and jewels galore.

There's a new tea shop in town; each room is a distinct color in draperies and furnishings; the waitresses are dressed in gray crepe with long trains, latest shaped skirts, silver chatelaines at the belts, embroidered aprons, and the yellow books at one side. You have only to put on a mauve dress, walk through the rooms and find the mauve one and then have your tea. My! what a relief to her ladyship's mind!—she looks a picture in her artistic gown and finds an artistic frame for her beauty in her surroundings. I did see a magenta dress in a red room but thank Heaven, she didn't stop long. You see I say "stop"—not "stay." I'm "getting there," T. T., I can tell you.

What do you think is the latest craze in dress? Why, cretonne flowers appliqued, and you have no idea how beautiful it looks. The pink roses on blue satin, when outlined in black, look so Frenchy and chic. Hats look as if sat upon—flat as pancakes and all the trimming underneath the brim. Neck chains are now made at home out of all sorts, colors, sizes and shapes of beads. If I only had the string of buttons I had in my childhood days, I'd have the swellest chain in all this city. As it is, I have joined together my Maritana, Bohemian Girl and Carmen beads and must say it looks quite historic.

The Withrows are going home to California to settle up their estate. Marie is busy teaching but Eva's picture was not accepted for the R. A. The Bolton Studio folks were so disappointed, for the subject was such a pretty one and the drawing so excellent. It is now on exhibition down town in an art store. The principal item of interest in the House of Commons now is Army Reform. Poor old England's army has suffered such a body blow in the last two years! All the ordinary layman can make out of the speeches and debates on the subject is that England must find an army for some generals whom she has on hand in large numbers. Unfortunately, the pay of poor "Tommy Atkins" is so small that the recruiting has fallen away to almost nothing and so far the great army is only on paper. And De Wet is still being looked for. Please ask McKinley to loan General Funston to Lord Kitchner for a few days. Yours,

Roma.

Hayward's Numerals

Editor Town Talk:

Any old Roman spirits that happen to hover around California and Montgomery streets, must either cry, if they are so absurd or laugh if they are so childish, at the ignorance of Hayward and his architect, in placing MDCCCC to denote the 1900th year of Christianity—yes, Christianity, ye Boers and Filipinos—an educated American would save his Roman numerals by being correct and carving it MCM. The four C's are an eyesore to, and a slur on the intelligent of San Francisco. —Kinghorn Jones.

Depew Discusses the Immortals

New York, May 31st, 1901.

The Hall of Fame was formerly opened yesterday, on University Heights, with "appropriate ceremonies," as the reporters say. Chauncey Depew, the old man eloquent of New York, was the orator of the occasion. Chauncey expects to have his own tablet among the immortals some day, and perhaps that hope imparted much fervor to his address, some of the passages of which were most eloquent. Here is one in which he took a smash at old Westminster Abbey:

"The American who traces his ancestors to the British Isles and visits for the first time Westminster Abbey, as he wanders through its aisles and chapels experiences a singular sensation of awe and pride. But he is mortified and grieved to find among the memorials of the great who have given imperishable renown to our English-speaking people, such a vast number of statues and monuments to phantom reputations of the past, who are forgotten nonenities of the present. A single act which won the popular applause of the hour has given a favorite of this fickle choice a place among the mighty. Just as the money changers and those who sold doves were driven from the sacred enclosures of the Temple at Jerusalem should these marbles be thrown out of the grand old Abbey and transplanted to the churchyards where rest in the monuments of their kindred, or burned the lime kiln of oblivion."

"Such desecrations," said Chauncey, "are impossible in our Hall of Fame. The prohibition of the consideration of any one until ten years after his death removes the danger of errors of contemporary passion or enthusiasm." Continuing he said:

"If the Viking could come from his Valhalla, the Areopagite from beneath the temples at Athens, the arbiter elegantiae from the ruins of Rome, the medieval knight from his armor, Frederick from Potsdam, or Napoleon from the Invalides, to view these our heroes, they would have only contempt for this development of democracy. The inventor of the application of steam to navigation, of the electric telegraph and of the cotton gin, the artisans who were in their time and to their world the herd or mass born to bear the burdens and work for the luxuries of their masters, are here crowned with the fadeless laurels which encircle the brows of the conquerors and rulers of the world. Eli Whitney transformed half a continent from a wilderness to one of the most productive of territories; Fulton made possible transportation by water and land, which have given to our country its prosperous population and vigorous States, and the leadership in the industrial competition of nations; and Morse added new strength to our Union by discoveries in electrical power, which, from his initiative, have enormously developed the resources of his country and given opportunity and employment to his countrymen. The emancipation of labor has been followed by its recognition, and the dignity of its function in human affairs; and now a pathway is open up the difficult ascent of Parnassus. The triumphs of industrial genius have created conditions by which millions can live in comfort and hope where thousands dwelt in poverty and despair. They have made possible the gigantic fortunes which are the wonder of our day. But the material revolution and its rich results which are emphasized have diverted the mind, culture and ambition of ingenuous youth to paths of gain rather than fame, unless, under a new code, gain in large measure be fame. The dollar, or its eager pursuit, weighs down the wings of genius and prevents its flight to the lofty heights where congregate the Homers and Shakespeares, Miltons and Byrons, the Michael Angelos and the Raphaels and their peers. Our time does not produce their equals. We have no Tennysons, nor Longfellows, nor Hawthornes, nor Emersons. Perhaps it is because our Michael Angelos are planning tunnels under rivers and through mountains for the connection of vast systems of railways, and our Raphaels are devising some novel method for the utilization of electrical power; our Shakespeares are forming gigantic combinations of corporate bodies; our Tennysons are giving rein to fancy and imagination in wild speculations in stocks, and our Hawthornes and Emersons have abandoned the communings with and revelations of the spirit and soul, which lift their readers to a vision of the higher life and the joy of its inspiration, to exploit mines and factories. When this period of evolution is over, and nations and communities have become adjusted to normal conditions, the fever and the passion of the race for quick wealth and enormous riches will be over. Then the grove, the academy and the study will again become tenanted with philosophers, poets, historians, and interpreters of God in man. Unless this shall happen, then let the luxuries and opportunities, evanescent, earthly pleasures and the disppearance after death, which come from leadership in business be the rewards of the successful; but reserve the Temple of Fame for those only whose deeds and thoughts are the inheritance, education, inspiration and aspiration of endless generations." *Charles Felton.*

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

We Met By Accident

I met her quite by accident—
  This shy demure young maiden;
And with no dark presentiment,
  The dewy air was laden;
We met by accident; and she,
With all her charms o'erwhelmed me;
And with her personality
  The dewy air was laden.
I met her quite by accident—
  This shy demure young maiden.

I met her quite by accident—
  But oh! I'll not forget her!
Her flying wheel my body sent
  Some fifty feet or better!
I met her—and I met her hard!
And when I hit the boulevard,
The landscape all around was jarred,
  Some fifty feet or better!
I met her quite by accident—
  But oh! I'll not forget her!

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

The Chamber of Death

The woman had made up her mind. She would throw off her mantle of hypocrisy and divulge to the world her secret.

She would openly elope with the man to whom her love had long been secretly given.

She had deceived her husband, her family and friends for years. Now she would deceive them no longer. She would tell her husband. The papers would publish forth the facts in the case, and she would be a marked woman.

Her husband would divorce her. The other man would marry her.

She would be free.

Her arrangements were all made. Her trunks were packed. All that remained was to kiss her children good-bye, and to obtain from her husband's cabinet a sum of gold she had placed there some weeks before in preparation for such a contingency.

* * * * *

All was done. The step was taken, and she was free.

She wondered, now she found that great weight gone from her mind, why she had waited so long.

In ten minutes he would be with her, the man who had loved her, and whom she had loved for so long.

Ten minutes!

Five minutes!

Ah! there he is. But his step is slow; he does not look like a bridegroom coming to meet his bride.

"Come;" he says, roughly, "we must move rapidly. If we are discovered, we shall be intercepted."

* * * * *

The newspaper the train-boy has just handed her, falls from her slackened grasp.

"Let us go back!" she cries, "he is dead—don't you see, my husband is dead? I need risk nothing. Take me back—and all will be saved."

"I knew he was dead," he answers, "while you were on your way to meet me, he was dying.

"But read farther in the paper. Don't you see that all—the whole, horrible story—is known? Your preparations were too complete, that is all."

"What?"

"You left a note of farewell, like the heroines in novels and melodramas."

"But I will recall it."

"Too late. The papers have it all. Neither of us will ever *dare* go back."

"'Tis your fault; you told me to deceive him no longer."

"No—yours. You were too hasty."

"And the chamber of death lies forever between us."

—THE TRAGEDIAN.

A clean house means clean carpets; phone South 250 for City Steam Carpet Beating Works and you will be satisfied, Geo H. Stevens, Mgr.

In Market Street

In Market street, the vagrant breeze
  My lady greets with boisterous ways,
  While youth and grey-beards stop to gaze,
The while her dress clings 'round her knees,
And now and then the crowd to please,
  Displays an ankle, trim and neat:
'Till lookers-on bless windy days,
And clinging robe, which but displays
    A form petite.

    A maiden sweet;
All innocent of worldly ways,
She does not understand the gaze
  Of grey-haired sinners—whom we meet
On cocktail routes, who spend their days
  In ogling little maidens neat
In Market street.

R. H. Ross.

The Scribe's Revenge

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A SOCIETY FUNCTION

It was just prior to a dinner given by Mrs. Modish in honor of her daughter's fiance.

The caterer and his assistants were running hither and thither, the decorator was placing the final touch to the floral embellishments, and an army of reporters was on hand to get the details of the affair.

The hostess was half distracted by the appeals to her good nature.

"No," she said for the dozenth time, "I absolutely refuse to give my picture. Why should I give my photo because, forsooth, I am going to give a dinner?"

Still they persisted.

"No," she said again, "I will not let the scene be photographed."

Yet she never lost her poise. Each expectant jenkins was turned away firmly but gently. With infinite patience she listened to and answered every request.

And when they had gone and her maid had pronounced her attire complete, instead of sinking down on a couch as one of lesser breed might do, Mrs. Modish went down to receive her guests as serene and smiling as if they were the first visitors she had received that day.

The reporters were indignant and disappointed—save one. He chuckled over the revenge which he had decided upon. He handed in the picture of Lydia Pinkham, and it was published as Mrs. Modish.

—THE TRAGEDIAN.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"The Importance of Being Earnest"—witty to the core.

ALCAZAR—"For Bonnie Prince Charlie"—a tremendous success.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"La Tosca"—the forceful Sardou drama never fails to attract.

TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker"—fourth week; as melodious as ever.

ORPHEUM—The Flying Jordans are all right.

Agnes Rankin, the pretty Alcazar ingenue, is at the Central this week.

Chauncey Olcott will be here next month to play a limited engagement in his latest success, "Garrett O'Magh."

Blanche Bates, the entire New York cast supporting her and the metropolitan production intact, will come direct to this city after the New York engagement.

Charles Richman, who has not been here since the Daly company appeared at the Baldwin, will be in the cast of "Mrs. Dane's Defense" when the Empire company appears at the Columbia.

Manager Mark Thall will leave for the East in two weeks. During his six weeks absence he will secure new plays and people. Stage Manager Bryant will accompany him. This augurs well for future productions at the Belasco-Thall playhouses.

Town Topics of New York is offering a prize of one thousand dollars for the best American play. The only important condition imposed is that the play submitted must be the work of an American. There is no restriction as to subject, treatment or length, save, of course, that it must conform to the obvious requirements of an actable play. The plays will be read and judged by a committee consisting of three well known dramatic critics.

To Sweet Simplicity

A plain necklace of beads costing about twenty cents, but with a valuable little diamond in the gold clasp mounting, was the birthday gift of the children of "Lovers' Lane" to Millie James, the Simplicity of the Clyde Fitch play. Each child contributed and strung three beads and it was a genuine love offering, more highly appreciated by the recipient than if it had been a rope of pearls. By the way, Louis James and James O'Neil sat in opposite boxes at the Theatre Republic, New York, the other night and lustily applauded. It was the first time James had seen his little daughter Millie's remarkable performance of the orphan child and his features were lighted up by a glow of parental pride most beautiful to behold. O'Neil, seasoned stager that he is, roared with delight over the country opera house manager who posts his own bills, and furtively wiped his eyes in the pathetic scenes.

Attractions Next Week

The return of the ever popular Florence Roberts season at the Alcazar has furnished a very enjoyable week to the patrons of that playhouse, "For Bonnie Prince Charlie" being pronounced the best thing done there in some time. Packed houses and enthusiastic audiences attest to the success of the favorite actress and the Alcazar stock is portraying one of Julia Marlowe's greatest productions. As Mary, the Highland lass whose patriotism is her life, Miss Roberts has greatly added to her splendid and continually growing reputation. White Whittlesey has also scored what is undoubtedly the hit of his career, his characterization of the role of Angus, a blind beggar of four score years. Individual hits have been made by all the members of the company possessing promi-

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Next Monday Night June 10
Third week of the
HENRY MILLER
SEASON
First time on any stage of the new romantic love story
"Darcy of The Guards"
By Louis Evan Shipman
A tale of 1777—Picturesque costumes
Elaborate and effective stage settings
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

GRAND OPERA HOUSE Telephone, Main 532.
WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
MATINEES TODAY AND TOMORROW
Last Two Nights of
"LA TOSCA"
Beginning Monday Evening, June 10th
MELBOURNE MACDOWELL
Supported by Florence Stone and the Morosco Stock Company in
Sardou's Greatest Spectacular Play
"THE EMPRESS THEODORA"
First Production in English in this City
POPULAR PRICES: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. A Few Seats 75c.
Good Reserved Seat in Orchestra at all Matinees 25 cents
Branch Ticket Office Emporium

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 9th
EZRA KENDALL
Gardner and Maddern Doherty Sisters The Tobins
Spencer Kelly Hines and Remington Florence Bindley
Flatt and Sutherland The American Biograph
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

★TIVOLI★
Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp
Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2
Monday June 10th—Fifth Great Week!
The Superb Comic Opera Hit!
"THE TOY MAKER"
A World of Fun and Delicious Music
Staged in Unequalled Style
Everyone should see the Marvelous Toy Shop
Another Great Toy Souvenir Matinee on Saturday, June 8th at 2.
Every Child attending to Receive a Handsome Toy
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents Telephone, Bush 9

Alcazar
FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager
'Phone Main 254
Second Week of
FLORENCE ROBERTS
Supported by White Whittlesey and Alcazar Stock Co. in
"For Bonnie Prince Charlie"
An Artistic Triumph
Next—"Countess Valeska"
Only Matinee—Saturday
Seats reserved six days in advance Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

Perfect cooking, good music, polite and attentive service make the Techau Tavern the most popular place in town.

nent roles, Barton Hill, Lucius Henderson, Edwin Emery, Paul Gerson, Carlyle Moore, Frank Bacon, Walter Belasco and others. Miss Blanche Douglas' initial appearance in the role of Lady Clanmorris created a favorable impression and she should prove a valuable acquisition to the company. The management has spared no pains in placing the best stock in the history of the theatre at the disposal of the clever actress, and it is likely that this season will, if possible, surpass her previous ones. Another Julia Marlowe success, "Countess Valeska" will be elaborately presented immediately following the present attraction.

The theatre-goers of San Francisco may prepare themselves for a treat next week when the first production in English, in this city, of the "Empress Theodora" will be given at Morosco's, with Melbourne MacDowell in the part of Andreas and Florence Stone as Theodora. This great play of Sardou's was produced in this city a few years ago by Madame Bernhardt and made a tremendous hit. Fanny Davenport secured the American rights to the play, but for some reason never played in it. There was a story to the effect that some superstition prevented Miss Davenport from appearing as Theodora, but there may have been other reasons, such perhaps as doubt of her ability to ride a Roman standing horse. "Theodora," like the other Sardou plays, is highly theatrical with tragedy and impassioned action holding the boards most of the time. The plot of the play concerns the love of Theodora for Andreas, one of the plotters against Justinian; her efforts to save his life, which include the substitution of herself for Andreas as rider in a race at a circus; the accidental poisoning of Andreas by Theodora, who intended the drug for a love potion; and Theodora's final death at the hands of Justinian. The plot calls for the most sumptuous settings of any of the Sardou plays and Frederick McGreer and his able assistants are working day and night to have everything ready on time. A professional matinee will be given on Thursday, June thirteenth, so that those in the profession now in this city may have an opportunity of witnessing the first English production of the play. A souvenir photograph of Mr. MacDowell will be presented to everyone attending this performance. The Saturday and Sunday matinees will be given as usual.

The Orpheum has a strong and almost entirely new bill for next week, whose headliner is Ezra Kendall, probably the greatest favorite in the amusement world. He needs no introduction, as he always has in his discourse lots of matter well worth listening to. Gardner and Maddern will present an original sketch by George H. Emerick entitled "Too Many Darlings." Miss Gardner was until recently one of Frohman's most valuable leading ladies. The Doherty sisters are singing and dancing comediennes who understand their business. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Tobin are San Franciscans whose knowledge of musical instruments has won them fame in the East and an-all-around-the-world engagement which they will fulfill after closing at the Orpheum. Spenser Kelly is a famous baritone who has been heard at the Orpheum before. Among the holdovers will be Florence Bindley, Flatt and Sutherland and the biograph.

"The Toy Maker" is still in great vogue at the Eddy street house, and to all appearance the end is far away. Monday sees the beginning of the fifth week, and there is a lively demand for seats days in advance. Annie Myers has surprised everyone by her artistic playing of the dual role of the doll and the daughter of the toy maker, and Cunningham has had a chance to display the best voice the Tivoli has heard in many a day. Hartman has discovered a new vein of comedy in his playing of the toy maker, and Webb and Cashman have gained favorable mention. Deserving of commendation is Joseph Fogarty's portrayal of the Count, and all the small part actors help to round out the picture and give coherence to one of the cleanest comedies with music ever staged. The toy matinees have met with great favor, and today there will be a lot more toys given to the children in attendance. At some time in the future "The Babes in the Woods" will be put on.

The first production on any stage of a new play is always an event calculated to attract more than ordinary interest and it is such an event which will crowd the Columbia to the

SENSIBLE SHOES

Don't buy cheap shoes for economy's sake
There's no money saved in poor shoe leather
Good shoes are the only sensible kind
They're the only kind that fit right
They're the only kind to wear
And you must go to a good store for a good shoe
Don't go by looks,
Don't take a chance,
Come where you KNOW you're safe

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doors next Monday night when Henry Miller produces his new play called "Darcy of the Guards." The piece differs widely from any staged here thus far by Miller. It deals with characters and incidents of the period of 1777 and its story is set in a framework of picturesque stage effects showing Philadelphia during its occupancy by the British under Cornwallis. Darcy is a major in the Grenadier Guards and a member of the Cornwallis staff. He falls in love with pretty Pamela Townshend, at whose home he is quartered along with others of his regiment. The young lady is a staunch advocate of the American cause and firmly detests all things British. The author of the play has contrived some pretty and effective situations throughout the play which finally bring the officer and his sweetheart together. There are some splendid characters introduced for interpretation by the members of the cast, which will be a very strong one. Besides Miller, those to appear are Charles Cherry, Arthur Elliott, George C. Pearce, Harry B. Northrup, George Babcock, Fred Thorne, Otis Turner, Florence Rockwell, Grace Elliston and Laura Clement.

Since Sannie Kruger, the favorite member of the Tivoli chorus a few months ago, retired to private life her charming voice has not been heard in public. Therefore it is a pleasure for me to chronicle the fact that this gifted relative of Oom Paul is to sing on Sunday evening, June twenty-third in Golden Gate hall. The occasion will be a lecture on "South Africa and Boer Life" by Mrs. S. H. De Wet, a niece of General De Wet. —THE PLAYGOER

THE STANDARDS FOR EXCELLENCE

Hunter whisky, and Hunter Baltimore rye, of which Christy & Wise are the local agents, have become noted the world over as standard brands. The latter is worthily designated as "The American gentleman's drink." The Hunter whiskies are without a peer.

The Automobile

Through the efforts of three malicious stevedores the Union Transportation Company, operating a line of steamers between this city and Stockton, has just come into possession of a new Locomobile. It is to be hoped, however, that the Locomobile Company will not have to dispose of any more machines in a similar manner.

Tuesday night L. H. Johnson, traveling representative of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, returned from Stockton, choosing the boat route rather than make the run overland. The machine was placed out on the deck and securely blocked, so that no listing of the steamer would disturb it. Shortly after leaving Stockton the captain heard a loud splash in the darkness, and upon immediately stopping the boat it was discovered that the automobile was missing. Upon investigation if was found that the blocks had not only been taken away, but the heavy guard rail had also been removed, showing conclusively that the machine had been deliberately pushed overboard. The supposition is that some members of the crew, in a spirit of spite against the first mate, had done this, believing that the blame would fall upon him. The company will of course have to stand for the loss of this vehicle. It has been raised, however, and when the matter is finally adjusted, it will not be surprising if President Gillis of the Union Transportation Company will be seen steaming around Stockton in a Locomobile.

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Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

The crusade of the Locomobile people upon Stockton on Sunday was very fruitful in its results. Nearly five hundred people were taken around in the vehicles and quite a number of orders for rigs were secured on the spot. Mr. Johnson sold a rig to Jackson Earl of Stockton after taking the latter over the twenty-seven mile stretch from Galt to the Slough City in one hour and ten minutes. That demonstration would have convinced almost any one who had any intention at all of investing in an automobile. "Our new water feed heater is what is catching them all," said Mr. Moore, manager of the Locomobile Company. "The Stockton trip was the first chance we have had to test them as this heater is an added feature to our new machines that have just been received. With the old method the speed was invariably slowed down whenever the water pump was set to working, owing to the sudden rush of cold water. With this new heater the steam pressure is not disturbed in the least. The water is now forced through coils of heated pipes and consequently is thoroughly hot by the time it reaches the boiler."

The strike has interfered very much with the progress of the Saxton Automobile Company in turning out the big stage coach mentioned in this department some time ago. Had it not been for this the vehicle would now be ready for shipment. As it is several weeks more will elapse before the finishing touches are put on. By the way, the stork paid a visit to the Saxton mansion last week and left a thirteen-pound baby girl to brighten up the home of the genial automobile enthusiast.

W. C. Anderson, local Mobile manager, is authority for the information that Alexander Winton abandoned his transcontinental trip in Nevada. Anderson is in receipt of a letter from Chicago, stating that Winton and his machine had just passed through Chicago, by train, en route to Cleveland. Winton passed over the mountains all right, but he did not have the nerve to tackle the Nevada desert through fear of running short of water. This is a point he should have thought of before undertaking the venture. When Elliott was planning to make the same trip he figured upon attaching a trailer to his machine so as to overcome the water problem when reaching the desert. If Winton had arranged something of this sort his venture would not have turned out such a fiasco. —*The Automobiler.*

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We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business in this city. Its principal place of business is at 87-93 Fremont street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Its name is "Alex Heins Belting Company."

The names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

IDA HEINS, City of San Francisco.
ALOIS WILLIAM, " "
C. H. Kaul, " "

Dated, May 31, 1901.

Duly acknowledged before me on the 31st day of May, 1901, I. L. JACOBI, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of May, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

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Music World

A Conservatory Musicale

One of the most enjoyable pupils' recitals I ever attended was that given on Thursday evening of last week, under the direction of Otto Bendix, by the pupils of the Conservatory of which he is the head. The program was a choice one and the pupils acquitted themselves admirably, showing marked improvement over the last recital given a few months ago. The Italian concerto (Bach), played by Jessie Coonan, was a delightfully delicate bit of handling and displayed wonderful progress in technic. Miss Lydia Rheinstein played the Rondo Capprizioso (Mendelssohn) very well indeed for so young a performer. Miss Lily Hansen did not do herself justice in her Beethoven sonata, "The Moonlight," but redeemed herself beautifully on her last number, the andante and finale from the Grieg concerto in A minor, winning prolonged and hearty applause for her splendid handling of a difficult subject. Miss Alice Toklas shows much feeling in her performance and rendered in a very artistic manner the Rachmaninoff prelude and "Spring Rustle" (Sinding). She played a good second piano also to Miss Sadie T. Imhaus' first in the andante and variations for two pianos by Schumann. Miss Inman has a clear, sure touch and clean execution. Nathan Landsberger's pupil, Mrs. S. R. Leon, displayed marvelous improvement and gave in a decidedly finished and artistic style the Grieg sonata for violin and piano, in C minor. Mrs. Leon has the making of an artiste in her and deserves much credit for good, intelligent work and application. Miss Hirschfeld's piano was good work all through. It was, aside from being a superior pupils' recital, a good concert and a very enjoyable performance.

Henry Heyman Plays

Henry Heyman gave us a pleasant surprise in one of his delightful solos at the Beethoven evening given at the Unitarian church last Sunday night. It is always a treat to hear him play and this was no exception to the rule. A pupil of Mr. Heyman, Mr. Jabish Clement, also appeared on the program. It was an enjoyable affair and well attended. The program was all of Beethoven and was rendered by the church choir with Miss Mollie Pratt as accompanist, Mrs. Georgia Taaffe, soprano, Miss Clement, piano, R. Lanstroth, cello, Henry Heyman, violin, Jabish Clement, viola.

The orchestra under direction of Henry Heyman that rendered the music for the President's banquet was composed of thirty-five picked musicians and the music is said to have been out of the ordinary. At the reception tendered the ladies of the Presidential party by the Century club, the program was given by "Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's girls," which she arranged for the reception of Mrs. McKinley and which could not be given on account of that lady's severe illness. The numbers were given with so much patriotic fervor that the compliments came thick and fast and the young ladies themselves won all hearts by the lovely picture they made in their light dresses,and the eager manner of their rendering of "Vive L' America" and "America" in their fresh young voices. There were twenty in the chorus.

The Von Meyerinck Reception

Mrs. von Meyerinck's reception to the class 1899-'00 on Saturday night, introduced many promising voices for the first time to the public. The hall was crowded and afterwards refreshments were served and a general social time enjoyed. An original feature of the evening was the wearing of ribbon badges in red and silver, the colors of the von Meyerinck crest, by the whole school. A meeting is soon to be held to decide on a pin which is to be the school emblem for the future. The program was too long for repetition but was greatly enjoyed all through and was unanimously pronounced a success.

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The second of the group of afternoon recitals by the pupils of Mr. Percy A.R. Dow was heard by a large number of invited guests, who, although the greater number were unacquainted with the singers participating, were spontaneous and liberal with enthusiastic commendation. Not only the beauty of several of the voices, but the general excellence of rendition and artistic conception of the fine program called forth much personal comment. Mr. Dow is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of many pupils possessing not only fine voices but also artistic temperament, a combination not always found in the same person. Miss Julia Levinson accompanied with her ascustomed excellence.

"Oratorio and its Composers" was the theme of the Pupils Evening, the twentieth, occurring on Tuesday of last week at the studio of Mr. Dow. In addition to these sketches, "Origin of Oratorio," "Handel and the Messiah," "Haydn and the Creation," "Mendelssohn and the Elijah," there were upon the program these songs from the oratorios: From The Messiah, "Comfort Ye," "He Shall Feed His Flock," "Come Unto Him," "Behold Darkness Shall Cover," "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth;" others from Handel's works were: "Farewell ye Limpid Springs" (Jeptha), "Angels Bright and Fair" (Theodora), "Total Eclipse" (Samson), "O Had I Jubal's Lyre" (Joshua). From Sullivan's Prodigal Son: "O That Thou Hadst Hearkened:" from Samson and Delilah (Saint Saens), "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice." Haydn's Creation was represented by these: "Softly Purling," "With Verdure Clad," and the trio, "On Thee Each Loving Soul Awaits," Gaul's "Holy City," "My Soul is Athirst for God," Verdi's Requiem, Confutatis. Several numbers from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah," had been prepared but were omitted because of enforced absence of those who were to sing them. The pupils who sang the songs above noted were respectively: Mr. Scott Kent, Mrs. Marion Coyle, Mrs. Margaret Best, Mr. Wallace Merwin, Miss Catherine Gyle, Misses Churchman and Monges, Mr. H. B. Monges Jr., Miss Alice Morray, Mr. Pendleton, Miss Koenig, Mr. Little, Mrs. Mabel Robb, Miss Gyle, Mr. Batten, Mr. Dow, Mr. Wood, Mr. Webb. Miss Julia Levinson accompanied. These pupils' evenings which have proved so valuable to students of things vocal will be resumed in September.

A Young Singer

Mr. Joseph Greven introduced a young pupil, Miss Zita Fahey, during an entertainment at the large auditorium of Mission High School, on Wednesday of last week. The young woman captivated the audience with the first note of her sweet, rich and well-trained mezzo-soprano as well as by her charming appearance, and perhaps will never forget this first spontaneous and thundering applause as the best proof of the unanimous appreciation for the rendering of her song and encores.

Mendelssohn's "Lauda Lion" for solo voices, chorus and orchestra will be sung by an enlarged choir with an orchestra of strings under the direction of Franklin Palmer at St. Dominic's church on Sunday evening, June sixteenth. This beautiful work, written in the composer's best style, was first performed in St. Martin's church in Liege in the year 1846 on the feast of Corpus Christi (June eleventh). This will be its first performance in San Francisco. *Music Critic.*

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Because I Dream

Because I dream, my listening ears are thrilled
With tender melody the livelong day;
And once again the gray, old world is filled
With blossoms' perfume, and the month of May.
Because I dream a merry song bursts forth
From out my lips, and youth is in my eyes,
And roses on my cheek and in my heart.
The dormant harp of Love—so long unheard
Its strings all rusted with the tears of grief,
And the great Master—Love—who ne'er forgets
Presses the chords with low, sweet melody.
The nights are always moonlight, and the song
Of the impassioned nightingale soars on,
Lifting our hearts to heaven on its note.
Because I dream, the silver leaves my hair.
And from my brow evanish lines of care;
There are no more of heart-aches, nor of tears,
When from me drops the garb of bitter years.
Again we sweetly wander side by side
Through the green glades and silence of the wood;
An unforgotten touch of tender hands
Enfolds my own, and dark, mysterious eyes
Look love into my soul—too deep for words.
The years have dropped from me their sombre robe,
And fond, impetuous youth has come again;
While vanished sun sets tint the world anew,
And skies of gray are radiant and blue.
Once more, on lovely, piteous, sleeping Past
I kiss thy lips, and clasp thee to my heart.
The Sun forgets to die, upon the hills;
The faded lilies blossom once again,
And peace and perfectness are everywhere.

Because I Wake

Because I wake—O, God, because I wake—
A cold, gray mist has veiled the azure sky,
And clouds are lowering heavily upon
The dreary earth, and on the sodden fields.
The winds go sighing through the dreary pines,
While the frail nightingale—the bird of love—
Singeth his Requiem, in minor key:
Sadder than death it echoes through the wood
Its dreary monotone—no more—no more
The treach'rous sea comes in with om'nous roar;
The rose hangs dead upon a withered stem,
Its perfume vanished, and its beauty gone.
My heart lies dead within me, like a stone:
Because I wake—I am alone—alone.

June, 1901 JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

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The annual report of the San Francisco Board of Trade is entitled "California, the Land of Promise." It contains much valuable information of a commercial nature and a fine map of the State, as well as a birdseye view of San Francisco, showing location of principal buildings and points of interest.

Still another change has been made in a *Harper* publication. Beginning with the June number, the *Bazaar* is issued as a monthly.

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World of Letters

Father Barry's Latest Book

"The Wizard Knot," the latest book by Father William Barry, is a leisurely, not to say long-winded novel of some four hundred odd pages. And it is good, in these days of rush and hurry, to find one's self taking a quiet stroll amongst pastoral scenes, instead of rushing at full speed from one battle field to another, and hurrying from catastrophe to catastrophe, until the succession of thunderbolt blows has benumbed the understanding. "The Wizard's Knot" is primarily designed to display the servile attitude which is natural to the peasant when dealing with his landlord and "the quality," but Father Barry's peasants bear little resemblance to the "gossoons" who are stock properties of the Irish drama. Soft-hearted they are, and improvident, calmly accepting their misfortunes as a part of their lot in life, with the smile or the tear equally ready and with the quick wit and ready answer, but they are not clowns. There is no country on earth where the "real quality" is so reverenced and none where the upstart is so despised. For all of its leisureliness, "The Wizard's Knot" is not slow for there is abundance of adventure as well as romance, and contrast of character. One would need to have met the various types, if only in exile, to fully appreciate the excellencies of the book, and for those who have not known and sympathized with them, it will fail to yield all that it holds. Perhaps the best character is that of the hedge schoolmaster, Cathal O'Dwyer, the wizard, "the humorous, the Rabelaisian, the Gargantuesque. Tall and wiry, in his faded blue coat with brass buttons, in his knee breeches and gray stockings, he threw into his walk a dancing air, subdued but elastic —he was one of the best dancers in the country—and his long, sallow features, irregular enough though not vulgar, had a constant trick of seeming to smile when he was most serious. He moved with a spring, quoted by the yard, was merry, and not always wise, but even in his cups an admirable Greek and Latin scholar." Over his humble cabin and over the castle of Liscarroll there hangs the same shadow and disgrace, the mother who has left home and husband and child for another. The return of Lady Liscarroll to the protection of her son, and the manner in which he meets her may not be in accordance with the usual picture of the novelist, but they are true to the Irish character, for Philip promptly makes her a prisoner in the tower chamber and keeps the keys in his own possession. Lady Liscarroll is an intriguing schemer who married from an ambition to shine in London society, and like many another wife, discovered when it was too late, that her husband had a will of his own. She makes the discovery a second time when she comes to deal with her son and there is a pretty war of wits between them. Philip Liscarroll is a good type of the hunting squire, while his adopted brother and cousin, Edmund, is poet and scholar. Joan, the daughter of Cathal O'Dwyer, wise in all the ancient Celtic lore and more than half believing in his own powers as a wizard, has joined with Edmund Liscarroll and Miss O'Conner in a plan to resurrect

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some of the old pastimes of the country, the contests of musicians and poets, and the ancient symbolical dances. "Well, I will bind ye with the wizard's knot, and make ye all turn as it goes round ye..... 'Twas an enchantment put into hanks of yarn by the wise man or the wise woman, to keep the place safe and sacred where it would be tied, and to bind under bonds every soul it was laid upon. Not Fionn MacCumhal himself could stand up to it. You never heard tell of the Cave of Keshcorran, and the three hags that 'upon three crooked and wry sticks of holly hung as many bewitched hasps of tow, reeling it off left hand-wise' to put on Fionn a deadly tremor when he was caught in it." This passage explains the significance of the title. The time in which the story is set is just before and during one of the famines and the description of the hardship and distress, told without any of the usual superlatives, is the more convincing for the moderation of the language employed. Father Barry sets forth plainly enough the faults of the peasantry, their idleness and improvidence, and their superstitious acceptance of their misfortunes as fatality, but he sees equally well that violent means will not avail with them. This is not a book to please the professional patriot, for there is no arraignment of "Th' Saxon Oppressor" and no stock perorations in praise of the green isle. While there is an abundance of shrewd wit and quick repartee in the conversation of both peasant and proprietor, neither the shilelah nor the poteen is dragged in. The allusions to the folk lore and fairy tales are somewhat obscure to the general reader, but the book should appeal to the Irish people even in exile and to the third and fourth generation. [The Century Company; price, $1.50.]

The publishers of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" have lost no time in taking advantage of the action of the Quarantine Committee of the Boston Public Library. They are making the most of "the high compliment" that was paid by its having been taken in at the library. Who was it that said he had no desire to go to heaven, since all the best company seemed to be condemned by theologians to go the other way?

The *Writer* quotes the admonition of Ambrose Bierce, "Beware of reading the very newest books," and tacks to it the comment that "Mr. Bierce's latest book has been out for some time." There are some books, even some modern books that will stand many readings, and Mr. Bierce's, whether they be the earliest or the latest, are among them. Though Ambrose Bierce is usually regarded as the embodiment of egotism, it cannot be said that he is given to crying his own wares in the market place, and he has had his full share of absurd experiences in consequence. It is not so long ago that some enterprising individual with a detective instinct loudly proclaimed the important discovery that Mr. Bierce was passing off as original matter, the forgotten writings of one "Dod Grile" who in the past had been a contributor to certain London journals. Perhaps no one found more amusement than did Mr. Bierce himself in the discovery of some zealous critic that he had found his inspiration for some of his stories in the work of Kipling and Stephen Crane. Those who are passing over Bierce for the sake of the "very newest books," are the sufferers, not Bierce.

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GEORGE EDWARD KEEFE,
Administrator of the estate of
Susan Urry, deceased.

CHARLES WESLEY REED,
Attorney for said Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 17, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of WILLIAM W. FINNIE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary A. Finnie, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of William W. Finnie deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY A. FINNIE.
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
William W. Finnie, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of MARGARET McDONALD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward F. Wheeler, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret McDonald, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD F. WHEELER.
Administrator of the Estate of
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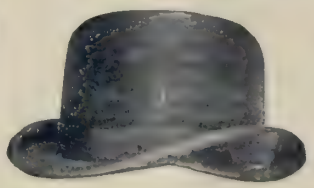

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, June 15, 1901

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor
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OUR OPINION

McKinley For a Third Term

The friends of the President are enthusiastic in their advocacy of an additional four years of McKinleyism. But Mr. McKinley says that he will not run. Congressman Grosvenor declares that "it is time to demolish the fiction that there is an unwritten law established by Washington, that the President of the United States may not accept a third term." If the Republican party cares to assume the task of demolishing what Grosvenor believes to be a fiction, the Democratic party will have no cause to complain. Grosvenor says that it was fear of defeat which impelled Washington to decline a third nomination. Whatever was the reason that actuated Washington, we cannot understand why Mr. McKinley's friends and admirers should regard him as an ideal instrument for the demolition of what they are pleased to term a fiction. Most people have attributed to Washington, in his refusal of a third term, a patriotic desire to set an example for his successors, and to warn the nation against the danger of encouraging imperialistic tendencies. No man since Washington's time has developed those tendencies to a higher degree than William McKinley, and if his friends think it advisable to use him for the purpose of demonstrating that the unwritten law is a fiction, they must surely be credited with a willingness to make a clean cut issue. Washington may have been afraid of defeat, but Mr. McKinley's friends are confident that he could be elected a third time. Their confidence is due to conditions which many people believed that Washington fondly hoped to guard against when he retired to private life by way of wholesome example. Mr. McKinley has fostered influences which have controlled the government under his Administration. The longer those influences are permitted to dominate the more difficult it will become to crush them. But we do not think there is much likelihood of Mr. McKinley's being nominated for a third term. The party leaders are too cunning to risk control of affairs by running the man from Canton again.

Meddlesome Societies

The Cruelty to Children cranks found another opportunity last week, and the father of a family, himself an invalid, was dragged from the bedside of his sick wife, to spend a night in a prison cell because his fourteen year old daughter felt that under the circumstances it devolved upon her to earn something towards their support. As to a decision between sending a girl of any age to become a sidewalk merchant and keeping her at home in comparative luxury, there would be no question, but when the point in consideration is not one of expediency, but existence, it becomes another matter. There is something to be said in behalf of the sturdy independence of the little girl who was willing to do her share towards earning a livelihood instead of seeking the assistance of the charitably inclined, and there is every evidence that she was both quiet and modest in her behavior, as well as under the surveillance of trustworthy persons who stood ready to protect her from insult or interference. The calling of a newsgirl is one that has never been followed to any extent in this city, and it is not advisable that the little girls should be encouraged to select it as a means of livelihood, but circumstances, as well as sentiment, should be taken into consideration. Little Lena Carter was in many respects safer from harm at her station in Market street than she would have been as cash or errand girl in more pretentious employment, and by attention to her business she probably earned as much. The charge which was made against her father was that of "allowing a minor to beg," though one fails to see in what the beggary consisted or why the charge should have been made in this case more than in that of the hundreds of boys who support themselves in the same way. It is time that we had some legal definition of this vague term "cruelty to children." It has long since become impossible for parents to administer any sort of home discipline to their recalcitrant offspring lest some meddlesome neighbor interfere and report the matter; and school discipline is one of the lost arts, since neither birching, keeping after hours, nor suspension can be tolerated by the tender hearted. Children themselves are only too ready to take up the cry, and it is no infrequent matter to have them threaten their parents with arrest. It seems to make no difference to the societies whether parents are brutal blackguards who abuse and neglect their children, or whether they are industrious and law-abiding citizens with the moral and physical welfare of their offspring at heart, the same rule of interference applies. The only object which appears on the surface of much of this virtual persecution is that of filling up the various homes and institutions which are under the protection of the Preventers, for the sake of making a glowing report and getting more or less of state assistance for what

they represent as abandoned children. One of those "Homes" was under investigation but a short time ago, and the state of affairs that was brought to light was such that even the workhouse of "Oliver Twist" was overshadowed. The poor little inmates could not have been more ill used in the very worst of homes and by the most neglectful of parents. It is a question whether there is the remotest resemblance to cruelty in permitting or even expecting able-bodied children to contribute towards their own support. They are certainly better off at some regular employment than roaming the streets in idleness, and since the advance of modern methods has banished the woodpile and the ironing board and bread pan the children of the day are apt to have too little, rather than too much interest in the home and its maintenance. It is the editorial fad of the day to preach the glorious inheritance of poverty and to point to the success achieved by the barefoot boy and the lad who starts at the foot of the ladder, yet the news columns are given over to the exploiting of the busy body associations whose chief aim and end appear to be the thwarting of the honest endeavors of ambitious youngsters who are fired with a zeal to become the Jay Goulds and Benjamin Franklins of the future. The worst cruelty to which children are subjected is that which does not appear on the surface, and there is no reason to assume that the offspring of families who have little of the world's goods are more to be commiserated than those who have no intimate acquaintance with want. It is a sufficiently established fact that children raised in homes and asylums are not so well qualified to make their way in the world as those who have lived in families, and it is almost an axiom that sons of wealth are equally incompetent to take care of themselves or their inheritance. There is a crying need in the world for a judicious amount of letting alone, and one place where it is especially called for is in the management of private family affairs.

Bigotry in Yale

Whenever a clergyman proclaims himself an ass by a long-eared utterance, laymen wonder that such a shallow-pated individual was ever admitted to the ministry. The supposition is that light-weight clergymen get into the ministry in about the same way that a medical quack becomes possessed of a diploma. But that is not invariably the case. They educate fools for the ministry in such high class institutions as Yale, and that is not surprising in view of the fact that men are employed as professors there whose ignorance of subjects upon which it is assumed they are qualified to instruct is remarkable for its density. And Yale is not the only university in which incompetents are engaged in fostering ignorance. Scarcely a day passes that some professor in some university does not make himself ridiculous. The other day Professor George B. Adams of Yale stated in a classroom that the Catholic Church teaches one doctrine to the learned Catholics and another to the ignorant. It can scarcely be conceived that a university professor would make such a statement unless he had reason to believe it to be true. We have never heard of such a thing being charged before. The Catholic clergy have been accused of being interested in promoting ignorance, notwithstanding the high standard of their universities. That the faculties of the mind are highly developed by their system cannot be questioned, and yet they are charged with being opposed to enlightenment. The results of that system are sufficiently eloquent; no other kind of refutation is needed. But Professor Adams pretends to believe that the Catholic Church takes advantage of the ignorant and preaches to the intelligent only such doctrines as are plausible. The inference must be, paradoxical as it may appear, that the intelligent Catholic is ignorant too, for he has not been wise enough to discover the weakness of a church which indulges in such trickery. It was reserved for Professor Adams to make the discovery. We have always supposed that all Catholic doctrine was accessible to people that read. But perhaps the intelligent Catholic cannot read the books that were written for the ignorant Catholic. Rev. Charles Wolcott Merriam is another sample of the sort of intelligence that comes from Yale. He is a fledgling preacher who has been turned out upon the world by Yale. In his graduating address he hurled against the Catholic church a calumny worthy of an A. P. A. council. He said that when the Catholic church announces a doctrine to its members they must obey it even if they have to defy law and everything else. Evidently from what he has imbibed at Yale he believes that the Pope has the right to interfere in affairs of state, and that Catholics believe that if Pope Leo ordered them to refuse to pay their taxes they would have to obey. He also declared that Catholic teaching was dangerous to morality. Surely a church which prohibits divorce is not immoral. TOWN TALK has troubles of its own, and we feel that if we were to attempt to refute all the charges that are being made against the Catholic church our readers would be confronted with much dull reading. We believe that all religion is good and should require no defense, but we like to explcit the ignorance that is fostered in the institutions that are the boast of our spread-eagle spellbinders. The utmost care should be exercised in training men for the ministry, for upon them rests a great deal of responsibility. Indeed it would be better if the degree of Doctor of Divinity were not conferred on men simply because of their proficiency in certain branches. Character and temperament should be considered of as great importance as a knowledge of theology. Men should not be sent into the world to preach religion and stir up religious strife. One of the fundamental principles of the legal profession is that when a lawyer has a weak case, he should attack the other fellow. That principle should not find favor in the ministry.

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Mary as a Model

As she grows older, Miss Susan B. Anthony appears to be getting back to first principles. Miss Anthony has been identified with Woman's Suffrage agitation for so many years that people supposed she was a bachelor girl from choice; that she regarded the elective franchise of higher importance than a husband, but these are her sentiments as expressed the other day at a convention of the Woman's Suffrage Association in Minneapolis:

> When the mother of Christ shall be made the true model of womanhood and motherhood, when the office of maternity shall be held sacred and the mother shall consecrate herself as did Mary, to the one idea of bringing forth a Christ child, then, and not till then, will this earth see a new order of men and women, prone to good rather than to evil.

Evidently she believes that women should devote themselves to that high purpose. It is somewhat inconsistent, however, to urge women to make the mother of Christ a model of womanhood, and at the same time preach the doctrine of female suffrage. Mary's life was remarkable for its humility. She never evinced a longing for public activity or political power. Mothers that follow such a model will endeavor to rear their sons so that they shall be men of high character, and so that the women of the country shall have no hesitation in leaving to them the matter of the protection of their rights. The daughters of women that follow such a model will devote their lives to the family and not to the stump. They will abhor politics.

The Saunterer

A Concession to Brains

The order of Daughters of the American Revolution is popularly supposed to be a snobbish institution which has no more substantial excuse for existence than mere accident of birth. It is frowned on in some quarters, for what is regarded as an effort to establish an aristocracy. It must be conceded, however, that the Stockton Daughters are democratic, for that was made evident at a breakfast given by them the other day. The breakfast was, perhaps, the swellest affair ever given in Stockton, and some of the guests were among the swaggerest of the swagger. Yet two of the toasts were assigned to Daughters who are school teachers and the third to a local newspaper woman who was an invited guest. This program was regarded as a concession to cleverness rather than to clothes. It prompted one of the guests to elevate her pince-nez and inquire:

"Ah, how many teachers and other working women belong to the Daughters of the American Revolution?"

Then sweeping the assemblage with her lorgnette until her eyes rested on the figure of Mrs. John McMullin, she exclaimed, "But then, Mrs. McMullin belongs."

A Widow's Cards

A smile broadened Stockton society's face this week, when it received invitations to a card party written on the darkest and somberest of black-bordered mourning cards. As the sedate widow who issued the invitations has long since laid aside the "inky cloak" and other habiliments of woe, this bit of funeral pasteboard summoning friends to the merry card table is looked upon as an evidence of that same "thrift" whose grim humor moved Hamlet to eloquence. The smiling ones get reminiscent and tell how a wealthy banker of Stockton practiced economy when he became a widower by striking off the "Mrs." from his deceased wife's visiting cards to fitly replenish his own card-case. And they tell a story in Stockton of remarkable punctiliousness in the etiquette of mourning. It is about a young attorney who invited a Stockton belle to dinner and went all the way to the entrees without suggesting liquid refreshment. Finally she boldly informed him that she always liked wine at dinner, whereupon he explained that he had not ordered wine because he was in mourning for his brother.

The P. B. Frasers of Stockton have gone to Europe. Banker Fraser has not been in good health since the expose of that insane asylum episode. Miss Fraser, who was railroaded to the asylum with the assistance of a brace of physicians, has never returned to her father's home since her release. She now lives with her maternal grandfather.

A Bachelor Maid of Independent Fortune

There has been more than a little comment on the disposition of the fortune of the late Peter Dean as regards his daughter's portion. Her share is left to her brothers in trust for her, which seems odd in that Miss Sarah Dean, beside being the eldest, possesses more energy and business ability than have all her brothers. Since she was a child she has been her father's friend and companion, her mother's almost constant illness bringing out the daughter's natural self-reliance. Every move of Miss Dean's active body betokens the possession of a disposition in which independence is the main feature. She is a clever young woman with marked literary ability but the necessity of breadwinning being absent the talent was never fully developed. The Deans belong to the pioneer families. Twenty-five years ago they lived in Post street near Polk. They afterwards went to San Leandro to live and still later moved to San Rafael. One of the boys, by the way, is studying for the stage.

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Engraved
Wedding Announcements
and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

The Tevis-Baxter Romance

The sudden death of Hugh Tevis may prove a greater calamity to his young wife than appears at first blush. If no posthumous heir come into the world, then, perhaps, the young widow will have reason to regret that she jilted Mr. Hughes of Denver. The late Lloyd Tevis bequeathed his estate to his widow, and it has not been distributed. Hugh Tevis, therefore, did not have a great deal of property to dispose of by will. It is the supposition of men about town that if he had an abundance of ready cash, he would have shown a somewhat liberal spirit in settling, on the eve of his marriage, with the young woman who had been his *chere amie* for several years. For when Miss Baxter jilted her Denver lover, she also played havoc with the affairs of a very pretty woman who had enjoyed an intimate and confidential relationship with Mr. Tevis. The latter's friends feared that Phryne would assert what she might conceive to be her rights, in a way that would lead to complications and disarrange the wedding plans, but she was prevailed upon to refrain from stirring up trouble.

Back in Denver they are regarding the death of Hugh Tevis as a case of retribution. Hughes, the jilted, has many warm friends and they have never forgiven the woman who gave him such a rough deal. I have heard that Hughes received a letter from his betrothed on the day that the news of her engagement to Tevis was wired to the newspapers of Denver from San Francisco. It was an affectionate letter and contained not the faintest suggestion of her change of heart.

Memories of Madame Recamier's Successor

Mrs. Gustavus Arnold has left us. She could not succeed in founding her desired salon here; and will in London look for the Chataubriands, Voltaires and Liszts that failed to materialize at the receptions given in her Washingtsn street home. Far be it from me to stigmatize the fair Mrs. Arnold as a "faker." Her money, her style, her manner and her voice testify to the contrary. But I think she lacked energy. She should have tried a little harder to make that salon an assured fact. Why, Benny Benjamin with not an ounce of Mrs. Arnold's beauty and wealth, and with only an "Attic" to entertain in, managed to scare up quite a fair sized salon. However, Mrs. Arnold preferred to sell off the fine furniture and trappings she brought from Berlin and to follow suit with her house. I am told—but the remark may have been dictated by envy—that the lady from Berlin was not so highly cultured as she claimed to be. I am even told she was occasionally guilty of solecisms and even malapropisms.

What Does Greene Intend to Do?

Last week I stated that Clay Greene had written his Passion play for the Jesuits of Santa Clara college and had given it to the priests, and that there was no foundation for the report that it was to be produced in the East under the management of Billy Brady, the showman. Since then Mr. Joe Grismer has been quoted to the effect that the play is to be produced under his management, and that Billy Brady is to have a share in the profits. Either Mr. Grismer is lying or Mr. Greene is not a man of his word. "Nazareth" was written, as I have heretofore stated, for Santa Clara college. Its full title is "Nazareth, the Passion Play of Santa Clara College," and Mr. Greene has stated that he gave it to the Jesuits for the purpose of inspiring annual pilgrimages to the institution. At a meeting of the College Alumni last week it was proposed that the play be produced in St. Ignatius college in this city, and Mr. Greene protested. He declared that the work was a labor of love, and that he believed that because of that fact he had done his best work. For sentimental reasons, therefore, he hoped that it would never be produced outside the walls of Santa Clara college.

He even suggested that if it were presented in this city, it would appear as though its production were prompted by mercenary motives. I do not doubt that the theatrical magnates, who are immune to sentiment, have sought to excite the cupidity of the playwright with glowing pictures of over-flowing box-offices, and I am not certain that Mr. Greene has not been prevailed upon to plagiarize from the offspring of his sentimental mood for commercial purposes, but I am quite confident that he has no intention of demanding back that which he gave. And yet I fervently hope that he will never be accused of infringing on his own copywright. If he should write another Passion play for professional touring purposes it will, of course, detract from the sentimental value of the original "Nazareth."

History of the Play

As the whole matter is likely to cause a great deal of discussion it may be interesting to know the circumstances under which the play was written. When the faculty of Santa Clora college decided upon a Jubilee celebration, Father Kenna, the president of the institution, who was a schoolmate of Clay Greene in the sixties, wrote to the playwright asking him if he would do something toward making the affair a success. The reply came back "You bet I will." And he added a few words about feeling that he would be able to do something which would reflect credit on his Alma Mater as well as himself. Later on he spent ten weeks within the walls of the old college, amid surroundings that teemed with memories of his boyhood days, and in an atmosphere most propitious for just the character of work with which he was occu-

In Ladies Purses, some very gorgeous designs are to be found at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street. Both with and without elaborate mountings.

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THE WORLD OVER.

pied. Under such circumstances it should seem that even the college itself might be deemed to have a proprietary interest in the play.

Grismer the Peeper

From the story published in one of the dailies concerning the purpose of Joe Grismer to produce the play, one is likely to infer that that enterprising actor collaborated with Clay Greene. According to the story which I suspect Mr. Grismer of having supplied to the press, Mr. Greene always gets his best inspirations when his friend, the actor, is peeping over his shoulder. Mr. Grismer is modest. I thought that when he was writing "The New South" Mr. Greene was looking over his shoulder. At least, it was my impression that Greene would not confess to having been implicated to any greater extent in the paternity of that clap-trap drama.

Since writing the foregoing paragraphs I have received a letter from an occasional correspondent in New York, informing me that Mr. Greene is not the only man who has written a play dealing with the crucifixion without introducing Christ as one of the characters. "There was produced at the Murray Hill this week," writes my correspondent, under date of June third, "a piece called 'The Prince of the World.' It is a play on the 'Quo Vadis' order, and deals with the crucifixion, but no attempt was made to represent Christ on the stage. Pontius Pilate, Peter and Judas appear in the prologue but Christ does not appear. The play was written by Mr. Hal Reid."

And She Paid the Bill

I am told a story of the honeymoon trip of a New Yorker who married a San Francisco heiress, and who spends most of his time here while his wife is in Newport. A part of the lune de miel was a voyage on a yacht. It was an elegantly fitted up craft, and the arrangements for the cruise were Monte Cristo-like in their luxury. The bride was delighted at the bridegroom's kind thought and was on the point of loving him rapturously—when there came a rift within the lute. At the conclusion of the trip, she received a bill for the yacht, its furnishings and the expenses of the voyage. Then and there she lost confidence in her husband, and has never regained it sufficient to let him hold the pursestrings.

She is Not an Adventuress

If Miss Rosamond Rodkinson is an adventuress, she is unlike any that I have met on the stage, in books or in real life. I believe that she is the victim of a grievous injustice, and that if there is left in San Francisco a spark of that spirit of chivalry for which California was once famous, an effort at reparation will be made. Of course the reporter by whom she was led into a pardonable indiscretion labored under a misapprehension, and was actuated by what he conceived to be a worthy purpose, but I am surprised that those people who know that the young woman is what she represents herself to be, have failed to spring to her defense. I think that it is unbecoming in a Rabbi, for instance, to condemn a person without a hearing. The facts are that Miss Rodkinson's father is engaged in the work of translating the Talmud; that several volumes have been completed and published, and that she is engaged in obtaining subscriptions for the work. Of these facts there is not the slightest doubt, and some of our most prominent Jewish people are cognizant of them.

The Facts of the Case

That she is deserving of their protection I believe, for I know that she is in distress by reason of the wrong that has been done her. Miss Rodkinson was indiscreet, or she never would have been imposed on. She accepted a letter of introduction which was not genuine, and the rest was easy. Being a stranger in San Francisco it was not difficult to persuade her to accompany the man who presented the letter, to a public dining room, and in a spirit of jest she might have done things which a more cautious woman would not have done. But she is a business woman who has traveled a great deal alone, and her worldly experience has inspired her with confidence in herself. The published story of that adventure is misleading according to Miss Rodkinson's version, of the truth of which, though not of a credulous nature, I am convinced, and for which reason I hasten to make amends for the comments which the original tale prompted. From what I have been able to learn she has conducted herself in this city with due regard to the proprieties, except on the one occasion when she was lured into a venial indiscretion by a clever reporter with hawkshaw instincts. She is now at the California hotel.

An Eastern Slander

In view of the fact that the local physicians who attended Mrs. McKinley made no charge for the service, it was rather inopportune for E. S. Martin of *Harper's Weekly* to discuss, apropos of that lady's illness, the rapacity of San Francisco doctors. He thought that her recovery was fortunate for the reason that when an Easterner passes through an illness in this city he usually limps homeward, "sadder, poor and wiser than he came." Surely there was nothing rapacious in the conduct of Dr. Hirshfelder and his associates. They didn't even follow the example of Henry T. Scott which they could have done by charging up their fees to the Citizens' Reception committee. I never knew that San Francisco physicians had a reputation for cinching tenderfeet from the East, but if they have, I suppose it is because they imagine that the Easterner expects to be charged according to the extortionate Eastern rate which has pauperized many a San Franciscan in New York.

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Jennie Crocker at the Wedding

It is now pretty well settled that the Burton-Harrisons will not come here to the Martin-Scott wedding. Handsome Mrs. Moseley came all the way from New York in a rich private car last week to bring their substitutes. They were Jennie Crocker and Miss Green. It took Mrs. Moseley just four hours to arrange matters here for her charges; then she went back to her private car and ordered herself taken back to her handsome home in New York. It was like a five minute visit from Manager Schwab in his fifty thousand dollar private car to settle up a detail in the Steel Trust.

Miss Green will be added to the list of bridesmaids and in their train will represent Mary Crocker Harrison at the wedding while little Jennie Crocker will be a flower maiden and likewise be a representative for her sister at the nuptials of one of her sister's dearest friends. Carte blanche has been given for the gowns of the bridesmaids. They will be beautiful in their rich simplicity, all of white chiffon with delicate roses made of the same material, and large white hats with royal white feathers. Framed where the ceremony is to take place—out of doors on a richly decorated platform, at Burlingame—they will be quite the most artistic dresses ever displayed here on such an occasion. The flower maidens, Jennie Crocker and Genevieve Harvey, are being gowned in similar style and will look like living pictures.

Peter Martin is readily admitting his engagement to Miss Oelrichs. He is being chaffed a good deal on coming out here to get pointers on the way to join "the Lobsters," as he used to waggishly designate his friends who joined the Benedicts. But Peter is an arch youth and answers that it is better to be a "has been" than a "never was."

The Religious Issue

Editor TOWN TALK: You are in error. Mary Scott is not going to be married by Archbishop Riordan. The ceremony is to be performed by Bishop Nichols of the Episcopal church. Mrs. Eleanor Martin is a broad-gauged woman and she has given her consent to her son's marriage in accordance with the wishes of his fiancee. Heretofore it has been customary for girls who were eager to get husbands to change their religion if necessary, but Mary Scott has determined to remain steadfast in her faith. ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

Perhaps "One of the Bridesmaids" is right. She may have received the latest information on the subject, but I will make no more predictions regarding the marriage. I know, however, that it was settled some weeks ago that Archbishop Riordan should perform the ceremony. Since then Mrs. Martin may have been prevailed upon to consent to a marriage in the Episcopal church, but I doubt it.

Correction and Addition

An inaccuracy crept into one of my paragraphs last week on the subject of the antecedents of the Martin family. Eleanor Martin was the sister and not the daughter of Governor Downey, and she was many years the senior of her sister, Annie, who became the second wife of Peter Donahue. One of my correspondents calls attention to what is regarded as a coincidence in the coming marriage of Mary Scott and Walter Martin. It is that by that marriage will be united two fortunes that came from the same source. A large portion of the Martin fortune came from the estate of Peter Donahue through his widow Annie Donohue, and of course the Scotts owe their position in the commercial world to Peter Donahue. for it was through him they acquired control of the Union Iron Works. Mrs. Henry T. Scott is said to have had a fortune when she married, but nobody has ever been able to trace it. When she came hither it was to visit an uncle who kept a boarding house in Sacramento.

Yacht Club Snobs

The snobs of the New York Yacht Club are doing a lot of hair splitting in their efforts to prevent Mr. Lawson of Boston from entering his Yacht *Independence* in the races for the long-disputed cup. I have read all of the correspondence between Mr. Lawson and the New York Yacht club, and it appears to me that he has made every reasonable concession to overcome the objections of the New York snobs to the entrance of his boat. He has offered to charter his boat to several of their representatives and to give them the management of the boat in the cup races, providing she proves a better boat than the *Constitution* in the trial races, but he has not been able to satisfy them. The New York snobs do not realize that the sporting event, of which the cup is the prize, is a national affair. They have not sufficient patriotic instinct to conquer their petty club pride, and they appear determined to avoid a test which might prove that Mr. Herreschoff is not the only man in the century who can build a winning craft.

Herreschoff vs. Crowninshield

The American people care nothing about the New York club, or its constitution and by-laws. They admire Mr. Herreschoff as a boat builder, but they would like to know if they have not a man of equal if not superior ability in Mr. Crowninshield of Boston. The little that they have seen of the two boats in their preliminary stunts on the water has awakened a suspicion that perhaps the Boston creation is not the inferior craft that the Ledyards and Belmonts and

They know you are a judge of good whiskey when you call for Jesse Moore at the bar.

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Iselins would have them believe When a boat proves that it is capable of a thirteen and a half knot gait in a fifteen knot breeze, it must be admitted that she is somewhat better for racing purposes than a mud-scow. And as she has demonstrated that she can keep her spars standing when under sail, even the conscientious scruples of the Yacht club snobs should not restrain them from admiration in view of the fact that their own boat has shown a lamentable instability of spars. The fastest of boats may be handicapped by a frail spar.

In the controversy so far Mr. Lawson has shown himself to be a man of dignity, and he cannot be suspected of a desire to break into the New York Yacht club. He has declared that he would not go into the club because if he did so his enemies might say that he built the boat to force himself into the club. He has told the club officers that their power to qualify the *Independence* to fly the club flag was supreme, and when they told him that the boat could be qualified by a charter to a member or members of the club, he executed the charter. Thereupon various technical objections were raised and the correspondence ceased.

The man that is always eager to give advice to others is usually in need of some for himself.

Miss Eyre's Community

It was inevitable that the shining example of the Reverend Herron would result in the establishment of a new sect of "Christians," and it was equally inevitable that the first of their colonies should be planted on Californian soil. One Miss Alice Wolverton Eyre has arrived, guided hither by "higher spirits," to establish a community of the unselfish brotherhood which shall own all things in common, and so have no use for the Decalogue. Miss Eyre's scheme has the merit of originality in one respect at least, since it appears that it is to be officered by women. Since the majority of these communities appear to have attracted foolish women of wealth to their ranks, it will be interesting to note whether this one will be equally successful in inveigling men of means. It goes without saying that material property of all kinds is to be owned in common. "There will be neither mine nor thine; a realm beyond the reach of weights and measures, morals and laws, in which there is neither wage nor interest, neither price nor bargain, servant nor master; a realm in which there is no more question about a division of the air for the individual breathing." All this sounds very well on paper, but it is not the first time that the scheme has been tried in this State, not to mention elsewhere.

There were the notorious Kaweah Colony, Altruria, and half a dozen more, and the end in every case was the same. Shrewd schemers who had nothing to contribute but the noise of their tongues managed to secure a comfortable living and to attract sufficient attention to pose as political powers thereafter. Honest fools who were hoodwinked into putting faith in the principles of the communities came out of them broken in spirit and with empty pockets. So much for the merely co-operative and socialistic features. Miss Eyre goes a step farther and emulates the notorious Oneida Community, for in her vision of "the higher life" "no one shall reeeive more than another of the necessities and pleasures of life and there shall be no legal or church restrictions upon the natural selections of the sexes." The best time to put a stop to this sort of thing is before it gets a start. We have on our statute books certain laws which cover the case, and the authorities of Santa Clara county (which has been selected by this enterprising young lady and her spirit guides as the scene of operations) should lose no time in setting the machinery of the law in action. California is no longer "the jumping off place" that it was in the days of the gold excitement, and we can no more afford to give asylum to these freaks than can the more eastern communities. They are as much out of place amongst us as a gypsy encampment would be in Central Park, New York.

The woman of form divine is frequently the noblest work of an artistic modiste.

Jew Baiting Unprofitable

Last season the proprietor of the Hotel Rowardennan, in the Santa Cruz mountains, anncunced that Jews were personæ non grata, or words to that effect, to the management. The hotel stationery warned Jews against applying for accommodations. "Only Gentiles need apply" was his motto. The manager of the Hotel Rowardennan is still doing business at the old stand, but he is not turning away summer visitors. Ben Lomond, the place where his hotel is yawning for patronage, bears a strong resemblance to a deserted village. And yet there are other resorts in the Santa Crnz mountains that are crowded. Are the Jews the only people in California that go into the mountains at this season of the year? By the way, the town of Santa Cruz as a fashionable sea-side resort is fast fading into obscurity. There are several fashionable summer residences there but they are not all occupied. The trouble with Santa Cruz is that it no longer has a first-class hotel.

The "Artistic" Bow—a new thing in fine silk patterns, at 25 cents each will be appreciated for its value when seen. Can be had at Lewison's the Leaders—Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th. The busiest block in San Francisco.

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The Frisky Pullman

George M. Pullman Jr., who has been flitting between this city and Blingum for quite awhile is likely to find it expedient to go back to Chicago to defend the suit instituted against him by his wife. The complaint, I have been informed, is filled with sensational charges, and the suit threatens to develop considerable scandal. Mr. and Mrs. Pullman were married in Long Branch four years ago. From childhood both George Pullman and his brother were in love with the beautiful Miss Lynn Fernald. They were playmates and companions since their infancy. The rivalry, though it was friendly, was strong between the two brothers. Sanger seemed to have everything his own way when his engagement was announced, but soon after it was broken off. Shortly afterward, the much-sought-for beauty married the brother of her former fiance. In a short time she returned to her father's home. Scarcely had she done this when her husband leaped into notoriety. With the wife of Frederick Bowers, the musical composer, author of "Because," he made a trip to New York. In that city they lived at the Hotel Girard as Mr. and Mrs. Pullman, and were so designated on the register of that hotel. Bowers discovered it, and sued his wife for a divorce and Pullman for one hundred thousand dollars for alienating his wife's affections.

He is on a New Beat

A correspondent writes me from London that a new Hamlet has arisen in India, and may be expected shortly to startle metropolitan playgoers with his conception of the melancholy Dane. This prophet is none other than Edmund Russell once known far and near and right here in San Francisco, as the apostle of the aesthetic in art and of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The new Hamlet is said to diverge very materially from the lines laid down by Booth, Barrett and Irving for the delineation of the character. Edmund Russell makes him vivacious, charming and joyous, as if to render his incipient insanity more apparent. This departure is a decidedly new one for the aesthetic disciple of Felix Moscheles, and shows that the clever Edmund has not lost that part of his caput which holds financial ability. Russell is very well remembered here. He came hither in 1892 and settled himself in a Sutter street lodging-house. He was a successful poseur, a regular Bunthorne, and was immediately taken up by club women of advanced ideas on culture and home decoration. He pretended to despise the almighty dollar, but did not disdain to accept pay for his proffered ideas on house adornment. I am told that Mrs. George Crocker—then Mrs. Rutherford—paid him one hundred dollars for his advice on the hanging of portieres in her Bush street home.

His Idiosyncrasies and How They "Took"

Backed up by the faddist piano teacher, Mrs. John Vance Cheney, and with a circle of her smart Amateurs as his acolytes, Edmund Russell proceeded to establish himself firmly in our midst. He made friends of the newspaper people and got any amount of free advertising. Mr. de Young was drawn into the circle, and a great puff of Russell by Clement Scott, that came direct from London, was permitted to appear in the *Chronicle*. Russell was certainly a striking feature when in his costume of a Trappist monk, a white figure on a white fur rug, and with a white background, he recited "The Romance of the White Cowl." He had an eye for those theatrical effects that capture the multitude, and it was of him in this character of the work that one critic wrote: "Tall, sinewy, supple, bare-headed under the open sky, clad in spotless white, a singular union of strength and unawakened innocence; he was a picture startling to come upon, picturesque to contemplate, profoundly interesting to study."

His apartments in Sutter street were picturesque to a degree. They were filled with exquisite draperies that had been presented to Russell by famous European nobles and by his Eastern followers. The fumes of incense heightened the mysterious charm. The aesthete was always willing to show his treasures to visitors, and they were well worth looking at, too. I remember a magnificent collection of jewels that were worn by Edmund Russell when he recited Arnold's "Light of Asia." He was learned in Persian and Hindu lore, and the great principle he elucidated for the edification of his club-women adorers was that of "return to the simple substance of Grecian art." He did not object, however, to modish dressing, and was always the glass of fashion and mould of form. He had a valet who was as neat as his master. Edmund wore a wig so sleek and shiny that no one could detect it from the real article.

His Friends

Probably because of his magnetic personality, Russell made friends everywhere. Holman Hunt and Frederick Shields, the pre-Raffaelite painter of London, were his intimates. He was married to a clever woman, an advanced advocate of Delsartism, but she obtained a divorce from him shortly after he left here for Chicago. I remember the story of a New York woman of wealth and social prestige who took an enormous fancy to the aesthetic apostle, and wanted to put him in a banking-house and make his fortune thereby. "Just fancy," she said, "in a short time you would be able to ride to your office in a claret-colored coupe, have lunch sent from Del's, and in the evening sit in your box in the theatre and laugh at the people you now admire."

Hunter Whiskey

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But Russell refused the offer, in utter horror of its materialism. He sank from public view for some years, and it is only the news from London that has brought him within memory again. My correspondent says London is somewhat tired of the palmist, Cheiro, and the Christian Science fad, and if Russell choose to bring his Hamlet there he will be greeted with open arms.

"Do you say she works for the Telephone company?"
"Yes."
"That is why she is so impudent, I suppose."

Just a Few Cold Facts

Now that Edna Wallace Hopper is going to marry young Mr. Gallatin as soon as her mother, who is ill, can stand the shock, the Eastern newspapers are devoting considerable space to the successful Californian girl. And their statements are not always accurate. I read in one paper the other day, that Mrs. Hopper "inherited a fortune from her father who died a short time ago." Evidently her stepfather has been confounded with her father. Her stepfather was a member of the Dunsmuir family of coal fame, and her mother did not marry him owing to various obstacles until a short time before he died. Edna Wallace Hopper's father was "Wally" Wallace, an obscure law clerk, who worked in a law office all his life, and who never had brains enough to become a practitioner in the profession. He was divorced from Edna's mother many years ago, and was married to another woman at the time of his death. Mrs. Hopper's fiance, who has been written up as a millionaire, was a florist in Fifth avenue a few years ago. After a rather unpropitious career his business passed into other hands. The cold facts are generally valueless for advertising purposes.

Local Politics

It is evident that there is going to be a hard fight for control of the local Republican machine. The practical politicians are getting ready for the fray; the work of organization has begun and the prospective job-chasers are in sore distress over the situation for they are in doubt as to which is likely to prove the winning faction. And though the Democratic politicians are lying low, I have been informed that the Administration is to be given a battle at the primaries, and that an opposition organization is soon to spring into existence and to seek control. There is considerable apathy in Democratic circles by reason of the notion that it is to be a Republican year. And some of the enemies of the Administration are of the opinion that it would be wise to let the office-holders win out and go down to defeat on election day. They do not appear to be aware of the fact that, notwithstanding the unpopularity of many of the commissioners, and the fears that were aroused at the beginning by threats of absurd reforms, the Supervisors have done much to restore confidence. The present Administration is far from being as unpopular as it was in the first few months of the term.

Mrs. Joe Tobin is at Arcacha in Calistoga county.

$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

The Chronicle's Sensation

The *Chronicle* is responsible for the biggest sensation that newspaperdom has had in many a day. The *Chronicle* was published last Wednesday without a single picture and the editors of its rivals were amazed. What does it mean? they asked. Does Mr. De Young intend to abolish his art department? Has he the courage to ignore the methods of his rivals, and depend for circulation on legitimate news instead of on freak pictures? Newspaper artists about town began to wonder whether Mr. De Young had decided upon an innovation, which would in time cause them to lose their occupation. Verily there was much agitation in newspaper circles. It was generally conceded among newspapermen that the *Chronicle* presented a good appearance without pictures, and that it was newsier than usual.

The newspapers of this city have been afflicted with a species of pictorial insanity for a long time. The art department is looked upon as of greater importance than the editorial. Reporters are sent out for pictures instead of news. Artists draw to suit their fancy, and the reporters write matter to be adapted to the pictures. News is crowded out to make way for pictorial freaks. Newspapers seek to scoop one another with pictures instead of news. The craze for illustrating has added greatly to the cost of publishing a newspaper, and as everybody knows the pictures seldom illustrate.

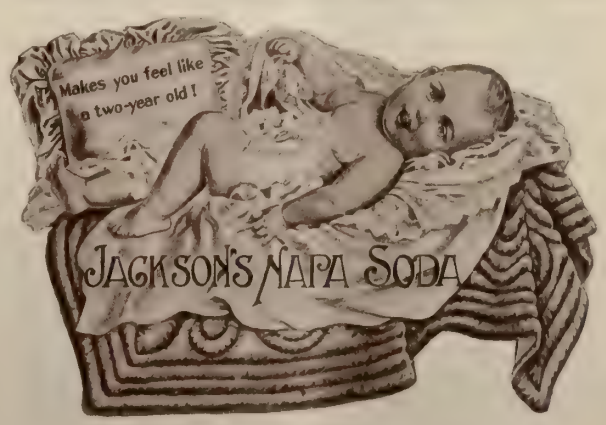
The King and the Countess

Roma writes me from London that a story is going the rounds of the clubs about the King and a popular matron, a Countess, with whom he was very friendly before his accession. Shortly after he ascended the throne he was visited by the Countess and the following dialogue took place:

Countess—"Well, now that you are King, what do you intend to do for me?"

King—"My fair one, thou shalt have one thousand pounds worth of diamonds! Go thou to my special goldsmith on Bond street and choose a necklace befitting thy wondrous beauty."

Countess (entering Streeter's in Bond street a half hour later)—"I will look at some necklaces, please. Ah! this one! How much is this? What! two thousand pounds? I will give you one thousand



cash."

Jeweler—"I regret Madame La Countess—it cost us one thousand pounds and more for the stones alone."

Countess—"Well, you just send that necklace to M——— House and ask His Majesty the King if he will pay two thousand pounds for it."

An express messenger took the glittering bauble to the King, who, upon seeing it exclaimed:

"Yes, I shall pay two thousand pounds for it. Send it to Mrs. George K———!"

Madame La Countess is still wondering *what* the King is going to do for *her*, and the two thousand pound necklace glitters upon the heaving bosom of Mrs. George when she sits in her box at the opera.

Society at Del Monte

The indications at Del Monte are that this season will be the liveliest in the history of the famous resort. There is already an abundance of wealth and beauty on the shores of Monterey and fashionable people are arriving daily. The surf has been the principal attraction during the week, but there is always considerable life on the golf links. Golf tournaments are being arranged every day. The most expert of the lady golfers are Mrs. F. F. Ryer, Mrs. W. S. Brown, Miss C. Armsby, Mrs. Bowditch Morton, Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Wagner. Boating parties have also been quite numerous, and the fishermen have been delighted with the salmon run. The star catch of the season was made last Monday by Edward Holl, W. H. Brown, W. H. Moses and A. S. Compton. They caught thirty-two fish aggregating over seven hundred pounds.

The following is a list of Californians now at Del Monte: Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, John W. Allyne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Green Field, H. B. Rathbone, Robert Husband, Mrs. C. F. Starke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hirsch and family, Mrs. E. M. Heller and family, Mrs. Du Bois, Miss E. Lichtenberg, Mrs. Lichtenberg, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clot, Francis Bruguiere, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. M. C. Low, Mrs. Fred Zeile and family, Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Miss M. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Rosenbaum and family, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Miss Convere, Miss G. Carroll, W. Dawson, J. D. Clifford, Miss McGinnity, Mrs. McGinnity, Mr and Mrs. Charles W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Byxbee, Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Ackerman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Misses Daisy and Marie Louise Parrott, Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Hirschfelder, Mrs. C. F. Canrahan, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Ryer, W. M. O'Connor, Miss Low, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Laton, Miss C. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mandell and family, and Herman Oelrichs.

She Married Wealth

Grace Van Studdiford, the prima donna, who has established herself as a strong favorite of Orpheum audiences, retired from the stage about two years ago, when she became the wife of a wealthy resident of St. Louis. The Van Studdifords are of the aristocracy of St. Louis, and Miss Van Studdiford's husband inherited a large fortune, but there is little of it left. The young man became a sensational plunger and he enriched the bookies. He accompanied his wife to this city, and he spent considerable time at the Oakland track.

Did you say Rye? Then try Jesse Moore Rye—the finest in the world.

The happiness of some marriages is due to the complaisance of an agreeable husband.

A Novel Wager

If General Barnes and William Greer Harrison are caught in the act of embracing each other within the next two months, a member of the Bohemian club will win a little bet which he made the other night. The wager was made during a conversation on the subject of the estrangement of the attorney and the Olympic club president. The man who made the bet asserted that there was no man in town more easily piqued than General Barnes, and that he knew of no one who was quicker to forget his grievances. The fact is that Barnes has spent a great deal of his time in finding pretexts for his own displeasure, and to his credit it must be admitted that he never treasures his grievances for a great while. His wounds are easily healed. He has forgiven more enemies than the average dozen men ever made.

He Made a Record

Rev. Edgar B. Lion of St. Stephen's made a splendid record as a representative of Hymen on Wednesday night. At eight o'clock, he performed the service of matrimony for two of his parishioners. At eight-thirty he was again reading the service, in his own church, at the wedding of Miss Jennie Graham and Fred F. Runyon. Scarcely had the happy pair entered their carriage when the Rev. Mr. Lion was speeding away to 1631 Clay street, to join in the bonds of holy matrimony Miss Olive M. Cheminant and Walter E. Ross.

The last wedding, by the way, was one of the prettiest home weddings this season. Though only about forty were present, including the relatives and intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom, the arrangements were ornate and complete. The decorations were charming. The bay window was a mass of magnolia leaves and white lilies, with the wedding bell hanging from the centre. The bride, looking very lovely in her white organdie gown with the regulation veil and orange blossoms, was given away by her brother, as her father is in Mexico and could not

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French Nerve Treatment

Is unequalled as a nerve tonic, strengthening and invigorating, giving life and buoyance to the whole system

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38 & 40 THIRD STREET

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reach here in time for the wedding. Miss Elizabeth Pritchard, in a chic pink frock, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Henry Ross attended his brother.

Martinot-Nethersole

Some weeks ago I was surprised to receive from Louis Nethersole, the brother, press agent and manager of Olga Nethersole, a very flattering biographical sketch and photograph of Sadie Martinot. I wondered when Mr. Nethersole became interested in Miss Martinot. The other day I learned, by letter, that they had just been married in New York, and that they became acquainted only a few months ago when Olga Nethersole fell ill on the road,and Sadie Martinot was engaged to take her place in the role of Sapho. In view of the marriage Mr. Nethersole's biographical sketch of his wife is interesting at this time. From it I learn that she was a Miss Randall and that her father was an officer in the Federal army during the war. Incidentally Mr. Nethersole states that Mr. Randall had no less than three horses "shot under him from time to time." The Randall family, so Mr. Nethersole states, made a gift of Randall's Island to the United States government.

Sadie Martinot was educated in the Ursuline convent in Westchester county, New York, and she made her first appearance on the stage of the Eagle theatre, in New York city in 1876. She has played Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice" with Lawrence Barrett, Moya in "The Shaughran" with Dion Boucicault, Raich in "Pique," with Fanny Davenport and Eleanor Vaughn in "Davy Crockett" with Frank Mayo. She created the role of Katrina in Planquette's comic opera "Rip Van Winkle," and she sang the role of Bettina in "The Mascot" in German, supported by a German company. Two seasons ago she came to this city with Henry Miller. In 1879 she became the wife of J. Frederick Stinson who died a few years ago.

The Harry Creswells are located at "The Heights" in Sausalito for the summer.

Tidball-Toland

Those who doubted the news of Hugo Toland's engagement, reported some weeks ago, find their doubts silenced by his marriage. Hugo's friends here received on Thursday, from New York, an announcement in these words:

"Mrs. John Stanley Keeling
has the honour of
announcing the marriage of her
daughter
Miss Gertrude Tidball
to
Mr. Hugo Toland
on Thursday, the sixth of June
One thousand, nine hundred and one
at Philadelphia."

The bride is a San Francisco girl, educated in our public schools. She made her debut on the Alcazar stage. She has not become a great actress but she is a pleasing one. She is pretty with a slender, graceful figure, and Hugo Toland's admiration for her dates many years back, when they two played in "The American Girl" together.

W. SCHEPPLER
DEALER in Watches, Diamonds, Etc. Repairing and Cleaning of Watches and Jewelry at 1071 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Way They Managed It

At one of this week's weddings the happy pair thought they had arranged everything finely for their journey, and that no one could possibly fancy them anything but an old married couple. The bride, instead of having a new trunk, took an old battered one that had accompanied her on various summer trips. Before changing her bridal attire for her traveling suit, she saw the trunk on the expressman's shoulders, and on its way downstairs. It was free from white trappings. But the bride did not know that the expressman had been bribed to tie a huge white satin bow on the trunk ere it should pass into the baggage car. It was transferred through to the destination of the bride and groom, and the bow went with it.

The rumor is current that May Hoffman has returned, and is now at the home of her mother in San Rafael.

The Chaperon and the Bud

Down at Del Monte they have been enjoying an interesting bagatelle of gossip anent the gayety of a beautiful blonde widow whose wifehood extended over a very limited period, and who recently returned from Manila. She chaperoned a beautiful bud of a pronounced brunette type at Del Monte, and they had a rollicking time mostly in the company of two dashing representatives of Uncle Sam. It happened that one of the men has been lately figuring in a divorce court in New York. Hence the gossip. But gossips are prone to magnify and distort. However the bud returned to her mother and the blonde started for Europe.

BEFORE LEAVING HOME

For Your Summer Vacation,
place your valuables in the
Vaults of the . . . . . .

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT and TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Charges are Reasonable. . . . . .

JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

The Hula at its Hottest

The hula hula, as exhibited at the Pan American Exposition, has created more "talk" among the commissioners than if the gods of Mauna Loa had risen in riot. Miss Rose Davison, the special commissioner from Hawaii, started the crusade. Miss Davison is a native with English blood in her veins; she is a teacher and evidently knows how to lighten up school topics and burn down hula hula exhibitions. She stayed over time here in San Francisco and was consequently a trifle tardy in reaching the Exposition grounds. Of course her first walk was direct to the Hawaiian village. There she started back aghast to see the hula hula in its wildest swing and overhead a giant banner proclaiming to the world that the sensuous movements and gay things on exhibition represented the "simple village life of peaceful Hawaiians."

It Roused Her Indignation

The spieler and ticket agent hadn't missed a trick and had a show going that they warranted hot enough to burn the rest of the Midway—a regular hasheesh dream of the Orient spectacularly staged with western recklessness. At sight of it all Miss Davison threw up her hands in horror and fled straight to the Director-General's department. Her eyes flamed with indignation while in vigorous terms she denounced the lewd orgie and declared "that the dancers on exhibition represented only the very lowest strata of Hawaiian humanity: moreover they are never seen and seldom heard of in Hawaiian life. Only vile, depraved beings assiduously hunting the slums there would ever stand the slightest chance of finding such immoral things. It is a crying shame that they should be allowed to use the name of Hawaii on their banner and thus misrepresent the customs of a good people in this manner." A gray-beard director attempted to appease the flushed and indignant young woman by calling her attention to the fact that the good names of other nations were being similarly traduced by rapscallion offscourings, but Miss Davison rightly replied that that was no excuse to so traduce the land she specially represented and forthwith she gave them another ten minutes' roast on the scandalous show that was too indecent even to be tolerated in Hawaii. She had the directors on the hip, for everybody had to privately admit that the exhibit really raised the temperature of a hot day in the East.

Miss Davison went to Buffalo to prepare a school exhibit, to illustrate native education on the islands. Originally the long-headed directors had assigned space for it to the extent of 6 x 4 feet, almost room enough to exhibit a wafer blackboard; at the same time the happy hula-hula Hawaiian villagers had been allowed several thousand square feet; all of which went to show how the management figured out the value of life and education on the islands. But after Miss Davison's scathing remarks the directors pursed their wise brows and endeavored to deal out a measure of exposition justice; they promised to order the hula hula toned down and to give her 40x50 feet for her school exhibit. So the voice of Hawaii prevails at the Pan-American Exposition, and on the strict Q. T., so do the movements of the insidious hula hula, notwithstanding its condemnation, for on such persecution do such things thrive.

Mrs. George Morse Launched

The "feature" at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's luncheon to her prospective daughter-in-law, Mary Scott, was Mrs. George Morse. Mrs. Morse, like the *Ohio*, seems to be "launched" in society. Certainly the visit of the President gave her a good start and to that visit she is indebted for meeting the guests at Mrs. Martin's tea. More cards were interchanged on that occasion, more invitations given and so the near future will see her at several more afternoons and the like. I sincerely trust that before the season is over the style of conundrums some of the sharp tongued ladies ask over their tea cups will change. At the Martin "afternoon" the quip that caused the liveliest response was: "Who is the biggest animal here in the Zoo, today?" I forget the answer.

There is only one reason why you shouldn't drink Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey—That's because you have signed the pledge.

THE HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA,

is the best known Resort in the world and withal the most popular. Uniformity of climate the year round and all the luxuries known to us are to be found there.

W. A. JUNKER, Manager

....DEL MONTE....

There are many golf courses; there are many hotels; but there is only one DEL MONTE. One may travel many, many miles; he may find in his journey, golf courses; but not such a place to golf and after golfing such a place to dream. Equally true is this for all of the other out-of door amusements. Not for a day, but for the whole year round. Tennis, Polo, Hot Salt Water or Surf Bathing. The famous drives for seventeen miles along by the ocean shore. Hunting, fishing, boating, wheeling. In fact the Hotel Del Monte and its environment is an every-day in-the-year delight. . . . . .

A Horrible Discovery

Sweet Phyllis gazed into my eyes,
With dreamy adoration;
Then started in alarmed surprise,
Looked right and left away from me,
As though she meant to turn and flee,
And gasped in consternation.

I clasped her close in vague alarm,
And asked why her confusion.
She hid her face upon my arm;
"Your eyes are mirrors and I see
A smudge upon my nose!" said she
And blushed in mad profusion.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

In the Studio

Showing How the Drama of Love is Often Played Successfully with Different Casts of Characters

"I want you to paint me a Monterey scene," said Tom.

Rapture was marked upon his brow as he took from his pocket-book a small kodak print of marine. It showed a bit of beach in Santa Cruz with which I was quite familiar—a secluded nook with the waves dashing about a lonely rock.

"'Twas there we sat on moonlight nights," he said, "and 'twas there she promised to be mine."

Memories of plighted vows, of impassioned kisses, lighted his face. He did not even inquire the price of the commission but left all to me.

It was a few weeks later that I received a letter from Tom:

"If you've not begun that painting, don't bother about it. Let me know the damage, and I'll settle, if you have already finished the thing."

It was with a cynical smile that I marked the completed painting "A Glimpse of Santa Cruz Beach" and sent it in to the club exhibition.

I was standing in front of it one afternoon when I heard a sweet voice say:

"What a charming scene! And I know it so well, too."

There was a pathetic cadence in the voice, as she said the last words. I turned around and saw a beautiful young woman, accompanied by an old man. It was Mrs. Millions and her husband. Their May and December marriage had been town talk a fortnight since.

The next night, Tom clapped me on the back in the club dining-room, and said:

"Say, Palette, I saw that bit of Santa Cruz beach of yours upstairs. I want it. What's to pay?"

I noticed in Tom's face that same rapturous, oh-how-I-love-her expression that had distinguished it when he had given me the order for the painting.

"Oh, it's on again?" I asked, jocularly, "you've made it up, eh?"

"Not exactly," said Tom—and I wondered if he would say anything that might cause me to be called as a witness in a divorce suit, say of the Millions.' But he blushed, stammered and went on:

"The place is all right—but the girl ain't the same."

I boxed up the canvas for the ardent lover, who had desired to have commemorated the scene of his wooing. It is marked with Tom's name, but as yet he has not sent for it.

And I might have sold it to another, if Tom had not been before her. Mrs. Millions sent her maid for the picture the day the exhibition closed.

There may yet be another pathetic-voiced woman gazing sadly at my bit of marine, for if Tom doesn't send for it I'll exhibit it at the next Hopkins. I begin to think Tom is inconstant.

And Mrs. Millions may yet have the painting—if she, too, does not experience a change of heart.

THE ARTIST.

A Spray of Rue

Ah, why does Fame come not to us when tints
Of the red roses' petals stain our cheek,
And eyes are dark with the intense desires
Of youth—with all its mad, alluring dreams?
Can Fame requite me for my long-lost youth?
Can Laurels bring again the the olden thrill
Of feelings that come not at beck or call?
Of days that glided on, too sweetly-swift,
And youthful luxury of smiles and tears?
Utopian land, so far adown the past—
'Twas youth, alone, who wrought the fairy-spell:
Who made the wond'rous azure of the skies,
The dreamful ease, and lilting melodies
Which lulled my soul, as in a Lotus-Dream.
The budding sprays, and sweetly perfumed flowers,
The lily blossoms—drowsy with delight
Embathed my spirit with their beauteous glow;
The violets' first whisper I would note—
Speaking into the tender ear of Spring
The Mother of all young and perfumed things.
Inblown upon my listening soul I heard
The melodies of other happy worlds.
My trusting youth was neither wise nor great—
But when it left, it took from out my life
A subtle something that will ne'er return.
Oh, how I loathe the Fame—and gruesome Age—
The skin of parchment, and the soulless eye—
But these—I would that I could ever keep—
Youth—Roses—Love—with all their happy dreams:
But from this far, Acadian land of mine
A spray of Rue is all that I retain.

JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

The Ysidora Duncan Utterance

"I want you to save me three dances at the Cliff House Casino next Sunday," said Jim South-of-the Slot.

"Oh, I always go to church Sundays," answered Mamie, in horror.

"But you can worship at the Casino just as well as in church," said Jim, "didn't you read in the papers of a swell woman in London what says dancing is a religion?"

And thus culture grows among the masses.

—*The Eavesdropper.*

If you have not dined at Techau Tavern you have not been in Frisco

The Mysterious Murder and its Solution

It was a monstrous idea, but Williams himself put it into my head. We were holding one of those conversations in which Williams delighted, a conversation in which he put forth one of his famous theories.

There had been a murder committed and none of the detectives, none of the newspaper reporters, were able to name the murderer. A man had been arrested for the crime but nothing could be proved against him; therefore he was discharged from custody.

"I believe," said Williams, flicking the ashes from his cigar, "that the man was innocent, but until the real murderer is discovered there will always be a shred of suspicion attached to him."

"And why do you assert so positively your belief in his innocence?" I questioned.

"Well," replied Williams, "I go on the old theory of Vidocq, that the person to be suspicioned is the person one would be the last to suspect."

"And then?"

"In this case, it would be a member of the woman's family, perhaps the one whose grief at her loss is most violent."

I smoked on in silence.

"Take us, for instance," he went on, "here we are in my library, which looks out upon the street. It is a groundfloor, and the windows are close to the sidewalk. There are passers-by at every moment. Children are playing about the doorstep. We are not alone in the house, though we are alone in my section of it. I could kill you, now, or you me, and no one would be the wiser. We are known to be close friends, too old to let a momentary passion lead us to a deed either might regret. Yet it might happen. I might take this knife"—he lifted a curiously carved Indian knife that he used as a paper cutter, from the table—"and stab you, and you would never speak again. You might make an outcry, but no one would hear you. Upstairs that girl is playing loudly upon the piano; they are having a lunch party across the hall; the children out-doors are shouting in their play. I could go out without question, and could return equally unquestioned, discover your body and call the police. Who would suspect me of the crime?"

I smoked on, but his words made an impression. I took up the knife. It was sharp and pointed. How easy, I thought, to put Williams' theory into practice. The idea was fascinating. I turned the knife slowly in my hand.

"Take a drink," said Williams, pushing the bottle towards me, and I filled my glass and his. The whisky seemed to clear my brain of a mist that was encompassing it. What a fellow Williams was for theories, to be sure; he should have been a detective himself.

I still held the knife in my hand.

"It has a sharp blade; be careful," cautioned Williams, as he leaned forward to reach for the glass I had filled for him. I do not know what impulse possessed me but I pointed the blade at him, my fingers closed on the hilt and I plunged the point directly to his heart. He gurgled, gasped, the blood spurted out and he sank back in his chair. I closed my eyes in horror at my deed. Williams, my best friend on earth, was dead.

I would have cried out, but horror paralyzed my tongue. I sprang to the telephone, but paused. Williams was dead. The doctor could do nothing. I was his murderer. He was his own murderer, rather, for it was his wild idea that had prompted my deed.

The room spun round and round before my eyes. The close atmosphere, the fumes from the cigars, the whisky, befogged my brain. I could not think.

I went into the other room to get a drink of water to clear my thoughts. In the mirror I caught sight of my shirt, stained with the blood that had spurted from the knife-wound. My right hand was also covered with blood, and my cuff was be-dabbled with the fluid.

I went to the washstand, and scrubbed my hand until all signs of the deed were obliterated. To perform a like service for cuff and shirtfront was impossible.

I acted mechanically, cleaning the wash-basin so that no trace of my ablutions was seen. Then I returned to the library. Williams still lay in the same position. The blood trickled from the wound, and a small pool had formed on the carpet.

I looked out of the window. The children were still playing near the doorstep. Upstairs the girl was banging away at the piano. From across the hall came sounds of laughter, where the ladies were lunching.

I went into the bed-room and got my hat and raglan, buttoning the overcoat carefully so that my shirtfront was not visible.

Then I went into the library, took a last look at Williams, and poured myself a glass of whisky. I still acted like an automaton.

"Good-bye, Williams," I said aloud, and at the door I turned again and called out, "Be at the club at six, won't you?"

One of the ladies came out of the room across the hall, as I spoke. I knew her, and we exchanged recognitions.

"We're having a lovely time," she said, "if you weren't men, I'd ask you and your friend to join us. But 'tis a dove luncheon."

I laughed with her, and the thought passed through my mind that it was a fortunate thing that Williams' door was one of those that could only be opened from the outside with a key, else she might look in upon him and repeat the pleasantry. But she returned to her friends.

I went out, pausing a moment to watch the children at their game and to call out a greeting to them.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. I walked about awhile, along Market street, where I visited several saloons as was my wont, to exchange the news with acquaintances, and then down Kearny toward my rooms. After returning home, as it was then about four, I took my bath, changed my clothes for my evening attire and then carefully burned my shirt and cuffs. It was a cold day, and I always had a fire in the grate when the weather was bleak.

At six o'clock I entered the club rooms, asking one of the attendants if Mr. Williams had arrived.

"No sir," he answered."

"Well, tell him that I am here when he comes," I said, "or better—go and telephone him that I will wait till six-thirty for him."

He returned shortly saying that he could not get an answer to his ring, and that Mr. Williams had likely already started for the club.

I read the papers and looked over my mail until half after six o'clock, and then went into the dining-room. As I was alone, I joined a group of fellow members and we sat late at the table.

I began to believe that the afternoon's events had been a dream, and continually looked toward the door expecting to see Williams enter. After dinner some one proposed a game of cards.

"Let's go up to Williams' rooms, and have an all-night poker sitting," suggested Thompson, and all agreed.

There were four of us who appeared at the door of Williams' room half an hour later. All was dark within, and no answer came to our knock.

"I left here shortly after lunch," I observed, "and Williams said he would join me at dinner at six."

"He must have been called out of town, or else had a date elsewhere," suggested Thompson, "well, we can go to your rooms and play. Perhaps we'll find him there."

They came to my rooms, and we sat up till four in the morning over the game. When they left, I dropped into bed and slept heavily until noon.

I woke with a sense of pressure on my brain. Something heavy seemed to weigh me down.

"What a horrible dream I had," I thought, "murder—and myself the murderer."

And then I remembered. But still hoping that it was a dream, I hurriedly dressed, went to the club for breakfast, and hurried off to Williams' house.

The children were playing about the door and the sound of a piano came from upstairs. I knocked at Williams' door. A peculiar odor came from the crack beneath.

"Is Mr. Williams at home?" I asked the chambermaid,

No bakery in the city bakes such bread, or makes such delicious cakes as Westerfeld's, 1035 Market street. 2

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

who emerged from the opposite room with the implements of her calling.

"I guess so," she replied, "he is not a late sleeper."

Then she opened the door with her duplicate key. She gave a shriek, and fell back into my arms.

"Oh, don't look in, sir," she shivered, "it's horrible."

But I looked in at the now open door. Perhaps I had hoped it was all a dream, that yesterday occurrence, but it was a monstrous reality.

The maid's shrieks brought the janitor and others to the door. They did not enter until the police had been summoned and a physician—the latter at my desire.

However, all this has been in the papers. A theory of suicide was suggested but my testimony on the witness stand at the coroner's inquest disproved this. I testified that Williams was of an optimistic temperament, and when I had left him the day before he was in a particularly happy mood.

The janitor was next arrested for the murder of the bachelor tenant, but he easily proved an alibi and was released. Then suspicion turned toward a discarded mistress, but she also proved an alibi.

What puzzled the detectives was how such a crime should have happened in a house where there were so many people at the time. The children testified that they had seen Williams go out—and this shows the unreliability of children's memories. They had seen him go in, they said, and he had called out "Hello" to them; but it was I they had seen go *out*, and it was I that had greeted them.

In time, Williams' sister came and took away his books and other belongings. The apartment was leased to some one who had no knowledge of the ghastly deed the tapestried walls had seen enacted.

I do not know what impels me to this confession. It is the desire, no doubt, to impress upon our detective force the truth of that Vidocq principle, and of Williams' theory. For I was never once suspected of the crime.

THE HOMICIDE.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"Darcy of the Guards"—Not strikingly original, still a rattling good play.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Empress Theodora"—first time of the Sardou drama in English; a fine production.

ALCAZAR—"For Bonnie Prince Charlie"—Second week and continued success.

TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker"—Its popularity never diminishes,

ORPHEUM—A clever vaudeville bill.

How Eleanor Kent is Getting On

No San Francisco girl who has gone on the stage has met with success in such rapid strides as has Eleanor Kent (Mabel Love). She has just finished a long engagement in grand opera with the Castle Square company in St. Louis, and will now go to Cleveland with the Holly Opera company which will give ten operas in as many weeks. Miss Kent will then return to New York for rehearsals and will go with the Klaw & Erlanger company on the road in "Foxy Quiller." After appearing in the principal cities the organization will go back to New York opening at the Broadway theatre in a new production, an opera by De Koven and Smith. Miss Kent will create the prima donna role, and it is likely the opera will come this way in the course of time. Last year Eleanor Kent paid a short visit to her mother in this city, but she did not appear in public. She had just arrived from Paris where she had been studying hard, and she needed a rest. One secret of her steady success on the stage is that she never slackens her studies. She keeps up her music, her French and her dramatic expression studies, and is always striving to know more. Her ambition is sincere.

Melbourne MacDowell et Al

The splendor of the performances now being staged at the Grand is due not so much to Mr. MacDowell as to his late wife, Fanny Davenport. There was nothing niggardly about

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the great American actress. Her productions were mounted regardless of expense, and nothing to equal them in magnificence has been seen on any stage, with the exception of Henry Irving's productions and those of the late Augustin Daly. The jewels worn by Fanny Davenport in her production of "Cleopatra" were not paste gems but the genuine article. And all those valuable jewels were willed to Melbourne MacDowell, to whom they fell at his wife's death. Blanche Walsh wore those jewels when she appeared as MacDowell's twin-star, when their original owner had passed away. It was Fanny Davenport, by the way, who chose Blanche Walsh as her successor in the roles that had made her famous. Fanny loved her young husband and she wished him to have the best this world could give. Therefore she gave him the rights to produce the Sardou dramas, the scenery and costumes for the plays, and indicated as her successor a young and handsome leading woman. What other wife would have done the same? What other great dramatic star would have coached a younger rival in the roles in which she had made her own name and fame? It is well said that Fanny Davenport loved MacDowell with a love passing that of a wife. It was the love of a mother for a promising son, rather, or of an elder sister for a handsome young brother.

Bits of News About People We Know

Nixon & Zimmerman's production of "The Messenger Boy," is to be staged by Ben Teal, who has engaged George De Long of the "Florodora" company to play the Comte de Fleury in the new musical comedy. Jimmy Powers will have the leading role.

Maude Berry is now a star with her own organization. The Maude Lillian Berri Opera company is now appearing at Uhrig's Cave in "The Merry Monarch" in St. Louis. The handsome prima donna is making a twin hit to Helen Bertram's Cleopatra in "The Wizard of the Nile" at the Delmar Garden in the same city.

George E. Lask will direct a light opera stock company for a season of eight weeks at the Manhattan Beach theatre, Denver, under the management of Bellows and Long this summer. The company will open in "The Wizard of the Nile."

Wilton Lackaye is evidently heading this way again. I am daily receiving press matter from his agent, Maurice Evans. Lackaye is playing Petronius in "Quo Vadis," Uncle Tom in the Stowe drama and Earl of Derwent in "Prince of Peace."

Attractions Next Week

"Gismonda," one of the strongest of the Sardou plays, with Melbourne MacDowell in the part of Almerio, will be the bill at Morosco's Grand Opera House the coming week. The French critics pronounced "Gismonda" a work of high literary merit, as well as of dramatic power when Madame Bernhardt first produced the play, and the American critics were unanimous in saying that the play lost none of this dramatic power when translated into English. The third act of "Gismonda" is without question the greatest act ever written. The scenery is being specially painted by Frederick McGreer and will be just as grand as that of the preceding productions. The costumes will also be of a sumptuous order.

Odell Williams, supported by a clever company, will present at the Orpheum next week his famous farce, "The Judge." Two little fifty centimeter-high representatives of a pigmy tribe from Thibet will show how little difference there is between the intelligence of the folk that subscribe to civilization and missionary schemes and the under-sized, coloradomadura colored people living near the source of the Irawadi River. Fatma and Smaun are Burmans and stand just about as high as a quart bottle but they are possessed of a regular Anglo-Saxon supply of brains and in spite of their diminutive stature, have contrived and will present one of the best acts in vaudeville. Cole and DeLosse are well balanced personages who will demonstrate equilibrical impossibilities. Gardner and Maddern and the Doherty Sisters will by gesture, word of

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Monday and Tuesday Nights and Wednesday Matinee } "DARCY of the GUARDS"

Wednesday Night "The Importance of Being Earnest"
Remainder of the week, "Heartsease"

Monday, June 24th—"Under Two Flags" with Blanche Bates

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 16th

Odell Williams and Co. Fatma and Smaun. Cole and De Losse.
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The biograph, showing views of the Pan-American
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EZRA KENDALL

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Evenings at 8 Matinee Saturday at 2
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Monday June 17th—Sixth and Last Week!
The Great Comic Opera Furore,

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Another Big Souvenir Toy Matinee on Saturday, at 2.
Every Child will Receive a Toy

Next Production—the Midsummer Extravaganza "Babes in the Woods"

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mouth, song and dance, tell another story from last week, and soon afterEzra Kendall has unloaded a fresh cargo of philosophy the biograph will show what is best worth seeing at the Pan-American Exposition.

"The Toy Maker" still pleases big audiences at the Tivoli, and will continue for a sixth week, which will positively be the last. After the run of "The Toy Maker" comes the long heralded midsummer spectacle, "The Babes in the Woods." The souvenir matinees have pleased multitudes of children, and the management promises another on Saturday next, each child in attendance to receive a toy.

Florence Roberts' second offering to Alcazar patrons is a charming story of the Napoleonic days, entitled "Countess Valeska." It was originally produced at Wallack's in New York, where it had a long and prosperous run. Miss Roberts will appear in the title role, which was created by Julia Marlowe. The story is strong and full of heart interest and should prove to be one of the best of Miss Roberts' superb repertory. White Whittlesey and the full strength of the Alcazar stock will support her. The management has responded to numerous requests from patrons and will revive "Sapho" for one week only, to be followed by "The School for Scandal"

For the final week of his engagement at the Columbia Henry Miller will present a repertory of great attractions. The first two nights and Wednesday matinee will be devoted to the new romantic success, "Darcy of the Guards." There having been received many requests for a repetition of "The Importance of Being Earnest," the brilliant Oscar Wilde comedy will be given on Wednesday night. Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee will be devoted to the farewell performances of the present season and the final performances in this city of "Heartsease." These will be the last times that the popular play will be staged here by Miller, as he intends to take it out of his repertory after this season. The first of a series of important productions to be made here by Charles Frohman will be that of "Under Two Flags," which is announced for a limited engagement beginning on the twenty-fourth instant, with Blanche Bates as the star.

A Story About Rose Coghlan

There are many stories told of Rose Coghlan's good heart, and there is probably no other actress on the stage today who is more genuinely sympathetic and kind than she. I heard this of her the other day, and though it is not new it is perhaps so old that it will be new to many: A young man on board a West Point steamer had devoted himself during the earlier stages of the trip to a pretty, yellow-haired, blue-eyed girl whom he had under his charge. He was in the act of pointing out to her the slopes of Dundenberg, when his glance fell on a woman with merry Irish eyes, a fresh color, and a smile that checked his eloquence on his lips. He watched the newcomer more and more intently for some minutes, then made an excuse to the blue eyes beside him and left the deck. He was gone but a few minutes and came back, having picked up, dear knows where, a handful of succory blossoms. Stepping with what grace he could muster up to the fresh enslaver of his fancy he held out the flowers with a "You dropped these, did you not?" calculated to lead to further conversation. There was a moment of surprise and hesitation during which many eyes watched the outcome of the game.

"This lady dropped them, I think," said she of the Irish eyes, "and in any case blue is for blondes."

She handed the flowers to the deserted sweetheart, whose face had grown perplexed and whose innocent eyes had begun to fill at the open transfer of allegiance. The young man looked off shoreward and was not fluent in conversation while a rumor gained currency among the passengers that he had been trying to start a flirtation with Rose Coghlan.

THE CROWN LUNCH ROOM

The Crown Lunch Room, an innovation on the old methods, was opened to the public Thursday morning for the first time on this side of the continent, at 219 Montgomery street, where patrons were served with sandwiches of all kinds, chocolate and milk, at 5 cents each. The aim of the management is to make salads the special attraction of the house. The innovation consists in the absence of tables and checks. Patrons help themselves and pay at the counter. Chairs, such as are used in lecture rooms, take the place of ordinary tables for patrons who prefer to be seated while eating. These chairs are very convenient and occupy little space. The place is made most attractive. Fine pictures are suspended from the walls, and palms and potted plants ranged along the aisles and in the windows. Similar lunch rooms have met with the greatest success in all the large cities in the East and West.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

Certificate of Copartnership

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business in this city. Its principal place of business is at 87-93 Fremont street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Its name is "Alex Heins Belting Company."

The names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

IDA HEINS, City of San Francisco.
ALOIS WILLIAM, " "
C. H. Kaul, " "

Dated, May 31, 1901.

Duly acknowledged before me on the 31st day of May, 1901, I. L. JACOBI, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of May, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

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Constancy

Like the heavens above,
All star-sprinkled through,
Immeasurable, vast,
Is my passion for you.
So like stars twinkling bright
In the depths of the blue,
As they shine through the night,
Shines my passion for you.
But as at the day's dawning.
They to night grow untrue,
And elope with the morning
So passion flies too.

R. H. Ross.

Besant Philosophy

Walter Besant, the distinguished author, who died the other day, wrote his book for thinking readers as well as for popular favor. From his books are worth gleaning the following bits of philosophy, which show his knowledge of human nature.

From "Children of Gibeon":

"Every woman—fortunately very few women fully realize the great truth—can do with every man whatever she pleases, provided, first, that she is young and beautiful; next, that the man is a man of imagination and possessed of a right feeling for the sex; and thirdly, that she has the mastery over some musical instrument."

"It is odd how, when one's early faith is forgotten, the narrowness of it may remain like the crust in the bottle after the wine has been poured out."

From "The Son of Vulcan," in which novel James Rice collaborated:

"Girls do not fall in love; they have preferences; they think one man better than another: but not until the man they 'fancy,' to use the homely phrase, comes, do they permit the full current of love to flow through their veins. Love springs full born in the brain of a man, like Athene in the brain of Zeus: love, a tiny infant at first, in the heart of a woman, stretches out vague hands here and there, catching feebly at unknown distances, till the magician, Speech, gives it knowledge, power and ripeness."

"Not to affect, not to parade, not to conceal—three very valuable lessons to a *parvenu*."

"You may inflict all wrongs upon a woman, and she will forgive you—except three. You may not forsake her for another woman; you may not take away her child; and you may not take away her lover."

"Why do men kiss girls? It seems to me a curious mental deformity, something like the pig's tail, which is too short to answer any practical purpose." (Norah.)

"Boys are selfish, and the stronger the boy's nature, the less he thinks of others, till there comes the softening touch which makes the man."

"The night, to the criminal, the unsuccessful man and the man who knows he has made an ass of himself, is a period much more trying than the day, unless you sleep through it."

The Gleaner.

The Young Man of Du Quesne

There was a young man of Du Quesne
Possessed of an asinine bruesne,
Whose love of a hoax,
And of practical joax,
Inspired in the hearts of conservative foax,
A feeling of horror and puesne.

But this foolish young man of Du Quesne,
Met a red man quite fresh from the pluesne;
And of course he got gay
With the Sioux right away!
Now, alas! and alack! Ah too bad! Well-a-day!
There's no hair growing over his bruesne!

The Tragedian.

The Importance of Being Earnest

"'Twas from a good motive," said the Sweet Young Girl.

"So you would do evil that good may come?"

"I don't call it doing evil to go out to lunch with my most intimate friend's husband."

"What of the intimate friend's feelings when she hears about it?"

"She'll not hear about it. He won't tell—and I won't."

"But the people who saw you?"

"There weren't any people. It was—was upstairs."

"Oh-h!"

"Now I know what you infer, but it wasn't so. And if Cholly Benedict hadn't gone with me he would have gone with somebody much worse, I am sure. It was positively a deed of charity for me to go to lunch with Cholly."

"And that's the way Mrs. Benedict will look at it, of course?"

"Of course she will, if anybody *should* know and *should* tell her. She'd much rather have her husband go with me than with one of those horrid——"

"But perhaps those horrid——only go out to lunch with other women's husbands out of charity, too."

The Sweet Young Girl had never looked at it in that light.

"Oh, how utterly ridiculous," she said.

And then she added:

"Perhaps."

The Valet.

Misdirected Enthusiasm

First Stranger—What is all this noise and fuss about?

Second Stranger—Why the people of the city are welcoming the *Oregon*, the greatest battleship in the American navy.

First Stranger—It seems to me that their enthusiasm is misdirected. The ship can't appreciate it.

Second Stranger (indignantly) It seems to *you*—who are you?

First Stranger—My name is Scott. I'm the man that built the *Oregon*.

The Listener.

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The Automobile

In my recent criticisms of the present management of the Automobile Club of California I have been accused of all sorts of things, of being prejudiced, unfair in my statements, and all that kind of talk. In the *Evening Post* of last Saturday night the following article appeared, which clearly shows that my criticisms have not been very far off from the truth. Especially is this so in view of the fact that the writer of this article was L. L. l'Hommedieu, who is now acting as secretary pro tem of the club and who is in a better position to know of the inner workings of this organization than anyone else outside the principal officers themselves. Mr. l'Hommedieu's plain statements are as follows:

There was to have been a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Automobile Club of California last Monday evening, but for some unaccountable reason the members of the board failed to put in an appearance. This was to be regretted, for it will be impossible to judge just how the club stands at the meeting on June twenty-fifth, when an election is to be held It is to be hoped that the new officers will take more interest in the club, for it will be impossible for it to exist much longer under the kind of management that it has had up to date. The new officers will have a hard time of it until they have restored confidence in the club. Success can only come to the club by an entire change in the officers. San Francisco and California can support a club, for in and about the city there are over a hundred modern chariots in use.

Charles C. Moore, president of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific, returned on Wednesday from a business trip to New York and the Locomobile factory. "Interest in automobiles is greater than ever this year," said Mr. Moore, "and the manufacturers are rushed to the utmost limit to supply the demand. The week I was in New York one of the Locomobile stations sold fifty-nine machines, which gives a fair idea as to what the demand is in the East. There are more steam machines being sold than anything else." While in New York Mr. Moore ordered a fifteen horse-power Locomobile for his own use, which is expected to eclipse anything that has yet been turned out in a steam rig. This machine is expected to arrive here within the next two weeks, as well as a shipment of Locomobile delivery wagons.

One of the most energetic hustlers in the automobile business in this part of the country is Colonel Cotten, the Mobile agent for Alameda and Santa Clara counties. The Colonel is reported to have purchased fully ten thousand dollars worth of vehicles lately and is in the business to stay. He has established headquarters in Oakland, on Broadway, and is also contemplating opening a branch in San Jose. Not a single point that can possibly redound to the good of the business is overlooked by the Colonel and it is this reason that his advent into the trade has given it such an impetus of late. He is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the proposed automobile meet and exhibition at Ingleside, and is lending the project every possible assistance.

Charles A. Baldwin of Burlingame is reported to have recently purchased a big gasoline rig of European manufacture which is said to have a speed of fifty miles an hour. The make or character of the machine has not yet been ascertained but in all probability it will be seen here in the near future. A rig of this nature should create all kinds of interest here as it is the first of the speedy French vehicles to be seen in the West. The purchase price is said to have been about thirty-five hundred dollars.

Mrs. Miles T. Baird had an inning with Engineer Saville of the Park Commission early this week and succeeded in undergoing the rigid examination in a very creditable manner. She now has a permit to operate her Locomobile in Golden Gate park to her heart's content. THE AUTOMOBILER

Mr. and Mrs. Miles T. Baird driving their Locomobile, Style No. 2 at Del Monte Hotel, Monterey Co., Cal.

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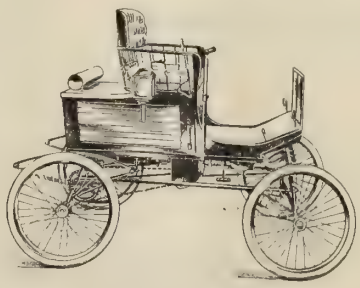

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Upon receipt of the above acknowledgement Mr. Alladio has forwarded another supply for Mrs. McKinley's special use, free of all cost delivered in the White House.

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N. B.—The President and Mrs. McKinley recently acknowledged with cordial thanks the receipt of a package of the Alladio Royal Cream Cheese, which is the most delicious article in the market.

Music World

At Beringer's Conservatory of Music

The fourth semi-annnal students' concert of Beringer's Conservatory of Music was held on Tuesday of last week, an attractive and varied program making the recital particularly interesting to a very large audience. The pupils again showed careful training and their efforts were appreciated to a high degree. They showed repose and the greatest ability to control the inevitable nervousness that so often attends public appearances. Miss Gladys Beringer and Professor Joseph Beringer played at the opening and at the close of the program duets for two pianos, (a) "Fantasie sur un air original" by Garlitt, and the "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens. In these compositions originality and breadth were particularly apparent and the performance made a profound impression upon the listeners. Miss Beringer rendered beside the duets, two charming compositions, "Nocturne Tes Yeux" and the valse brillante "Des Gouttes de rosee," composed by Professor Beringer. Her playing is characterized by refinement of style and finish of execution. Irene Palmer, whose name is closely connected with Professor Beringer, being one of his prize pupils, again delighted the audience with her performance. The difficult C major op. 24 by Weber was rendered with admirable expression. An encore was demanded and responded to. Alice Maxwell showed great talent and the fruits of careful tuition. Mendelssohn's Wedding March and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" were given with taste and good expression. Schubert's Impromptu op. 142, played by Mr. W. Fletcher Husband, was listened to with great interest, his firm touch having already been shown in the duet from Traviata played with Professor Beringer and which made a marked impression. Among the other pianists taking part were Misses Violet Hannah, Irene Goudey, Hilda Gutfield, Nina Cook, Anita Lewis and Ethel Peck, all of whom acquitted themselves excellently. The vocal solos given by Miss Pearl Metcalfe, Blanche and Edith Schoenberg, Cornelia Farrell and Dr. Grace Simon were artistically sung and gave a pleasant variation to the program. Madame Joseph Beringer, who is the head of the vocal department, appeared in the recital, much to the pleasure of her friends and the public. She revealed in her selections, "Old Love Song," by Chandon and "Merry Brown Thrush" by Dudley Buck, the style and manner of a rare tone singer, and in the Invocation, "Re dell' abisso" from Verdi's Masked Ball the dramatic effect of the climax was reached with the spirit of an artist. Madame Beringer responded to the prolonged applause with an encore, singing the Brindisi from "Lucrezia Borgia.

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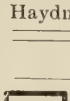
A Letter from Vienna

Emil Steinegger sent me the following interesting notes from Vienna, under date of May tenth: Mascagni's farewell orchestral concert last night marked the finish of the season. This and two previous concerts, also under the leadership of Mascagni, were the most important events and made a fitting close to a season of unusual brilliance. A concert was announced for April twenty-fifth, for the benefit of the Verdi monument fund, under the direction of Pietro Mascagni assisted by prominent singers from La Scala, Milan and Teatro Argentina, Rome. The names of these artists are Signora Uffreduzzi, Signora Guerrini and Sig. Navarrini from La Scala, and Sig. Francesco Marconi from Teatro Argentina. Verdi's "Messa da Requiem" was to be rendered with assistance of the Royal Opera orchestra and a number of singing societies of Vienna. On account of the tremendous demand for tickets the concert was repeated on April twenty-eighth, immense and enthusiastic audiences being present on both occasions. The event was successful in every particular. At last night's concert the Italian artists Guerrini, Navarrini and Marconi appeared as soloists, all receiving another acknowledgment of their popularity in Vienna. Navarrini has a splendid bass and the house went wild over his singing. Two new compositions of Mascagni's were played by the orchestra—"Gavotte delle Bambole" and "Sinfonia" (overture) from the opera "Le Maschere." On April eleventh Arthur Nikisch and the Berlin Philharmonikers gave one concert before a "sold out" house. Other concerts of note were the Sarasate violin concerts—Bernhardt Stowenhagen with orchestra giving Liszt's Dante Symphony; Camilla Landi and others of minor importance. Mark Hambourg played at Sybil Sanderson's concert and received the same treatment accorded the star. He played Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia with orchestra. It is a remarkable but true state of affairs, that as a rule, prominent Leschetitzky pupils get a severe roasting from the Vienna press. Paderewski gives Vienna a wide berth on account of treatment received in the past. Much more could be written upon this topic or subject, which can be noted at some other time.

Welsh Day at the Buffalo Exposition

September nineteenth has been set apart as Welsh Day at the Pan-American Exposition, and the deep interest which the Welsh citizens of the United States are manifesting in it assures a very large attendance and a most successful event. Following is the program so far as arranged: Chief Competition: For mixed choirs of not less than one hundred and twenty-five nor over one hundred and fifty voices, "God so Loved the World." (Sir J. Stainer), and "We Never Will Bow Down," (Handel). First prize, three hundred dollars; second prize, one hundred dollars. Male Chorus Competition: For chorus of not less than forty nor over fifty voices, "Song of the Pilgrim" (J. Hayden Morris, Mus.Bac.,). First prize, one hundred and fifty dollars; second prize, one hundred dollars. Female Chorus Competition; For chorus of not less than thirty nor over thirty-five voices, "Lullaby" (Brahm), and "Bridal of the Birds" (Brinley Richards). First prize, one hundred and fifiy dollars; second prize, one hundred dollars. Soprano solo: "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," Handel's Messiah Prize, twenty-five dollars. Contralto solo: "He was Despised," Handel's Messiah. Prize, twenty-five dollars. Tenor solo: "In Native Worth," Haydn's "Creation." Prize, twenty-five

VOCAL



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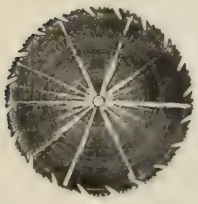

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The Beethoven Club

The annual recital and reception of the Beethoven club was held on June fourth at the residence of Mrs. W. P. McDermott (Leila France), in San Jose avenue. The following interesting program was given: Hunting Song, Mendelssohn, Miss Ida Di Vecchio; Departed Days, Leonis, Miss Alice Whelen; Watch Hills Two Step, W D. Kenneth, Miss Sadie Cole; Senorita's Dream, Miss Hattie Game; Pilgrim's Chorus, Wagner, Miss Frances Fitchen; Fifth Air Varie, Dancla, Miss Edna McNab; To Spring. Gounod, Miss May Worthington; Invitation to a Dance, Weber, Miss Nellie Sullivan; Heimziehende Schnitter, Jensen, Miss Carrie Bright; La Sirene, Thome, Miss Mary McDermott; The Sylphes, Bachman, Miss Gertrude Albrecht; Bohemian Girl, Balfe, Miss Ethel Bailey; Narcissus, Nemi, Miss Florence Moran.

One of the best numbers at the entertainment given by the British and American Union last week was the vocal solo of Miss Mignon Judson. She sang the Irish melodies with charming effect.

Mrs. Adelaide Bridge, who has already become well known as an authority on music culture, left for the East last Thursday. Mrs. Bridge goes to New York for further study with Dr. Hugh Martin. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Edith Smith.

At the last election of officers of the Saturday club, Sacramento, Mrs. Albert Elkus one of the most popular members and an accomplished and well known pianist, was elected president for the ensuing term. It is generally conceded that the choice is a most wise one.

THE MUSIC CRITIC.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association held its final meeting of the club-year and its "Forestry Day" in the beautiful grove of Big Trees near Felton. The outing was due to the courtesy of the Southern Pacific railroad to the writers and artists composing this club and gave them an opportunity for articles and sketches all availed themselves of. The thanks of the association were tendered to the railroad and to the president, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, for a pleasant day.

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World of Letters

Hodge Podge Literature

In a late copy of the *Writer* there is a brief paper from the pen of Paul van der Eike on the subject of "Writing Without Knowledge," in which he scores those writers who locate the scenes of their stories in definite places, using both names and topographical features, and yet have such a vague and general idea of the section they attempt to describe that those familiar with the place are unable to recognize it except by the name. "If a writer must draw on his imagination, he should not use real names of places in his descriptions. If he uses real names, his descriptions should be absolutely correct." This, of course, has reference only to the natural features of the landscape. A striking example of this "drawing on imagination to furnish facts" is to be found in a short tale which made its appearance in the March number of the *Raven*. Its title is "His Last Victim," but as he was given to the pastime of making "victims," and the authoress winds up by telling us that "Ah! He was like the gay cavalier, who loved, and loved—and rode away—down to the sea in a ship," there is no good reason why he should not have had plenty of additional ones. However, that is not the point in discussion. "Out in the bosom of the beautiful bay, like a sentinel keeping guard o'er the waste of waters, stands the light house at Mare Island. On either side lies stretched out a long line of quiet gray sand, curved here and there by miniature bays and inlets, dazzling one with its changeful beauty." Waste of waters indeed! The writer is evidently ignorant of the fact that Mare Island is the property of the United States Government and not open to the hoi polloi to come and go at their own will and convenience. "His Last Victim" is a story of love and jealousy, with a suicide as a wind-up. The characters are an officer of the Russian navy who was on the coast with the fleet, an Irish servant girl and the "victim" who was the actual, though not nominal "keeper of the lighthouse." All the wide world knows that the Russian fleet was stationed on the coast during the Civil war and as the "victim" arrayed herself in tarlatan it is evident that the writer had some inkling of the manners of the time, but in those days there were neither "tea fights" nor musicales, and though there was more or less entertainment, it is hardly necessary to say that during the dark days of the war-time there was little heart for tea "fights." Here is a bit of "realism run mad:" First, it is necessary to explain that by the time this point is reached the girl has been gone for an hour. "High over the rocks rippled the quiet tide; inch by inch, foot by foot, it crept over the sand; and yet as it stole around the gazing man, he never thought to move back, but stood transfixed, his eyes, like the dog's, bent on the line of breakers far out in the bay. A dark shadow and then a speck of white gleamed for an instant in the moonlight, through the green of the ocean, and the next instant with the Duke by his side, De Charron was breasting the waves between him and the fatal line of breakers..... Yes, there she lay upon the rocks, her bosom and arms gleaming white in the moonlight. Her black gown caught in a projecting crag kept her body from being washed out to sea; and over her beautiful face, white and unbruised, swirled and dashed the charges of the mighty deep. In a moment he loosened her from the rocks, and with the dog's assistance bore her back to the beach; the very spot where he had met her scarcely a month before." There is enough in the story besides this, short as it is, which shows the writer's lack of knowledge, not to say accuracy, but it is a little past the capacity of even a Russian naval officer to swim from Mare Island beach to the breakers of the Pacific, and perhaps one might be pardoned for doubting the statement that a drowned body would float for an hour, especially in "the great black waves" which were all but too much for the bold sailor.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company has issued *Wonderland* for 1901. This number is a recherche little volume of about one hundred pages. Before opening it the cover design immediately challenges attention. It is impossible

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to conceive of anything more bold and at the same time more delicate. It represents a female figure with a strong suggestion of the Japanese in expression and drapery. She stands amid a shower of falling blossoms; behind and above her is the Chinese Monad, and still farther in the background an impressionist view of a moving train. The whole thing is in the most tender, the most elusive of opaline tints. One is not surprised to learn that it is from a plastique sketch by Alfred Senz, as are also the chapter headings. The contents fully repay the expectations raised by the cover, being most readable and interesting. They relate chiefly to the historic North-West, Custer's battlefield, the Yellowstone region, the Syskiyous and the Lewis and Clark country. The illustrations are profuse and beautiful. This book is said to be much in demand in schools, and no wonder, from the historical and geographical value of its contents. The opening paper is a discourse on the Chinese Monad or good luck sign, and is illustrated in colors after oriental originals. [Issued by Charles S. Fee, St. Paul, Minnesota.]

Queer Book Orders

Book dealers often receive curious orders from their patrons apart from those in which the oddity is merely the result of ignorance or error. In one instance the order read, "Send me C. O. D. twenty pounds of general history," but the mystery of the man who ordered his reading matter by weight was solved when he turned out to be a commercial traveler who was fond of reading, and finding that his baggage was short of his allowance by just twenty pounds, he filled up on books. Another odd order read: "Please send me three feet and seven inches of books suitable to the requirements of the patients in——— Hospital." This came from a well known philanthropist who visits many of the charitable institutions in the East. Whenever he sees a vacant space in the library he measures the gap and sends out an order for books sufficient to fill it. In this way he has provided over a thousand yards of good reading matter. Orders from seaside resorts frequently contain a warning that "There are more ladies than gentlemen in the family," and the presence of "the young person" is made obvious when a general order for modern fiction is modified by the addition, "Nothing Frenchy."

The *Land of Sunshine* recently devoted a fair amount of space and a goodly share of consideration to the question of the proper spelling of the Indian name, Kaweah, which the Eastern arrival, given over to literature or science, is prone to lengthen out to Coahuilla, and which the L. of S. says is all wrong and not to be submitted to. The tourist who goes in search of the beautiful Coahuilla is apt to have his nerves jarred when he makes the discovery that the popular pronunciation, there and thereabout is Cow-ear, with the accent on the first syllable. It must have been some imported educator who saw to it that the first edition of the geographies of the State series had the pronounciation of Mare Island carefully indicated in two syllables, the vowels marked with the Spanish equivalents, and the accent on the last syllable.

Of the summer number of the *Book-Lover* one cannot say more in its praise than that it is quite as good as the preceding issues. One hundred pages of book lore ranging over the whole field and furnishing information for the reader, the writer and the collector, as well as dealer is something to rejoice in. In these days of cheap print, poor paper and careless workmanship, the appearance of the *Book-Lover* is sufficient to attract the attention. The type is excellent, the lines well-spaced and the margins—it seems to be the only publication that indulges in the extravagance of margins any more. The interesting series of articles on the subject of "Books Condemned to be Burned," is concluded in this number. Amongst other titles may be mentioned "First Books Printed in America," "First Books Printed in England," "Books of Power," "Some Book-hunting Grounds of London," "Half-forgotten Magazines," "Stock Criticism." This is essentially a magazine for the library table. No real lover of books will be without it.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, George Edward Keefe, administrator of the estate of Susan Urry, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said George Edward Keefe, at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Nos. 20 and 21, 7th floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

GEORGE EDWARD KEEFE,
Administrator of the estate of
Susan Urry, deceased.

CHARLES WESLEY REED,
Attorney for said Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 17, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of WILLIAM W. FINNIE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary A. Finnie, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of William W. Finnie deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY A. FINNIE.
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
William W. Finnie, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of MARGARET McDONALD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward F. Wheeler, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret McDonald, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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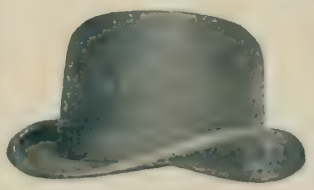

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San Francisco, June 22, 1901

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OUR OPINION

The Exasperating 'Phone

The Supervisors have again been petitioned for a telephone franchise. TOWN TALK would like to see a competing telephone system in this city, but we are not in favor of encouraging fakers whose sole purpose is to blackmail the corporation which is now enjoying a monopoly of the business. The people behind the latest petition may mean business, but we have had so much experience with frauds that we deem it advisable to require a substantial guaranty of some sort before considering their proposition. Meanwhile our public officials should concentrate all their energies upon an effort to compel the arrogant thieves who are now stealing nickels and inciting their patrons to frenzied indignation, to deal fairly and honestly with the people of the city. That it was possible to improve the service without providing the adequate system which the immense profits of the corporation and the extent of its patronage warranted, is evident from the fact that there has been a little less cause for complaint since TOWN TALK began, a few weeks ago, to condemn the outrageous conduct of the company's servants. What might we expect if John I. Sabin returned from the East, and urged the expenditure of a fraction of the coin which he has ordered there for operating expenses and for additions to the plant? That the complaint voiced by this paper was general is attested by the immense volume of communications addressed to the editor, commending him for his course. Anti-corporation crusades savor so much of demogoguery that we are reluctant to engage in them but the abuses of the telephone franchise became so bold and exasperating that we were constrained to demand redress. We should prefer now that the dailies substitute for ours that influence of which they love so well to boast. They are always interested in safeguarding the rights of the public, and they have unlimited space, when the opportunity presents itself to bid for public favor. Why so strangely silent now?

Pin Head Bobs Up Again

Civil Service Commissioner, Pin Head McCarthy, who has the distinction of being the blackest blot on the present municipal Administration, issued a manifesto, last week, against organizing labor unions into a political party. Having reached the end of his tether, this egregious mountebank, who obtained a political job by pretending to be the mouthpiece of organized labor, is now trying to avoid strangulation by affecting docility. A few years ago this hotel roustabout bluffed his way into political prominence by imposing on the credulity of a few leaders of the local Democracy, whose inability to distinguish between a man and a mouse has handicapped them somewhat in life's struggle. Believing him to be an influential leader of organized labor, they felt that his eagerness to become a tax eater rendered him a pliant tool in their hands, and they therefore nursed him in the hope of some day using his deluded constituency for their own advantage. Of course they magnified his importance. Labor unions become distrustful of their leaders when those leaders present themselves in the light of political job-chasers. When Pin Head McCarthy became a Civil Service Commissioner his constituents looked upon him with suspicion. They penetrated the mask. Organized labor repudiated him as a mountebank long ago. By artful political methods he still holds the position of president of a few scattering unions, and even in them there is not much loyalty to him. His objection to a political labor party is consequently well founded from the standpoint of his own interests. As there is no longer a possibility of his posing as the leader of such a party he is opposed to it. But there is no likelihood of such a party being organized and he is aware of that fact. The only purpose of his manifesto was to convey the impression that he has conscientious scruples against promoting labor troubles. But it is too late for Pin Head McCarthy to plead for public confidence. Even his sponsors must discredit him.

Marriage Not Essential to Happiness

The *Examiner* has on its staff a philosopher who surveys mankind from China to Peru, and comes to some fearful and wonderful conclusions. Here is one of them:

> As a matter of fact, there never was in all the world a really happy woman unmarried after a certain age.
>
> She may be resigned, she may be self-sacrificing, she is very often beautiful in character, and beyond any question she has frequently refused to marry, since men are not crazy.
>
> But the mature woman, unmarried, is really unhappy, and she knows it.

The nature of happiness is hard to define and its very existence is a moot question as far from settlement now as it was in the time of Solomon. Few

people realize happiness in any walk of life, and it is perhaps more a matter of health and temperament than anything else. The matrimonial state is not, *per se*, a cause of happiness; if it were there would be no such question as, "Is Marriage a Failure?" There have always been women so constituted physically and mentally as to prefer a state of celibacy and they are not all in nunneries either. Even the Greeks had their maiden goddesses, Minerva and Diana, and legend does not tell us that they were more unhappy than Juno, who had a faithless spouse, or Venus, who was a faithless spouse herself. It is true that many women fail to marry because they are victims of the tragedy of love, namely unrequited love or the perfidy of man, but aside from these wounds of the heart there is no reason why women cannot be happy and contented in the single state, especially when they are single from choice. There was a time when it was not believed that any woman was single from choice; in those days wounded vanity and a feeling of neglect and failure in life perhaps went with the unmarried state. But today there is no reproach attached to a single woman. She can earn her own living and go about as she pleases. She is no more an object of pity than the bachelor, who is generally conceded to be a lucky dog and to have the best of it. No matter what part sentiment plays, when we come down to cold facts, marriage has always been to woman principally a means of making her living. Frequently, in certain social strata, her only choice was between marriage and a convent. Many women realize that they have not the temperament for marriage, yet they wish to live in the world. There being now so many industrial avenues open to their sex, such women are not driven either by necessity or public opinion into what a clever woman has termed "a very bad way of earning a living."

From Preaching to Book-making

Some surprise is manifested in certain quarters that the Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady should resign his pastorate in order to give his time entirely to the writing of books. The Reverend Mr. Brady had a salary of two thousand dollars which he found insufficient for his support. He expects to secure about seven thousand dollars from the proceeds of his writings, so it was simply the question of hanging on to the job that pays best, since he decided that he could not hold down both at the same time. Preaching, like other professions, is merely one way to make a living, and when it ceases to pay there is nothing to stand in the way of leaving it for something better. There used to be an idea that the ministry was a serious occupation which demanded certain talents and a special consecration, but like other superstitions, this has been dissipated. A young man chooses the calling nowadays because he is so eminently respectable, and frequently because it is easier to obtain substantial help towards a higher education, and he has no direct antipathy to the calling. It secures him something of a social standing at once, and is a good stepping-stone to something else, or something better, when the time comes. The Reverend Braddin Hamilton recently deplored the absence of "young men of gentle birth" amongst the American clergy. They do not understand society; they make sweeping assertions and indiscriminate condemnations which antagonize the upper circles. English clergymen are nearly all in society. Reverend Hamilton was, of course, speaking for his own denomination, and it is nothing new to be published that the church in England, next to the army, is the refuge of younger sons. It is not improbable that society may yet take to the notion of gentlemen preachers from their own set, just as we have gentleman jockeys, who will undertake the work because they like it, and not for the compensation. A fashionable New York preacher recently complained that the best salary he could hope for was only ten thousand dollars a year, so it is not to be expected that the Reverend Brady would be able to struggle along on a fifth of that amount. But he is far from being a phenomenon in the literary field, and if he has any reasonable guarantee that he will be able to approximate an income of seven thousand dollars from his books, there is little to wonder at that so many of every other art, craft and trade are taking up the profession of "letters."

Culture and Kleptomania

Another phase of the higher education of women has developed itself in the recent Smith college case, where one of the students has been arrested for the theft of jewelry and money that aggregate in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. Of course the plea of kleptomania was advanced, as the young lady was a member of a family who held their heads high in their community, but in view of the fact that she took only articles of intrinsic value, and disposed of them in a number of widely separated localities, the common sense opinion is that she was merely an ordinary thief. She wanted articles of dress which lay beyond the limits of her own purse, and she had little, if any hesitation in dipping her hand into some one else's sack. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about the elevating influences of education—book education—"plain living and high thinking," and so on, but where a single "operator" can pick up five thousand dollar's worth in one institution, it begins to look as though simplicity and plainness were the last things to be found. The truth of the matter is that within the last generation the period of youth has been abnormally prolonged for both sexes. Young men are now attending colleges and universities at an age when their fathers and grandfathers were taking a fore part in the business and political life of their

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times. Girls no longer marry at sixteen and eighteen, or even twenty, and mothers in society, very limited society at that, have no mind to challenge criticism by having grown up daughters at their sides. Higher education is the fad of the hour, and these colleges take the place of the old fashioned finishing schools, where girls were sent for a final smattering polish before they fluttered their brief butterfly season. The modern girl goes to college for the same reason that her grandmother went to boarding school, which is very largely to make acquaintances who will be of use to her socially in the future. They are, in a way, society kindergartens. There is always a certain proportion of real students, but with the remainder study is about the last consideration. The girl who cannot make as good an appearance as those she desires to attach herself to is handicapped. She is not willing to drop out of her chosen set, and she must find a way to keep up with the procession. "Get there —honestly if you can, but get there somehow," is the rule of life. Instances of extravagance and dishonesty are by no means rare amongst college students, and are generally kept quiet by both students and authorities, since the amounts purloined are small and the losses discovered almost immediately, but in this instance the "kleptomaniac" appears to have carried on operations undetected for a considerable time.

The Saunterer

Gossip of the Legal Tabbies

Lawyers do not often discuss the tricks of their trade with laymen. They like to prate about the dignity of the law while sneering at the representatives of other professions. But when a case of the magnitude of the one involving the Fair estate gets into Court, splitting the leading members of the bar into two or three camps, with millions of dollars in fees at stake, so bitter are the feelings aroused by the litigation, that the dignity of the profession is forgotten for the nonce, and one does not have to be on the inside to catch the murmurings of the discontented. The lawyers of San Francisco never had such an enchanting scramble as the one which is just drawing to a close. And if ever the whole story of how it was conducted is written, it will be sensational reading. Moreover it would prove a valuable text-book for law students, for it would reveal to them many instructive hints in the science of winning a case that cannot be found in Blackstone or Kent.

The Promotion of Scandal

When newspapers question the integrity of a Court, lawyers are quick to rush to the defense and denounce the "vile slanderer," and yet the most prominent members of the bar are always confessing their lack of confidence in the Courts either by resorting to questionable means to win cases, or by charging the other side with having done so. In the Blythe case, a certain attorney was employed on appeal, and it was generally conceded that he never would have been thought of if he were not related by marriage to one of the justices of the Court. In the Fair case similar charges were made by the attorneys for each set of litigants. And those charges have given rise to a great deal of scandal. The Fair case has more clearly demonstrated than any other in the whole history of Californian jurisprudence, that the bar of this city is most skeptical as to the integrity of the State's highest tribunal.

Pointers for Students

If the attorneys in that case are to be believed no young man who aspires to be a great lawyer should waste his time studying the common law and the codes. He should qualify himself for his chosen career by familiarizing himself with the genealogy of judges and their family connections, and acquiring a knowledge of their social relations and the nature of the obligations incurred at the time of their advent into the political arena. If such a state of affairs as that described by the Fair attorneys should continue, we should expect some day, at an examination of candidates for admission to the bar a colloquy of this sort:

Examiner: "If you had been retained by Mrs. Craven to break the Fair will what would you have conceived to be your first duty to your client?"

Student: "To hire Judge Denson to act as associate counsel."

Examiner: "Why ?"

Student: "Because he is related by marriage to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court."

An Imaginary Examination

And such an examination as this would not be regarded as strange if we were to believe all that we hear:

Examiner: "What would you have done on the rehearing of the Fair case if you were the attorney for the children of the deceased?"

Student: "I should have caused Justice Harrison to be disqualified."

Examiner: How ?"

Student: "I should have raised the point that he was not qualified, and then to prove it I should ask him these questions: Were you not a law partner of W. S. Goodfellow, an attorney for the trustees ? Did

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you not discuss this very trust clause with James G. Fair before you ascended the bench? Is your son employed in Mr. Goodfellow's office? If this trust clause is sustained would it not be possible for you to retire from the bench and become interested in the estate as an attorney for the trustees?"

Though not a member of the legal profession I have confidence in our Supreme Court, and I regard the gossip of the attorneys as shameful. I believe that Robert Y. Hayne's brief should be stricken from the files as insulting, and that he should not be treated with any more leniency than was the pestiferous Horace Philbrook. Moreover, I hope that the decision of the Court will stand as a warning to multi-millionaires and others who seek to handle their property after they are dead.

Humphreys of Honolulu

Judge Abram S. Humphreys of Honolulu has suddenly come into prominence as the central figure in a very nasty political row in the Islands. His political enemies are now seeking to have him removed from the bench, and their wire pullers are at work in Washington. I am of the opinion that they have undertaken a task somewhat beyond their capacity, for I know Judge Humphreys and I am also cognizant of the influences upon which he relied for his appointment to the position which he holds. Judge Humphreys is an interesting character, and as I believe him to be destined to make history—judicial and political—in Honolulu, a brief sketch of the man may now be timely.

His Career in Arizona

Judge Humphreys is a native of Mississippi, and he is almost surcharged with the fighting blood of the South. He is a man of small stature, but plentifully supplied with courage, and with a high sense of honor and dignity. One of his uncles was a governor of Mississippi, and his father was president of a railroad in that State, but he never depended on his family for assistance. At the age of twenty-two he began the hewing of his own career. He went to Arizona and settled in Phœnix where he began the practice of law. That was about the year 1890, and he is now in the early thirties. Less than two years after his arrival in Arizona he was urged by Clark Churchill, the Attorney General, to run for Chief Justice of the territory. From that it may be judged that Abram Humphreys was a somewhat precocious young man. But he stuck to private practice until about the year 1896 when he started for Honolulu. At that time he was flat broke and in debt. He went to Honolulu on a sailing vessel and beat the emigrant law which prohibits the landing of paupers by exhibiting a roll of Confederate money, on the top of which was a genuine bank-note of small denomination.

Those Troublesome Missionaries

For several years he worked on a salary in a law office, and during that period he paid off every cent of his indebtedness in Arizona. One day his luck changed. He became interested in a probate case which he won. He received a handsome fee, invested his money in sugar stock and made a hundred thousand dollars. Soon his ability asserted itself. He became the attorney for Bishop & Co., the bankers, and several leading business houses, and then came his appointment to the bench. His appointment was opposed by all the big planters in the islands, for Judge Humphreys, be it known, has never ingratiated himself into the favor of the Missionary party. And, by the way, it is that party which is stirring up all the political strife in the islands. The old missionaries and their descendents have "hogged" everything, as the expression goes, and they insist on controlling the politics of the country. Their chief is Governor Dole, a sanctimonoius old chap, with Joe Leggett whiskers. Their opposition to Humphreys was of no avail for he had the backing of Senator Frye of Maine and other influential people at Washington. Frank Heney the attorney, who was associated with Humphreys in Arizona, did some manipulating in the latter's interest, and he has informed me that President McKinley declared that Humphrey's endorsements were strong enough to land him on the Supreme bench if he had preferred that job.

The Cause of the Trouble

From a correspondent in the Islands I have learned that there is absolutely no merit in the charge against Humphreys. He threw three of the leading attorneys at the bar into jail for contempt and he was justified in doing so. The whole trouble was precipitated by Governor Dole, who refused to prolong a session of the legislature on the ground that corruption was rampant in that body. Judge Humphreys immediately instructed the grand jury to investigate the charge. Governor Dole was summoned as a witness and he "passed the buck" up to the Attorney-General, saying that it was the latter that told him. Then the editor of Dole's organ was summoned, and on account of his testimony he was indicted for perjury. At the time of his arraignment his attorneys produced an affidavit in support of a motion for a change of venue. Such a proceeding was irregular in a criminal case and as the affidavit was insulting to the Court the attorneys were committed to the jail for thirty days. In the heat of the trouble Governor Dole levanted to a neighboring island, leaving a lawyer named Cooper to act as the Executive. Cooper was sore on Judge Humphreys because the latter once attempted to have him disbarred for unprofessional conduct, and he pardoned the attorneys. When they came into Court again Judge Humphrey's declined to hear them because they had not purged themselves of contempt. And now they hope to have him removed from the bench.

Married One of the Ah Fongs

A sketch of Judge Humphreys would be incomplete were it not to contain reference to his marriage

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with one of the picturesque Ah Fong girls. The Ah Fongs are famous the world over. One of them, it will be remembered, married Commander Whiting of the navy, and another who was educated at Mills' college recently went to Manila to marry another naval or army officer. Judge Humphreys is the husband of the oldest daughter of the rich but contemptible old Chinaman who deserted his Hawaiian family. I have seen a great many erroneous statements in print concerning the genealogy of the cultured Ah Fong girls. Mrs. Ah Fong's maternal grandfather was an Englishman and her maternal grandmother was a full-blooded native. Her father was a Yankee, and she married the full-blooded Chinese, Ah Fong, who was the father of Mrs. Humphreys. Many years ago, Ah Fong was Chinese Consul-General at Honolulu, and he was the first sugar planter in the Islands. Before deserting his family to go back to his wives in China, he converted about two million dollars worth of property into cash, and all that remained was his sugar plantation. Mrs. Humphreys advised her mother not to sign the deeds to that property, and her refusal to do so saved her from becoming penniless. She managed to get eight hundred thousand dollars worth of sugar stock from Ah Fong. Though he had thirteen children he only permitted one—a son—to accompany him. He lately paid one hundred and ninety thousand dollars for an interest for that son in an English commission house in Hongkong.

"Nay! Nay!" said Mrs. Glass

If there are any young women of comely appearance contemplating a trip to Goat Island to inspect the naval station there, I should advise them to stay away unless they are prepared to prove that they have no designs on Captain Glass. The captain is a married man and Mrs. Glass has an antipathy for young and pretty women. At least that is the impression which she created last Monday when she ordered three demure females off the tug *Vigilant*, lying at Clay street wharf. And in doing so she caused quite a demonstration. The women had gone aboard the tug expecting to be conveyed to the island, but were told that they could not visit the island without a permit. They explained that they were friends of General Shafter who had told them that a permit was unnecessary. But the officer in charge of the tug told them that his orders were imperative. The captain of the tug *McDowell* which was lying near the *Vigilant* advised them to call for Captain Glass, at the same time explaining that that was all that was necessary to secure them transportation.

The Trio Repulsed

And that was what precipitated the trouble. When one of the young women said that she would like to see Captain Glass, up bobbed a woman of stern and haughty mien.

"What business have you with my husband?" she indignantly demanded.

The spokeswoman of the party of three replied that they merely wished to visit the station on the island.

"Well you can't go," said the haughty matron of the deck and she frowned so fiercely that the young women became frightened. But they would not be repulsed. By this time a crowd of sympathizers gathered on the wharf and somebody—I think it was the captain of the *McDowell*—advised them to go to the chief wharfinger's office, telephone to the island, explain the situation, ask for a verbal permit to visit the station and if it were granted request the chief wharfinger to convey it to the captain of the *Vigilant*. These instructions were followed. The verbal permit was granted and conveyed by the chief wharfinger. But once again the matron of the deck interposed, and demanded in fierce tones to know why they wished to see her husband. She spoke in such an insinuating manner that one of the young women burst into tears. The captain of the tug refused to make the trip to the island unless the woman who appeared to be the boss of the craft consented, and as she sternly refused, the trio retired. It was a very exciting scene while it lasted. And it prompted the suggestion that perhaps Captain Glass is in need of protection from designing women.

The Stork—a Boy

The stork visited the home of the A. J. Branders the other day, and as a consequence Mrs. Brander is now the mother of a handsome baby boy. And Sands Forman knows how it feels to be a grandfather. Mr. Brander is far away in Nome attending to the business of the British firm which he represents.

Yale's Apology

The faculty of Yale university has offered to Monseigneur Ireland the degree of LL. D., and it is said that he has accepted the offer and that the degree will be conferred in October at the Yale bicentennial. Evidently the professors of Yale are anxious to apologize for the recent insults offered the Catholic Church. By conferring a degree on a prelate of the church the faculty will thereby testify that the university does not approve of the utterances of the bigoted Professor Adams who declared that there is one kind of preaching in that church for ignorant Catholics and another for intelligent Catholics. But if Archbishop Ireland accepts a degree from a university that acquiesces in the calumniation of his church in class-room lectures, he is more of a clerical snob than I ever suspected. About two years ago Harvard conferred the degree of LL. D. on Archbishop Keane, but Harvard is classed as nonsectarian. Yale was founded by Congregationalists, and never before conferred a degree on a Catholic clergyman. When it was a much younger institution, Rector Cutler and several of its tutors switched from the Congregational to the Episcopal church and were forced to resign.

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

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(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.
V V O
Scotch Whisky
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Law and Hot Air

Charley Shortridge, journalist, politician et cetera, was admitted to the legal profession the other day.

"Are you going to practice law?" asked a friend.

"Yes, I'm going into partnership with John Richards. He will furnish the law while I supply the hot air."

Putting Sam on Record

When Sam Shortridge was in Washington some months ago he accepted the hospitality of Senator Perkins, who escorted him through the various departments and invariably introduced him as Senator Shortridge. When anybody inquired as to what senatorial body he belonged, Perkins promptly explained that Mr. Shortridge was to succeed him. Thereupon Shortridge modestly disclaimed having designs on the job. And now it is said that the wily Perkins had an object in view. His object was to put Shortridge on record in the matter.

Roma Thinks There's a Screw Loose

In Roma's latest letter to me from London, comes this breezy paragraph:

Somehow, when you see and realize how the rich ducks of London live, you actually find yourself wondering if there *is* any poverty over here. To go to the opera and see the gorgeous gems and "purple and fine linen;" to supper afterwards at the swell hotels and hear the popping of the iced bottles; to stroll down Regent street in the morning on a shopping expedition and note the long, unbroken line of "tigers" with My Lady's fur robes or lighter covers over their arms, waiting patiently for her exit from the fashionable, costly shops; to drive in the Park and note the handsome carriages and pairs that pass yours; to go to some tea or concert at three or four o'clock and see how many men and boys there are who surely *can't* be at office working else they wouldn't be *there*; to go to "Church Parade" on the Sunday and see yards of chiffon dragging through the dust and probably only worn that once; to visit the Galleries and note the prices paid for some really shoddy picture—these and other "small" details make you wonder where all the wealth comes from. And then I go alone to my rehearsal and hear of hundreds of poor girls willing to sacrifice honor, name and all their future for a mere pittance to keep soul and body together! I tell you, T. T., there's a screw loose somewhere. Then I visit some other theatre and note the leading people who can neither sing nor act and I hear that "her Johnny put twelve hundred pounds into the show so that she might have a part," and I see the chorus women jeweled beyond the holders of the boxes at the opera, dressed in gorgeous Parisian gowns and know their salaries to be thirty-five "bob" a week ($8.75) and I hear that "Clara's boy has two thousand pounds in the syndicate, Jean's has even more," and so on ad lib. I'm afraid poor old Clement wasn't far wrong, for it is now public property since this morning's *Daily Mail* "as to how most of the West End girls get their positions.

Alice a Frost

In the same letter Roma informs me that Alice Nielsen and "The Fortune Teller" have proved a frost. It will be remembered that I suggested, when the wires were hot with news of Alice Nielsen's great London success, that perhaps the management was negotiating for transportation back to America. Such is usually the case when the press agent is getting in his best licks. "The chorus girls are now negotiating with a London manager," says Roma, "with a view of remaining over for a season in comic opera." But Alice is to return and the report of her flattering engagement by Frohman is denied. She will probably be under Klaw & Erlanger's management next season.

"Bridge-Guard in the Karro"

When Rudyard Kipling went to South Africa he wrote for a time as though he were suffering from brain-fag. His admirers began to worry about him. But when they read his poem, "Bridge-Guard in the Karro" they will forgive him, and they will not regret that he went to the front. Here are some of the verses which show that the poet is still in good form and that he is still capable of that vividness of expression which made his fame:

We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we hear the far track humming,
And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
The wonderful northbound train.

Few, forgotten and lonely
When the white car windows shine—
No, not combatants, only
Details guarding the line.

Quick, ere the gift escapes us,
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech.

He's One of the Old Masters

They were discussing art at the Bohemian club the other day and some of the Old Masters came in for a drubbing. But presently the topic was switched:

"Speaking about the wonderful work of the Old Masters," said one of the group of Bohemians. "do you know that the stork is about to visit the home of the J. B. Stetsons?"

No, they did not know it, and they were very much surprised when assured that the lanky bird was indeed expected. It was conceded that when the heir was born Mr. Stetson would be entitled to rank with such Old Masters as Loring Pickering and M. de Lesseps to whom the joys of paternity came after they had passed the three score year and ten period. The news of the

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erratic bird's prospective visit will not, I am sure, fill the hearts of Mr. Stetson's children by his first wife with gladness. They were very much opposed to his marriage with the charming widow, Mrs. Doe, and now that she is to bear her husband an heir, they must feel somewhat chagrined by such a demonstration of the fact that the marriage was not in vain.

"I'd like your friend Jones much better," said the First Club Man, "if he weren't so interested in other people s business."

"But you see, ' returned the Second Club Man, apologetically, "poor Jones has none of his own to think of; he retired last year."

Ghost of the Maillard Tragedy

I saw Mrs. "Jim" Follis on the train coming over from San Rafael the other day. She looked splendid after her week's visit at the rural home of her friends. Oddly enough on the same train was a closely veiled woman of haunting appearance who had been visiting relatives in the same neighborhood. Her identity was carefully concealed and I never would have suspected it had not a splinter in the window shutter caught a corner of the veil and disclosed the face before the filmy mask could be rearranged. It was Mrs. Maillard, she who eloped with her husband's field laborer and served for a sixty days wonder to her friends and the newspapers. At that time she was one of the best known women in San Rafael, where her sisters still enjoy distinction. She was the favorite of her very wealthy grandmother who resided in this city, and had great expectations. But that dreadful flight with the hired man practically ended her life. I doubt whether a half dozen of her old time friends know that she is alive and living in retirement in San Rafael.

She had been reared in a cultured home and no one could fathom her infatuation for the rough farm laborer. On the big Maillard place she was surrounded by every comfort and had nothing to do except keep an eye on the servants who looked after her children. Her one weakness was the reading of sentimental novels and to those some of her intimates attributed her foolish flight. The residents in the vicinity used to see her and the farm hand out riding late at night. She was getting slightly stout and she used to explain to any acquaintances she met that she was trying to ride it down, and as she was a poor rider she thought it less embarrassing to ride at night. If any one glanced at the man, she always added that she brought him along as a groom for protection.

The Elopement

Her arrangements for the flight were cleverly planned. Whenever the notion seized her she had a habit of visiting her sisters in San Rafael and her grandmother in this city. If she was away from home over night she could always be located at one of these places. One day she left home and went to her sisters and told them she was going to visit her grandmother for a day or two. Later in the day she went to her grandmother's and borrowed a tidy sum of money and left the house after telling her that she was going to visit her sisters for several days. Next day the husband rang up the sisters to find out where his wife was. He was told she had gone over to grandma's for several days. When he rang up grandma's several days later to ascertain when she was coming home he was told that she was visiting the sisters. So before her flight was discovered Mrs. Maillard had several days in which to disappear. The guilty couple were finally located in the Mendocino redwoods. She was living in a cottage reading sentimental novels and he was working in a nearby sawmill.

The glamour of the thing did not outlast the year. She had a child by him and now he has disappeared from her life and those who know her life's story, and she is back in the neighborhood of her old home, never appearing in view unless she is heavily veiled, and living carefully on the allowance provided by her family.

A Costly Fad

There is a young woman in Blanche Bates' company who, though she occupies a minor role in the cast of "Under Two Flags," is a much more important personage on the stage of real life. This is Miss Howard, who is the reputed angel of the organization, as far as such a company needs a backer. Miss Howard is said to be ravishingly beautiful, and the possessor of a fortune that enables her to follow her own sweet will in her manner of existence. She elected to go on the stage. I hear that Mr. Timothy Daniel Frawley sponsored her first attempts at acting but she deserted him for her present environment. She takes no salary but works for the love of her art. And what is more, even those old-time professionals who might be presumed to be envious of the heiress-amateur are willing to grant that she can act.

A Rumored Combine

Since gas stock began to go up currency has been given to the rumor that a big combine had been made, and that Claus Spreckels is no longer intent upon continuing his warfare against the old company. It has even been hinted that he is in on the deal, and that a big boom is impending. I have heard nothing authentic by way of corroboration, and therefore, should not advise anybody to accept this paragraph as a tip. The "bookies" frequently start "good thing" rumors on the race track to pillage the public, and the combine report may be of the betting-ring variety. Still it may pay to keep an eye on gas stock.

During their western tour the Ohioans guarded against homesickness by a case of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whisky.

Dividend Notice

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street. For the half year ending with the 30th of June,1901,a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1 1901.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1901. a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six tenths (3 6-10) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

Mrs. Keppel and the King

Last week Roma, my London correspondent, told the story of King Edward's presentation of a handsome necklace to a certain Mrs. George K———. I have since learned that the lady referred to is none other than Mrs. George Keppel, for whom His Royal Highness has a very tender regard. Since Albert Edward's accession the London press has studiously sought to create the impression that he has been metamorphosed into a most exemplary monarch. It is now *lese majeste*, according to an unwritten law which is being enforced in the newspaper offices of London, to even hint that King Edward ever makes a detour from the narrow path. They would have his subjects believe that the erstwhile frisky Prince would scorn a flirtation. But I am informed by letter that on the day of his narrow escape on board the *Shamrock* it was reported in the London clubs that he went aboard the yacht to keep an engagement with a lady. That the King was very much alarmed over the story is evident from the fact that it was denied in his personal organ, *Modern Society*. "To begin with," wrote the editor of that paper, "the Royal visit had been publicly intimated: secondly, a racing yacht undergoing a trial is the last place any sane man would choose for a flirtation."

Her Husband in America

And yet in another paragraph of the same paper it is admitted that Mrs. George Keppel, the heroine of the necklace story, was on board that racing yacht on that particular day when she (the yacht) was undergoing a trial. And as Mrs. Keppel wore an opal that day it is now believed that she was the "jinks" of the occasion. En passant Mrs. Keppel is a sister-in-law of the Earl of Albermarle. Her husband has been for some time associated in business with Sir Thomas Lipton, the owner of the *Shamrock*, who procured him a lucrative post in America far from the scene of his wife's conquests. Under the circumstances it may be easily understood why "Tom" Lipton enjoys the warm friendship of the King.

Two "Mollie" McMullins

Decidedly the swellest dresser among the season's brides is Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mollie Thomas that was. And the other day an old gentleman who was a beau in early days was reminiscencing about that other "Mollie McMullin," the reigning belle of society here in 1863. She was so tall, slender and beautifully brunette that she outranked all the other beauties of the time. And of course she had any number of wooers, among whom Milton Latham was the most devout. He was a banker and a millionaire, and was the great catch of the season. Mollie McMullin was somewhat of a coquette and did not at once smile upon the banker's suit, but in time she succumbed and became his wife. The young bride was given everything that money could buy, an elegant home, jewels, and rich furs. She had the smartest carriage of any in her set, with two milk white horses with long tails such as one reads about in the fairy-tales. After a time, as is well remembered, the banker failed. But when he died his widow had a comfortable fortune, if not a luxurious one, on which to support herself and her son.

$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

Another Fortunate "Mollie"

One of the handsomest women at Del Monte this summer is Mrs. Low. Though her youth was long since a thing of the past, she retains a freshness of complexion that mocks the beauty-doctored skins of many buds. Mrs. Low was a Marysville girl and was a Yuba county belle in the fifties. Her name was Mollie Creed, and she kept house for her uncle, J. C. Fall. Of course she was sought in marriage by many men but her choice fell on Fred Low, then a rising young politician. Like Mr. Latham, he was a banker, with plenty of financial backing. Some time after their marriage the Lows came to San Francisco. The banker steadily rose in the political firmament, becoming Governor of the State and afterwards our Minister to China. The Low home, at the corner of Sutter and Gough streets, was twenty years ago numbered among the city's handsomest residences. Since her father's death, the only daughter, Miss Flora Low, has devoted herself to her mother. She is an independent bachelor woman of very genial disposition. She has traveled probably more than any others of our society girls, having been around the world more than once.

She Had a Noted Husband

Miss Daisy Merriman, who was cruelly jilted by Jesse Adel, a San Jose gallant, in favor of another girl, is the niece of a lady who bears a very distinguished name. She is none other than Mrs. Winchester, whose husband invented the rifle that yet bears his name. Mrs. Winchester is one of the richest widows of our State, and she has a fad. It is not exactly a fad, either. One might more properly call it a superstition. She has a handsome home situated a few miles out of San Jose, and though she has lived there nearly fifteen years she will not permit the home to be finished. She says her dead husband's spirit visits her every night, and warns her that if the house is completed its occupant will die. So Mrs. Winchester employs carpenters to build up portions of the place, and as soon as the walls are up she orders them torn down again. All sorts of odd little corners—dog kennels, wood sheds and chicken coops—are permitted to remain but the house proper is in a constant state of demolition.

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Mrs. Winchester is a very handsome woman of about the scriptural three-score and ten years. If it had not been for her spirit guard, she would likely have been besieged by wooers ever since the death of the rifle's inventor. But she will permit no caller on her grounds, and therefore I am at a loss to understand how the gay gallant of San Jose sped his wooing of her charming niece. Mrs. Winchester always wears white, so as to be in readiness to join her friends "on the other side" at a moment's notice. But she will not join the spirits until she gets the summons from headquarters, for she is fairly fond of this mundane sphere. And though she has millions of dollars to spend, she extracts little pleasure in life from her fortune.

Al and Andrew Welch, sons of Mrs. Andrew Welch, started on a trip to the Holy Land last Wednesday. They will not return till the end of the year.

The Scott-Martin Wedding

My prediction of several weeks ago that the Scott-Martin marriage would be performed by Archbishop Riordan and not by Bishop Nichols as stated by the *Bulletin's* oracle of the smart set, is to be fulfilled at Blingum next Wednesday. And "One of the Bridesmaids"—whoever she may be—who wrote to me last week to inform me that Bishop Nichols had been chosen to perform the fashionable ceremony, and that Mary Scott had no intention of changing her religion with her name, was evidently not given a very straight tip. That Mary Scott has not changed her religion is a fact, but that she has not done so on account of her loyalty to the Episcopal church is not true. It was deemed advisable by the Catholic Archbishop for her to wait until the excitement of her wedding preparations was over before receiving religious instruction, and that is why she has not yet joined the church of her fiance.

He Didn't Keep Boarders

If it were not for the impending wedding the dearth of social news would be unprecedented. In the smart set there is little else to talk about. My paragraphs of last week about the Scotts and Martins, who appear to be the only people in the aristocratic eye these days, excited a deal of comment, and I have received a great many letters on the subject. Some of my correspondents appear to be anxious to exploit history of not very authentic or pleasing character, and I must decline to assist them. One of my correspondents takes occasion to deny that Mrs. Henry T. Scott's uncle kept a boarding-house in Sacramento. He refers to her uncle by marriage, Julius Wetzlar, a typical German of apparently good breeding who was a Notary Public and real estate dealer in Sacramento in the sixties. Later on he established the Capital Savings bank which went into liquidation after a struggle of several years. The Wetzlars were never rich, but they entertained lavishly and the wedding reception of Elsie Horsby and Henry T. Scott, "was," says my correspondent, "one of the finest ever given in Sacramento which, in the sixties and seventies, was the centre of the best society in the State."

Too Much Scott

From Oakland came these lines which I am constrained to publish even though the incidents thus embalmed are not of current interest:

The Town was full of gladness, there was music in the air,
The crowds were shouting welcome for the President was there;
To entertain his party they'd dropped shekels in the slot,
But when they turned the handle all they saw was Scott, Scott, Scott!

The President's procession was received by all with joy,
And the gray and grizzled veteran waved and shouted like a boy;
The entire population, they're a Patriotic lot,
Yelled at President McKinley, but to show their love for Scott.

The popular subscription fund was safely in the Banks,
And the Citizens' Committee had prepared a vote of thanks
For this generous individual who had saved them such a lot,
By opening the portals of a mansion of a Scott.

The vote of thanks was never served, and this is why, 'tis said,
A letter was delivered to the Citizens' which read:
"For entertaining President including all he got
"Please send Ten Thousand Dollars, Yours Truly, Henry Scott."

An immense annex is being built to the Scott country-house to provide roomy quarters for the wedding ceremony. A small army of artisans is busy between town and country residences. Cupid and Plutus are having the times of their lives trying to complete the lavish arrangements. There will be an innovation in the "bride pelting." At the Hopkins ceremony the bride was pelted with a mixture of rice and white rose leaves. Mary Scott will be showered with white rose leaves alone. Hundreds of bushels of them are now being gathered among the Burlingame gardens for that purpose. Since the unfortunate accident to the eye of a laughing Philadelphia bride, rice has been almost tabu at weddings. Confetti was substituted, but did not become popular. White rose leaves will undoubtedly be the substitute hereafter. What token can be prettier than flakes of white rose leaves following and descending on a fleeing, happy bride?

A Night Wedding Program

Miss Caro Crockett has just decided on an important change in her wedding arrangements for next November. Instead of being a day home wedding as were those of her chums, Mollie Thomas, the Hopkins girls and Mary Scott, it will be a night affair and take place at Trinity church. The hour set will seem like an innovation here but the tendency toward evening

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The "Artistic" Bow—a new thing in fine silk patterns, at 25 cents each will be appreciated for its value when seen. Can be had at Lewison's the Leaders—Gents Furnishers, 953 Market street between 5th and 6th. The busiest block in San Francisco.

weddings again is certainly growing among the smart set. The recent sumptuous Stillman-Potter wedding in New York that took place at 4 P. M. and future dates in the East call for a number of night weddings. Certainly the ensemble of evening weddings is much the more beautiful. As in the case of her bosom friend, Mary Scott, eight bridesmaids will attend Miss Crockett.

The Outlook in Steamship Circles

The recent restoration of the Gould–Harriman control of the Pacific Mail means an early radical change in local shipping circles. I believe that the old-time Occidental and Oriental Steamship company is destined to go out of existence before long, and that the *Gaelic*, *Coptic* and *Doric* will be returned to the British owners from whom they are leased. The Pacific Mail with its two big Ocean liners, the *Korean* and *Schenan* nearing completion at Newport News, expects to be able to handle all the trade. The arrival of the *Korean* here will be the signal for many changes. There is a possibility of the *Coptic*, *Gaelic* and *Doric* being sold to the Sante Fe people as they are very desirious of getting vessels for their China trade. Their agents have been casting glances at the three steamers, but they are a trifle cautious at this stage of the game. Like all the other companies they feel there is going to be a big battle for the trade of the Pacific, and like the others they want to enter it with the best equipped and most modern vessels afloat. They certainly show commendable prudence, for, in a short time the present fleet will be joined by the two giant liners of the Pacific Mail, the ocean greyhounds for the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the twenty-knot fliers for the White Star line, palatial liners for the Pacific Steam Navigation company and the three magnificent new vessels for the Oceanic company. There are certainly brisk times in store for the water front.

Mrs. Kessler in Town

Mrs. Percy Kessler is rejoicing in her present opportunity of wearing her beautiful wedding garments. At lonely Fort Casey it was scarcely worth while to exhibit them. With her husband, the lately appointed Captain U. S. A., she is visiting her mother, Mrs. Cunningham and is being lavishly entertained by her friends. All the world is by no means out of town. The country places are all open, but the doors of the town houses are not yet boarded up.

It is Still the Fashion

Divorce continues to be the fashionable preliminary to marriage in the New York smart set. Richard Howland Hunt was married the other day to Mrs. Margaret Livingston Watrous, who when she was the wife of Walter Watrous of the Metropolitan club was a neighbor of the Hunts at Garden City. Mrs. Hunt obtained her divorce last February, after her husband had informed her that he was in love with another woman. About the same time, Mr. Watrous separated from his wife. The first Mrs. Hunt was Miss Pearl Carley, a sister of Mrs. Olive Harriman Jr. During the war she shared with Miss Helen Gould much of the work of directing the nursing of sick soldiers at Camp Wickoff. And it was while she was there that Mr. Hunt learned to appreciate Mrs. Watrous.

Your medicine chest is incomplete if it is not stocked with Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey.

Let Us Be Grateful

Some paper remarked the other day apropos of recent changes in railroad circles that the Eastern magnates had been showing deplorable lack of appreciation of the ability of Californian railroad men. Not at all. President Hays was sent out here to inaugurate a new policy and that is what he is doing. None of the old-timers could have accomplished what he has, simply because they had established connections and incurred obligations which precluded radical changes. And, having been wedded to the old system, they could not have entered zealously upon the furtherance of the new policy. And nobody seriously regrets the lopping off of the heads of the autocrats of the old Fourth and Townsend streets regime. The Southern Pacific of today is quite a different institution from what it was in the days when the big building at Fourth and Townsend was like unto a castle with a moat and draw-bridge, and every man within comported himself as though he were the keeper of the donjon tower and privileged to cast trespassers into the tightest chamber. When I reflect on the pleasing metamorphosis achieved by Mr. Hays, my only regret is that the Market street system did not also come under his control, for I know that if it had, Mr. Vining would long since have been looking for a new job.

The Auditor and the Boss

Somebody has started the report that the Ruef-Lees Republican combine contemplates the nomination of Auditor Wells for Mayor. If that be so, Martin Kelly is the man who is directing the affairs of that combination. Auditor Wells is Kelly's man. Kelly was his sponsor when he entered the field of politics, and he has been loyal to the crafty boss. Perhaps Kelly has reached the conclusion that he is too big a weight for the local organization to carry, and has resolved to keep in the background. If Wells were nominated for Mayor there would be no occasion during the campaign for a clandestine meeting in one of the secluded apartments of a French restaurant. Kelly and the Auditor have such confidence in each other that there would be no necessity of an agreement as to patronage until after the campaign.

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The Bishop, the Actress and the Trade Mark

Apropos of Bishop Potter, who will be here during the great Episcopal convention, and who will occupy the Will Crockers' residence during his stay, I recall a story that was current in New York some years ago. It appears that when Mrs. James Brown Potter was in London, shortly before starting on her tour of Asia, India and Australia, the Bishop was persuaded by other members of the Potter family to go abroad and induce the actress to bill herself in her own name. The interview was arranged and the Bishop, mustering all his dignity and tact to his aid, said:

"Now I am sure you will see that Cora Urquhart will look much better on your playbills than Mrs. James Brown Potter."

But the actress who had been a society woman rose, with flashing eyes, and from her lips poured a stream of eloquence.

"What! discard the name Brown Potter?" she said, "discard a name which you must know is one of the most reliable trademarks in the world? The name Brown Potter is known not in New York alone, but all over the United States, in London, Paris, all over Europe, in India, Japan, China, Australia. Wherever banks are known, there also is known the name of Brown Potter. To my dying day I shall retain it. It has made name for me—it shall now make fame all over the world."

As the vanquished Bishop withdrew, he was accompanied by an echo of rippling laughter, which he seemed to hear all the way across the ocean on his homeward route. But Cora Potter has kept her resolution, and this is, perhaps, the reason why she has withstood so many matrimonial offers.

The Suspense is Over

Now that the engagement of Mr. Peter Martin and Miss Lily Oelrichs is no longer the subject of mere rumor, we may all rejoice that the agony is over. The suspense was something awful. Pending confirmation of the important rumor the whole world was on the tip-toe of expectancy. There was stagnation in the mart, the ships in the harbor were tugging idly at their anchor chains, and the banks were thinking of closing *sine die*; everything was in statu quo. And just as we were all falling into a comatose state, the positive announcement came that the broker's daughter of the New York billionaire herd had agreed to marry the polo player of Blingum. Let us resume business.

The Grocer's Daughter

The mother of Princess Hatzfeldt thinks it an outrage that her husband should be referred to as an "obscure groceryman." Of course he was not an obscure groceryman for no groceryman is obscure. He is always known to the entire neighborhood, and he is generally familiar with the affairs of everybody in the neighborhood. But Mrs. Prentice should not get hot about it. She should be more indignant over the report that she relinquished possession of her child. She may plead in extenuation that she did so in the interest of the child, the father of the girl being only a groceryman while the uncle to whom she made the transfer was a rich railroad magnate. But there are many poor mothers in the world who could not be tempted to part with a child even under those circumstances. Her conscience is soothed perhaps by the knowledge that she is now the mother of a Princess, but she cannot get away from the fact that she was in a measure responsible for her daughter's marriage to a penniless prince.

"I see that Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a play."

"Yes, I hope it isn't a dramatization of her answers to the letters that she writes to herself."

"Why?"

"Because the temperature is hot enough at this season of the year."

The Coming Polo Tournament

The program is out for the Del Monte Polo Tournament of 1901, which is to begin on August nineteenth. There are to be some interesting events on each of the four days of the tournament. The racing committee consists of Mr. R. L. Bettner, Mr. R. M. Tobin and Mr. F. J. Carolan.

His Name Was Withdrawn

My New York correspondent informs me that there would have been no friction between Mr. Lawson of Boston and the New York Yacht club if the former had not been persona non grata to the members of that organization long before he built his yacht. "The fact is," writes my correspondent, "Mr. Lawson was asked to qualify his yacht for the trial races, just as other yachts built in Boston were qualified in past years. He evaded the issue from the beginning. To properly appreciate the situation you should know that Mr. Lawson's name was put up in the New York Yacht club some time ago, and that it was deemed advisable to withdraw it. He had a similar experience in a Boston yacht club. Perhaps he did not build his yacht merely to start a disagreeable controversy, but that is what he succeeded in doing."

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JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

Patterson-Latham

Announcements have come from New York of the marriage, on June fourth, of Miss Josephine Marian Patterson and Mr. William McLene Latham. The bride is the daughter of Captain Martin Patterson, of His Imperial Majesty's steamship service, China. Captain Patterson has resided in North China for many years, but his family are residents of Alameda. He was out here on a visit to them not long ago. Two of the daughters beside Josephine are married; they live in Alameda. The latest bride in the family went to New York about two years ago, to continue her vocal studies with view to a professional career. She has a very fine contralto voice. It was in New York that she met her present husband, who is by the way, a relative of the San Francisco Lathams. He is a railroad man, and a cultured amateur musician. The happy pair are located at 98 Magnolia avenue, Jersey City.

A Fashionable School Teacher

Society women across the bay are vying with each other in getting up affairs in honor of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who is out here from the East on a visit. Mrs. Sewall is a "new woman" of considerable prominence. Though she keeps a school for girls, she has not lost any social prestige thereby. She is president of the International Council of Women, and is as well known in London as on this side of the pond. She was one of the American women representatives at the Paris Exposition. Her school in Indianapolis is a very smart one, and pupils come to her from all over the United States.

The Momentous Query

The Henry Oxnards having returned from their wedding trip, the momentous question as to whether society will receive the lady who was formerly maid to her husband's sister, is again blazoned in startling headlines. I am of the opinion that there is nobody less interested in the solution of that question than the Oxnards. On one point there need be no doubt;if the Oxnards desire to enter society they'll do so. Oxnard has proved in the business world that he is not easily repulsed. As for his wife, who that met her as Marie Pichon will deny her cleverness, poise and savoir faire ? I very well remember the first time my attention was called to the pretty girl, some ten years ago. She was about eighteen then, tall, slender, with blonde hair and blue eyes. It was at the home of the manager of the biggest and most select dry goods store in this city. Marie was in charge of the children. When she came into the room to receive some minor instructions, I was attracted by her face and manner, as indeed, I afterwards discovered, nearly every one was. When she left the room my hostess said to me:

"That girl is an angel but I confess at times I don't know what to make of her; she seems almost too self-sacrificing. She is so good to the children that she spoils the little darlings. And I don't know whether she is trying to kill me with kindness with the hope of succeeding me in the affections of my husband."

Perfect cooking, good music, polite and attentive service make the Techau Tavern the most popular place in town.

She was a jealous wife, but she always spoke in the highest terms of praise of Marie Pichon's character. Everyone that the pretty maid worked for predicted that some day she would marry a rich man.

The Pretty Maid's Past

While acting as a maid to an old lady at the Richelieu, however, she permitted her fancy to light on a young Frenchman employed in a down-town store. It was said they were engaged, but the maid wakened from her dream in time to realize that she was sacrificing her prospects by such a match. And then came an attorney with money who wanted to marry her, but the prudent maid held herself aloof, and about that time took service with Mrs. Robert Oxnard. It was then for the first time that she met Henry Oxnard. About that time she inherited twenty thousand dollars from an uncle and seemed to feel more independent than ever. She was not quite certain whether Oxnard was the person she should accept, on account of the position she had occupied in the family. In her dilemma she consulted a friend.

"Marry him," was the advice she received, "your family is better than the Oxnards."

So "ladylike" at all times was the appearance and demeanor of Marie Pichon, the maid, that in the Richelieu where she served she was never suspected of being a servant except by those who actually knew her position. She never associated with the "help." Indeed a number of gentlemen, attracted by her face and demeanor, sought an introduction to her believing her to be one of the guests of the hotel. A young woman who has won her way in the world in that fashion, with only a woman's brain and a woman's cleverness to back her, is not going to hesitate at the doors of Society if she makes up her mind to enter the portals. One of her old-time frank and hearty friends has expressed to me the situation in a nutshell: "Will Marie enter Society ? Pooh, no; why should she ? She saw too much of it when she was a lady's maid."

The Most Modish Belle

The palm for the most modish belle in the swim has been bestowed upon Miss Leontine Blakeman by general acclaim. Miss Blakeman came home from the

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The Great Leader of Champagnes. Importations in 1900, 119,441 cases, being 79,293 cases more than any other brand, is a record never before approached.

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East with trunks full of smart gowns, which she wears with the air of a princess. She is uncommonly pretty and her faultless figure gives grace to the gowns.

Lillian Will Have a Young Step-Mamma

From Washington, D. C., comes the news of General Young's engagement matrimonially. The bride of his choice is said to be a very young girl, barely twenty, and therefore not so old as the gallant officer's daughter, Helen Lillian, Mrs. Charles Charters. It will be remembered that during the general's stay in this city, his engagement with Mrs. Eleanor Martin was rumored about town. However, that proved mere gossip of the Presidio tabbies, and it is absolutely silenced by this latest announcement.

Is There a Happy Man?

Though Miss Kathryn Dillon is supposed to be a bachelor maid who will in no manner consider the question of marriage, I am told that there is a young naval officer who is trying hard to induce her to change her mind. He is very much epris, and his condition naturally excites remark. Miss Dillon, however, says she will not marry. She is building herself a new house, and she is going to spend the summer in San Rafael so as to be near enough to watch architectural developments on her property. This generous heiress, by the way, lately presented her mother with a magnificent birthday gift—a solid block in California street bordering on Steiner.

"I'm not so daft on Henry Miller as I used to be," said the Matinee Girl, popping a chocolate cream between her ruby lips.

"Why, what's the matter with dear Henry?" asked her Chum, removing her gloves so as to clap louder for the star's return.

"Oh, I object to his cheek-by-jowl way of kissing. It's not fair to the girl, you know—nothing in it."

"But you used to think it all right."

"That's because I didn't know any better. I didn't know —Cholly, then," with a smile and a revealing blush.

Can't Have It, Therefore Didn't Want It

Judge M. M. Estee is out with a denial that he wants to succeed Dole as Governor of the Hawaiian Territory. As he puts it:

"I have no aspirations whatever for the office of Governor. I was appointed to a judicial office here and I am content to remain upon the bench."

That kind of talk of course should settle the rumor that Estee aspired to be Governor, but there are people in this city who recall the Judge's past and who cannot imagine him declining a nomination for Governor. They say that his eagerness to be a Governor is such that he would be willing to be Governor of any old thing. But Estee is not qualified for the position because he is not, in the true sense, a citizen of the territory. He went down there ten months ago to take a judicial job. The organic law of the territory strictly requires that the executive of the islands shall be a bona fide resident. Therein Hawaii's law differs from that controlling the other territories. Of course Estee doesn't believe the Hawaiian law is a good thing. Very recently he said: "It should not be so. I believe it would be the part of wisdom if all the officers came from another part of the United States. Send such men down here who know nothing of the local political situation and they will have an opportunity to be as impartial as all political parties desire." Verily, it's an ill law that isn't serviceable to carpet-baggers.

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor, not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

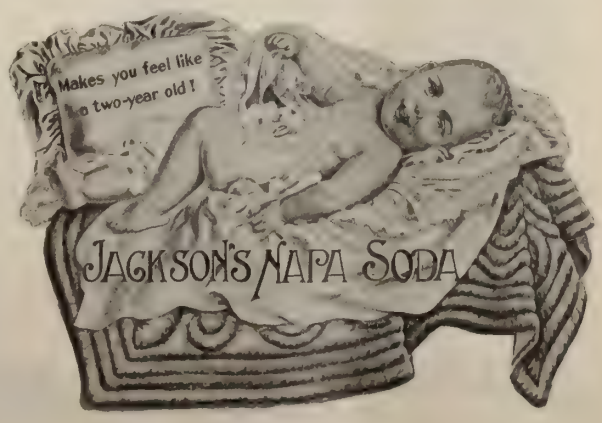
The Hatzfeldts and the Huntingtons

In view of the fact that I reported over a month ago that Joe Redding had been retained by the Hatzfeldts to prosecute a contest over the Huntington will, I am surprised that the dailies were all at sixes and sevens over the probable purpose of the visit of the titled pair and their attorney. Immediately after the death of C. P. Huntington both sides had their agents at Sacramento gathering every shred of evidence that could be found, touching the question of the Prentice girl's adoption by the railroad magnate. The heirs under the will declare that they are safe on that point and that the Princess will find that after all these years she cannot prove a strictly legal adoption by the records. Her agents have been working on the moot point for some time and her future action in the case will show how successful they have been. As usual there is a clause in the will which provides that any legatee who contests it shall forfeit his or her share; and as usual the clause will cut no figure with the lawyers providing they can find a reasonably safe way to hack a hole in the instrument out of which some of the pent-up millions may flow for the benefit of their client and incidentally for themselves.

The Huntington girls have gone East so they will not have the pleasure of meeting their aunt, the Princess, this trip. Perhaps it is just as well as one side got something like twenty million dollars under the will and the other an income of only forty thousand dollars a year. The girls were given a parting dinner by several chums just before they left.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the golden-haired hostesses, "you lucky girls will come back married. Your father will buy you a Prince while you're abroad."

"No," was the reply, "papa bought us each a blue ribbon dog at the last bench show and he says that's the last blue blood he'll buy for us till they produce something better."



Summer Resort Reflections

An unknown pessimist was responsible for these reflections at a summer resort railroad station, and he has requested their publication in TOWN TALK:

Why, oh shades of Venus and Minerva, do women go to the morning train?

Here they come—the men—towing their impedimenta—the women—to the station where they go through the perfunctory affectionate (?) leave-taking. And when it is over what do the women do? Let us not be too inquisitive.

Does woman, having caught her man, leave her downy pillow to proclaim to the world her vast possession?

It is risky business; few women are pretty in the morning. Nothing so tires the soul of a married man as the spectacular devotion of his own wife.

Besides it should be remembered that constancy and devotion are only evidences of limited power. The inability, as Ninon remarked, to secure other and more desirable prizes, compels prudent people to hold on to what they have even if the article is not first class.

Here comes a young man and woman. Evidently they were recently married. It is a pretty sight, and we mourn that these pictures representing love, and lasting only in verse—such verse as Keats turned out.

A middle aged couple in a surry. At the sound of the whistle the man withdraws his pipe and gives the wife of his bosom the "habit" kiss.

Ye of the twent-cent beware of the habit kiss. It belongs to matrimony and each of the high contracting parties fancies the other ignorant of his or her own lack of sensation. It is a useless, meaningless performance and deceives none.

"I see that Mrs.Spiteful is to have an annual day at home."

"Yes, she couldn't expect to have a gathering at her home oftener than once a year. She has a high appreciation of her own unpopularity."

The Rebellion of the Unborn

"I was so disappointed," said the Young Mother, "when they told me it was a Boy. Why, I had the name all picked out for my little daughter. She was to have been Genevra Ermentrude, after his Mamma and mine."

"No wonder that the Girl didn't happen," responded the Old Maid Aunt, "would any self-respecting girl come into the world foredoomed to be known by such a name?"

—THE BONNE.

Laissez Faire

Blue, black or hazel, little it matters—
My reputation is in tatters.
Love too oft at my heart's door batters;
Far too quick the inmate patters.

Try to be true! Why should I do it?
Well I know I'd only rue it.
Sport's too rare! I can't eschew it.
Only a Romeo could Montague it.

But when I'm caught, as well may be,
I'll promise her all fealty,
And swear I'll love till eternity.
But will I mean it? Well, may be.

—VIC SARGENT

The Choice of Summer Resorts

In the spring, the maiden's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of beach,
Soda springs, or mountain valleys,
Any place that *men* can reach.

And the young men through the summer,
Can be found the country round
On the beach or in the mountains,
Any place where *girls* are found.

R. H. Ross.

Her Past

She was
A London shop girl in the days of long ago,
This self-made leader of the ton who now has lots of dough.
You'd never guess
If I'd not tell, a milliner she was,
For now she leads the Blingum ton—yes that is what she does.

—THE MILLINER.

THE HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA,

is the best known Resort in the world and withal the most popular. Uniformity of climate the year round and all the luxuries known to us are to be found there.

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....DEL MONTE....

There are many golf courses; there are many hotels; but there is only one DEL MONTE. One may travel many, many miles; he may find in his journey, golf courses; but not such a place to golf and after golfing such a place to dream. Equally true is this for all of the other out-of door amusements. Not for a day, but for the whole year round. Tennis, Polo, Hot Salt Water or Surf Bathing. The famous drives for seventeen miles along by the ocean shore. Hunting, fishing, boating, wheeling. In fact the Hotel Del Monte and its environment is an every-day in-the-year delight. . . . . .

An Elusive Photograph

The man of the world wore his usual mask, smooth and handsome, but the intuitive glance of innocence sometimes sees deeper than the eyes of old experience.

This girl of the great gray eyes had been none too carefully brought up, but she had an instinctive preferment for virtue and propriety, which instinct now unerringly warned her not to accept admiration, neatly expressed compliments and at times the most ardent love-making from a, though handsome and well preserved, man old enough to be her father—a man, moreover, who had years previous vowed before heaven and a large and fashionable audience to confine his attentions to one woman. This woman was still living and under the same roof.

The girl felt the shocking indelicacy of it all; her unsophisticatedness prevented her understanding the shocking immorality of it. Her willingness to listen and her failure to respond puzzled the man, so he searched the still gray eyes for the answer when she deigned to turn them on him.

They two were usually alone in the drawing-room for a short time before dinner each evening. On one of these occasions he drew from his pocket a beautifully chased silver note case, and removing the engraved business card from the inside of the cover showed a miniature frame, the presence of which could never be suspected when the card was in its place.

"I think you promised me something to go in this frame when the case should be finished—the photo with the cunning little costume."

"I have always told you that you are a bold and original thinker," she replied with a smile.

"Then it's settled I'm to have it," he said in a tone playfully decisive.

The next day she missed it from a basket of photographs in her room, and that same evening he showed it to her in the note case, together with a scrap of scarlet ribbon that he had snipped from a bow that she had worn at her throat.

"You had no right to take it. Give it back to me instantly." said she, indignantly, and put out her hand to take it.

"No. You have told me that women like highhandedness in men," he answered as he held her hand away with one of his while with the other he held the little jeweled frame close to her eyes asking her to admire it.

"But you robbed me of the pleasure of giving it to you," coaxingly.

"A pleasure your self-sacrificing nature would surely prompt you to deny yourself if you had it returned to you."

"Anyhow, have it I must. If you do not give it to me I shall go away," defiantly.

"Where?"

"Anywhere, and earn my own living."

"How?"

"I've written a story, and—and—I can scrub floors."

"One story will not keep the pot boiling for long, and as for the other line of work, I think your qualifications are meagre as compared to those of some others who are already established in the business."

"But if my story is accepted I shall enlarge my plant and continue to distil wit, wisdom and common sense for the edification of a discerning and appreciate public instead of allowing my flashes of brilliance to waste on the desert air, or, to be more literal, on the dull ear."

"Thanks, for the dull ear," murmured the man of the world," when do you go?"

"At once, if you do not give me that picture. I give you the choice of having a rather immodest photograph to wear in your left vest pocket or the society of my own engaging self," said the girl smiling up at him from the divan where she sat with her hands locked round her knees.

"That being the condition, of course I yield the photograph," said he, smiling down at her from his stately six feet two.

He handed her the picture, but with his usual quiet persistence made a point of seeing to it that it should find its way back to the resting place he had so carefully prepared for it.

"For how long does your engaging self promise to keep my bliss intact?" said he seating himself beside her.

"Makes no definite promise, but certainly until such time as I can establish myself in literary work, or some other congenial and lucrative calling," and she looked as dignified and earnest as the deep dimples in her cheeks and the little stray curls about her face would let her.

"Scrubbing," with the smile usually described as supercilious.

"Certainly, but until that time my material existence depends on my salary here."

"Then we are to have you with us until Fame knocks at your door and Pegasus flies away with you?"

"You are to have me with you until I can support myself in some other way, unless my self respect urges me to flee from your wicked blandishments," said the girl in a tone meant to be severe, but the dimples and the tender rings of hair spoiled the effect—the effect of severity at least.

She had, by accident or design, seated herself just where a sunbeam would fall across the shining head, and the eyes when not solemnly searching his were laughing at him. He had held himself in check during many months of her tantalizing presence. Now, as no interruption came from other sources perhaps it was well for the girl that she rose and left the room at that moment.

After this the man was more chary of his blandishments, but continued to quote Swinburne into the girl's ear when he could get near enough to the ear, and daily placed a bunch of lilies of the valley or of violets on her dressing table, or if he found her door locked left them on the handle of the door, determined that she should have always near her some reminder of himself and his real or feigned devotion.

One night on coming from the theatre, where they had been accompanied by two of the older children, they found the man's wife, who had feigned indisposition and remained at home, waiting up for them. At sight of the woman's face the girl's eyes dilated and her lips tightened. The man's usually pale face went a little whiter. The woman spoke not a word to either of them, but when she had bade her children good night and they had left the room she turned to the man and said: "Felix, let me see that note case, please."

The man knew that at best he was in for a bad half-hour, but he calmly drew the case from his pocket, saying:

"Why I showed it to you once, dear."

"I know you showed it to me, but I wish to look at it again."

He half hesitated, but thought better of it and handed her the note case. The woman took it and began deliberately to remove the card covering the picture. The man never winced, and the girl, without speaking, left them alone. She went straight to her room and locked herself in. A deadly cold fear possessed her. She had seen her past few months experiments in a new light, from a new point of view.

She had no time in which to analyze her own feelings for a scream rang through the house, and flinging open her door she rushed to the room where she had left the man and his wife. The woman lay white and bleeding on the floor, while the man bending over her called her wildly by name in a husky whisper. As she gazed at the ghastly tableau it flashed on her instantly that the woman had found what she sought, and imagining far more than the truth, had ended her own life, and it meant scandal and disgrace for the innocent as well as the guilty.

She would willingly have given her own life at that moment to undo it all. Then common sense and courage be-

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gan to assert themselves. She knelt beside the woman and examined her pulse. She found the wound to be only a scratch on the left arm and a long light cut across the left side. She observed the matter of fact weapon—a well sharpened carving knife—laying near on the floor.

The reaction of her fear for the worst was instant and complete. She rallied her strength for the work she saw before her. She had learned something of blood and bandages from her father, who had been a surgeon.

Knowing that the servants were out of the house for the night and that the children slept soundly, she cooly set to work to keep the knowledge of this affair strictly within the keeping of three people, and she succeeded. The man also worked with set face and firm determination. The wound was dressed, restoratives applied, the woman removed to her bed and every trace of the almost tragedy removed from the floor and furniture.

The girl designed to install herself as nurse and try to expiate in part her fault by devoted attention, but when one woman sees another faint at sight of her she naturally suspects that her presence may not be agreeable, and that was exactly what happened when she appeared at the woman's bedside next morning after two hours sleep snatched at dawn. So the man himself took sole charge of the sick room, in a few days reporting his patient almost recovered.

A little later he saw a huge trunk brought up from the basement and taken to the girl's room. He knew what it meant. As soon as the porter was out of sight of the door he stepped inside and turned the key in the lock. The girl turned away her head and stretched out her hands, palms outward. The gesture of repulsion did not repulse him. He seated himself, and asked, merely, "Where?"

The girl did not answer him. Then he repeated, "Where?"

"Anywhere away from here and you."

"I will know where you go."

"You shall not."

"I have the key of your room in my pocket, your windows are thirty feet from the ground, servants can be bribed, the only other adult person in the house is your enemy," said he with his back against the door.

The girl came nearer to seeing beneath the mask than ever before.

"You do not frighten me, sir. Maidens are not made prisoners in moated towers nowadays," she said with a lightness of manner she was far from feeling.

"I hold your reputation in my hand. Your photograph in such a costume as this in the possession of a man is enough—well, it is enough."

He took the silver note case from his pocket and removed the card covering the miniature frame. The frame was empty!

With his white delicate hands he crushed the silver case to a shapeless mass, flung it on the floor and left the room.

MAY LESLIE.

A Farewell

And now I see thy love for me is dead:
Dead is the love that was the light of life,
And all is dark, and I have lived too long;
Henceforth, unhappy, can I bear to dwell
Among the places where we two have been?
How keep the rooms all emptied of thy voice?
The walks where we have lingered long ago—
The gardens and the places of our love—
Which shall recall the days that are no more,
And all the joy and rapture which has been?
And so farewell—beloved—forget me not
When I am gone, and in thy evening prayers,
And in thy evening thoughts—remember me,
And I—when sunset tints are in the sky,
And vesper rings, shall grieve and pine for thee
In ways where thou art not—good-bye—good-bye.

JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

W. S. TOWNSEND
Manufacturer of California Glace Fruits and Candies. Salesroom, 639 Market street, Palace Hotel Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SENSIBLE SHOES

Don't buy cheap shoes for economy's sake
There's no money saved in poor shoe leather
Good shoes are the only sensible kind
They're the only kind that fit right
They're the only kind to wear
And you must go to a good store for a good shoe
Don't go by looks,
Don't take a chance,
Come where you KNOW you're safe

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832 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

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The Busiest Block in San Francisco

The Brand "Silver" is a guarantee as to quality

Just a Trifle

"Papa," asked little Willie, "why does that lady stand there by herself, and none of those other ladies speak to her?"

"My son," answered Willie's papa, "that lady once did something very naughty, so the other ladies can't speak to her any more."

"But papa," asked Willie, "didn't those other ladies ever do anything naughty, too?"

"Perhaps," answered Willie's papa, "but nobody can be sure about it."

"And how," asked Willie, "do they know that the pretty lady was naughty?"

"Oh she was *found out*," answered Willie's papa.

—*The Bonne.*

The Importance of Being Engaged

The daily bulletin as chronicled by the society reporters, of incidents in the life of Miss Fairy Rot, since her betrothal to Mr. Young Millions was announced.

The wedding day is set for the twenty-sixth. Already, signs of nervousness are noticed on Mr. Millions' face. Miss Rot is under the care of a physician, and never walks abroad without her bonne. [From the *Morning Squall* of June eighteenth.]

Miss Rot bought herself a new corset today. She shopped at the Blue House and priced shirt waists at the bargain counter. [From the *Evening Roast* of June eighteenth.]

Oh, is there a prettier bride-elect in the world than Fairy Rot? She only wears No. 2 boots—fancy! I saw her in Smarts' shoe store today trying on his "marked down from seven dollars" white satin slippers. Truly a fairy! Only No. 2! And she had on elegant hosiery, green silk with purple violets embroidered on the instep. What a lucky man Mr. Millions is! [From "Whisperings of the Smart Set" by Tillie Foolish in the *Morning Hexameter*, June nineteenth.]

Young Millions bought the ring today. He was tracked by six reporters, who saw him enter the jewelry store, and who stood near by and heard him ask the salesman the price. [From the *Evening Skillet* of June twentieth.]

Miss Fairy Rot has accepted an invitation from Mrs. Wealthy Dot to be the guest of honor at a farewell picnic on the day preceding the wedding. All the smart set will be there. [From the *Morning Barnacle* of June twenty-second.]

Mrs. Wealthy Dot's picnic in honor of Miss Fairy Rot is all off. Miss Rot at the last moment decided not to run the risk of getting poison oak. [From the *Evening Roast* of June twenty-fourth.]

—The Josher.

Suggestions

I wonder it never occurred to those old inquisitioners, when they wanted a top-notcher of a torture, to shut their victims into a room lined with mirrors and make them listen to their own opinions forever repeated?

I cannot see any difference between marrying merely for a living, and not marrying but getting the living by the same process. —*The Philosopher*

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IDA HEINS, City of San Francisco.
ALOIS WILLIAM, " "
C. H. Kaul, " "

Dated, May 31, 1901.

Duly acknowledged before me on the 31st day of May, 1901, I. L. JACOBI, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of May, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

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N. B.—The President and Mrs. McKinley recently acknowledged with cordial thanks the receipt of a package of the Alladio Royal Cream Cheese which is the most delicious article in the market.

The Automobile

H. B. Taylor, the Oakland Locomobile enthusiast, is rapidly developing a commendable tendency towards record breaking. If some of the other owners of motor vehicles would show a similar spirit towards the sport automobiles would be brought much more prominently before public attention. As it is Mr. Taylor is the only owner that has shown courage enough to attempt any record breaking feats and thus far success has crowned his every effort. His latest feat was accomplished last Saturday when he circled the bay twice during the day, covering two hundred and eight miles by actual cyclometer measurement. Accompanied by Henry Foote, who has been his companion in all of his record breaking, Mr. Taylor started from Oakland early Saturday morning, crossing the bay on the Creek route boat and going down to San Jose on this side of the bay. Quite a stop was made in the Garden City, but with a quick run up the other side Oakland was reached shortly after noon. The bay was once more crossed and a stop was made at the Locomobile headquarters to replenish the stock of gasoline and water. The record breakers left the latter point at four o'clock and in five hours more they had completed the second round trip, reaching Oakland without a mishap of any sort. This trip is remarkable in more ways than one. Never before in this part of the country has a motor vehicle been subjected to the severe strain that Mr. Taylor gave his Locomobile on this occasion, yet the machine came through it all in perfect condition, working better on the last part of the journey than at any other point. Mr. Taylor and also the Locomobile makers are to be congratulated upon the successful outcome of this interesting experiment.

The news of a fast run has just reached me from Fresno, showing that our local operators are not the only ones to become expert in the manipulation of their engines. Colonel T. J. Hay of Fresno is the proud possessor of a Locomobile. He is also the owner of an extensive ranch in Squaw valley and it was to the latter point that he turned his machine loose one day last week. The round trip to the ranch is one hundred and fifteen miles, a portion of the way over a grade that reaches an altitude of twelve hundred feet. From Reedley up the grade to Squaw valley the twenty-eight miles were covered in one hour and ten minutes, while the entire round trip was made in seven hours and twenty-five minutes, including a stop at the ranch of over an hour. Colonel Hay has good reason to be proud of his achievement.

The automobile for the fire department has finally been selected and as I predicted, it is an electric and is to be specially built to order by the Electric Vehicle company of New York, after the Columbia style of rigs. The price of the rig is twenty-two hundred dollars, subject, I believe, to a thirty days trial. This machine means either the making or breaking of Columbia vehicles in this city and thirty days will be all the time necessary to show whether or not it will stand the strain of Chief Sullivan's reckless driving. There was only one other bid in against the Columbia, that of Libby on a steam machine. As the fire department had decided to have an electric, Ridley, the Columbia agent, had no opposition at all to his bid.

The usefulness of automobiles over other vehicles was clearly demonstrated upon the occasion of the recent train wreck on the narrow gauge near Felton. C. E. Trezona of Santa Cruz with his Locomobile was the winner of a unique race at that time, being the first of a large number of vehicles to reach the scene of the disaster. Many of the rigs had a start of three or four miles over Trezona but the auto distanced them all at the finish.

Inability to secure permission to use Ingleside track has caused an abandonment of the proposed automobile race meet and show at that place on the Fourth of July. The policy of the new owners is to keep Ingleside closed to everything until such time as it can be opened for horse racing. There is some talk of sandwiching in some automobile events with the trotting races at Oakland track on the Fourth but as yet nothing definite has been decided upon.

—*The Automobiler.*

Messrs. Arnold and Rockett breaking the Pacific Coast Automobile mile record at San Jose, May 15th. Time 1:34 4-5. Machine used, Standard No. 2 Locomobile

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Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—Henry Miller in repertory—his last week.
ALCAZAR—"Countess Valesca"—a picturesque picture play.
TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker"—Last week of the great success.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Gismonda"—a powerful production.
ORPHEUM—The clever midgets lead the bill.

Chauncy Olcott arrived here last Sunday and will spend his summer vacation in and about this city instead of making his usual trip to Europe. The sweet-voiced Olcott will follow Blanche Bates at the Columbia.

Reverend Charles M. Sheldon is about to test his idea of a Christian theatre with a dramatization of his own novel "Edwin Blake." Mr. Sheldon did not make a shining success of his Christian daily paper, and he has lately demonstrated his unwillingness to act up to his own theories of equality in his domestic affairs. Let us see if his Christian theatre is any more practical.

Clever Californians

Miss Virginia Foltz is visiting her mother, after a two years trip abroad. Miss Foltz has been engaged by Weber & Field and will appear in vaudeville next season. She studied in Italy under a famous voice master, appeared in opera in London, and will now win some more laurels in her own country.

There is not a cleverer little comedienne on the stage today than Georgie Cooper. I predict for her a place far above Edna Wallace Hopper or Della Fox some day. Georgie has chic, and is as Parisian as if she had been born in cher Paree instead of in San Francisco. She is making a great hit at the Central theatre this week in Nellie McHenry's old farce-comedy.

Alfred B. Moulton, conductor of the Princess theatre of Melbourne, Victoria, arrived last week on the *Ventura* and is staying at the California hotel.

Mr. Edgar L. Davenport, who has been with Miss Viola Allen for the past two seasons, has acquired the rights to a new and original one-act play by Carroll Fleming of New York, called "Just a Man," which was seen on Monday for the first time and is to be followed by a trip to the coast. Mr. Davenport will be assisted by Miss Polly Stockwell and Mr. George Schaeffer. Davenport was here with the Frawleys, I believe. He is a delightful actor.

Attractions Next Week

"Sapho," with Florence Roberts in the title role, will be presented at the Alcazar on Monday evening. Miss Roberts' great success in this role is too fresh in the memories of theatre goers to require any laudatory remarks. "Sapho," as presented at the Alcazar, is a brilliant spectacle, far distancing any of the sort seen here for some time. The production will be entirely new and special efforts are being made by the scenic artist Edward Williams to make the ball room scene a magnificent feature of the presentation, just as it was last season. White Whittlesey will doubtless duplicate his former success as the hapless lover, Jean Gaussin. Lucius Henderson, Barton Hill, George Webster, Walter Belasco, little Ollie Cooper, Marie Howe, Agnes Rankin, Stella Rosetta, Ouida Daudet, Lillian Armsby and Georgie will sustain the majority of the principal roles. Barton Hill is preparing an elaborate presentation of Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The School for Scandal."

The local vaudeville performers have combined for the purpose of doing charitable work in their ranks, and have done a great deal already toward relieving sick and needy people of their profession. To further this end they will have a benefit at Fischer's concert house next Thursday

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evening. A big bill has been prepared, most of the vaudeville people in town to take part.

It was the intention of the Tivoli management to change the bill on Monday evening next, substituting "The Babes in the Wood" for "The Toy Maker," but stress of business has proved fatal to this arrangement, and the piece that has captured everybody, "The Toy Maker" will hold the boards for the seventh week. The management could not foresee its continued popularity, and offers an apology for prematurely announcing the Babes. The children of the city will no doubt be glad of the chance to share in "The Toy Makers'" liberality, as on Saturday next there will be more toys distributed to the little ones in attendance. The Babes have been waiting a long time to make their appearance on the Tivoli stage, but it is positive that they will be on hand on Monday evening, July first.

Over one hundred and twenty people are utilized in the stage action of the production of "Under Two Flags" to be brought out at the Columbia next Monday night. Mr. Frohman's production is offered under a special arrangement with David Belasco, who controls the dramatization and introduces for the first time here Miss Blanche Bates in her brilliant characterization of "Cigarette," the heroine of Ouida's novel. Mr. Frohman's production is the identical one that has been running in New York throughout the first half of this year, both the cast and mechanical appointments coming here direct from that city, including the trained horses that appear in the chief scene of the piece. There are five acts and nine tableaux in the play, the latter of such elaborate proportions as to require the railroad equipment of a dozen cars in transit. Over one hundred and twenty people are engaged in the stage-action and some fifty in the mechanical department. There will be a crowded house to bid Blanche Bates "welcome home" on Monday night.

"Fedora," Sardou's masterpiece, with Melbourne MacDowell in the full dress of modern society, has been reserved for the last week of Mr. MacDowell's engagement at Morosco's. The first production of the play will be given Monday evening and will no doubt attract immense audiences, as it will probably be some time before theatre-goers of San Francisco will have another opportunity of witnessing the Sardou productions presented in such a sumptuous manner as during the past four weeks. This will be the first time during Mr. MacDowell's engagement that that romantic actor has appeared in any save historical costumes. There are few men on the stage who can make love and look handsomer in doing it than Melbourne MacDowell. "Fedora" is a Franco-Russian drama and taken as a whole is the best of Sardou-Davenport plays. The scenes of the play are laid in St. Petersburg and this gives the opportunity for elaborate scenery and costuming. The last matinees of Mr. MacDowell's engagement will be given Saturday and Sunday. The Saturday matinee will be made a souvenir matinee and every one attending will be presented with a souvenir photograph of Mr. MacDowell. The Frawley company follows in a repertory of good plays.

Emily Lytton & Co. head the Orpheum's new bill. Miss Lytton has lots of friends in San Francisco and her farce, "A Wise Guy" is one of the funniest George M. Cohan ever wrote. Frank Gardner and Lottie Vincent will introduce some dancing specialties in their musical farce, "A Shadowed Idol." The sisters Mahr sing and dance. Ezra Kendall will be on hand with a new monologue, and Fatma and Smaun, the tiny Indians, will spend another week making friends among San Francisco children. Their receptions after matinee performances have become quite the vogue and it's a marked child that has not shaken hands and exchanged greetings with the little artists. Among the holdovers will be Odell Williams and Co., Cole and De Losse and the biograph. —*The Playgoer.*

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Music World

Mr. Samuel Adelstein took part in the musical services at the First Congregational church one Sunday morning recently, and played "Il Gondoliera" romanza by Balsimelli on the mandolin and "Legende" on the lute, both being accompanied on the organ by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, organist of the church. In the afternoon Mr. Adelstein played several mandolin solos at the German Altenheim (German Old People's Home) at Fruitvale. The German *Democrat* in speaking of the program says: "The mandolin solos of Prof. S. Adelstein gave this instrument its due value by rendering the 'Staendchen' of Schubert and other melodies in a most admirable manner. His rendition of these melodies can only be likened to the soothing music of the spheres and the artist kept the audience spell bound." Mr. Adelstein also took part in a late program given by the Encinal Literary society in Alameda when he performed several mandolin duos unaccompanied in a manner that charmed the large audience present. On the afternoon of the thirteenth Mr. Adelstein took part in the "Afternoon in Italy" given at the residence of Mrs. Rolla V. Watt at the corner of Baker and Scott streets for the benefit of the Women's Home Missionary Society, playing sweet melodies of Italy on the mandolin.

At the Presidio

The concert at the Presidio last week was as great a success and as much enjoyed as the one given in February. Both were under the direction of Mrs. Marriner Campbell and the second was undertaken at the urgent request of many who had so enjoyed the first one. The program was made up of songs by Mrs. Mary Carpaneto Mead, Mrs. L. W. McClure, Miss Rebecca Delvalle, Miss Ruth Weston, Mr. Walter C. Campbell, assisted by Miss Ethel Grant violiniste, and Misses Julia Tharp and Olive Dunn pianists. Miss Edna Smart has been appointed soprano soloist to Grace Methodist Episcopal church choir with Miss Elsie Arden contralto to the same. Miss Ruth Weston has been called to St. Paul's Episcopal as solo contralto. Miss Edith Klock, who has a church position in Alameda, is for the present month substituting in Calvary Presbyterian in this city for Mrs. Susie Hert Mark. All the above are pupils of Mrs. Marriner Campbell and complete a list of fourteen under her tuition who are occupying paid positions in church choirs at the present time.

The sad news has been announced of the death of the mother of Mrs. Marriner Campbell. Mrs. Campbell has always been ready with her kind sympathy in the afflictions of others, and that of her friends is hers now in the hour of her great sorrow.

Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt writes from Berlin that Marcella Sembrich, who has just finished a season there, was something of a disappointment. She brought her own Italian orchestra with her, which was not nearly as good as those that "do" the opera in Berlin. She says the

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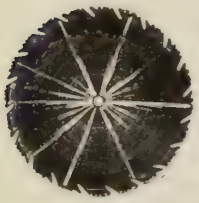

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Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt has been suffering severely with inflammatory rheumatism in the right arm. She is convalescing satisfactorily, however, and as soon as she is able to travel will sojourn at the springs until entirely recovered.

The San Francisco College of Music gave a recital by pupils of the director James Hamilton Howe, in Byron Mauzy hall, on a recent Tuesday evening. The participants were Miss Rose Leaves, Miss Louise Amiot, Mr. William A. Lyman, Mrs. James Hamilton Howe, Miss Mabel F. Gordon, Mr. Walter B. Anthony, Miss Helen Haynes, Mr. Claus B. Peterson, Miss Ruby A. Moore, Mr. Walter R. Kneiss, Miss Sue Annette Gordon and Mr. S. Homer Henley. The program was an uncommonly good one.

"Lauda Sion," the sequence of St. Thomas Aquinas, with music by Mendelssohn, was sung for the first time in this city last Sunday evening at St. Dominic's church, by the choir under Dr. Palmer's direction. The solo quartet was assisted by a large chorus by James Hamilton Howe at the organ and by an orchestra of strings.

The Music Critic.

World of Letters

Jack London's New Book

Jack London has out a new volume of Arctic tales entitled "The God of His Fathers." Although the story which lends its name to the book is by no means the best of the collection, the volume, as a whole, shows no inferiority to its predecessor, "The Son of the Wolf." Mr. London seems to have pre-empted the North for his especial field, and his characters are again the trappers, guides and prospectors of that region, some of them being old acquaintances. Still, Sitka Charley, Jack Harrington, Mrs. Eppinwell and a few others are quite worthy of a second meeting. The elements of London's power as a writer, terseness, vigor, and an instinct for a good situation, are as apparent in this book as in the previous one. "The Man with the Gash" is, to my thinking, the best in the book. Jacob Kent, a weaver gone Klondiking, was a miser who dreamed of robbers, and particularly of a certain robber with a gash on his right cheek. Jacob had pre-empted a cabin half way between Sixty Mile Post and the Stuart River, and exacted heavy toll from the travelers that perforce accepted his hospitality. One day, as he was weighing his gold dust, he was accosted by "The Man with the Gash" in the person of Jim Cardegee, who was seeking a night's lodging. Distracted with fear, Kent, in a fit of somnambulism, concealed his dust and forgot where he had

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hidden it. Naturally, he thought Jim had stolen it, and was determined to have his life, yet it was not Cardegee's life, but Kent's that was taken, and the treasure fell to "The Man with the Gash" after all, just as Fate had decreed. The same element of fatality appears in "Where the Trail Forks," a fine and powerful story. "A Daughter of the Aurora" has a humorous turn to the plot not often found in Mr. London's stories. Jack Harrington and Louis Savoy ran a race for fortune and the hand of Joy Molineau. Joy owned the finest sled-dog from Chilkoot to Bering sea, and this dog she lent to Jack Harrington, the man she did *not* prefer. At the moment of victory she called the animal: "'Ai! Ya! Wolf Fang! Wolf Fang!' Wolf Fang heard. He left the trail sharply, heading directly for his mistress. The team dashed after him, and the sled poised an instant on a single runner, then shot Harrington into the snow. Savoy was by like a flash." "At the Rainbow's End" contains a graphic description of an ice jam on the Yukon and the destruction of a party who had sought refuge on an island in the stream. Extracts fail to do justice to such tales as these. To gain a true idea of their grim, relentless irony and of their atmosphere of silence, solitude, cold and death they must be read in their entirety. The men, direct and forcible, typify the struggle of man against nature, a struggle in which to falter is to die. The women, those Indian helpmeets of the Arctic pioners, are pathetic images of submission, unselfishness and heroic patience. Mr. London is at his best when dealing with this type of woman. When he attempts the more complex specimens of femininity transplanted from civilization he is less successful. Mrs. Eppingwell in "The Scorn of Women" and Mrs. Sayter in "The Great Interrogation," are not impossible, but they are certainly very improbable, and we accept them with a doubt. [Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York].

The Symphony of Life

Those who are already familiar with the writings of Henry Wood will welcome this new volume, "The Symphony of Life." Mr. Wood stands in the front rank of writers of the later day on sociology, spiritual philosophy and kindred topics, and the literary finish of his work has an attractiveness which is all his own. This "Series of constructive essays and interpretations," as it is described in the sub-head, is idealistic, but at the same time eminently practical and helpful, as will be evident from the titles of some of the essays, "From the Pre-Adamic to the Human," "The King's Touch," "Intelligent Psychological Designing," "What is Higher Law?" "War from the Evolutionary View Point," "Thinking as a Fine Art," "Selfishness and Nervousness," "Dogmatism New and Old," "The Cosmic

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Consciousness," and "Splinters," the final chapter, composed of detached aphorisms and bits of concentrated wisdom, many of which must in due season find their way into the common treasury of the language.

"Violations of law, whether spiritual, mental or physical, are debts drawing compound interest.

"Altruism is a privilege rather than a duty.

"The Mount of Transfiguration is in the silence, and desires and aspirations are attendant ushers for those who would make the ascent."

There is scarcely a page from which something may not be quoted, but the following passage from "The Meaning of Evil" will serve as a sample both of the style of the language and the manner of thought:

Man wittingly or unwittingly violates law—physical, mental or spiritual—and the inner tribunal and sequential penalty judge him. The law in itself may be kindly, and the penalty educational, but to his untrained vision they both seem adverse and even evil. But only through some experimental infraction of the moral order can undeveloped man divine its mandates. Only the freedom of choice, and some degree of discipline, greater or less, for missing the mark, make developed moral character and spiritual fibre possible. As man progresses in inner unfoldment and attains higher evolutionary planes, his divergence from the moral highway will become more slight. At length he will feel its leadings and outgrow the necessity of the hard punitive cuffs and blows which are provisionally required to startle him and push him out of the deep ruts of animality. If man could know and do only the good he would be only an automaton, and to him, being destitute of any point of comparison, it would not be good. Growth is only possible through wise choosing and exercise. Where there is but one choice is impossible. Enforced and involuntary virtue, unmixed with freedom to choose unwisely, would be slavish, and to man as he is constituted, would become vice."

[Lee and Shepard, Boston, $1.25].

The circulating library of Minneapolis has issued a statement to the effect that no married women will be allowed to take Le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl" from its shelves without a written order from her husband, and no young girl (do they mean unmarried women?) may enjoy a peep at its contents without the written permission of her parents or guardian. Of course the immediate result of the order will be to create a demand for the Golden Girl, and as Richard has spent a good part of his last visit to the United States in that section, it goes without saying that he has managed in some sly fashion to be at the bottom of this booming of his wares. One need waste no grief over the sad plight of the "young girls," but shall we have it added to the justifiable causes for seeking a divorce in the old North-west, that cruel husbands have refused wifey the coveted order?

On April nineteenth there appeared in the *London Times* the following "In Memoriam" notice:

"George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824.

When loee, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave.
The Bride of Abydos.

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his death, said: "It is as if the sun had gone out.""

The explanation of the notice is that a lady who was a great admirer of Byron left a sum of money to be used for the purpose of placing a wreath of Marechal Neil roses at the foot of Byron's grave in Hyde Park Gardens, and for the above notice to appear every year on the anniversary of the poet's death until the authorities of Westminister Abbey should permit the name "Byron" to be inscribed in "The Poet's Corner."

The July number of the *Delineator* has gone outside of the regular routine of the fashion periodical to reproduce as illustrations of N. Hudson Moore's descriptive paper on "The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo" the original water-color sketches of C. Y. Turner, Directors of Color to the Exposition.

—*The Bookworm.*

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Notice to Creditors

Estate of SUSAN URRY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, George Edward Keefe, administrator of the estate of Susan Urry, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said George Edward Keefe, at the office of Charles Wesley Reed, Nos. 20 and 21, 7th floor, Mills Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

GEORGE EDWARD KEEFE,
Administrator of the estate of Susan Urry, deceased.

CHARLES WESLEY REED,
Attorney for said Administrator.

Dated at San Francisco, May 17, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of WILLIAM W. FINNIE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary A. Finnie, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of William W. Finnie deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY A. FINNIE.
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of William W. Finnie, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of MARGARET McDONALD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward F. Wheeler, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret McDonald, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD F. WHEELER,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret McDonald, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs.
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

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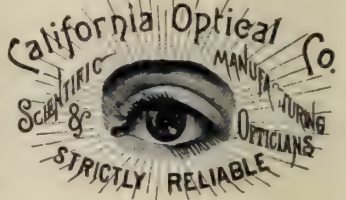

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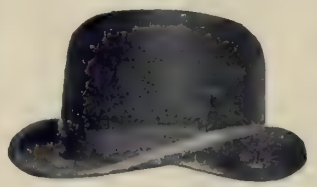

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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY.

VOL. 9—NO. 461 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 29, 1901 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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SEE PAGE TWENTY

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, June 29, 1901

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor
1019 Market Street, Third Floor Telephone South 735

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CAUTION

Pay no money to persons representing themselves to be connected with TOWN TALK unless a written authority to receipt for the same is shown and accept no receipt unless it be on our printed blanks.

TO OUR PATRONS

That we have been unable to supply the demand for TOWN TALK during the past two weeks has not been entirely our fault. Hitherto we have made allowance for the steady increase of sales from week to week, but recently the demand has greatly exceeded not only our expectations but also those of the San Francisco News Company. As a consequence we have not been able to fill all the orders for extra papers sent in by that company long after the issue of the regular number for which we received notice in advance. We have found it difficult to keep pace with the growth of TOWN TALK'S popularity, but to prevent disappointment we suggest that our readers should not depend on news agents. It is easy to subscribe.

OUR OPINION

The Sky-Scraper

The principal argument of the proponents of the sky-scraper is that it contributes to the convenience of the public by reason of the concentration of a large volume of business under a single roof. But that is not their only argument. They have others which are somewhat less forcible. The sky-scraper according to the *Post* is something just a little short of a divine institution because it "tends to reduce forms of human activity into a small space." Moreover, "it reduces rent and other expenses. A lawyer who occupies comfortable offices in a tall building, with light and janitor service included for a reasonable rental, can afford to work cheaper for his clients than one who is compelled to maintain a more expensive establishment in a two-story building." Now those are considerations that the average man wots not of. The popular notion is that a lawyer invariably charges all the traffic will bear regardless of his office rent. The tall building reduces rents in surrounding buildings, and deprives the property owner who cannot afford to build a sky-scraper, of a fair income. At the same time it enables the owner of the sky-scraper to derive a revenue from space which has no assessed value. And by building into that space he robs people of the sunlight and heat to which they are entitled. Though from the utilitarian standpoint it may be a good thing to "reduce forms of human activity" and to crowd business under as few roofs as possible, there are many people in the world who believe that the promotion of health and comfort is of paramount importance. We are not all in favor of giving the nimble chaser of the mighty but elusive dollar full sway in all things. The encouragement of facilities for speedy commercial transactions is all right, but business cannot suffer much if it is confined to buildings of five and six stories. It is generally admitted that a city cannot have too many pleasure grounds. For the same reason the fewer the sky-scrapers the better. It is pleasant to feel that ours is a lively, bustling community, and that our plutocrats have such confidence in the city's future that they are eager to beat the assessor by escaping ground assessment for the upper stories. It is refreshing to point to the fact that we are expanding skyward like New York, but it should be remembered that New York is one of the most unpleasant of places in which to reside. We can be prosperous without letting Mammon become too conspicuous. What a cheerless and uninviting thoroughfare Market street would be if several blocks were lined with structures of the Mills building type! How the poor clerks would suffer if the rays of the sun never penetrated the stores! The sky-scraper is indeed a nuisance, and should be tabu.

Not a Rara Avis

The case of the woman stenographer who threw up her position at sixty-five dollars a month in Omaha to come to San Francisco on a wild goose chase after a vague something better, and who, on finding that the best position she could command would net her but ten dollars a week, went to the *Bulletin* with her tale of woe, deserves more than passing mention because it is typical of a certain class of women, who can be convinced of nothing until they have proved it by their own experience. There are many people, chiefly preachers and women, who will accept no evidence but their own that conditions in California have changed in any particle since the days of the Argonauts, and every year sees a host of immigrants lured hither by the idea that anything in petticoats can have any position on demand at any salary demanded. The result is disillusionment and often heartbreak, but the tide is hardly stayed. It is not so many years ago that well-intentioned ladies actually expected to be hailed as angels of mercy for daring the perils of the wild West in order to teach the little savages the elements of Christianity, and there are few who have not known New England teachers to make the pilgrimage in the expectation of civilizing M'liss and such little outcasts as the Luck of Roaring Camp, only to discover that the requirements for the lowest grade of certificate recognized in California were far beyond their attainments. A woman who showed so little discretion as to drop a fairly well paid

position without having some security as to her future employment could hardly be expected to know enough about the conditions of her own profession outside of the office in which she was employed, much less of what was going on elsewhere in the world, or in other branches of employment open to women. The average earnings of the female workers of the United States is said to be between four and five dollars a week, so there is no especial call for commiseration to be expended on the one who is offered ten dollars. California is not a golden Mecca for pilgrims from all climes but a prosaic land of hard work. The other two counts in the indictment, that the public is rude to the worker and that low wages induce immorality, are so old and stereotyped that they are not worthy of further notice. True, people might be more considerate of the feelings of those who serve them, but public manners are not subject to amendment by statute, and as to the third clause, "Where there is will, there is way," either to yield or to avoid it.

Dr. Woolsey's Fool Theory

Of all the freak theories ever promulgated for the sake of excusing the deliberate crime of a drunken brute that which suggested itself to Dr. Woolsey by way of accounting for the shooting of Dr. Jessup by ex-preacher Adams is the crown and cap-sheaf. According to the Oakland expert in degeneracy bad eyesight may have perverted the brain of the murderer. The claim of inherited tendencies to over indulgence in alcohol has been worn so threadbare and used by so many common murderers that those of the intellectual classes are fain to find something more exclusive to account for outbreaks of fiendishness. Dr. Woolsey has evolved a theory that all persons having defective sight are inclined to exhibit violent temper.

> Every person congenitally blind, or partially blind, is mentally abnormal. The congenital blind have uncontrollable tempers, tempers that even a State educational institution cannot control. When an inmate of a blind asylum gets mad his brute instinct predominates and you can no more reason with him than with a mad dog. In short, it may be said that the blind are abnormally prone to the domination of passion.

There is nothing to show, however, that the fortunate ones who are not so afflicted are free from the defect, and there are no statistics to prove that the proportion of criminals who are obliged to resort to spectacles is any greater than those who do not. So far as the claim that blind people are more ill tempered than others is concerned, it can usually be explained on the ground of uncongenial environment and lack of occupation. Those who have had any considerable acquaintance with the blind will bear testimony that unless there is some other reason to account for it besides the simple lack of sight, the blind are not oftener given to outbreaks of temper than are those who have the use of their sight, and if the mere fact of wearing spectacles is to be taken as evidence of mental irresponsibility, there is immediate and pressing necessity for the community to provide some place of safety wherein the small remnant of the normal sighted may take refuge from the vast army of dangerous lunatics of all ages and both sexes who are at large. Ever since this theory took root that it is possible to recognize the congenital criminal and the moral incompetent by visible conformations and outward defects, the fool specialist has been in glory. If there is even a modicum of truth in the theories advanced it would be the simplest matter in the world to forestall all crime and violence by arresting and confining all criminals on their face value. As a matter of fact, there are just as many indications of "degeneracy" amongst college professors, clergymen, judges and physicians as there are amongst criminals and hoboes. When such ideas gain ground amongst people who might reasonably be expected to display some glimmerings of common sense it is little to be wondered at that lynching grows in popularity.

Burns the Ex-Boss

Colonel Dan Burns has returned from his Mexican mine to take a hand in local politics again. He has been away from home a long time, but the news of his return has occasioned no great flurry in political circles. The fact is that the colonel has lost prestige as a boss. The ranks of his followers have been considerably thinned. The prestige that he once enjoyed was largely of a counterfeit character, but it passed as the real thing for several years. We have had several bosses of the Burns type in California. They are of newspaper creation. The newspaper boss exercises his influence on a bluff. Some newspaper having declared him to be a boss he suddenly finds that he is so regarded. Politicians seek him and pledge their allegiance. He opens headquarters and proceeds to dictate the policy of the machine. Men come to him for nomination for office, and if those that he has favored win, he shares in their patronage or acts as the go-between to facilitate the distribution of bribe money. If he be cunning and believe that there should be honesty among thieves he may augment his influence in each succeeding campaign, just as Croker has done in New York. But we have never had a Croker in California. Dan Burns couldn't be a lieutenant on Croker's staff. When Burns opened his first headquarters at the Baldwin hotel some years ago, and found that he was actually looked upon as the slate-framer of a State convention he swelled up like a pouter pigeon and began to look wiser than a Solomon. He assumed the air of a sphinx and gave beholders the impression that he was the smartest boss that ever came over the political pike. But the strain was too much for him. On the eve of the convention he announced that he was going to nominate M. M. Estee for Governor. He desired it to be distinctly understood that Estee was to be his Governor. Of course with such a handicap the unfortunate Estee

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was defeated. But the colonel has been posing as a boss ever since, principally on the strength of the report assiduously circulated by a few of his henchmen that he was always true to his friends. But of late there has been some doubt about his possession of that virtue. He is destined to find that a boss who cannot win a job for himself is not looked upon with much awe and respect by "de gang."

Heistand Comes, Corbin Goes

There was a time when the high sense of honor which prevailed in the United States Army prompted a speedy investigation of charges that involved the reputation of an officer. But it appears that the army is no longer concerned about trifles involving its honor. When Adjutant-General Corbin came to town the other day on a junketing trip to Manila he was questioned concerning the frauds that were said to have been perpetrated in the Philippines. He replied that the charges were not officially known in Washington, and that no reports had been made of them. And yet General Corbin himself is involved in that scandalous affair together with such prominent officials as Secretary Root, former Assistant Secretary Meiklejohn and Governor Allen of Porto Rico. They should welcome the first opportunity to clear themselves. Lieutenant-Colonel Heistand who was mixed up in the hemp scandal returned unexpectedly the other day, though it was given out a few weeks ago by the War Department that he was to remain on duty in the Philippines. His absence was made the excuse for postponing a hearing of the charges against him until next winter. The departure of Corbin just as Heistand returned excites suspicion. Corbin has been under suspicion more than once during his long career in the army, and he does not relish investigations for they have not served to swell his reputation. His statement that the charges of frauds in Manila are not officially known in Washington is absurd in view of the fact that a great deal of correspondence on the subject has been published in the *Congressional Record*. From that correspondence the affair appears to have a very ugly look especially as far as Heistand is concerned. It has been evident all along that certain high officials in Washington were interested in obstructing an investigation, and General Corbin's departure at this time indicates that he is not anxious to have the matter cleared up. The army itself when permitted to handle such affairs usually acts with great promptness. It did not take General McArthur long to bring the commissary thieves to justice, but the Heistand affair savors of a political pull. The procrastination of the authorities has given rise to the suspicion that Heistand is to be permitted to escape for the protection of others above him.

The Saunterer

Under the Leadership of a Jewess

Does it not seem somewhat anomalous that at one of the most fashionable summer resorts in this State a Jewess should be the social leader of the Christian set? There is no good reason why this should not be the case, for religion does not qualify a person for social leadership, but in the higher social circles there appears to be a line drawn between Jews and Christians. It is perhaps due to the fact that the Jewish bud treasures no expectation of marrying an eligible Christian, and that the Christian belle is intent upon capturing a husband of her own religious persuasion. For, after all, that which is known as social life in the smart set is inspired by the ambitions of the buds and belles and the hopes of their fond mammas. But whatever the cause the fact remains that there is an estrangement between Christians and Jews in the smart set, and this is most noticeable at summer resorts where they have their cliques that never venture beyond a bowing intimacy. And yet at one of those resorts—the Hotel Rafael—a dowager Jewess is the Queen of the Christian set. And the Hotel Rafael is still the resort of the fashionable notwithstanding the somewhat unsavory reputation it achieved through Baron Von Schroeder's famous libel suit. But the Baron wisely took a trip to Europe this summer and he will not return until August. So those old time revels involving brides and bots are not to be pulled off this summer.

The Distinguished Mrs. Hort

But to return to my theme. The dowager Jewess to whom I refer is that cultured and much admired old lady, Mrs. Hort, widow of the well known and wealthy broker, Sam Hort. If you ask who she is, at the Hotel Rafael, they will tell you that she is the progenitress of the Boardmans and the Tompkins'. She is about eighty years of age and so feeble that she wears a cane. Consequently she is not a very active social leader. She does not promote functions, but she can give you the cachet of the elect by simply receiving you at her throne which is the chair she occupies in the rotunda after emerging from the dining-room. At that throne are gathered every evening some of the swellest of the swell, but never a Hebrew, and yet there are several of our aristocratic Jews at the Hotel Rafael this year. They have their own set, their own functions and their own atmosphere. The Hellers, the Sterns and the Sylvain Weills are there, and there are no more aristocratic families in our Jewish society. And there are also the Grinbaums of Honolulu including a beautiful daughter, very chic

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and popular. But circling round Mrs. Hort are the Mesicks and the Colonel Footes, U. S. A. and the Maus and Katherine Dillon, and last season the set included the Morgans, the Kips, the Adam Grants and the Walter Deans. Both sets are as distinct as though they never lived under the same roof. Each is exclusive, and each has its own individuality.

The Explanation

Notwithstanding Mrs. Hort's partiality for Christian society and her leadership therein she is a practical Jewess and is faithful in her attendance at the synagogue. The explanation of her somewhat anomalous position may be found in the circumstance of the marriage of her two charming daughters—Mrs. Tompkins and Mrs. Boardman—to Christians. I have heard it said that both matches were made with the warm approval of Mrs. Hort if not with her artful connivance for there are those who say that when she attained the position she now holds she achieved her ambition. The families of both her daughters are in the swim, and her grandson, Sam Boardman, is quite active in the Blingum set.

Changed to a Man

Apropos of this chatter about side and centre partings, I am told a story of Frank Powers. Powers was running for office—Assemblyman, I think it was—and went before a South-of-Market audience to orate. Before he went on the stage, one of the committeemen called him aside and said:

"You won't win, Mr. Powers, if you don't change that hair of yours."

"What's the matter with it," asked the young lawyer, "don't want me to dye it, do you?"

"Oh, it isn't the color I'm objecting to, it's the parting," was the answer, "that audience won't stand for a centre part."

Powers was amenable to advice, hastily grabbed the brush and comb held out to him and changed his parting from the middle to the side.

"Now, you look like a man," said the committeeman.

Whether it was the hair part or his winning tongue that caught the audience cannot be said of a surety, but it is on record that Frank Powers captured a solid vote from that district.

The Reason Why

By the way, a barber tells me that it is force of habit that causes most men to part their hair on the left side instead of the right. Only about one man in twenty adopts the latter mode. And like many things, the reason has a woman in it. The barber says that the mother when facing her boy invariably holds the comb in her right hand. It is thus easier to comb from left to right, so she parts it on the left. When the boy begins to part his own hair, he follows the left from force of habit.

She is a Type

If your idea of a Boer woman is a great rough creature like Olive Schreiner's Tante Sannie, go and hear Mrs. De Wet, and your illusions will be dispelled. Mrs. De Wet says that she herself is a type of the women of her race, and she ought to know. Mrs. De Wet is small and brunette, with olive skin, dark eyes and raven hair. She has a trim, neat, well rounded little figure by no means inclining to embonpoint, and yet without the least suspicion of leanness. As a speaker she is devoid of affectation, calm, and self-possessed, with nothing dramatic about her, and yet with a certain earnestness born of a belief in her subject. Altogether she gives one the impression of an honest, direct and capable little woman. She says the Boer girls are trained to do everything, even to shoot. The Boers are accused of despising the refinements of life. In person and manner, Mrs. De Wet is herself a refutation of this charge. She says that the condition of life in a new and undeveloped country and the necessity of being constantly on the defense against their enemies have hitherto prevented her people from progress along the lines of art and culture. Instead they have been forced to develop the sterner virtues of courage, industry and self-denial. Every Boer is a patriot and a soldier, and in the army may be found boys of fourteen, old men of three score and over, and even women.

A Talented Lecturer

The Camera club was unusually fortunate in the choice of a lecturer last Friday evening. Mrs. Hattie B. Steele, who exhibited the Scottish views, is a remarkably bright and entertaining talker. She possesses a large fund of information both historical and literary, and is besides endowed with no small share of the dramatic temperament. Mrs. Steele is young, blonde and petite,but brim full of life and magnetism. Before her marriage with Dr. Charles H. Steele, who was her senior by many years, she was a Miss McKee. She was not of age when wedded to the doctor, and as her father and mother were both dead he had to take out papers of guardianship before the marriage. The marriage was a failure and they were divorced. The doctor was a clever physician and owned a fine collection of lantern slides which he frequently exhibited. As a lecturer, however,he had a dry manner, although his learning and intelligence were beyond question. Mrs. Steele is now the possessor of her late husband's slides. She was lecturer to the public schools for some years, but the position has been abolished.

Resurrecting The Literary Dead

The Chicago *Times-Herald* published a paragraph of literary news the other day, to the effect that "the famous French author Alphonse Daudet loves warmth above all things, and he cannot work unless the temperature of his room is what most people would regard as uncomfortably high." The date of Alphonse Daudet's death is December 16, 1897, so this reference to his love of caloric is indelicate, to

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say the least. Last November, the *Metropolitan* magazine made a similar display of up-to-dateness in connection with Edward Bellamy. Said the brilliant writer of the article: "Edward Bellamy, like 'Brer Rabbit' is 'layin' moughty low' these days. Perhaps it is wisdom, perhaps it is a lack of a large idea, that keeps him from the ink pot. And yet, there is little question that whatever he might publish would find its audience, and gain an appreciaation at least amongst those who believed 'Looking Backward' the masterpiece of the century." Then followed further "information" concerning poor Bellamy's proficiency in every branch of out-door sport, and all the while, at the time of the publication of the article, the author had been dead almost three years—dead of lingering consumption at that. In these days, when everyone feels called upon to pose as an author of at least one book, it is not to be expected that any one mind can keep track of the exits and entrances of the whole literary tribe, but it is not too much to expect of literary editors that they should know something of the writers who have risen above mediocrity. Even the busiest and most overworked ought to become aware of the death of Daudet and Bellamy within three years after the event.

Strange Sights at Sea

A widow's point of view is always interesting. She sees things that escape the vigilance of other women. I received a letter the other day from one who recently went to Manila on an army transport. And among other things she wrote:

The army people are *very* refined, *very* elite, *very* exclusive, and a thousand other verys, but you have to be with them to find them out. We think it horribly vulgar and common when we see our servant girl and the butcher boy sitting in the park with their arms about each other, she with her head on his breast, etc., but even such things do happen with army matrons in the leading roles. Note the word matron and reflect. * * The rear of the transport is the hospital section. There are some passengers sleeping out there now and so of course the dark corners are not debarred. There is a certain little army matron on board with her two children, one about three, the other seven. We call her the French Doll because she is so small and dainty. Some say her husband is with her, but we have never been able to find him. On board also is a young fellow aged nineteen, the son of a Captain. The matron and this young nineteen are simply inseparable. At night they appear at the dances only to disappear for the rear of the boat almost immediately. Such devotion, such coquetishness(?) you never saw. The older officers think she is an awful fool but the boy is desperately happy and feels his importance, I dare say.

This is only one of many little sights. The officers of the boat are on to them all and have them spotted. It's comical to hear them talk. There is a Major's wife and his two daughters on board. One of them aged about twenty-two, is engaged; the other, aged about eighteen well—she is all right. She is dark and quite sweet but horribly babyish. Well she, from accounts and appearances, just loves the fellows. By the way, I have since heard that she isn't seventeen yet. However that doesn't matter. It seems there is a young fellow on board (son of a doctor). These two are very devoted. They are both large for their age so the men watch them, too. The other evening they were staring at the ocean when something was heard like the splash of an oar in the water below. The only sound which resulted was, "Oh dear, I felt that clear to my toes." A man appeared—the watch man. The young ones arms flew to their proper places and all was over. This story is still going the rounds and the two are not quite so attentive.

The army, as might be expected, does not like the idea of having pedagogues on board the boat. It seems there are about thirty of the latter on board. Well seven or eight of the men succeeded in learning Spanish and for practice have spoken to one another. Lo and behold! this morning appeared a large sign bearing these words "No Spanish to be spoken on the salon deck—by order of the Officer in Charge.' These are posted all over the decks. I suppose some of the army objected. The pedagogues were much huffed about it. Perhaps it is because of the school contingent aboard, but the officers say this is the slowest crowd they've ever carried on the transport.

Literary Visitors

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, who is paying San Francisco a short visit, accompanied by his wife and his friends the Philip Schuylers, is a wonderful man. He was over fifty years of age when he discovered that he could write books, and now that he is about twenty years over that period, he finds that he can still write with the vigor usually exhibited in youth only. His most talked of novel, though by no means his best, was "The Adventures of Francois," which his son dramatized for Dixey. The drama proved a failure. Its non-success is said to have been due to the fact that the dramatizer adhered too closely to the text of the novel, and as that contained no love scenes and no women of any consequence, it could not hold attention. As a story, "The Adventures of Francois" is strikingly original in idea, and Hugoesque in its execution. However, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" is more worthy from other points of view.

Surveyed from the literary standpoint the best of Dr. Mitchell's works are "Characteristics," and "Dr. North and His Friends." These books are after the pattern of Sir Arthur Helps' "Friends in Council." Each is a symposium, and the subjects discussed by the characters are of general interest. The poet who hypnotizes a lame girl to such an extent that the latter finally becomes almost entirely cured is a rare character. So also is the rough western railroad man who comes within the influence of a cultured wife. Anecdotes of famous men and women whom "Dr. North"—presumably the author himself—met during his long life add human interest to the entertaining dialogues.

A Comprehensive Address

Mark Twain is not the only man of sufficient fame to have his mail reach him safely even when addressed to any old place. Mr. Clemens, it will be remembered, when abroad once received a letter addressed to "Mark Twain, God Knows Where," and he got it all right. But Thomas Nast's Lamb's club friends were much amused at the superscription of a letter sent to the great cartoonist last month from San Francisco. Its address read "Mr. Thomas Nast, Artist–Painter, New York." Mr. Nast's home is in Morristown, New Jersey, and it was thence the letter was forwarded. The envelope is preserved as a curiosity.

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The Hawaiian Scandal

Some interesting correspondence from Honolulu reached me this week. It contains a version of the political troubles in the Islands quite different from that which has appeared in the dailies. My correspondent is an experienced and reliable newspaperman who has no interest in the intestine dissensions that have engendered so much bitterness between the Missionary Party and the Natives. He went to Honolulu for pleasure and while there has made a study of the situation. He explains that the bias of the regular newspaper correspondents is due to the fact that they are regularly employed on the staffs of the Hawaiian dailies which are controlled by the adherents of Governor Dole. From one of his letters I have excerpted this paragraph:

The fact is that the Hawaiian legislature in which the native element predominated enjoyed a higher standard of morality than many of the legislative bodies that I have encountered in the United States. Colonel Mazuma was far less conspicuous than he frequently is at Sacramento. One of the accusations against the legislators is that they frittered away their time and neglected to pass certain important measures. It is true that they did fail to enact necessary legislation and of course the records are against them on that point. But they did not fritter away their time. They were kept busy investigating jobbery and corruption in the Executive department in which the descendants of the greedy old missionaries are fattening themselves at the expense of the public. When they asked for an extension of time in which to pass the required laws, Governor Dole denied their petition and in an official document explained that he did so because the legislature had been corrupted. And when that sanctimonious old chap was summoned before the grand jury to tell what he knew about the corruption he had to confess that his official charge was founded on idle rumor and that he didn't know a thing about it. What do you think of him?

How Dole Got His Job

My opinion being asked I am constrained to reply that I regard Dole as a type of the man that President McKinley has been foisting upon the public. But this is what my correspondent says of him:

The natives regard Dole with contempt, and I think their impression of him well founded. Hawaiian history tells us that Dole was an Associate Justice of the Supreme court when the monarchy was overthrown. The conspirators took him into camp by promising to make him President of the Republic. He thereupon proved a traitor to the Queen, and at that very time I am told, his wife was a lady in waiting or something of that kind to Her Majesty. Now I have always understood that that sort of thing is characterized as treason. And this is the man that President McKinley has made Governor of the Islands! Can't you imagine the natives being sore? They have been tricked at every turn by the survivors of the old Missionaries who came to the islands with beads and tacks for assets and left sugar plantations to their children. When the republic was founded the Missionaries took possession of all the jobs. And by the way all the high officials of the Republic represented about five families, for the Missionaries were a close corporation. They intermarried to such an extent that they were beginning to breed imbeciles and freaks. If they had been laboring for annexation in order to induce the infusion of new blood to save themselves from extermination, I should applaud them, but the simple fact is, as everybody here knows, that their sole, inspiring purpose was to keep their sugar out of the tariff schedule. They were satisfied with the monarchy until there was a prospect of the reciprocity treaty being abrogated, and then they wanted to come into the United States. They created the impression in America that the sentiment in the islands was in favor of annexation. The fact is that public sentiment here has always been against the Missionary clique. And it is now evident from the fact that the natives carried the election, and it was that victory that is causing all the trouble. The legislature is being denounced as corrupt and crooked by the subsidized correspondents to arouse public sentiment in the United States with a view of getting a property qualification through Congress. Not satisfied with stealing the country from the Hawaiians they are now intent upon depriving them of the elective franchise, not by an educational qualification but by a monetary test. Can you fancy anything more infamous?

"Old English" style of engraving increases in favor, not only for calling cards but for invitations as well. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, make a specialty of this style.

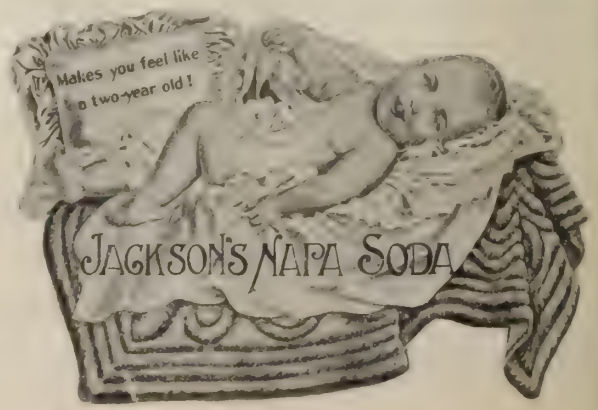
Judge Humphreys and the Natives

From the same correspondent I learn that Judge Humphreys, who, by the way, arrived in this city last Saturday, has the confidence of all the leading business men in the islands who are not allied with the Missionary clique. The Missionaries are anxious to get rid of him because he is a thorn in their side. One of the stories that they sent to this country about him is that he licensed sixteen members of the legislature to practice law without subjecting them to an examination. He did not license them to practice in the Superior court as might be inferred from the story, but in the Justices court, and a knowledge of law is not essential to the practitioner before those magistrates who themselves, in many instances, are not lawyers. He licensed the natives because they are residents of islands where there are missionary sugar planters who are in the habit of trumping up charges against the Kanakas and throwing them into jail. The legislators asked to be invested with a license so they could defend their persecuted countrymen, and there was nothing irregular in the action of Judge Humphreys.

Why Smith was Indicted

Another interesting story is that of the indictment of Editor Smith out of which grew the contempt proceeding in Judge Humphrey's court. Smith, it appears, was summoned before the jury to tell what he knew about the bribery of the legislature, he having, as editor of Dole's organ, corroborated the Governor's charge. He was asked if he knew of any specific case of bribery and he replied that he did; that he knew of a corporation that bribed a member of the legislature. When asked to name the corporation, he refused to do so on the ground that the communication was privileged. When threatened with punishment for contempt, he asked for twenty-four hours' time to consider the matter. This request was granted, and when he again entered the jury-room the question as to the name of the corporation was repeated. He disclaimed ever having said that he knew of such a case.

"Do you mean to say," asked the foreman, "that you did not tell us yesterday that you knew of a corporation that bribed a legislator?"



"You have no official stenographer here," he replied, "and my word is as good as yours. I never made such a statement."

Thereupon Editor Smith was indicted for perjury.

A Memorial to the King

The members of Burnaby Lodge No. 194 of the Sons of St. George, of this city, were the proud recipients, the other day, of a communication from the British Foreign office. Some time ago the lodge addressed a memorial to the King requesting him to cause to be issued a proclamation declaring the twenty-fourth of May to be "Victoria Day," and making it a national holiday in memory of the late Queen. They suggested that he would be but "following in the footsteps of our American brethren, the people of the United States of America, who keep as a national holiday the birthday of George Washington." The memorial was signed by Messrs. Jacks, Barry, Williamson and Airey. From the British foreign office in reply came the following under the Imperial seal addressed to Secretary Airey:

Sir: I have received the King's command to acknowledge the receipt of a memorial addressed to His Majesty by the Burnaby Lodge No. 194 of the Order of the Sons of St. George, praying that the King will cause the twenty-fourth of May to be proclaimed throughout the British Empire as a national holiday in memory of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, Empress of India.

I am
Sir
Your most obedient
and humble servant,
LANDSDOWNE."

That Stanford Scandal

It seems that the truth of this latest of Stanford university's scandals makes the trouble about as void of reason as most of the others were prime with it. The truth is that a certain professor employed in the university library had the bad taste to see things not meant to be seen, and another professor, named Gilbert, labored under the disadvantage of being so thoroughly hated by Professor Number One, and all of the students as well, as to be made the brunt of the character attack. The only effects of all the pow-wow seem to be the attempt of the friends of the young lady involved to shoot the accusers and the desire of the professor accused to die quickly and get out of it. It seems that one morning, without previous warning, a story began creeping over the college campus, and that story was that Professor Gilbert had been too ardent an admirer of a certain young woman employed in the university library. In less time than it takes to tell it that rumor became imbued with all the attributes of fact. Students had been found who had seen them together under all kind of naughty conditions. Some had followed them to the city together; others had seen them billing and cooing about the tomes of the secluded shelves; one or two confessed to having lain in the brush over night expectantly awaiting them to appear in robes de nuit and promenade the streets near the good man's home. Yet despite the conjectures made, no bonds in possibilities were floated; everything went out as fact. Professor Green, who is retained at the college on account of his detective powers, was set to work, and after a week's prowling managed to exude enough fact to prove that the professor employed in the library was an ass, and the professor accused a much-hated individual. It would have been bad for the university if, after having lost half of its faculty on account of a free-speech discussion, it had been obliged to fire the other half for scandal.

The Presents She Wanted

Mary Scott's wedding presents will unquestionably give her the nucleus of one of the most magnificent collection of jewels in town. There was a charming method in her art of advising her immediate relatives as to how they could best please and serve her in selecting their presents. They all knew that though her father gave her every gift she desired he steadfastly withheld his approbation of her receiving or wearing jewelry. He thought she should postpone such ornamentation till she married. Mary Scott seized the occasion of her engagement to laughingly inform her father and her relatives that "time's up." Every blessed one of them was anxious to present her with what most delighted her fancy and so when they asked for a pointer, she promptly answered, "Oh, some bit of jewelry." With them, "bits of jewelry" mean "gems," gems set off in the finest handiwork of the jeweler's art, so as I said Miss Scott has received enough presents in gems to form one of the richest collections in town. The groom's mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, gave her a magnificent diamond necklace; a pearl and diamond tiara, fit for a royal jewel case, was presented by her husband's half-brother, Downey Harvey; her uncle's family, the Irving Scotts, sent an assortment of jewels, solitaire diamonds and marquise rings adorned with rubies, sapphires and pearls. One necklace has not its mate in town for beauty, design and gem color. The other relatives followed in line and vied with each other in giving the pretty bride just what she wanted—"jewels, just pretty jewels."

At the Buffalo Exposition the visitors guard against sickness by draughts of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Whiskey.

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Dividend Notices.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1901, dividends have been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this Company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1901

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to, and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after July 1, 1901

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Kowalsky's Little Joke

Between Billy Barnes and Henry I. Kowalsky, the globe-trotter and heir-finder, there is an armed neutrality. Some years ago when Barnes was lean and alert, and Kowalsky was ponderous and somnolent, they were quite friendly. But when Barnes began to cast a shadow larger than the Colonel's, and to develop the soporific tendency, he became extremely sensitive whenever it was suggested that the disease known as Kowalskitis was contagious. Kowalsky, on the contrary, seemed to enjoy the plight of Captain Billy, and to watch developments with a great deal of amusement. He relates that when he was in Europe recently he purchased a grip, and that some time ago when Barnes contemplated an Eastern trip he expressed a desire to borrow it.

"I would lend it to you," said the Colonel, "but my name is inscribed on it in large letters, and if you got off the train in New York with that grip in your hand and some of my friends saw you they would exclaim, 'Great God, how fat Kowalsky has grown.' "

Barnes pooh-poohed the idea of anybody's making such a mistake.

"But," said Kowalsky, "if they trailed you to a restaurant, and saw you fall asleep at a table then they would swear you were I."

A Case of Horse and Horse

Captain Barnes spent the greater part of last week before Judge Lawlor, where he was employed as special prosecutor in a Chinese murder case. Several times during the progress of the trial, Barnes lapsed into snoring unconsciousness. The case had been progressing smoothly, and the weighty special prosecutor had seized the occasion of his colleague's making the closing speech for the prosecution to go to sleep again. His snores pitched in a different key from the speaker's voice began to annoy the court and Judge Lawlor signaled the bailiff to awaken the slumbering lawyer. He shook him gently and the attorney awoke with a start, and rose to his feet.

"Your Honor: I object," he said.

"So do the jury, Mr. Barnes," rejoined the judge, with a smile. "Your objection is over-ruled."

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Augustus Newell will be "at home" after August fifteenth at the Palace hotel. Mrs. Newell was Ada Barry Haines and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barclay Macpherson. The marriage was celebrated on the twentieth of May in New York and the Newells are now on their wedding tour.

It Was Easy

It was before the Supreme Court Commissioners, and the candidate for admission to the bar was possessed of the fulness of years. His wrinkled face bespoke a long struggle with adverse currents of life, but he seemed full of confidence as he faced the Commissioners.

"Where have you studied law?" asked Hayne.

"Studied it," exclaimed the candidate, "why, I have been practicing it for over twenty years."

Society women are fortifying themselves for the summer campaign with Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky.

"And never been admitted to practice?" said the commissioner who conducted the examination, in surprise, "how is that?"

"Well, where I live, judge," explained the old man, as he mentioned a northern county in California, "we are a long way from the Supreme Court and I have been too busy to come down here to take the examinations."

"How is it that you come here at this late day?" queried the Commissioner.

"I'll tell you, judge," explained the old gentleman, "it's like this: I have been the Assistant District Attorney in my county for the past fifteen years. There will be another election this fall and I am going to run for District Attorney, and I thought I had better be admitted."

"Have you read Blackstone?" he was asked.

"Every word of it," responded the old man promptly.

"What is the corpus delicti?"

"It's Latin, and means 'let no guilty man escape.' "

"And what," continued Hayne, "is the meaning of the phrase "Benefit of clergy?"

"It means," said the old gentleman, with dignity, "It means the right of every man to have a minister stand at his grave side, and—"

"That will be sufficient," said the commissioner, "I hardly think we need trouble you further."

"No trouble at all, judge," announced the Assistant District Attorney, beamingly, "your examination was not half as hard as I thought it would be. Any time you are in my part of the country, drop in and see me."

Harry Dimond writes to his Bohemian club friends that he finds ranching in Honolulu delightful recreation. His especial pride is his collection of pets, among which the bull terriers are the shining lights. Theodore Wores spent a few days with Mr. Dimond last month.

The Corset Must Go

An occasional correspondent writes me from Paris that a new style of corset called "La Veine," which every fashionable Parisienne now wears, has started again the old controversy as to whether the corset is a good thing. The leading actresses have been interviewed and they express the opinion that the reign of the corset is nearly at an end; that French ladies will soon cease to bruise their delicate forms,

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and that the instrument of torture will gradually merge into a waist-band. Madame Rejane said: "A corset? Well, yes, I suppose so, but as little as possible, if you please."

Sybil Sanderson exclaimed: "Of course I wear one. Are not we all *moutons de Panurge* ?

Marie de Bovet said: "If a native of Laputa saw our stays she would believe they were invented by a cruel justice to punish women for their sins."

"How can a woman be coquettish," queried Mademoiselle Darland, "when strung like a Bologna sausage? "

And now they are blaming Juno for having invented the corset, for Homer tells us that when she wished to become irresistible in the eyes of Jupiter she donned a "Castula," which was a mould designed to give new graces to the curves of her body.

Three Fingers Did It

Now that the Queen of England's infirmity has been exploited in a Sunday Supp., with the explanation that she seeks a remedy in the United States, I recall a story told of her when she was the Princess of Wales. Albert Edward was always introducing new people, moneyed people generally, at his table and among those invited to dine with the Prince and Princess was a millionaire—I don't remember whether he was a provincial Briton or a parvenu American. At any rate, he was a guest at the royal table. He was carefully coached beforehand as to his behaviour, and it was impressed upon him that if the Princess addressed him he must raise his voice a trifle and speak distinctly. However, he thought he would go one better. The Princess, during the course of the dinner, asked him how long he had been in London.

"Three months," he answered, and held up three fingers.

That was the end of the conversation, but afterward the Princess observed to the Prince, within the moneyed guest's hearing:

"Who is that ill-bred man? Never ask him here again."

And that was the last time the aspirant for social honors was invited to sun himself in the royal presence.

The Hatzfeldt-Huntington Affair

Despite what the dailies are printing, the dissatisfaction of Princess Hatzfeldt over the Huntington will is not settled by any means. Of course the discussion now going on may lead to a settlement but most certainly any terms satisfactory to both parties are not yet in view. One New York attorney received a fee and the promise of a handsome percentage contingent on his getting a good lump sum out of the Huntingtons. Of course if he succeeds in doing this without a contest in the courts so much the better for his clients. His first work was to go over the field of evidence and find out just how strong a case he could take into court. Since then every effort has been made to strengthen what might prove weak points in case the suit ever came to trial. When the evidence was well in hand overtures were made to the legatees with a view to ascertaining if they were willing to make any concessions. There the case now hangs. Prince Hatzfeldt has brought along his own English counselor to privately look after his interests in the matter.

Last of L'Aiglon Conspirators

On the heels of the cable report that Bernhardt has just closed her "L'Aiglon" engagement in London to financial loss comes a letter from Europe with the tidings that the last of the famous L'Aiglon conspirators, named Varabowski, has just died in Warsaw at the age of one hundred and five years. Varabowski was a Pole by birth, a lieutenant in the Grande Armee and fought at Waterloo. With Berton and two other officers who served under Napoleon he initiated the movement that afterwards developed into the Duke of Reichstadt conspiracy. At first they called themselves the Sons of Liberty and they gave Louis XVIII and his secret police a great deal of trouble for they found ready recruits among the ranks of the Old Guard. Finally they grew strong enough to arm themselves and capture several towns in the west of France. The soldiers of Louis managed at last to scatter them and to capture their leaders. Berton, their chief, escaped. Varabowski was banished and returned to Poland. Later on the Duke of Reichstadt again got in touch with the old soldiers of Napoleon and tried to lead the way to the throne. That is the part of the story which, with many liberties of time and place, Rostand has set forth in his play. Berton and Varabowski were on the real scene too early to be serviceable to the French dramatist and so he omitted them from his characters.

He Is Not a Multi-Millionaire

The boom paragraphs that are appearing in the Eastern dailies about Peter Martin of San Francisco and Blingum are suggestive of the fine Italian hand of a high salaried press agent. When the rumor of the engagement of Mr. Martin with Miss Natalie Oelrichs first reached this coast it occasioned surprise among people who are en rapport with social affairs at Newport. As they are aware of the fact that Miss Oelrichs is not possessed of great wealth, they were inclined to regard the rumor as incredible. It did not seem possible that a handsome belle of the Newport set would make such a match. As the unmarried daughter of aristocratic parents of moderate means,

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she suffers no embarassment in the golden circle of the elect, but as a wife the situation would change. As Mrs. Peter Martin, for instance, she would find it somewhat difficult to keep pace with the Clarence Mackays, the younger Vanderbilts, the Belmonts or any of the plutocratic push of the American Babylon.

One of the Boom Paragraphs

But judging from the paragraphs in the Eastern dailies, Mr. Peter D. Martin has created the impression in the East that he is a multi-millionaire. I don't mean to insinuate that he has been handing out any gold-bricks, but somebody whose work resembles that of an accomplished press agent has been booming him as a man of great wealth. This is what appeared in the New York *Sun* the other day.

Mr. Martin is the son of the late Edward Martin of San Francisco, who was well known in business and financial circles on the Pacific Coast. His father left a large estate which is inherited by Mr. Martin and his brother. He is interested in the famous Ophir mine and has a large ranch property in Oregon. Mr. Martin has an estate in Burlingame, one of the suburbs of San Francisco, where he and his bride will reside. * * * Although Miss Oelrichs has no large fortune in her own right she will not want, as Mr. Martin is very wealthy.

Enough to Keep Him at Blingum

Now the fact is that Mr. Peter Martin doesn't enjoy a sufficient income to maintain one of those palatial cottages at Newport. The fortune left by the late Edward Martin does not amount to more than a million dollars, and that is all in the possession of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Peter Martin came in for a share of the estate of his aunt, Mrs. Annie Donohue, but she left him one-half the amount she bequeathed to her favorite nephew, Downey Harvey, and I believe the latter's share was not more than seven hundred thousand dollars. Among the billionaires of Newport Peter Martin would be looked upon as a pauper. But of course if he is going to live at Blingum he will be able to keep the wolf from the door even though he has a polo pony or two to feed.

Peter Martin's Heart Comedy

Peter Martin doesn't know it, but over the teacups of the inner circle come cautious whispers of the past, anent the time he was engaged to Isabelle McKenna, daughter of Justice McKenna, now of the United States Supreme bench. That was some five years ago. Only the very intimate friends of the young couple knew of the affair. Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Donahue were enthusiastic over the alliance and worked as hard as loving mothers could to bring the match to its proper culmination. In order to keep Peter's record of attentions up to the proper mark they used to send the loveliest flowers bearing his card to the McKenna residence. And they dutifully saw to it that his other devoirs were properly attended to. "But the best laid plans of mammas and matchmakers aft gang glimmering," as the knowing Bard knoweth full well. There was a something—something that Peter knew most about—something the gossips said he might easily have explained, only he wouldn't, and so it came to pass that Judge McKenna declined to hear the pathetic appeal in the case. And everything was left at Peter's door. Five years have changed that old predicament for the young man but it has likewise attested the heart and hand affairs of the other parties, and so—and so, well, he is engaged to another girl in New York and near by in Washington is the first girl who is perhaps thinking just now of the comedy that five short years have brought about.

Blingum's Big Show

Now that it is all over, will somebody please tell me why the dailies made so much fuss over it? I have an idea that if President McKinley had never slept in the Scott residence at the expense of the Citizens' Committee, the dailies would not have magnified the importance of that Blingum wedding. Of course they made it the piece de resistance of the season by booming it weeks ahead, just as they boom the Thanksgiving Day football game. And just as the raw collegians imagine that the game would draw "big money" without the assistance of the dailies, so did the Scotts fancy that their daughter's wedding was entitled to rank as the event of the season solely on account of its intrinsic value as a social episode. When the day of the wedding came Mr. Henry T. Scott was flaunting himself as proudly as though he were about to launch another *Ohio*. Naturally no one should object to a parent's exhibition of pride on the wedding day of his child, but the point I desire to make is that the importance of the affair from a news standpoint was greatly exaggerated. In my opinion, the death of Mary Elizabeth Gwin, relict of California's first Senator, who was identified with so much of the romantic history of early California, was an event of much greater interest than the wedding which concerned merely our provincial aristocracy.

Mayor Phelan's Bon Mot

Now that the wedding is over everybody is breathing copious sighs of relief. There has been nothing else talked or written about for months. The bare

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thought that some hitch might come at the eleventh hour to upset matters has been enough to make the stoutest heart quail and the rosiest cheek blanch. But nothing untoward intervened, and the youthful Colonel became a benedict on Wednesday. The daily papers have described the affair. It was a pretty wedding. About fifteen per cent of the invited guests showed up and these proved enough to tax the capacity of the platform the Henry T. Scotts had built out from the porch at the back of their residence. Months of preparation, of anxieties, of heartburnings that always attend such affairs, were brought to a full stop by a few simple words uttered by a dignitary of the church. The whole ceremony, including the procession to and from the altar, occupied about nine minutes. The lunch that followed was very happy; two hundred guests sat at tables on the platform beneath evergreens and pink flowers and enjoyed themselves heartily. Mayor Phelan created some amusement by publicly congratulating Mrs. Eleanor Martin upon being at last "relieved of a great responsibility." His remark did not appear to daunt the bride, however.

All Sorts of Rigs

The city folk rode up from the special in busses. They presented a curious contrast to the Burlingame set. For the latter had all manner of gorgeous equipages, vis-a-vis, tandems, victorias, and there was a snap and style about them that was very fetching. But their social equals from the city packed like sardines in vehicles which on other occasions do duty at school picnics and cheap excursions. I don't know if a tariff of two bits a head was collected on the journey, but the humor of the situation was complete if this was done. Seriously speaking, I really connot see why proper accommodation was not provided in the carriage line. The special train was all that could be desired, both ways, and as such a deal of money was laid out on the affair it would not have cost the Scotts much more to have hired some open carriages, with liveried footmen, even if they had to be sent from the city. I do not know of any other country on the map of the world where people invited to a private function and expected to come in the latest Parisian creations would be made to drive three miles along a dusty road in picnic wagons. The heavyweight bus was that which contained General Shafter and Judge Wallace. The corpulent hero of Santiago has a trick of puffing himself out like a pouter pigeon and grabbing at himself in the region of the waistcoat, mopping the perspiration from his forehead the while. This produces a homely but not at all military effect. Judge Wallace appeared to be his old self, affable and courteous as becomes a Kentuckian. He is always gallant and he could be seen keeping up a succession of bows and right-arm waves, that somehow made one think of Cap'en Cuttle who, when at a loss for words, would nod his head and wave his hook genially.

The Correct and the Unconventional

Four-in-hand Beylard was the caper. With Will Howard beside him, he dashed up to the house in the tallest English dog-cart procurable for money and swung round in a semicircle in a style worthy of the newest member of the hackmen's union. He was the only guest I observed who acted as his own Jehu. Two of the most prominent of the invited guests violated all B'lingum rules of propriety. They were Mr. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. Garret McEnerney. Mr. Downey Harvey ought to have driven up in a dashing victoria, accompanied by three of society's fairest daughters, as became one near akin to the bridegroom. Instead, he came sauntering along the road to the house as jauntily as if he were taking an ante-prandial stroll and wearing a straw hat! 'Twas true he wore regulation garments, but the hat was out of all order. What was worse, he seemed quite unconscious of his iniquity. Mr. McEnerney, the other offender, descended from a bus that carried such distinguished citizens as Mayor Phelan and Judge Morrow, his blonde locks surmounted by a not by any means new black derby. The eminent lawyer beamed upon the throng and ignored the painful glances cast at his headpiece by the young B'lingumites.

There was quite a gathering at the 3:27 train to Monterey. The bride and groom drove to San Mateo, having sent on their luggage at 4 a. m. that day, under the impression that they were fooling their friends. The up-train for the city meets the south-bound train at San Mateo, and so all saw the happy pair. Archbishop Riordan, who was driven from B'lingum in a clerical-looking buggy by Father O'Keefe, made for the Monterey train. Walter Martin immediately invited His Grace to ride with his bride and himself in their special car. The last seen of the Archbishop was a hand raised in protest against this arrangement, while the smile on his face indicated that he appreciated the humor of the proposal.

A Stroke of Economy

Nothing has furnished more amusement than the sidelights on the wedding. They simply accentuated what every child knows about the Henry T. Scotts since they coaxed the President into their town house and then sent the bill to the Citizens' Committee. Their "job lot" way of doing things has enabled the Scotts to save considerable here and there in the wedding expenses. A good cut was made on the hats for the bridesmaids. They may be marked "imported" but they could be classed with domestic wines that are corked and capped with foreign "findings." Within a few days after the wedding of Walter Martin and Mary Scott was announced, Mrs. Scott and her daughter made a flying trip to New York. They bought all sorts of imported "samples" and hastened to have them duplicated. One bridesmaid's hat, white-plumed and smart, came home in the hat trunk. Mrs. Scott took it to a cheap milliner and had it copied in quite ordinary materials. I wonder which bridesmaid got the really, truly French hat?

In the sick room or on your sideboard Jesse Moore "AA" Whiskey is indispensable.

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Apropos of the Past Masters

The Past Masters association of the Masonic order held a reunion at Schuetzen park in Marin county last Saturday, as is their annual custom. There are not many Past Masters left now to hold these reunions, and those that still remain do not celebrate quite in the same style as did the association thirty years ago. Then the affairs leaned to the side of exclusiveness. They were high-priced and usually in the nature of a clam-bake held on the shore of Angel Island. Later the affairs were given at the Pacific Yacht club's quarters in Sausalito. Upon one occasion the clam-bake at the clubhouse was all arranged and it promised to be a particularly successful one, but on the morning of the event the papers contained the tragic news of the suicide of the Pacific club's steward. This put a damper on the reunion, for though some of the members of the association went over, they could not summon up the necessary lightness of heart to make the thing go off with vivacity. The next reunion was, if I remember aright, a bullshead breakfast at Fairfax. But as years passed by, the members became less and less enthusiastic over the annual meeting, and now for the past two years basket picnics at fifty cents a head have been substituted for the more elaborate affairs of the past.

The paper chases are to be resumed this year in Marin county, and the first meet will be held today at the Hotel Rafael. Mr. Ward McAllister, secretary of the San Rafael Hunt club, has issued invitations for the meet and promises "special attention will be given to the care of the ladies that may desire to ride."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morosco and family are spending the summer at Geranium Place, Walter Morosco's beautiful country home in Fruitvale.

McCarthy's Strategy

During the recent militia encampment at Santa Cruz, Surgeon-General Jinslow Wanderson was very much in evidence in the field hospital which was the most creditable feature of the camp. The hospital was under the supervision of Dr. W. D. McCarthy, and to him was due the entire credit for its equipment, and for the manner in which it was conducted. But Jinslow Wanderson spent a good deal of time escorting visitors through the hospital and creating the impression that it was his pet institution, much to the disgust of Dr. McCarthy. As the latter is a member of the Board of Health he holds the Surgeon-General in contempt, for it was Wanderson who devoted himself to the scheme of disproving the existence of bubonic plague. And it was by actively supporting the Governor in the matter that he won the stripes which he has since worn so ostentatiously. One night during the encampment the Surgeon-General gave a dinner at the Sea Beach hotel to the medical staff of the brigade, but Dr. McCarthy was not "among those present." Just before the dinner General Dickinson issued an order commanding Dr. McCarthy to remain in camp that night. And that was the neat way in which McCarthy avoided becoming a guest of the man who is persona non grata to the Board of Health. General Dickinson is deserving of commendation for having performed a graceful service.

The Spectacular Colonel

All the colonels on the Governor's staff cavorted in spectacular style during the encampment. But poor Charley Sonntag was in hard luck. He does not shine as an equestrian, and one day while riding behind the Gage carriage he was thrown off his horse and into a fence. As his face required mending he was unable to resume his mount. On the same day an unmannerly horse wiped the froth off his mouth with the aid of a sleeve of Colonel Pippy's blouse. Incidents of that character contributed much to the discomfort of the colonels. Major Bush distinguished himself during the outing of the militia by getting his artillery battalion ahead of the First Regiment going to and coming from camp. The officers of the regiment were very much disgruntled over the alertness of the major.

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A Blingum Pastoral

The event of the Season in San Francisco Snobocracy Told in Jingle

Scene: Scott country seat at Blingum, oak trees in background and on side of house large platform elevated high in the air on which is grouped San Francisco's "smart set."

Enter Henry T. Scott, who makes his bow to assembled guests and sings:

"You now behold in me
One as wealthy as can be,
And my talents are of numerous variety.
I am known on land and sea
As the Famous Henry T.
Whose ships have floated him into society."

Chorus by guests who each name the British flag as they sing—

"He's the famous Henry Scott
But he once was poor and not
Persona grata in our best society."

Scott waves his hand for silence and continues:

"Though I'm not long in society
The fact is well remembered
How I entertained the President,
And when his visit ended,
The bills for wines and food for him
From tradesmen in the city
I packed them up and sent them to
The Citizens Committee."

Flunkey appears and makes low obeisance.

"Most honored sir—what shall I do
The reporters are without ?"

Scott—"Why get a move on! Call the grooms,
And put them all to rout."

Flunkey disappears hastily and guests sing:

"Oh! Hennery T. is a clever man
Of that there is no doubt:
He doesn't believe in printers ink
So he throws the reporters out."

Guests rise and pairing off, march with great solemnity three times around the platform. Band appears, members wearing conspicuous Union badges. As the bridegroom makes his appearance, resplendently dressed, they start playing the accompaniment for the following in which all join:

"Behold the Bridegroom! He now appears!
And the swellest thing we have seen for years
Is our own redoubtable Walter.
His bachelor gait he now throws loose
While around his neck he places the noose
Of the matrimonial halter."

Martin nervously bows his thanks. Advancing to the centre of the stage he sings to the assembled "smart set:"

"If you know anything ill of me,
Conceal it if you can
For in in fifteen minutes I shall be
A respectable married man."

Go where you will, the best saloons sell Jesse Moore Whiskey.

Guests rise and sing:

"Oh! the things that have happened
in Walter's life
To us need no excuses.
For even society butterflies
Some people say have uses."

Enter the bride accompanied by her bridesmaids among whom are Mrs. Chaperon, Sally Sharp, Madame la Bavarde and others. As she advances guests break into applause. Mrs. Chaperon, Sally Sharp and the Madame, thinking it is meant for them take the centre of the stage and sing:

"When it comes to writing English
As the language should be writ
We think we have good reason
To imagine we are "it."

You may talk of Rudyard Kipling
And other writers great and small
But their stories are not in it
With our stories in the { *Call*, *Examiner*, *Bulletin*."

They seat themselves and Mrs. Scott approaches her daughter in a solicitous manner.

"My darling child ! you're looking pale
Of course the strain's intense;
My nerves today have made me feel
About like thirty cents.

But think my dear, a moment more
And you'll be Walter's wife.
And H. T. Scott and I will be
In society for life."

Guests—"We wonder if H. T. will be,
In society for life ?"

The ceremony is performed and guests and Scotts march from the platform into the "Scott country seat" singing:

We're devoid of all hypocrisy and so we wish to say
We're Frisco's aristocracy and have a distinguished way,
We're up-to-date in all respects, of us there's quite a variety
For we are the wealthy, fat and healthy leaders of Frisco society."

As the last couple enter the house, the newspaper men grouped on the lawn in front of the mansion sing:

"These Blingumites no doubt have health
With that there can be no jobbery.
We're inclined to believe, that they have some wealth
But it may have been gained by robbery.

For years we've traveled the world around
And now at last we believe we've found
The original home of snobbery."

THE JINGLER.

Automobile For Sale

Beautiful, Electric, light Runabout, entirely new at half cost. Reason for selling, party going abroad.

FRED WARD & SON, 46 Fremont St., S. F.

☛ We can furnish Automobiles of every description.

The Ark Dwellers

An ugly thing: Perhaps it is;
Resembling neither house or boat;
But that slight thing disturbs me not,
As in my ark I dream and float
To end of my short anchor chain,
Then, with the tide swing back again.
And as I swing, the changing view
Of green clad hills and ocean blue,
Where white winged yachts skim o'er the sea,
Brings sweet contentment home to me.

Bright is the sunshine—blue the sky,
While care seems very far away;
And troubles, worries, griefs and ills,
Are with the dreams of yesterday.
The days pass swiftly on the wings
Of dreamy hours and dreamy things.
A shadow falls—the day is done,
And darkness now comes creeping on;
While on the hillside, near and clear,
We see the lights of Belvedere.

—R. H. Ross

Woman's Diplomacy vs. Man's Contumacy

CHAPTER I.

The Conception

"I must do something," said Mr. Penny Rot, "to dispel the illusion that grew out of the President's visit, that I liked to display myself in the limelight of notoriety."

He strode up and down the room and gazed in the mirror a few times.

"I have it!" he exclaimed at last, "I will perform my great coup at Fairy's marriage to Young Millions."

"Don't do anything rash," pleaded Mrs. Rot, as she scratched the names of a few society women who had snubbed her from the list of wedding guests, and deliberated awhile before she restored those of some of the President's third cousins, which she had previously eliminated, "I'd hate to have anything horrid in the papers."

"There'll be nothing in the papers," returned Mr. Rot with a sardonic grin, "wait and see."

CHAPTER II.

The Peris at the Gate

"If you are a reporter you can't get in."

The burly policeman held the gate of the Blingum residence as Horatius did the bridge of old.

"Can't get in—can't get in."

One by one the weary scribes, dressed in their best suits of clothes, were turned from the portal. One by one they tried to climb the fence, and were shoved back by the waiting watch-dogs. One and all they vowed vengeance in loud, angry mutterings.

To them came Miss Tillie Gay, who does the "Scribblings anent the Swim" for a town daily. She was in tears.

"I managed to get in, in the wake of a crowd of swells, but it did me no good. Mr. Rot spotted me at once, and as I was sharpening my pencil he tore it from my hand and bade me leave the place."

The threatenings grew louder until they reached the proportions of murmurings from a mob of anarchists.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of WILLIAM W. FINNIE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary A. Finnie, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of William W. Finnie deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY A. FINNIE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
William W. Finnie, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of MARGARET McDONALD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward F. Wheeler, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret McDonald, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD F. WHEELER,
Administrator of the Estate of
Margaret McDonald, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24th, 1901.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

ALENA SPIER, Plaintiff
vs
HARRY SPIER, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Harry Spier, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's Wilful Neglect also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

[SEAL] By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

Dividend Notice

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six tenths (3 6-10) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

GERMEA

THE

KING

OF

BREAKFAST

FOODS

CHAPTER III.
The Recantation

"What is that noise without the gates?" asked Mrs. Rot.

Mr. Rot chuckled.

"That's the reporters I've circumvented," he said, "there'll be no writing about our Fairy's wedding in the papers if *I* can help it."

"Penny, what have you done?" cried Mrs. Rot, "you will ruin us."

Without casting another glance at her puzzled spouse, she hastily called her maid, gave her several little manuscripts and photographs to tie into separate packages, and entrusted her with some hastily delivered messages.

CHAPTER IV.
The Reprisal

With exterior haughty looks, but interior smiles, the army of reporters entered the back gate of the Rot's country place. Each carried a list of guests, gifts and photographs of bride and bridegroom, bridesmaids, Archbishop and other prominent actors in the ceremony.

Mrs. Rot beamed so charmingly upon them that they could afford to ignore the glowering looks of her husband.

CHAPTER V.
The Result

Each of the organs represented by the scribes detailed to do the Rot-Millions wedding had a page account with pictures of the affair.

But with one exception the name of Mr. Penny Rot was omitted from the descriptive articles.

—THE OFFICE BOY.

Up With the Sun

An early walk is good, they say,
For brain and for digestion;
And so I take one every day
Without dodging the question.

But do not make too early starts
When breakfast's not digested;
Else you will meet the garbage carts—
And find your meal arrested!

—THE VICTIM

Go Hat, Come Play

Man used to scold, at a not distant day,
At woman, in her great high picture hat.
But now 'tis gone, he cannot swear at that,
And so he damns the last new fad, the picture play.

—THE ARTIST

Certificate of Copartnership

We certify that we constitute a partnership transacting business in this city. Its principal place of business is at 87-93 Fremont street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Its name is "Alex Heins Belting Company."

The names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

IDA HEINS, City of San Francisco.
ALOIS WILLIAM, " "
C. H. Kaul, " "

Dated, May 31, 1901.

Duly acknowledged before me on the 31st day of May, 1901, I. L. JACOBI, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed.)

Filed in the office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 31st day of May, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, County Clerk.
By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY I. KOWALSKY, Attorney for Alex Heins Belting Company.

ATTENTION!

REMARKABLE PURCHASE

...OF...

TAILOR MADE

Ladies' Suits

J. O'BRIEN & CO.

Are pleased to announce that they have placed on sale the following remarkable bargains, purchased at a heavy discount from J. Greenfeld, a renowned manufacturer. . . . . .

750 CHILDREN'S and MISSES' SUITS (ages 6 to 14), all wool, handsomely embroidered with braided gold, will be placed on sale at..... .....**$2.00, $2.25, $2.50** and **$3.00**

100 ALL-WOOL TAILOR-MADE SUITS, in black, brown, blue and gray, will be placed on sale at.....**$2.90**

200 TAILOR-MADE SUITS in navy, brown, blue, black and gray, will be placed on sale at.....**$4.00**

190 EXTRA TAILOR-MADE SUITS, in all the latest shades, will be placed on sale at...**$5.00**

490 SILK WAISTS, in all the latest styles, will be placed on sale at.....**$3.00**

150 UNDERSKIRTS, in all the latest styles and shades, on sale at.....**$1.75**

Entire Stock of WHITE and COLORED WASH WAISTS reduced **50** per cent.

J. O'Brien & Co.

1146 MARKET STREET

Dramatic World

At the Show This Week

COLUMBIA—Blanche Bates in "Under Two Flags"—a rattling good scenic drama and a clever star.
ALCAZAR—Florence Roberts in "Sapho"—a repetition of last year's success.
GRAND—Melbourne MacDowell in "Fedora"—a remarkably strong production.
TIVOLI—Last week of the popular "Toy Maker"
ORPHEUM—Emily Lytton and Charles Bowser the stellar lights.

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell produces her Bjornson drama at the London Royalty she proposes to seek the assistance of Norwegian artists to paint the scenery and help in staging the play.

The first act of Stephen Phillips' drama, "Ulysses," is already in the hands of Beerbohm Tree, and the whole will be rapidly pushed to a conclusion, It is expected that the production will follow as soon as possible.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor has completed a play entitled "The Lady from Texas," which is to be produced immediately in England. The principal role is to be assumed by the American actress, Miss Kittie Cheatham.

The title page of Eden Phillpott's new book, "Good Red Earth," bears the announcement: "All dramatic rights reserved." This has led to an inquiry as to whether the story contains sufficient action to warrant its dramatization. It does not necessarily follow that Mr. Phillpotts has any intention of dramatizing his book. Perhaps the reservation was made for the express purpose of saving it from a stage presentation. Since the rage for staged books has taken hold it needs something more than mere lack of dramatic situations to save a story, long or short, from the hands of the stage carpenter. In England a new freak has made its appearance —that of re-writing plays. "Masks and Faces" and "Don Caesar de Bazan" are two which have recently been made over. Why or wherefore, deponent sayeth not.

She Will be Great

Patrons of the Grand Opera House during the MacDowell engagement have been surprised at the capability displayed by Miss Florence Stone. In the Sardou plays she had to act against the memory of Bernhardt and the late Fanny Davenport, no small handicap for a young actress. Robert Downing considers Miss Stone one of the coming great stars of the American stage. She is a Californian girl and has had good stage experience but her work in the Sardou dramas goes far beyond that expected of the usual stock leading lady. There seems to be no limit to her versatility in emotional parts.

She Had a Glass Gown

Miss Ellene Jaqua of Brooklyn, New York, is said to possess the only wearable glass dress in the world. What has become of the spun glass dress owned by Georgie Cayvan? She wore it on the stage during one of her engagements in this city. It was really a beautiful garment, glistening and sheeny in texture and giving out a soft silvery radiance as she moved across the stage.

Success of Tivoli Favorites

My New York correspondent informs me that Grace Orr, daughter of Annie Myers, the Tivoli's clever soubrette, was married the other day to Grafton Baker, a tenor in an Eastern opera company. Grace Orr was formerly a member of the Tivoli company. It is not every tenor who can have a soubrette for a mother-in-law. From the same source I learn that Frances Graham, the contralto, formerly of the Tivoli, has scored a big hit in the East. She was a great success with the Castle Square company in St. Louis, Milwaukee and Chicago and Brooklyn. Several critics have pronounced her the greatest contralto in the country. It will be remenbered that Miss Graham was very popular at the Tivoli. The patrons of that theatre appreciated both her voice and her beauty.

SENSIBLE SHOES

Don't buy cheap shoes for economy's sake
There's no money saved in poor shoe leather
Good shoes are the only sensible kind
They're the only kind that fit right
They're the only kind to wear
And you must go to a good store for a good shoe
Don't go by looks,
Don't take a chance,
Come where you KNOW you're safe

KAUFMANN'S
(Formerly Lucke's)
832 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

This stylish Collar can be obtained in the various heights indicated in the above cut at

Pacific Shirt Co.

1038 MARKET STREET

San Francisco

The Brand "Silver" is a guarantee as to quality

Mary Van Buren and Phosa McAllister are still with the Frawleys. Strong members of the company are E. J. Morgan and Theodore Roberts.

Attractions Next Week

Charles Frohman's production of "Under Two Flags" is doing an enormous business at the Columbia. It will begin the second week of its engagement on Monday night. A special holiday matinee is announced for Thursday, July fourth. Blanche Bates as Cigarette gives a splendid impersonation of the impulsive girl. The great Chellala Gorge scene, with the furtive faces of the Bedouins peering from the mountain ledges, is most impressive. The sand storm and Cigarette's dash for liberty up the side of the immense cliff on horseback is one of the most sensational stage effects ever seen.

There will be an entire change of program at the Orpheum next week. Clayton White and Marie Stuart, well known here, will present "Dickey," one of the most successful of vaudeville's recent sketches. The Prosper troupe of acrobats has been imported from Europe for this engagement, and give the best act of its kind ever brought across the Atlantic. Bimm, Bomm and Burr, three clowns with musical tendencies, use in their act music promoted by electrical current. La Moyne Brothers have a grotesque horizontal bar act, assisted by Spike, a dog that knows how to punch the bag. P. Richards, the famous cartoonist, will draw some of his best known cartoons and a number of original ones for the benefit of the audience. Ina Allen, a Californian girl with a mezzo soprano voice, who was advised by Madame Melba to take up a professional career, will make her debut armed with a first-class repertory. Emily Lytton, Charles Bowser & Co., Gardner and Vincent and the biograph are retained from the old bill. There will be a special matinee on Thursday, Fourth of July.

The Frawley company will begin a short season of eight weeks at the Grand on Monday evening next. Jack Mason and wife (Katherine Gray) will be the leading players in the company. Katherine Gray is a San Francisco girl who has achieved a remarkable success on the stage. She first came into national prominence as Richard Mansfield's leading lady, and her last engagement was as Glory Quayle in "The Christian." Her first part here will be Mimi in "The Only Way," which is to be the initial production of the engagement. The Frawleys have a lot of good things for their season and will receive a warm welcome on their opening night.

The success of the revival of "Sapho" at the Alcazar has been phenomenal and it will be continued another week. Throughout the past week "standing room" has been the rule after the rise of the curtain. The entire cast is an exceptionally strong one. Nothing has been left undone in the mounting of the play. Barton Hill is directing the rehearsals for the coming presentation of "The School for Scandal."

This week is the last of "The Toy Maker." Another lot of toys will be given to the little folks today, and tomorrow comes the midsummer extravaganza "The Babes in the Wood." The book has been arranged by Ferris Hartman, and abounds with catchy dialogue and the latest songs. Several people who have been absent from the house for the last six weeks will re-appear in the new piece. Alf Wheelan has recovered from his illness, and will be seen in the new role of the wicked uncle who schemes to get possession of the property of the children. Maude Williams has some good songe in the part of Miss C. Raven the school-mistress, and Bernice Holmes is the up-to-date Lady Macasser. Annie Myers and Edward Webb will be the two babes, and have some funny scenes and songs. Hartman and Cashman impersonate the two tramps who abduct the babes, and each has a couple of catchy songs. Cunningham appears as the doctor, and will sing his best concert song, "Will'o the Wisp." Tom Guise takes the character of the Down East school director. The ladies of the chorus are to wear some stunning dresses in the piece, figuring as hunters, bathing girls and fairies. "The Babes in the Wood" will no doubt have a good run, and it is filled with the latest in song and specialties; and at any rate it is expected to hold the boards till the grand opera season begins.

—*The Playgoer.*

A Good Spring Tonic—Wm. Williams & Sons V. V. O. Scotch Whisky

AMUSEMENTS

Alcazar

FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager

'Phone Main 254

Fourth Annual Season of
FLORENCE ROBERTS
Supported by White Whittlesey and the Alcazar Stock Co. in
"SAPHO"
Her greatest and most successful role
NEXT, JULY 8—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"
Only Matinee—Saturday

Seats reserved six days in advance — Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50c.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Second Week of the Extraordinary Success
Begins Monday — Special Holiday Matinee July 4th
CHARLES FROHMAN
Presents by arrangement with David Belasco,
Paul M. Potter's Drama founded on Ouida's Novel.
"Under Two Flags"
—WITH—
Blanche Bates as "Cigarette"
Presented Here with the Entire New York Company, Scenic Effects and Horses. Nearly 125 People in the Stage Action

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Telephone, Main 532.
WALTER MOROSCO,
Sole Lessee and Manager
MATINEES TODAY AND TOMORROW
Last Two Nights of
"FEDORA"
Beginning Monday Evening Next
Matinees Saturday and Sunday - - Special Holiday Matinee July 4th
T. DANIEL FRAWLEY
Presents the Original version by Freeman Wills of
"THE ONLY WAY"
By Arrangement with Charles Frohman
The Greatest Company ever seen at Popular Prices Including
E. J. Morgan John Mason Theodore Roberts Katherine Gray
POPULAR PRICES: 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c. 75c.
Branch Ticket Office Emporium

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 30th
Clayton White Marie Stuart and Co. Prosper Troupe
Bimm, Bomm and Barr La Moyne Brothers P. Richards Ina Allen
Emily Lytton Chas. Bowser and Co Gardner and Vincent Biograph
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Special Matinee Thursday, Fourth of July

★TIVOLI★

Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp
Evenings at 8 — Matinee Saturday at 2
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Last Time—Tonight! Saturday
The Comic Opera Success of the Season
"THE TOY MAKER"
Don't Fail to See this Big Show
Sunday Evening, June 30th . . The Mid Summer Extravaganza
BABES in the WOOD
Filled to the Brim with the Latest in Song and Specialty
Evenings at 8
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents — Telephone, Bush 9

$60 Pays for a full course at the San Francisco Business College. 1236 Market Street.

IN THE WORLD OF ART

I happened to visit the store of the P. Rossi Co., 229 Sutter street, this week and was astonished at the marvelous display of oil paintings, bronzes, marble statuary, hand-painted vases, art furniture, both antique and modern, and an assortment of curios and bric-a-brac any of which would make a most desirable wedding present to those who appreciate the fine arts. The P. Rossi Co.'s store is a great credit to a city of this size, as nowhere, outside of New York city, can customers find such an assortment of art treasures as is contained in this establishment.

Mr. P. Rossi, the manager, who is a native of Venice, and who personally looks after the customers in his place, is well versed in art and thoroughly understands every style and period, as he is a designer and an accomplished decorator. I have met Mr. Rossi and find him to be thoroughly conversant in his line of business and whether you purchase or not he will take great pains in showing you through his art rooms.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

SUMMER STYLES

In one of his novels, Belot wrote of a man who found his fate in a beautiful girl whom he first saw in a bathing costume. That same man, if he had been living at this period, would more likely have found his fate in a shirtwaist girl. The shirtwaists shown by J. O'Brien this season are really dreams of beauty. He has an immense assortment of white waists—white is the thing this summer, be it known. These waists are going this week at half price. Some of them are tucked, with lace insertion. Others are made entirely of tucks, and others are masses of embroidery. J. O'Brien is also showing a new lot of silk waists in delicate evening shades, pale green, pink and heliotrope, with a great variety of white silk shirtwaists. The moderate prices are especially noticeable. Indeed, it does not pay to have silk waists made by a dressmaker when so much handsomer and less expensive ones can be bought ready to wear.

Now is the time for smart women getting ready to go out of town for the Fourth of July holidays, or for the entire summer, to purchase light weight costumes. O'Brien is showing some very chic shirtwaist suits in duck, linen and oxblood fabrics, also separate skirts of these materials, and in covert cloth. They have a distinctly stylish cut. His ready to wear tailor suits are suitable for all occasions, and are indeed indispensable in the wardrobe of the woman who wishes to consider herself well-gowned. At this establishment, for women whose build precludes the purchase of ready made suits, a suit is made to order at a price so moderate that it seems almost impossible, yet is a substantial fact.

Cloth and silk separate skirts, trimmed or untrimmed, ready to wear, are also a feature. Silk jackets, so much in vogue this season, are seen here in exceedingly handsome makes, at all prices. Some have embroidered revers, others are trimmed with chiffon. A smart hunting jacket that is sure to win favor is of black cloth with a red waistcoat. This is to be worn with a black skirt.

Another special at O'Brien's, 1146 Market street, is the child's and misses' sailor suit in red or navy blue, with braided collar and trimmings. This store has one of the best stocks in the city, nothing cheap in quality but all of moderate prices. The silk petticoats and the artistic neckwear are sure to win every modish woman's heart. There is no excuse for a woman to be poorly frocked when she can possess herself of an elegant wardrobe at such prices as are quoted at O'Brien's.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of THOMAS BARBER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. Boland, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Barber deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the neeessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND
Administrator of the estate of
Thomas Barber, deceased.

M. C. HASSETT,
Attorney for said Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, June 29, 1901.

Perfect cooking, good music, polite and attentive service make the Techau Tavern the most popular place in town.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2

T. J. CROWLEY, Plaintiff
vs.
MATHEW M. GRENNAN AND AMELIA JANE H. GRENNAN, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco

CULLINAN AND HICKEY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
567 & 568 Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Mathew M. Grennan and Amelia Jane H. Grennan, Defendants. You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this twenty-second day of June, A. D. 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
[SEAL] By E. M. Thompson, Deputy Clerk.

COSTA RICA PETROLEUM AND COAL CO'S. STOCK--

10c. IS A SNAP AT 10c.

IT WILL MAKE FORTUNES FOR INVESTORS

Just now we are offering the SOUTHERN BELLE GOLD MINING CO'S stock at 10c. a share. The Company's property is situated in old Eldorado County, near the famous Mt. Pleasant Mine, from which since 1857 there has been taken over Twenty-two Million Dollars in Bullion. . . . . .

—Money to Loan on Approved Security—

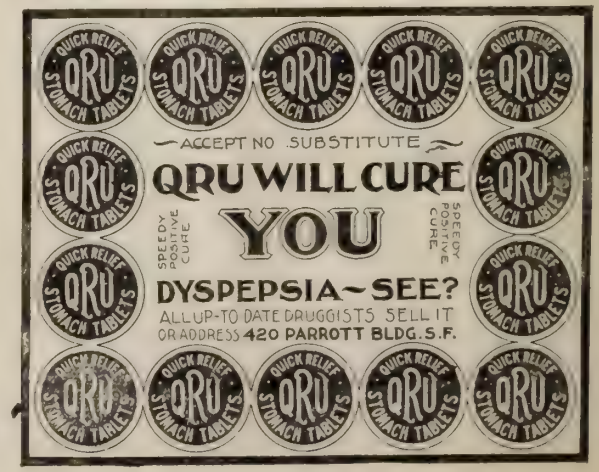
Pacific States Mining & Investment Co.

324-326 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Don't fail to ask at any Dellicatessen, Grocery or Market for
ALLADIO ROYAL CREAM CHEESE
Also served with the best 50c. Lunch and 75c. Dinner, with Wine, in the City at the MAISON ALLADIO, 104 Grant Ave., cor. Geary and Grant Ave. Telephone Bush 203.

P. ALLADIO
JOE NEGRO } PROP'S.

N. B.—The President and Mrs. McKinley recently acknowledged with cordial thanks the receipt of a package of the Alladio Royal Cream Cheese which is the most delicious article in the market.



The Automobile

The Automobile Club of California has at last taken on a new lease of life and from now on I trust there will be no further need of the criticism which the organization has laid itself open to in the past. The annual meeting on Tuesday night resulted in an unusually large attendance and the election of officers passed off without any friction whatever. As was foretold in this department several weeks ago, F. A. Hyde was the unanimous choice for president and although business prevented him from attending the meeting in person he accepted the honor in a well written letter, which was read in place of a speech of acceptance. The other officers are as follows: Vice-president, Dr. F. J. Tillman; treasurer, Byron Jackson; secretary, R. R. L'Hommedieu. The Board of Governors is made up of the above named gentlemen and Charles C. Moore, A. M. Hunt, W. H. Taylor, Myles T. Baird, S. D. Rogers and A. F. Brooke Ridley. The report of the outgoing treasurer showed a cash balance in the treasury of one hundred and fifty dollars and a total membership of sixty-eight.

The club, under the leadership of its new president, should now forge rapidly ahead. The new executive is a thorough business man in the strictest sense of the word, and is just the sort of a man a young organization like the Automobile club needs at the helm. While he has not as yet outlined his policy I feel confident that it will be an exceedingly progressive one; one that will not tolerate such an apathetic spirit as has existed in this organization since its inception. And in the new Board of Officers the President has a set of associates who will, in the main part, ably back him up in the aggressiveness that is now promised. Apropos of the future policy I would like to see the club in different quarters than those now occupied and the secretary put on a salary, adding the collection of dues to his other duties. In the report of Treasurer Ridley it was shown that there are now nearly two hundred dollars outstanding in uncollected dues, which condition of affairs is bound to result when there is no regularly compensated collector employed to attend to that part of the business.

One of the chief purposes for which the Automobile Club of California was originally organized was to effect a combination of all automobile interests so as to more successfully combat unfavorable legislation. Some time ago I made a statement in this department to the effect that with the increase of automobiles throughout the State numbers of prejudiced and unprincipled persons would be found in the various towns and counties who would endeavor to encroach, by every means possible, upon the steady advancement of the motor vehicle and it was to fight just such opposition that we urged the club to get into working shape as soon as possible. The blow has fallen even sooner than I expected. The city council of San Jose has just passed an ordinance regulating the speed of automobiles within the limits of the Garden City to eight miles an hour. A similar action has been taken by the town trustees of San Leandro and now no automobile is permitted to pass through that village at a greater speed than eight miles an hour. An automobile is far less dangerous than a bicycle, yet the speed of a bicycle is unrestricted in both San Jose and San Leandro. We will await the promised clash with considerable interest.

Alexander Winton has just seen fit to issue a statement giving his reasons why he was compelled to abandon his recent transcontinental journey, which started so auspiciously from this city. The explanation reads as follows: "I started from the Pacific Coast because of the greater hardships to be met with at that side of the continent and wishing to finish the worst part first before getting into the East, where there are good roadways. I have put the machine over the high Sierras. I have run over the rockiest road in America. Have driven through rain and snow. Streams without number have been forded; in short, my automobile has taken more abuse and hard service than any machine ever stood. But with all her power it was utterly impossible to drive through and over the sand hills of the Nevada desert near Winnemucca." From this it is evident that Mr. Winton has never had much experience with sand or he would not have rendered that as an excuse for giving up his undertaking. A gasoline vehicle, if properly constructed, should not be stopped

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by sand. I have been through twenty miles of the deepest sand in the State in a gasoline automobile, where there was not only bottomless sand but grades as well, with the temperature ranging up to one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. We not only had no difficulty in driving through the sand but did so at a speed of eight miles an hour. The truth of the matter is that Winton's machinery was not properly encased for such a trip. I have it from practically an eye witness that sand did cause Winton to give up his trip but not in the manner he would have us believe. Those fierce winds on the Nevada plains simply blew his machinery full of sand and it was not long before the bearings and other parts were cut to pieces by the constant grinding. From the same source I learn that it required a couple of two-horse teams to pull Winton through the snow across the summit of the Sierras, another fact which he neglected to make mention of in his statement. I will again venture the assertion that W. A. Elliott, California's pioneer automobilist, will yet be the first one to successfully cross the continent in an automobile and it will take more than the sand hills of Nevada to stop him.

Six out of the ten newly elected officers of the Automobile Club of California are owners of Locomobiles. This but serves to show what a firm hold these popular steam vehicles have upon the local field. President Hyde, Vice-President Tillman and Directors Moore, Taylor, Hunt and Baird own locomobiles. Of the remaining four, l'Hommedieu does not possess a rig of his own; Byron Jackson has a steam rig of his own make; Rogers uses a gasoline vehicle and Ridley an electric.

Girardot, a famous Parisian chauffeur, has just completed a performance which will go down in automobile annals as the most remarkable that anyone has ever before attempted. For six consecutive hours, over those perfect roads of France, he maintained a speed greater than fifty-three miles an hour. Such a performance is the best evidence we have yet had, not only of the perfection of French gasoline machines but also of the high perfection attained in the construction of French roadways. It will be many years to come before such a thing is possible in this country. —*The Automobiler*

Music World

At St. Mary the Virgin's

A Solemn Requiem Mass for the late Reverend Father Bartlett was offered Friday, June twenty-first, at the church of St. Mary the Virgin, corner Steiner and Union streets. The music, renderedby a quartet of trained voices, accompanied by organ and corner, was solemn and beautiful. High Mass is sung at 11 a. m. every Sunday; vespers at 4 p. m. John Haraden Pratt, F. C. M., Master of the Choir.

Around the World

Mr. John Marquardt and Madame Breitschuck Marquardt sailed for Hongkong last Saturday on a trip around the world. This is their homeward bound journey and will finally land them in their old home in Germany. I well remember the advent of Fraulein Breitschuck and Herr Marquardt in San Francisco. They came with the Imperial Austrian orchestra during the Midwinter Fair, and appeared at the Vienna Prater concerts and later at the Fritz Scheel orchestral concerts. Their marriage was a romantic ending to an attachment formed during a "round the world" concert trip. One feels sorry to bid farewell to the talented harpist and violinist. They say it is their good-bye, but let us hope it is but au revoir.

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Another Farewell

Dr. H. J. Stewart is to leave us in the fall, to accept the position of organist of Trinity church, Boston. I do not know what we shall do without Dr. Stewart. He is certainly the most highly educated and cultured organist that has ever visited these parts. He is a composer of note, and has lent his muse to comic opera as well as to oratorio and church music. Dr. Stewart's resignation comes like a thunder clap out of a clear sky. For sixteen years he has held the position of organist in this city, alternating from the First Unitarian to Trinity, and brought Trinity choir to its present state of perfection from a quartet to one of the largest surpliced choirs in America. The loss of so thorough a musician from our midst will be keenly felt.

More Honors for a California Girl

Little Alma Stencel continues to add fresh laurels to her European triumphs. In a letter which I received from Hugo Mansfeldt, dated Berlin June fifth, he gives a graphic account of the reception which was the last of the season in Berlin, of Ambassador and Mrs. Andrew White, the parlors of whose palatial residence were thronged on this occasion with elegantly gowned women and men of high diplomatic standing. The musical program was given entirely by little Alma Stencel who made the piano sound its best under the witchery of her little fingers. Her selections were made from Schubert, Chopin, Liszt and Schumann and at the close of her program her success was overwhelming. The American Ambassador and his wife invited her to play for the reception given on June eighth by the American Women's club at the Hotel Savoy. Mr. Mansfeldt was warmly and enthusiastically congratulated on the success of his pupil.

Successful Vocalism

I have before referred to the wonderful success from a professional point of view of Mrs. Marriner Campbell's pupils, fourteen of whom are at the present time holding paid positions in the church

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choirs of this city. Miss Isella van Pelt holds the position of contralto in Calvary church where Herbert Williams is the tenor. Miss Edna Smart soprano and Miss Elsie Arden contralto are members of Grace Methodist choir. Mrs. Mary Carpentero Mead is soprano in the Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian). Mrs. Edith Klock who has lately been substituting for Mrs. Susie Hert Mark in this city, holds the regular position of soprano in the Christian church, Alameda where she also teaches vocal culture. Miss Marie Partridge is soprano in St. Stephen's Episcopal of which choir Mrs. L. W. McClure is also a member. Miss Ruth Weston is the contralto of St. Paul's Episcopal, Mrs. W. G. Fonda contralto First Congregational church, Miss Florence Doane soprano Howard Presbyterian, Miss Margery Marks soprano St. Paul's, Miss Florence Walby soprano Church of the Advent. This is really a remarkable showing. To Mrs. Campbell belongs the honor of having organized the first woman's quartet in San Francisco. Everybody has pleasant recollections of the Treble Clef quartet, which was composed of Beatrice Priest Fine, Mrs. Noble, Miss Jeannette Wilcox and Mrs. Birmingham. This was followed by the Colonial—Miss Florence Doane, Miss Ivy Gardner, Miss Mary Mann and Miss Clara Heyman. Then came the Alta—Miss Ruth Kirke, Miss Isobel Kerr, Miss Ouida Sargent and Miss Isella Van Pelt. All the above voices were selected especially for their harmonious blending together, and all have won more or less public recognition for excellent work.

Dr. Franklin Palmer, organist of St. Dominic's church, left Monday with his family to spend his vacation at Monterey.

The Mandolin in London

From a program recently received by Mr. Samuel Adelstein from friends in London the mandolin is evidently very much in vogue in England and particularly among the nobility. It was announced that a grand morning concert was to be given in Royal Albert hall on Saturday the eighth of June in aid of the funds of the East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women under the patronage of His Most Gracious the King. Among those taking part was the Ladies Amateur Harp, Mandoline and Guitar band (which is under the patronage of her Royal Highness Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein) consisting of twenty-one first mandolins, twelve second mandolins, four mandolas, one lute, twelve guitars, four harps, four violins, two violas, two cellos, one bass and castagnettes and tamborine, sixty-four in all. This immense mandolin orchestra performed the Serenade by Marculli, "Reverie" and "Toledo" by Mezzacapo and "Preghiera" by Mahlendorff. Each of these pieces was performed under the personal direction of the composer. Among the names of the ladies composing the orchestra are many ladies of the nobility. Several world renowned artists took part in this program—David Bispham, Whitney Mockridge vocalists, M. Hollman, cellist, Miss Janotha, court pianist to H. I. M. the German Emperor, King of Prussia.

—The Music Critic.

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World of Letters

Works of Power

The Providence, R. I., Public Library has set apart a room for what De Quincy called "the works of power," that it is hardly necessary to explain means such works as have proved their worth by some other standard than that of selling for a few weeks by the hundred thousand and being completely forgotten at the end of six months. In writing on the subject of the arrangement of the usual catalogue, or even the ordinary library shelves, a recent writer says: "To go to the average library is something like going to the average department store. The shopper has come out for certain staple goods—black silk, or woolen underwear, or what not. But the counters of marked-down chiffons, the bargains in dimities, the sacrificial sales of silk stockings, do their deadly work, and she buys them regardlessly. Then, impoverished, she has to do without the silk or the underwear. So the average catalogue is a veritable bargain counter of literary wares, distracting one from the thing of merit which one wishes to read." People who are so easily turned aside from what they seek are probably as well satisfied with their "bargains" as they would be with better things. One would suppose that a single experience at a bargain counter would disillusionize any one. It might be a good idea to put up staple reading matter for this class, as grocers do certain goods which are most often called for, in pints and quarts or in pound and half-pound packages. It would save time to keep within reach suitable quantities of sentiment, realism or romance ready for instant delivery. Marie or Celeste could then call for a half pint of diluted French romance, or American blood-and-gore, or one of the children could go and order a few pounds of the best quality of realism. It is a fairly safe rule to follow that a book which is not worth reading five years after publication was not worth reading in the first place, and still less worth buying. Public libraries would fail of their function if they did not supply the current books of the day but it is a melancholy confession to have to make, that even "Trilby," that set the English reading world afire in its day and had other merits than mere popularity to recommend it, is rarely taken from its shelf in these days. One reason why many people come away from the library with books that they did not set out to seek and do not especially care to read is because these later ephemera are so much in evidence while the good old stock that "everyone has read" is pushed back and out of sight, or packed on high shelves, out of reach, so that one often, in despair of finding the better thing, takes the best in sight, well knowing that it is only the best of a bad lot. It would be an idea worth following if all the libraries would set apart a room, or at least an alcove for "the books of power."

While You Wait

At the rate that books are run through the press in these days it can be but the question of a short time when the limit to the output must be fixed by legal enactment. There will arise of necessity a literary Vermgericht to sit in judgment on the manuscripts accepted by publishers and decide whether a book is to be allowed to appear, and there is no question but what it would be to the advantage of both readers and writers if seventy-five per cent of the present output never passed beyond the chrysalis stage. Authors like Richard Marsh, Fergus Hume, Henry Guy Boothby and that ilk can turn out copy with all the speed of a lightning change artist, and the stuff is seriously noticed and commented on by the literary magazines and literary departments of the general magazines and periodicals. It is taken as seriously by the rest of the world as by the authors themselves, well printed, well bound and widely advertised, widely read, it goes without saying, else some other pattern would take its place. The London academy terms this brand "dormitory literature," the style of thing which schoolboys of the last generation smuggled in to the house or boarding school and read secretly by the gleam of a stolen candle. The average life of the average work of fiction is steadily declining. It is not likely that many, if any of the best selling or most called for books of late years

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will live in the hearts of their readers, as have those of Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Scott, George Eliot and others of the established reputations. It is still less likely that they will find favor with a second or third generation. A few years ago the book that was above the ordinary could count upon holding some public attention for at least twelve months, now it is ancient at six months. The writer who has made a hit with his public must follow up his success with another as soon as possible, else he will find his name forgotten. Richard Marsh turned out seven last year, and it is reported that another of these lightning artists who was accused of having published nine books in the course of a twelvemonth, sorrowfully corrected the error; "it was only five." The American Federation of Musicians has set a good example in passing resolutions denouncing rag-time "music." It is a pity we have not some organization of a similar character to speak authoritatively on the question of what is fit to wear the name of literature.

Madame Sarah Grand thinks she has a grievance against the whole critical cult because one of them wrote a review of her latest effort in the book line, "Babs the Impossible," though he confessed to have read but eleven pages of it. Any one who has really read that much did more than his duty. Babs is no more impossible than any of the other characters, and for a girl of her age and social position, it is hard to imagine where Madame Grand found her model. Babs is one of the author's two lay figures the young girl brought up in ignorance of facts she ought to understand; the other is the Tyrant Man. The antics and didoes of this young lady might be excused in a child eight or nine years, but at fifteen she is neither innocent child, unconventional girl nor young lady—neither flesh, nor fowl nor good red herring. It is a question whether any one who has read as many as eleven pages of Babs will ever read one of any subsequent book from the same pen.

The L. C. Page Company of Boston is about to bring out a book in a new and unique style. It is to be a fac simile of the author's manuscript illustrated with marginal drawings in pen and ink. From an artistic view point it ought to be a thing of beauty, but if authors and publishers enter into a conspiracy to do much of this sort of thing the chances are good for a debate with the typographical unions.

Poetry is said to be "looking up" in England, where most of the papers have been publishing a more or less share of the article in their columns. "The *Daily Telegraph* will shortly begin to print "The Voyage of Ithobal," a work of some four thousand lines, by Sir Edwin Arnold, the subject of which is the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians (600 B. C.) The author of "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World" is now entirely blind, and his latest work, like Milton's, was dictated. Poetry is also "coming to its own" on this side of the water, for Heintz & Co., manufacturers of forty-seven different varieties of pickles, are offering prizes for metrical puffs of their wares. This is a utilarian age and the pickleman's V is not to be despised. It will buy as much bread and beer as another's. In "Dr. North and His Friends," by S. Weir Mitchell, is recounted the offer to Holmes of a rich firm to write for one thousand dollars ten verses upholding a certain tobacco.

Jules Verne, who is in his seventy-fourth year, has begun work on his ninety-ninth volume.

—*The Bookworm.*

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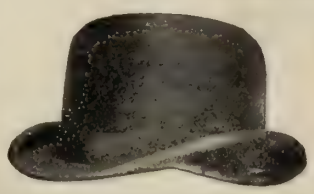

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